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The Wayside from the road

The old Manse, built in 1765, where Hawthorne lived for three years and where he wrote the "Mosses from an Old Manse"

TRANSCENDENTAL LOG

FRESH DISCOVERIES IN NEWSPAPERS CONCERNING EMERSON, THOREAU, ALCOTT AND OTHERS OF THE AMERICAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE, ARRANGED ANNUALLY FOR HALF A CENTURY FROM 1832

By
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

TRANSCENDENTAL BOOKS—DRAWER 1080—HARTFORD 06101

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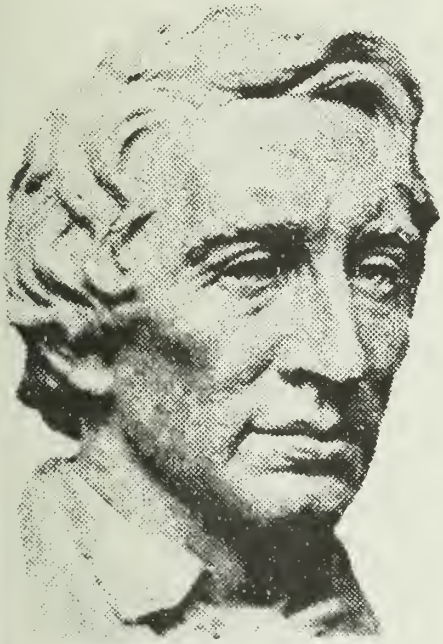

PREFACE

The publication of Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers (1958) met with so much encouragement and so quickly went out of print that I here am bold to offer a sequel that may, indeed, prove more useful to American Renaissance scholarship than that volume, because I have herein drawn upon fresh resources preserved deeper within the circle of the Concord writers. No one who has tried to reproduce old newsprint from crumbling folios or retrieve clarity from paste-ups disfigured by ancient glue will have to be reminded that what we here present in usable form is a technological achievement. If he have any doubt on this score, let him try a little expensive experimenting with mid-nineteenth-century originals!

The key to the former compilation was a terminal index, made necessary because the clippings were organized in no pattern beyond the helter-skelter of their scrapbook sources. The chronological arrangement in this one makes an index less necessary because contexts are emphasized rather than isolated facts--best results accruing to those who will read or skim entire sections. Because discoveries await the beginner or specialist herein, I commend the volume, convinced that no perusal need be disappointing.

K. W. C.

Summer, 1973.

The New-York Mirror, Sat., Jan. 21, 1832 (IX, no. 29), p. 226.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

An edition of Mr. Bryant's collected poems has been so generally called for, that the publication of the present volume may be considered rather a compliance with the universal wish, than an experiment attended with an author's usual hopes and fears. Many of the pieces of which it consists have, long since, passed the ordeal, and been circulated and treasured up till, we venture to say, there are but few readers of poetry unable to repeat from memory passages from "Thanatopsis," the "Waterfowl," the "Evening wind," or "Green river." These, and others from the same source, have been so long floating about the world, marred by typographical errors, some without a name, and some, after having sunned themselves in the light of British favor, ushered back to the notice of our countrymen, as the offsprings of the best among the foreign poets, that those who take pride in our own rapidly growing literature, might well inquire why these among its brightest ornaments should be left thus scattered. We have at length in our hand, the long desired collection, carefully revised by the author; and though we sat down to peruse it at a late hour of the evening, and when

> "The timely dew of sleep
> Now falling with soft slumberous weight inclines
> Our eye-lids,"

the clock has told twelve—one—two, and we have been led on, like Ferdinand, in Prospero's island, by strains not to be resisted.

The subjects which Mr. Bryant has chosen, and upon which he has written at long intervals, and his manner of viewing them, are, perhaps, although he himself may be unconscious of it, uniformly and strongly characteristic of one feeling—melancholy; deep, all-pervading, sensitive melancholy. It is, however, of the highest and noblest kind. Byron also wrote under the influence of melancholy, but of a most opposite nature—powerful, but not pleasant and touching to the reader. We admire and tremble, but cannot sympathize. It has neither hope, morality, reason, nor religion. We turn from his page excited, not instructed. He not only complains—he blasphemes. There is no gentle philosophy in his nature, by which he is enabled, when the tempest of grief is on him, to wait cheerfully till the thunder shall cease to bellow, and the clouds break away from the azure, and the golden sunlight stream down on plain and valley; but, with the spirit of Lucifer, he braces himself up against the elements, and fate itself; and he reminds us of that fallen spirit, "vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair," on his entrance into the infernal regions:

> "Hail, horrors! hail,
> Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
> Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time:
> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What matter where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be, all but less than he
> Whom thunder has made greater! Here at least
> We shall be free," &c.

Neither is the turn of Mr. Bryant's poetry similar to that of poor Keats. The grief of that unfortunate young writer is touching, also, but unmanly; and while we pity him, we wonder at his too early and unnecessary self-abandonment. His sensitiveness is a disease. In his darkness there is no relief—it is not twilight, but night. "I can already," said he, "feel the flowers growing over me." This is poetry, but it is also despair. The melancholy of the poems which we are considering, is a different spirit. She hushes mirth, but not happiness. She is to be found, not in dark places brooding, but amid the loveliest and richest creations of nature. If she seek the storm, it is to behold it roll away. She flies from men, but does not hate them; and if tears are sometimes on her cheeks, they tremble there but a brief time, and smiles glitter through them as they pass away. She is dearer than merriment, and holier than triumph. She is the companion of a mind too finely organized to live contentedly amidst the jostling of crowds; but, at the same time, gifted with power to rise far above them. As an evidence of this feature in Mr. Bryant's compositions, take his verses on June. How many unbidden associations leap up at the word! What is sweeter than June's breath—brighter than her leaves—lovelier than her flowers and sky—merrier than the voice that rings through all her woods? We look for a carol now of living joy, of forest rambles, of daybreak upon the hills and river. But observe of how different a character are the poet's thoughts. We do not remember to have read a more artless, tender, and perfectly beautiful composition.

JUNE.

> "I gazed upon the glorious sky
> And the green mountains round;
> And thought, that when I came to lie
> Within the silent ground,
> 'Twere pleasant, that, in flowery June,
> When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
> And groves a joyous sound,
> The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
> The rich, green, mountain turf should break.
>
> "A cell within the frozen mould,
> A coffin borne through sleet,
> And icy clods above it rolled,
> While fierce the tempests beat—
>
> Away! I will not think of these—
> Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
> Earth green beneath the feet,
> And be the damp mould gently pressed
> Into my narrow place of rest.
>
> "There, through the long, long summer hours,
> The golden light should lie,
> And thick young herbs and groups of flowers,
> Stand in their beauty by.
> The oriole should build and tell
> His love tale, close beside my cell;
> The idle butterfly
> Should rest him there, and there be heard
> The humming bee and humming bird.
>
> "And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
> Come from the village sent,
> Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
> With fairy laughter blent.
> And what if, in the evening light,
> Betrothed lovers walk in sight
> Of my low monument.
> I would the lovely scene around
> Might know no saddier sight nor sound.
>
> "I know, I know I should not see
> The season's glorious show,
> Nor would its brightness shine for me,
> Nor its wild music flow;
> But, if around my place of sleep,
> The friends I love should come to weep,
> They might not haste to go.
> Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
> Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
>
> "These to their softened hearts should bear
> The thought of what has been,
> And speak of one who cannot share,
> The gladness of the scene;
> Whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is—that his grave is green;
> And deeply would their hearts rejoice
> To hear, again, his living voice."

This same pensiveness, mingled with contentment, seems a luxury to him, and runs through nearly all his pieces. The "Evening wind" leads him to the shutting flowers—the faint old man leaning his silver head to feel it, and to the invalid's bed; but it comes to cool his brow, and passes away to its "birth-place of the deep once more," floating to the senses of the home-sick mariner, "sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange." Always a light shines in to tinge his loneliest sadness: he discovers something to admire and be grateful for, in all events and objects; even death itself comes to him clothed with a thousand softening associations.

Another curious and beautiful example is to be found in the "Indian girl's lament." The mind is filled with delightful thoughts by the number of touching and delicate circumstances and sentiments expressed, and by the melody of the language. The reader will not overlook the exquisite image in the verse preceding the last.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

> "An Indian girl was sitting where
> Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
> Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
> Came down o'er eyes that wept;
> And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
> This sad and simple lay she sung:
>
> "I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
> Too close above thy sleeping head,
> And broke the forest boughs that threw
> Their shadows o'er thy bed,
> That shining from the sweet south-west
> The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.
>
> "It was a weary, weary road
> That led thee to the pleasant coast,
> Where thou, in his serene abode,
> Hast met thy father's ghost;
> Where everlasting autumn lies
> On yellow woods and sunny skies.
>
> "'Twas I the broidered moccasin made;
> That shod thee for that distant land;
> 'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid

Beside thy still, cold hand;
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best,
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave:
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there,

"Yet, oft thine own dear Indian maid
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray,
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colored shade.

"And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

The "Burial-place, a fragment," after having regretted the abandonment of the custom once so prevalent in England, of adorning grave-yards with shades and blossoms, and strewing the tombs with flowers, closes thus with, it is true, a mournful image, but how beautiful!

"Yet here
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The briar rose, and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry vine
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit."

There are several pieces of considerable length, which we have purposely hurried over, as familiar to our readers, many of them having already appeared in this journal. "Thanatopsis," the "Waterfowl," the "Forest hymn," the "Summer wind," the "Song of Marion's men," are among the number. It would be superfluous to speak of their uncommon merit. Another characteristic of our author's effusions is their pure, quiet simplicity and nature. They affect you, after a perusal of the productions of many others, as a ramble into the country from the glare, splendor, and artificial excitement of the town—when meadow, hill, and river spread away beautifully around, and the freshened air comes scented and cool from the fields. No effort is required to understand them. His ideas are expressed in few words, selected with taste, and a full knowledge of all their different shades, force, and meaning, and arranged with skill, but without ostentation. His thought is never encumbered, but his style is delightfully perspicuous and graceful. If occasionally a rough line ripples the perfect smoothness of the verse, or a word appears for which a better might have been substituted, we must either ascribe it to intention, or the error of the press. To the latter, we presume, are owing the obscurity in the opening of the *seventh* verse of the "Indian girl's lament," and the trifling tautology, in the last of the annexed otherwise perfect stanzas:

"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG."

"I broke the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poets' idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more;
For poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

"I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet?
For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.

"Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and *stars* the bloom and light,
And glory of the *stars* and sun;
And these and poetry are one.
They, ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song."

There is some fine poetry in the translations; but we infinitely prefer the pieces from our author's own pen. We had marked the following as the best, which we afterwards perceived by the notes, is acknowledged as rather an imitation than a translation.

LOVE AND FOLLY—FROM LA FONTAINE.

"Love's worshippers alone can know
The thousand mysteries that are his;
His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
His blooming age are mysteries.

A charming science—but the day
Were all too short to con it o'er;
So take of me this little lay,
A sample of its boundless lore.

"As once, beneath the fragrant shade
Of myrtles breathing heaven's own air,
The children, Love and Folly, played—
A quarrel rose betwixt the pair,
Love said the gods should do him right—
But Folly vowed to do it then,
And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
So hard, he never saw again.

"His lovely mother's grief was deep,
She called for vengeance on the deed
A beauty does not vainly weep,
Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
That fills the dwellers of the skies:
Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
And Radamanthus, wiped their eyes.

"'Behold,' she said, 'this lovely boy,'
While streamed afresh her graceful tears,
'Immortal, yet shut out from joy
And sunshine, all his future years.
The child can never take, you see,
A single step without a staff—
The harshest punishment would be
Too lenient for the crime by half.'

"All said that Love had suffered wrong,
And well that wrong should be repaid;
Then weighed the public interest long,
And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the court above—
'Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
Let folly be the guide of Love,
Where'er the boy may choose to go.'"

Three or four pieces are of a lighter character than those already quoted: "A meditation on Rhode Island coal," "To a mosqueto," "Spring in town," &c. We copy a song, most gracefully written:

"Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were truer!

"Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank, and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
Woo the timid maiden

"Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.

"Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the dropping foliage lies,
In the choked-up fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, are her bloom is past,
To secure her lover."

We reluctantly refrain from further extracts, and lay aside the volume, with the conviction that its destiny will be a high one. It will be cherished at home, as a thing to be proud of, and will go abroad as an offering honorable to the country.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1832. page 231

Portrait of Washington Irving.—We intended, as previously announced, to have embellished this number with a very superior steel engraving of Washington Irving, by Hatch and Smillie. But that not being quite finished, we think this a proper opportunity to publish the view of Wall-street, mentioned in our prospectus as the only one on copper to appear in the present volume, all the others being on steel. The likeness of Mr. Irving, respecting which we are pleased to observe so much interest manifested, will be ready in the course of a month.

YEOMAN'S GAZETTE,
AND MIDDLESEX WHIG.

CONCORD MASS. OCTOBER 3, 1835.

FOR GOVERNOR,
EDWARD EVERETT.
[*Election, second Monday in November.*]

YOUNG WHIG'S COUNTY CONVENTION.

Pursuant to previous public notice, delegates from the several towns in the county of Middlesex, assembled at Concord on Thursday October 1, 1835.

The meeting was called to order by ALBERT H. NELSON of Concord, and the Convention organized by the choice of WILLIAM W. WHEILDON of Charlestown, *President*, and ALBERT LOCKE of Ashby, *Secretary*.

A committee was chosen to examine the credentials of gentlemen present, who subsequently reported the names of fifty-nine delegates, entitled to seats in the Convention.

SAMUEL H. MANN, of Lowell.
CHARLES C. EMERSON, of Concord.
JOHN F. SKINNER, of Charlestown.

were chosen a Committee to wait upon the Whig County Convention, in session at the Court House, and inform that body that the Convention of young whigs is now organized, and ready to receive any communication, that it may see fit to make.

Mr. Mann, from the Committee, subsequently reported, that the Whig Co. Convention had, previous to the committee's arrival, charged a committee with a message to this Convention.

The Committee of the Whig County Convention appeared with a message, inviting this convention, to sit with that Whereupon it was

Voted, That this convention will accept the invitation, and will sit at this place again, immediately upon the rising of the joint convention.

IN JOINT CONVENTION.

Voted, That a committee of ten be chosen to nominate a Senatorial ticket, and that it be filled by the County committee, from the names, that received the next highest number of votes in convention.

Voted, That the proceedings of this convention be furnished for publication in every Whig paper in the county of Middlesex.

Voted, To adjourn without day.

WM. W. WHEILDON, *Pres't.*
ALBERT LOCKE, *Sec'ry.*

C. C. Pleas.—Judge Cummins held a session of this Court on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week for the purpose of disposing of what criminal business remained on the docket at the adjournment week before last. Several cases were continued until the next term, and three were decided by the Jury.

Phebe Proctor, Carlisle. Indicted for adultery. Plea not guilty, verdict not guilty. The attorney entered a *nol. pros.* on another indictment of the same nature.

Benjamin Paul, Sherburne. Indicted for breach of License laws. Plea not guilty. The testimony in this case was undisputed, and went directly to the fact that the defendant, at different times, had sold ardent spirits, from a retail West India Good Store. As a storekeeper he had no license: but the store was kept in the same building which he occupied as a licensed innholder. The defendant on being arraigned plead guilty, but afterwards retracted his plea.—The verdict was *not guilty*.

Bradley Puffer, Concord. Indicted for assault and battery. Plea not guilty, verdict guilty. Fined $10, without costs. Another individual was indicted with Puffer, under the name of Franklin Willis, who proved to be Joel Franklin Willis. After plea in abatement the attorney entered a *nol pros.* as to him.

Samuel E Damrel. Convicted week before last of burning a stable was sentenced

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For the Yeoman's Gazette.

We are glad to announce the publication of the long expected History of Concord, by Mr. Lemuel Shattuck. We congratulate both the author and the public, on its appearance. This is a work that, from its nature cannot be done in a hurry. Mr. Shattuck has devoted to it many years. He has explored not only the ancient records and traditions in this town, but also the manuscript Colony Records in Boston, and the general and local historical works relating to the settlement and early affairs of the Colony, for hints and facts to illustrate his narrative. We understand that still another source of Mr. Shattuck's materials, has been a very large correspondence with gentlemen versed in American antiquities, and with persons possessing family papers which might be expected to throw light upon the history of Concord. We believe he has availed himself of every source of information which dilligence could command. The result is before us. He has produced a work of great accuracy and completeness, and of permanent value. He writes in a plain style free from all affectation, sticking close to his story, and never indulging himself in extended inferences and reflections.

The book is, at the same time, the history of Bedford, Acton, Lincoln and Carlisle. We trust that every family in this town, and in the towns once included within it, will procure and *preserve* a copy of this work. It will do much to promote an object, whose importance has, of late, been duly felt in New England,—the acquaintance in our whole community, with the history of their country.

E.

RAIL ROAD MEETING AT GROTON.

An adjourned meeting of the convention

The revised Statutes relating to Debtors, as agreed to by both branches of the Legislature are as follows:—

Sec. 14. The limits of the jail yard to each jail shall, except in the case provided for in the following section, extend to all places within the boundaries of the town, in which such jail is situated.

Sec. 14. In respect to all procedings on executions issuing upon judgments which have been, or may hereafter be recovered, upon contract, made before the 3d day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty four, the limits of each jail yard shall remain the same as were established previously to that day.

A Moist Grave, a Dry Grave Digger, and an Affectionate Grandson.—A Lynchburg Va paper publishes the following account presented by a son against his father as administrator on his grandfathers estate.

—— —— Admr.

In ac. with—— ——, Dr.

1834. Feb. To Apple Brandy, used while digging your father's grave. 25 cts.

The amount of Receipts on the Boston and Worcester Railroad during the last week, and was as follows, viz:—for passengers, $4,0[illegible],58; for freight, $35[illegible],91; total $1,405,71.

☞ A copy of the proceedings of the Whig County Convention has not been furnished us. We shall give the doings next week.

The Whigs of Bangor have invited Mr. Webster to a public dinner, and he has accepted the invitation.

The Concord Light Infantry under the command of Capt Reuben Moore, will parade this day, (Saturday,) at 12 o'clock M.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET,
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.
[From the Boston Patriot.]
At Market 2330 [illegible] 3464 Sheep, and 950 Swine. About [illegible] Cattle were reported last week, several lots

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

QUARTER CARD OF DISCIPLINE AND STUDIES IN MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL FOR THE SPRING TERM CURRENT 1836.

THE TUITION AND DISCIPLINE ARE ADDRESSED IN DUE PROPORTION TO THE THREEFOLD NATURE OF CHILDHOOD.

THE SPIRITUAL FACULTY. MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.	THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY. MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.	THE RATIONAL FACULTY. MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.
1. Listening to Sacred Readings.	1. Spelling and Reading.	1. Defining Words.
2. Conversations on the GOSPELS.	2. Writing and sketching from Nature.	2. Analysing Speech.
3. Writing Journals.	3. Picturesque Geography.	3. Self-Analysis.
4. Self-Analysis and Self-Discipline.	4. Writing Journals and Epistles.	4. Arithmetic.
5. Listening to Readings from Works of Genius.	5. Illustrating Words.	5. Study of the HUMAN BODY.
6. Motives to Study and Action.	6. Listening to Readings.	6. Reasonings on Conduct.
7. Government of the School.	7. Conversation.	7. Discipline.

The Subjects of Study and Means of Discipline are displayed through the Week in the following general Order.

TIME.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
IX	Sacred READINGS *with* Conversations.	STUDYING Spelling & Defining *and* Writing in *Journals.*	STUDYING Geography *and* Sketching Maps in *Journals.*	STUDYING THE GOSPEL *and* Writing in *Journals.*	STUDYING Parsing Lesson *and* Writing in *Journals.*	PARAPHRASING Text of Readings *and* Writing in *Journals.*	COMPLETING Account *of* Week's Studies in *Journals.*
X	Listening to Services at CHURCH and Reading BOOKS *from* School Library or others at Home.	SPELLING *with* Illustrative Conversations on the Meaning & Use *of* Words.	RECITATIONS in Geography *with* Picturesque Readings *and* Conversations.	READINGS *and* Conversations on SPIRIT as displayed in the Life of CHRIST.	ANALYSING Speech Written and Vocal on Tablets *with* Illustrative Conversations.	READINGS *with* Illustrative Conversations on the Sense *of the* Text.	READINGS *from* Works of Genius *with* Applications *and* Conversations.
XI							
		RECREATION ON THE COMMON OR IN THE ANTE-ROOM.					
XII		STUDYING Arithmetic *with* Demonstrations in *Journals.*	DRAWING FROM NATURE in Journals *with* Mr. Graeter.	CONVERSATIONS *on the* HUMAN BODY *and its* Culture.	COMPOSING *and* Writing Epistles in *Journals.*	STUDYING Arithmetic *with* Demonstrations in *Journals.*	REVIEW *of Journals* Week's Conduct *and* Studies.
I							
		INTERMISSION FOR REFRESHMENT AND RECREATION.					
III		STUDYING *Latin* and Writing in *Journals.*	STUDYING Latin *with* Recitations.	RECREATIONS *and* Duties *At Home.*	STUDYING Latin *with* Recitations.	STUDYING *Latin* and Writing in *Journals.*	RECREATIONS *and* Duties *At Home.*
IV							

TEMPLE No. 7, MARCH 1st 1836.

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL-ROOM.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

An edition of Mr. Emerson's remarkable 'Essays' has just been published in London, under the editorial supervision of THOMAS CARLYLE, who, in his Preface, thus speaks of the Essayist and his writings:

The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely new in England: distinguished travelers bring us tidings of such a man; fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is, in New-England, some spiritual notability called Emerson, glide through Reviews and Magazines. Whether these hints were true or not, readers are now to judge for themselves a little better.

Emerson's writings and speaking amount to something:—and yet hitherto, as seems to me, this Emerson is perhaps far less notable for what he has spoken or done, than for the many things he has not spoken and has forborne to do. With uncommon interest I have learned that this, and in such a never-resting locomotive country too, is one of those rare men who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still! That an educated man of good gifts and opportunities, after looking at the public arena, and trying, not with ill success, what its tasks and prizes might amount to, should retire for long years into rustic obscurity; and, amid the all-pervading jingle of dollars and loud chattering of ambitions and promotions, should quietly, with cheerful deliberateness, sit down to spend *his* life not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influences, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever; this, when we get notice of it, is a thing really worth noting. As Paul Louis Courrier said:—'Ce qui me distingue de tous mes contemporains c'est que je n'ai pas la prétention d'être.' 'All my contemporaries'—poor contemporaries! It is as if the man said: Yes, ye contemporaries, be it known to you, or let it remain unknown. There it is one man who does not need to be a king; king neither of nations nor of parishes or cliques, nor even of cent-per-annum; nor indeed of any thing at all save himself only. 'Realities?' Yes, your dollars are real; so are partnerships, senatorships, celebrations, reputations, and the wealth of Rothschild: but to me, on the whole, they are not the reality that will suffice.—To me, without some other reality, they are mockery, and amount to *zero*, nay, to a negative quantity. ETERNITIES surround this god-given life of mine; what will all the dollars in creation do for me? Dollars, dignities, senate addresses, review articles, gilt couches or cavalcades, with world-wide huzzainga and parti-colored beef-eaters never so many: O Heaven, what were all these? Behold, ye shall have all these, and I will endeavor for a thing other than these. Behold, we will entirely agree to differ in this matter; I to be in your eyes nothing, you to be something, to be much, to be all things:—wherefore, adieu in God's name; go ye that way, I go this!—Pity that a man, for such cause, should be so distinguished from *all* his contemporaries! It is a misfortune partly of these our peculiar times. Times and nations of any strength have always privately held in them many such men. Times and nations that hold none or few of such, may indeed seem to them-

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selves strong and great, but are only bulky, loud; no heart or solidity in them:—*great*, as the blown bladder is which by and by will collapse and become small enough.

For myself I have looked over with no common feeling to this brave Emerson, seated by his rustic hearth, on the other side of the ocean (yet not altogether parted from me either,) silently communing with his own soul, and with the God's World it finds itself alive in yonder. Pleasures of Virtue, Progress of the Species, Black Emancipation, New Tarif, Eclecticism, Loco-Focoism, ghost of Improved Socinianism: these with many other ghosts and substances, are squeaking, jabbering, according to their capabilities, around this man; to one man among the sixteen millions their jabber is all unmusical. The silent voices of the stars above, and of the green Earth beneath, are profitabler to him—tell him gradually that these others are but ghosts which will shortly have to vanish; that the Life-Fountain these proceed out of do not vanish! The words of such a man, what words he finds good to speak, are worth attending to. By degrees a small circle of living souls eager to hear is gathered. The silence of this man has to become speech: may this, too, in its due season, prosper for him!—Emerson has gone to lecture, various times, to special audiences, in Boston, and occasionally elsewhere. Three of those Lectures, already printed, are known to some here; as the little pamphlet called 'Nature,' of somewhat earlier date. It may be said a great meaning lies in these pieces, which as yet finds no adequate expression for itself. A noteworthy though very unattractive work, moreover, is that new periodical they call 'The Dial,' in which he occasionally writes; which appears indeed generally to be imbued with his way of thinking, and to proceed from the circle that learns of him. The present little volume of 'Essays,' printed in Boston a few months ago, is Emerson's first book, an unpretending little book, composed probably in good part, from mere lectures which already lay written. It affords us, on several sides, in such a manner as it can, a direct glimpse into the man and that spiritual world of his.

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☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson delivers a Course of Eight Lectures on 'The Times' at Boston, commencing on the 2d of December. Is not Mr. Emerson to lecture here this winter? If not, it will be a great mistake on the part of our Committees of Arrangements, and a loss to our lecture-hearers.

The Bible Convention.—R. Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcot, Maria W. Chapman, and Edmund Quincy the committee appointed at a meeting held in the Chardon-street Chapel on the 28th of Oct. last, have called "a Convention to be styled 'the Bible Convention,' for the public discussion of the credulity and authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments," and invite all persons disposed to take part in this discussion to meet at the Masonic Temple, in Boston, on the 29th of March, for that purpose.

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☞ Mr. Emerson's First Lecture of his Course on '*The Times*' at the Society Library on Thursday evening considered mainly the Intellectual character and tendencies of our age, as developed in the ceaseless struggle of the Reform spirit with the giant force of Conservatism, entrenched between the Andes and the Himmaleh, with the Atlantic and Pacific for its ditches. To this overwhelming force, Reform opposes the principle of Love, 'puts it out of countenance, of reason and temper, and leaves it nothing but silence and possession.'

'The Times are the masquerade of the Eternities.' But in speaking of the Age, you speak not abstractly—you mean your own platoon of people, as Milton and Dante painted in colossal *their* platoons, and called them Heaven and Hell. In our idea of Progress, we do not think peas will be greener or grass sweeter, but only that our relation to our fellows will be simpler and happier. Persons are the Age to Persons: they are the results of the Past; they are the heralds of the Future.—Thoughts are the pungent instructors who thrill the hearts of each of us. There is no place or institution so poor and withered but if a new and strong Man could be born into it he would immediately redeem and replace it.

Mr. E. proceeded to maintain that if our Age could be portrayed as it is—if we could paint the painters—souls of as lofty port as any in Greek or Roman fame might appear—men of great heart, and strong hand, and soft, persuasive speech, as well as fragments and hints of men—bloated promises, which end in nothing. We should see men in advance of the rest, quite beyond the general sympathy, yet predicting what shall soon be general, as, when on the seashore the tide is rising, a wave comes up the beach far beyond any before it; it recedes, and for a time none reaches so high; but soon the sea is there, and beyond it.

To-Day is a king in disguise. To-Day always looks trivial to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all great and happy actions are made up of these same blank To-Days. Let us unmask the king as he passes. Let us consider earnestly the times in which we live. Here is first the great army of those who accept the Church and State of the last generation, and stand upon the argument of Possession. These have better reason than is commonly stated. No Burke, no Metternich, has yet done full justice to the side of Conservatism. But this class, however large, rests on an instinct, not on an argument, and the individuals have no attraction for us. It is the dissenter, the theorist, the ardent youth who is leaving this ancient domain to embark on seas of adventure, who commands our interest. These most share the life of the time; to these, if any where, we look for Hope and Progress. We may consider them in two classes—as Actors and as Students.

Mr. Emerson proceeded to exhibit and criticise the present as an age of projects of Reform in all institutions. These have a value as the discipline and education of the public mind. The discussions of Slavery, Anti-Masonry, Temperance, the Banks, Tariff, Executive Power, the treatment of the Indians, are all pregnant with ethical conclusions. There is a perfect chain of Reforms emerging from the surrounding dullness—a complete choir of Reformers, each cherishing some part of the general idea; and all must be seen in order to do justice to any one. Seen in this, their natural connexion, they are sublime. The Conscience of the Age is with them; it demonstrates itself in this effort to raise the life of Man, by putting it in harmony with his idea of the Beautiful and the Just.

And so far what can be better? What fairer renown can an epoch ask with all following ages than that it did not sleep on the errors of the inherited, but put every usage on trial, and exploded every abuse? Our impatience of what is, does honor to men. Our modes of living are not agreeable to our imaginations. We suspect they are unworthy. We find ourselves apologizing for our employments. Nature, Science, Childhood, appear beautiful, but not our daily life. Why should this be hateful? Why should it not be poetic?—Is there a necessity that the works of Man should be sordid? Perhaps not. Out of our discontent springs for ever the aspiration for the Perfect. It is the testimony of the soul to a fairer possibility of life.

This sense of deficiency extends even to our Religion. Religion is not invited to eat or drink or sleep with us—to make or divide an estate, but is a holiday guest. These omissions judge the Church. But the spirit of Reform enters here also. It questions the institutions of Property; it casts a searching glance on Trade and Labor, and goes up and down paving the world with eyes. Is this for nothing? How shall we suppose that the Reforms which are preparing are as superficial as those we know?

Mr. E. proceeded to criticise all Reformers, insisting that they do wrong to rely on material force, and organization, and majorities; they ought to rely wholly on Principle—on the Sentiment of Man, which will work strongest when most trusted. He objected also that they are narrow, conceited, vain and censorious. [Alas! poor Human Nature!] Self-reliance, an entire trust in an Idea, and a spurning of all tactics and management, he strenuously insisted on.

The great majority seem unable to judge of a principle save in the light of a present fact. They see the evils of drinking only in a class of drunkards, when they straightway fancy Intemperance the greatest of evils. So those engaged in our popular Religious efforts imagine that if every house had a Bible, every child were brought into the Sabbath-school, then would the wounds of the world be healed, and Man be upright. But do our Philanthropists give Liberty and enjoyment to all within the sphere of their personal influence? 'I am not mortified by our Vice; it curses and rages, but I can see to the end of it; but I own our Virtue makes me ashamed—so sour and narrow, so thin and blind—Virtue so vice-like.'

Mr. E. insisted that Slavery is a mental rather than a physical condition. Nothing can oppress me but myself. The degradation of the black race, though now lost in the starless spaces of the Past, did not come without sin. Their condition is inevitable to the men they are, and nobody can redeem them from it but themselves. An infusion from God of new thought and grace can retrieve their loss; but nothing less. But let a slave become truly religious, and he is no longer in bondage.

Mr. E. considered *Ennui*—the dissatisfaction with self, the weariness of existence, which is so

prominent in our times, and for which our Saxon ancestors had no name—as but another evidence of how far the imagination of our age has outgrown what has been realized—how earnestly it aspires to greater Elevation and Freedom.

He insisted earnestly on the reverence due to our Intuitions. On the vast and stormy ocean we sail, we have no surer guide. The law and the perception of the law are at last one; and only as the law enters into us do we become conscious of it. All these appearances rest on a living Reality, which is as the granite to the earth. This deep Reality—the supreme Nature which works within us—is the basis of all Character, Action, History. For this the Moral Sentiment is but another name. That Reality is all we should prize. 'Let it not be recorded in our own memories that, in this moment of Eternity when we flitted across the light, we were afraid of any fact, or disgraced the fair day by a pusillanimous preference of our bread to our Freedom. Let us fearlessly welcome whatever comes in the shape of free Thought, or of Goodness. All the tongues of To-Day will at first defame what is noble; but you who hold not of To-Day but of the Everlasting are to stand for it; and the highest compliment Man ever receives from Heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels.'

Mr. Emerson's Second Lecture.—'The Poet'—the nature and offices of Poetry, and the part in the Times it plays and is likely to play—were the high topic of Mr. Emerson's Lecture on Saturday evening. He said he hoped none would fear that in what he had to say he should lower the dignity of Poetry; nor need any apprehend that Criticism would seize this mountain-flower and pick it to pieces, for its nature is not to be reached by Criticism—it is beyond it. Criticism may tell us anecdotes of Poetry and Art, as Biography does of men; but neither can touch the nature, the inner life, of its subject. We think of Poetry as of the angel that sits upon the most inaccessible cliff in the midst of surrounding hierarchies; upon it hands were never laid.

In seeking for what we know of Poetry, we find it no solitary fact, and it is so intertwined with the nature of all things that it is not easy to separate it and say what it is. Our definition will be always either more or less than the thing defined. Poetry finds its origin in that *need of expression* which is the primary impulse of Nature. Every thought requires utterance, and every act is only an effort to express the thought that is in us—to unbosom ourselves. And when our thought has thus become a thing, we have advanced a step.—Thus all happiness depends not on what we are wont to call 'uninterrupted prosperity,' but on the expression of what is in us. We must do what we shall perish if we do not. This is the great happiness of Old Age that it gives vent to all thought: so of Wealth, which by granting leisure gives us opportunity to express what we are. Eloquence is nothing but this power to make report to others of what is within us. All the facts of the animal economy are emphatic symbols of the eternal fact—the passage of the world into the soul, where it suffers a change and appears again as a newer and a higher fact. The only reason why we do one thing and avoid another is this:—that in the one I am represented and in the other not. Thus is it with the beauties we see in a landscape; for this reason do we follow particular persons, because they express our thoughts, while others do not, and we care not for them. Thus does every warrior follow Napoleon or Nelson; every member of a party follows some head; every artist has his followers; it is his feat of Genius that draws me so, for in him do I feel my own powers elicited. Therefore do we run and gaze to see some Taglioni, a miracle of grace, dance before us; she but dances for us; were it not for some defect in our education or some clumsiness thus should we dance; as it is, we dance in her feet.

This need of expression is the cause of all action. But man's science, or perception of things in the intellect, should have expression also. To this the force of Nature easily lends its influence. All things in the world are Symbols. We say that man is grass, is a stream, an hour, a day, or a thousand things: if we wish to accuse him we call him an owl, a baboon, a hat, a snake, &c. We do this now with little thought, but the man who first called another *puppy* or *ass* was a Poet; he could see in the nature of the man a bestial necessity which would force him to bark or to bray. There is no word in a language that cannot thus become a type of Nature, and the meaner the type the more pungent the expression. We call the Universe a blossom, a cock, a sparrow: the ear hears and the heart leaps to the trope.

We see in every day life the fondness of men for symbols. Look at the ball rolled from Baltimore to Boston! Behold the shoe at Lynn—the ship of New-Bedford; think of the log-cabin, the hickory pole and the cider barrel. These men fancy they hate poetry, and yet they are all poets. How does the flag of our country—a mere strip of painted hunting—seen in some foreign port, make the heart bound for joy! What does this love for symbols denote, if not that the relation of man to the things of nature is more intimate than the world suspects, and that the metamorphoses of Latin and Indian song are not so fabulous as they are represented? Hence the power of Eloquence. Men say, what if that man who *talks* such thoughts in the Senate should *act* them? What would happen if this fellow, in some new transmigration, should acquire power to do what he now says? It may be he will; he must be watched.

Adequate intellectual expression is very rare. Most men can say something. Sufficient expression is got to prevent suffocation. We manage to get some grist between the stones to prevent the mill from grinding itself; but there is no adequate expression for all our thought. But we worship the expression by another of what we have in our heart. For this we forgive all his short comings—all his crimes even. This is true in Art, but it is demanded most of all in Intellect.

The Poet is the person in whom these demands are answered—the man without impediment—the one who, by the favor of God, is sent to see clearly what others suspect—to gaze in a trance of delight at the heavens and the earth—the soul through which the universe has passed—through his eyes, and there comes forth not a blur but a fair picture; through his ears, and there comes not a squeak nor a scream, but a song of rich and overflowing sweetness; his is the hospitable soul—who contains in his spirit all things—all crimes even in its vast charity and overcoming hope. The man knowing and man speaking is he; he stands as the only teller of news—of news that shall never grow old—or not in a thousand years. He adores the adorable; he is not *free*, but freedom; not *tasteful*, but taste; not a beneficiary, but a benefactor of the world; his being soars higher and sinks deeper than that of other men. Thus has Nature made them of fair complexion and of gentle manners; for she meant that all mankind should love and cherish them. Judge not that they are sad because they sing in plaintive tones; they express their thought, and in that is their highest joy. There is no deeper dissembler than the sincerest man. Call not the Poet ignorant because he is silent; nor think you have all his thought when you have his speech unto the end.

But what is the weapon which the Poet wields: what are the means and the materials of his power? Verse or metrical language: language, the most spiritual of the works of man, subdued by music. As the world is round, as bodies have shadows and sounds echoes, as there is beauty in a row of balls, of statues, of trees, beyond their beauty as individuals, so is there beauty in rhythm and metre; it has its origin in the pulse and constitution of man, and is never quite absent from sane speech. Love and thought always speak in music. Each new poet as certainly invents a new metre as he does new images; thought and metre are born together as are the soul and body of the child; it is the sense that dictates the tune. The finest rhythms of the poet are yet unfound, and I think that the sweetest closes and falls are not in metre found but in the measures of prose eloquence. Rhyme is one of the lowest forms of this music. In Poetry you may tell the Truth, but in Prose you must not. Out of this love of music men will hear it; and those truths which are of highest import, which, if in a newspaper, would be rejected, are received and loved in Poetry.

But the Poet is not to be painted in parts: there remains the total wonder, of which no enumeration of particulars brings you nearer the expression. The Poet listens to all—beholds all, to give them back a radiant whole. As oxygen and hydrogen together form, by a chemical process, water, different from either, so does the Poet create anew. Whence the new proceeds is Nature's secret. What is new always delights us, for it is the last communication of God.

We may say, then, that there are the highest grounds for believing that Poetry exists for us. What is it but the highest expression? and if the things exist, the Poetry must follow. We need not look for the same Poetry as in the last generation, for there are not the same things: Nature never repeats herself, nor does she ever pause.—After Dante and Shakspeare and Milton there came no great poet till Swedenborg: and in a strange corner of the earth he poured forth a river equal in depth and sublimity and power to any song of his tuneful predecessors. Men now are turning slowly to him, and beginning to separate the wheat from the chaff. Now we suffer ourselves to live so sensually that our very homes have become polluted; and when Poetry is spoken of, forthwith we run from home to find it. Genius is here: she worships in this land; she lives here, not by immigration, but she is American born; she is in our forest-walks; she sits upon the mosses of the mountain, and paddles her canoe in our rivers and ponds. You may find her, perchance, in the Senate—in a strange place, and with unworthy companions perhaps—dwelling in the bosom of some stout, rough, black-browed statesman from the woods. You may find her in some rude Bethel by the sea, where you shall see a hard-faced Methodist, with a countenance like a net-work of cordage—a true poet pouring out his heart—a man whom patronage never made nor can ever spoil—one who speaks by right of having the most to say.

But in purer forms than these will arise the Poet Genius of the Times—one not unworthy the nation he shall represent. He shall speak in tones which enrich and elevate those who hear. He shall arrive—the fortunate, the adapted, the *timely* man. To doubt that such a Poet shall yet appear, is to doubt of day and night. New topics, new powers and a new spirit shall be his; and he shall abolish the old in the glory of the new. The grandeur of our Life exists in spite of us.

Mr. Emerson's Third Lecture.—In entering upon the subject of his third Lecture, on Monday, Mr. Emerson remarked that two great parties—Conservatism and Innovation—filled the State with their strife, and had from its creation disputed the possession of the world. Their strife was the theme of Civil History. Conservatism had established the monarchies and the reverend hierachies of the ancient world. The contest of the Plebe-

ians and the Patricians—of the Rich and the Poor—reappears in all times and in all countries. Nor have the two their only place of meeting in national councils and in bloody battle-fields, but the combat renews itself in every man's life.—This is the antagonism of Memory and of Hope, of the Past and the Future, of the understanding and the reason—it is the antagonism of the two poles of Nature.

Mr. EMERSON repeated an ancient though an unwritten tradition of the origin of this contest. Saturn, he said, grew weary of sitting alone, or with none but Uranus—the Heaven—to behold him and he created an oyster. He would act again, and created another oyster, and so he went on creating nothing but oysters. 'O, Saturn,' said Uranus, 'create a *new* work; the old is not good.' But Saturn answered, 'I fear there is not only the alternative of making and not making—but of unmaking; you see my power has an ebb and a flow: to-day is its ebb, and if it be put forth now what I have done would be destroyed.' So Saturn held what he had got—but said Uranus, 'you cannot hold it but by making more: your oysters are but barnacles and cockles, and soon they will be pebbles of the sea-shore.' 'I see,' said Saturn, 'that you are in league with Night.' And Saturn was silent again and the world went on for a thousand years. Then Saturn made Jupiter; and he feared again and Nature froze, and Jupiter slew Saturn to save the world.

This, said Mr. Emerson, is the earliest political conversation between a Conservative and a Radical that has come down to us. It is ever thus: Innovation is the salient energy; Conservatism is the pause after the first movement. There is always a meanness in the argument of Conservatism joined to a certain superiority of fact: it is fingers against eyes: the fingers clutch the fact while Conservatism will not open its eyes to see a better fact. But it says to Innovation—'you are as Conservative as I: you would tear down my Conservatism—but only to build up one of your own.' And to this Innovation must confess its weakness. Conservatism stands on man's incontestible limitations: Reform on his illimitable infinitudes; Reform is affirmative—Conservatism negative: Conservatism never puts its foot forward: it tends to universal seeming and treachery. Reform inclines to asinine resistance—to kick with the hoof: it demands an ideal justice, and skips and ignores stubborn facts.

Each is a good half, but an impossible whole. Is it not true that there is no perfect example of either—that there is no 'Whig,' as we call him who is not sometimes a Radical, and no Radical who is not sometimes a Whig? Does not Heaven give the crown of its approbation—beauty—to him who combines both these elements? We do not honor the rock, that always resists the wave, nor the wave, that always dashes upon the rock: the superior beauty is that of the oak, which defies with its hundred arms the storms of a century and yet grows like a sapling. So all through nature combines the Past with the Present: we admire the sea-shell with its nodes and its spirals—yet each marks a year in the animal's life.

Mr. Emerson said he could not recognize Conservatism or Reform in any of the popular political parties of the day. Each, as suits its present purpose, is Conservative or Innovating; neither is consistently or wholly one or the other.

There is something in Conservatism which demands our reverence. The youth, of course, is an innovator by birth: he stands on the planet a universal beggar. In his first consideration—for clothing, food and fuel—he is met by the warning that all these have owners—he must go elsewhere. 'Very well,' he says, 'gentlemen of the world; but, since I am born, be so good as to tell me where is my good lot?' 'Touch these things at your peril,' cry the gentlemen of the world; 'but come and work for us, and we'll give you bread.' 'But in what consists this peril?' 'In axes and knives and imprisonment.' 'But what authority do you threaten it?' 'By that of Law.' 'Is your Law just?' 'As just for you as it was for us: we wrought for others, and so got what we have.' 'But is it just?' 'As much so as the case admits—not quite just, but nearly so: it is more just now than when we were born—we have made it better.' 'I'll none of your Law,' says the youth: 'I am a Law to myself: I ask neither to command nor obey.'

With equal earnestness replies the upholder of the establishment—'Your objections are over-fine; look at me: I have risen early, and toiled many years, and never troubled myself about the method; I laid to my bones, and got what I have by labor, and you must show your warrant before you ride into my estate and scatter it as your own.'

'Now,' says the youth, 'you touch the heart of the matter; to effort and labor I pay homage; but I find this vast net-work which you call property extended over the planet; I cannot touch the bleakest crag of the mountains but a man or a corporation starts up and says it is his; and as I am peaceable and quiet, and though I could well enough die, as for myself, since it seems I was sent into the world by some mistake—all the seats being already taken—still I declare that if the Earth is yours so is it mine, nor can I omit to claim my own. Besides, I know your ways; for your craving humor the possession of the Earth is not sufficient: you would pluck down the Sun if you could, and for the Moon and North Star you will find occasion in your bed-chamber. What your convenience could spare your pride could not.'

Mr. E. continued at some length this balancing of claims—setting forth the obligation of society to see that the welfare of all is uninjured, and saying that, Conservatism in its love of facts forgets principles. It concedes that Reform would talk to the purpose if man were still in Eden, while Reform retorts that Conservatism assumes sickness as a necessary fact, and strives for mitigations and not for remedies. It makes Society a Hospital—it puts the Universe in flannel and slippers—gives it a bib and makes it swallow pills and herb-teas. It makes of it a sexton, with his spade and his song to men—

> 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;
> Here's the hole, and in you must.'

Whatever it touches it thus degrades. Education and Religion feel its blighting influence.

But, on the other hand, Conservatism has provided all the means of stability, of convenience and of life; and thus it atones for the slight offence of not giving each youth his acre; it gives him his acre's worth. The Past has baked his loaves and now in the strength of its bread the Reformer would break up the oven.

The Reformer concedes all these facts, and says that if he sought comfort, he would rest in conservatism. But riches, he says, make not me rich; they give me more clothes, but no warmth: they make me larger, but not stronger: they give me more books, but less wit. The plant man requires not all this preparation for his full and glorious flowering.

Mr. E. concluded his lecture by appealing to the private heart of every generous man as to the relative superiority of these two antagonistic principles, and enforcing the truth that each should trust for security and happiness to his own indwelling virtues, and not to the institutions and bulwarks of Society, which is in effect relying on others' virtue rather than our own.

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EMERSON'S LECTURES.

MR. EMERSON'S FOURTH LECTURE.—In commencing his fourth Lecture, Mr. Emerson alluded to the general but mistaken belief that the views which are manifesting themselves in New-England, and which are known by the name of Transcendentalism, are new views; he said they were the very oldest doctrines passed into the world in a somewhat new form—given to them by prevailing circumstances. Light, he said, was always identical; it falls, however, upon a variety of objects, and is thus first revealed to us. So literature and thought are the same, always and in every land; the same to-day as centuries ago—the same in Rome as in London—the same in Bagdad as in New-York. The whole fact concerning these new views is this: that Transcendentalism among us is nothing but Idealism—Idealism as it appears in 1842. All thinking men in all times have been divided into two socts—Materialists and Idealists: the first founding every thing on Experience, and the others on Consciousness. Materialism begins to think from the senses; Idealism, owing to a greater constitutional vivacity, perceives that the senses are not *final*, and says that they give us only representations of things; but what the things themselves are they cannot tell. Materialism bases itself on facts, on circumstances, on history; Idealism on pure thought and the will, on inspiration, on miracles and individual attraction. Both these modes are natural; but the Idealist insists that his is of the highest nature. He concedes all that the other affirms; he admits the impressions of sense, but affirms facts that are not affected by the illusions of sense, and asserts their superiority to natural facts; and says that it needs only retirement from the senses to see them. Every Idealist will be natural. Even Condillac, the most accurate of the Materialists, says that, though man soars into heaven or sinks into the abyss, he can never go out of himself; he always is that which he perceives—and this is Idealism. The Materialist sniffs and mocks at these fine-spun theories; and thinks the astronomer the only man. But it is easy to show that he is just as fantastic, and a philosopher need ask him only one or two simple questions to see that his doctrines also become quite dim and impalpable before the senses.—He is sure of one thing: that the Materialist's system is certain and does not give him the head-ache; figures do not lie, and the multiplication table has always been found sufficiently accurate; that these fine thoughts soon pass away. But ask him *why* his experience in these matters continues uniform and on what ground it is founded and you will find the same quaking as in the other. The materialist takes his departure from experience and estimates man as he finds him; the Idealist takes his departure from consciousness and says that all else is mere appearance. This distinguishes the two systems. Idealism measures things by the rank they take in consciousness. Himself he regards as the sole reality, of which men and all nature besides are only reflections. He respects what is called great, labor and its products, religion, charters, governments only as they are manifold appearances, reiterating his own being. 'My thought,' he says, '*that* is the Universe.' He feels that the highest dignity of man is to be self-sustained: to need no foreign force to help him on. Society is good when it does not injure or impede me; it is best when it is likest to solitude. The Deity dwells alone; and everything divine shares this

self-reliance. This thought which is called I, is the mould into which the world from without is poured, and from which it takes its shape. As I am so shall I act: so shall I associate: so shall I speak. The Transcendentalist adopts the whole circle of spiritual doctrine: he believes in the miracle: he believes in inspiration: in ecstasy: he wishes that the spiritual principle should demonstrate itself to the end. He resists all attempts to palm foreign words or forces upon his spirit. He says with Jacobi, 'I am that godless person who would lie as the dying Desdemona lied: who would commit sacrilege with David: who would commit murder as Brutus did: who would pluck corn as Jesus did on the Sabbath, because the needs of my nature demand it.' It is the divinity of man that gives divinity to his acts. The spirit of Buddhism is the same. It thanks no man: flatters no man, but believes that every good deed is sure of its reward.

It will easily be seen from these views that there is no such thing as a transcendental party—there can be no such thing as a pure transcendentalist. We only know these men as the prophets and heralds of such a doctrine—its harbingers and forerunners. History affirms no example of a purely spiritual life; there is no man who has lived this higher life and eaten angels' food. Though without thought he finds himself fed and sheltered—he knows not how, and yet it is by his own hand. It is only in the lower animals that we find something of this; the squirrel hoards nuts and the bee honey—they know not why—and yet it is for their life. This way of thinking fell on Roman times and gave birth to Stoics: in heroic times and produced Catos: in superstitious times and produced Apostles; in Unitarian and Conservative times and produced Transcendentalists.

This doctrine acquired the name—Transcendentalism—from the use of the term by Immanuel Kant of Konigsberg, in his reply to the sceptical philosophy of Locke. It has colored the conversation and poetry of the present day, and the history of these times will be the history of this tendency. It has caused a class of men who believe in its precepts and surrender themselves to its tendency to withdraw from the market and forum, and to lead a certain severe, critical and solitary life. They prefer to wander in the groves and over the mountains, and to delight themselves in the country, rather than be content with such accommodations as the city affords them. To them the writing of Hamlets or an Epic—the building an Empire, were a drudgery. Every creature—asp or angel—must work after its kind, and so do they; and we may well begin to ask what it is that these companions and countrymen of ours think and do. Our Literature and Spiritual history, it must be confessed, are as yet in the optative mood: but when sees these admirable radicals taking so severely to task the things and men around must needs believe that this celestial genius will not pass away and leave no mark.

Looking at what they have done we first observe that they are lonely—the spirit of their writing is solitary. They incline to shut themselves in their chamber, and choose to shun the city and labor in solitude. Society does not like this in them very well: it thinks them *uppish*. But this proceeds from no whim in them. They do it from temperament and principle, and as a choice of two evils. They are not by nature melancholy or unsocial; they do ot choose that men should shun and mistrust them. No; if you look you shall see that they have a great wish to be loved; ask them and they will tell you that love seems to them the last and highest gift of nature—that there are persons in the world whom they daily and devoutly thank for existing—unknown to them perhaps, and whom they have never seen; but in the spirit of whose lives and writings they live and grow strong. Love me, they say—but do not ask who is my cousin or my uncle: If you perceive my thought from what I do, then I'll tell it to you from sunrise to sunset; but if you cannot divine it from my acts, then you will not understand it.

Again, you will see that they are the most exacting and extorting critics. They do not quarrel with men from any exception to their kind, but to their degree: they do not say that a man is not of the right kind, but they complain that there is not enough of him. They continually regret that there should be on earth so many promising youth and yet no perfect man: every one has some fault: the strong man is rough; the delicate man is shallow; and so every piece has its crack. Talk to the sailor about the dangers of the deep, and he will say to you, 'Do you not see that all we sailors are young men? We grow not old as do others.' So we on the great heaving sea of thought ask where are the old ideal men—where the men that promised so well when young? In looking at the power and wealth that have grown up, we ask, Where are they who represented Genius and Virtue? Are they dead, and have they been taken to the gods? or has the high Idea died out of them, and their imperfect bodies been left as tomb-stones to announce that their celestial inhabitant has departed? These men are repelled by vulgarity; frivolity makes them lonely: they say it is better to be alone than in bad company, and out of their very wish to be met they shun society. So they seek the woods and hills, which they people with their own creations; and there they have a society real and not illusive. They share not in the public business of society; they take no part in its charities; they touch not missionary doings, nor abolition, nor temperance; they are inactive, and like not to vote. The Philanthropist calls him slothful, and had as lief find a drone as a transcendentalist. In the popular creed he is believed to say, 'I think myself a great genius, and therefore I need not labor;' and men say that genius is but a greater means of doing, and that good and wise men must learn to act.

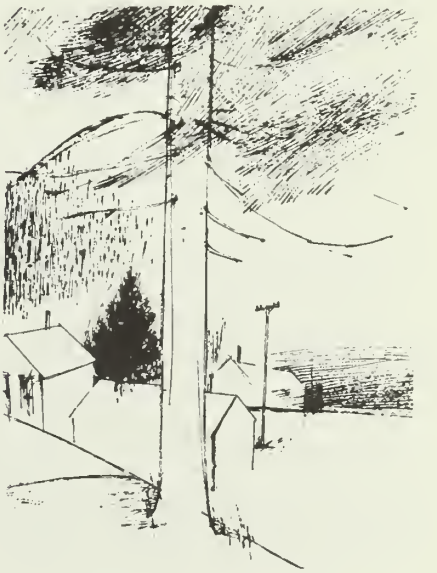
These youth reply that life and their faculties seem to them gifts too high and solemn to be squandered on such trifles as are popular. What men call their great institutions, great and holy causes seem to them but paltry matters. They think that all politics and religion have become mere trades, until the world has become a shop where the article is made up into cakes and retailed in small quantities to suit purchasers. Unless an act has meaning and an aim they do not wish to perform it; they don't love *routine*; it is the quality of an act and not the greatness of the action or the duration of time which attracts them. So Xanthus, when he was asked after a long siege what he had seen, said he only remembered seeing Pericles, that he smiled upon him and passed on to another detachment. The world asks why they do not work; they have no work, they say; What will you do then? asks the world; we will wait. But how long? Until the Universe calls us up; we will sit in our corner and perish, as you call it, but we will not move until we have a command; and if no call comes, then shall we know that the want of the world is the attestation of faith given by our abstinence. If we cannot work at least we will not lie.

But although they readily answer the questions and objections of others, it seems not so easy to answer the doubts that occur to themselves. They are acquainted with feelings acquired only by trials and the bravest experience. They have moments of a higher life—thoughts and states of bliss—whether in the body or out of the body they cannot tell; these last for perhaps an hour, and then they find themselves at their old tricks again. They complain that their lives are superficial; that they take no root in the deep things of the spiritual world. These lightning flashes they would exchange for the steady light of day.

But we should not sufficiently characterize these men if we omitted to add that they are lovers of beauty: that they have cultivated tastes, and they love goodness and beauty for themselves. In the old church if you speak of truth it is prudence you mean; in the old politics if justice be mentioned, policy is meant. But justice for all, they ask—for the blacks, and for all others—for its own beauty and for the good of the doer, and not the beneficiary. I can only work for myself. When moved by love a man teaches his child or does an act which nerves touches life, as did the martyrs he does it not for others, but because he feels it inward necessity for himself. These men, too, ascribe the highest value to character. The materialist wishes only to see results; they care only for the state of mind in which man works: you look for great powers—I wish only for signs of character: and character is a power that works without means—like light and heat—not to be understood and yet not to be resisted. If a man has this character it matters not what he does or does not: he will conquer in all things. When Iole was asked by what art she know that Hercules was a god, she made answer: 'When I looked upon the others I wished them to *do* something that I might know what was in them; Theseus I wanted should fight a battle; but as soon as my eye fell on Hercules, I knew him to be a god, for in whatever he did—whether he sat, or smiled, or walked, he triumphed.' I regard this increasing reverence for character as of great importance, because in that alone I find the true church and the religion of the present day. It dwells not in outward forms nor in visible churches, but in temples not made with hands, in the hearts and consciences of simple men.

No doubt there is a great deal of well-founded objection made to the doings and sayings of these men. They expose themselves, doubtless, to a great deal of ill-nature and of satire. But their labors must be of great benefit. In the Mechanic Arts are needed not only ploughs, and looms, and saws; but finer instruments: rain-gauges, thermometers and telescopes. So in Society there is need not only of farmers, and weavers, and laborers, but of finer spirits, and there might be room for these exciters; these men who throw off sparks of thought and feeling. Or as a storm-tossed vessel at Sea speaks the brig or packet she meets, to learn her latitude and her destination; so not without advantage do we meet these men of rare gifts and pure lives and *adjust* in our bearing and correct our compass, and compare ours with their superior chronometers. When every tongue is raised for a new road or some new project, shall we not tolerate one or two solemn voices that speak for thoughts not marketable, but that never perish?

☞ Mr. Emerson's Fifth Lecture on Saturday evening treated of '*Manners*'—that is, of the spirit and essence of those forms and usages which mark the bearing of 'Good Society.' After an opening glance at the rather striking peculiarities in this respect of some portions of the human fam-



lly—the men of the Fejee Islands, who eat their wives and children—the Abyssinians of the Upper Nile, who dwell in excavated tombs and clefts of the rock, go naked, and live in every way like beasts, precisely as did their progenitors in the time of Herodotus—he alluded to the creation of the Gentleman as one of the most conspicuous facts in Modern History. The universal acknowledgement of Gentility is but an oblique and covert way in which this good world of ours is training for the recognition of the saintly and poetic as the true and vital elements of the Human Character. The forms of what is called good society are important as evincing the reverence naturally paid by the human heart to Honor, Beauty and Reality. We regret that we have not space to follow the lecturer through his address; but as it is, we can only allude to its most prominent points. He spoke of the great comprehensiveness of the Social institution as it exists in the civilized world, saying that it reached from the precincts of Heaven to the purlieus of Hell—being an order of many degrees. Even the forms and apparent frivolities of Fashionable Life will become grand when they are perceived to spring from the secret and unconscious reverence to what is best and sacred in man.

Mr. Emerson said that the leading idea of all Society is Truth of Character; to be well-bred a man must be lord of himself, and this fact must appear in all his behavior. Thus stautness, bravery and truth were among the leading requisites in the character of a gentleman in times of Chivalry. This thought Mr. E. developed at considerable length, insisting upon Self-reliance as the basis of Social as of all other distinction. When a man goes into Society all that is necessary to his being well received is that he be sincere and master of himself—that all may see him face to face and know that he is *a man to be met*. From this desire to identify and make sure of him sprung the custom of introducing one man to another pointedly and by name—of taking each other by the hand and looking into each others' faces. Let a man be thus completely master of himself—standing erect before his companions, and feeling that he is as good as any, and he will be well received—whether he conform to all the nice observances, or whether he sit upon the floor or stand on his head, or adopt some equally striking and aboriginal mode of behavior.

He alluded in this connection to the appearance and triumph of Burns—coming directly from the plough-tail into the fashionable circles of Edinburgh. All that Fashion demands of any one is composure, and if she cannot have this she will have nothing. If a man evince Self-reliance and nobility of aim she asks no more; but if he show any intrinsic deference or yielding to any other man, he forfeits all respect: fashion will have nothing to do with him—she will speak with his master. We care nothing after all for fine houses or splendid furniture as belonging to the requirements of good Society: the first thing we ask is if there be a *man* in the house—for we want to see and face him, and the Gentleman never dodges.

Fashion, however, is apt to set its face against the True Man of the Present hour, and dwell in the hall of the Past. It is Virtue gone to seed—it is posthumous Honor—a tribute paid not to heroes but their children. Everything called Fashion becomes insignificant before the great central truth of Life.

After perfect Sincerity and Self-Possession, Society demands of its votaries Good Nature. He must not be austere or exacting who would satisfy its requirements. A prying, restless, critical spirit discontents it: it is better pleased with a congenial and sleepy nature than this. It loves not to be searched and revised. Now and then, in its passion for excitement and novelty, it takes hold of the wonder of the hour—some New Zealand Prince, or North Pole discoverer, or missionary from Caffraria—but this is only *as* a novelty, and to-morrow he is forgotten, and the world returns to its habitual standards and satisfactions.

—Such is a very meagre outline of the leading positions in Mr. Emerson's Lecture, of which we failed to take notes during its delivery, while its profound analysis and acute distinctions utterly defy recollection after two days' interval. Its spirit was eminently tolerant and genial; and its definitions of Society as based on the love of Goodness and Truth—of Fashion as adding to these the admiration of Beauty, Elegance, Grace—must have surprised many who had come to listen to a caustic and cynical lashing of the vices and extravagances of the age. Yet the kindlier philosophy is doubtless the truer at the core; and if the world can be made to believe that it indistinctly *means* something lofty and excellent by its observances, who knows that it may not be led to conform its Actual to its Ideal?

Mr. Emerson's Sixth Lecture.—Mr. Emerson in introducing his Sixth and Last Lecture upon the Times, alluded to the several branches of the general subject which he had already considered and of which he had endeavored merely to present the most prominent, being well aware that the consideration of many more themes would be necessary to a well proportioned picture of the present age. In drawing the subject to a close he proposed to take a general view of the reasons for hope and of the duties which would occur most frequently to intelligent men. There was something low, he said, in the tone of sorrow and anxiety which characterises so much the speculation of the present time; and he was sorry to read that M. de Tocqueville had said that a 'cloud always hangs upon the American brow.' This ought not to be the badge of the active and commercial classes and least of all of the literary and speculative class. He hated this building of dungeons in the air, when we ought to sing pæans and congratulations upon the harmony of the world; we read another lesson in the cypher of nature; we read that she is profuse of joyous life. We never learn these melancholy notes from Nature, for even the expression of storm and night is not sad, and what absence of all sadness is in the flakes of snow—in the rain drops descending from the eaves—in the falling leaves of the trees. The effect of every natural gift is to exhilarate; whatever we do in nature—whether we walk, or run, or sing, or swim, or whistle—these things all cheer, not sadden the spirit.

Any true exercise of natural talent always delights the possessor first, as we read that Archimedes was so intent upon the table on which he was drawing his geometrical figures, that his attendants were obliged to pluck him away, and strip him of his clothes to annoint him, while he went on drawing new schemes upon his annointed body. All beauty is a cordial—a sign of health: upon every lasting gift of great men the Divinity has marked this stamp, and what, in this respect, is true of nature is likewise true of art. There is nothing wholly devoid of beauty and of pleasure: the earth, water, clouds, flowers and everything are full of them. Even the signs of the Zodiac in the old farmers' Almanac, with the degrees written beneath—have for every one a certain pleasure, and if I may confess it, I must say that I can never hear the farmer repeat the rotation of his crops, or recount the various kinds of fruit and grain he raises—as the eight-rowed corn, the Indian or the pop corn—without feeling that he has no need of what men call poetry: he sees the silver thread gleaming in the homespun: he does not break off his flowers, but ploughs in his seed! Every throb of his heart is filled with beauty and thrills him with joy.

What a power is in custom or the repetition of any act or sufferance! We cannot deny that joy thus lives in all though none but the most elevated minds can resist the habit. Our Temperance Societies have not yet destroyed this, for we are all made drunk every day with this laudanum of routine. I once knew an old lady who lived in a house adjoining the jail, and she was greatly annoyed by the profanity of the old desperadoes who took a pleasure in vexing so respectable a person. The jail was finally pulled down, and some one was congratulating the lady on the joy she must feel in having got rid of the old sinners: 'O, no,' said she, 'I kind o' miss them.' If men would confess we should find that it is mainly by their blunders that they have been led into success.—The more falls we get the faster do we move on. To push a little to extremes this exuberance of nature, we might say that she sometimes seems to *droll* with us and to exaggerate her own laws.—As we have never given a peck of apples till the measure is heaped, so Nature gives to every man some small excess of the proper quality—just a drop too much, and from this arises much of the world's success. But when there comes some sad, sharp-eyed man who sees how paltry is the game, refuses to play and blabs the secret, Nature presently sends some other man with a little more excess of direction—makes him a little more wrong-headed just in that direction in which he is right-est, and so the game goes on for a century or two more. We are kept alive and all nature is kept alive, by this same exuberance of her bounty.—We eat not immediately to satisfy the cravings of our bodies but because the food is savory and the appetite keen. The air is filled with a thousand seeds that perchance a hundred may fall upon good ground and grow up—that ten may perchance come to maturity—that one at least may replace its parent tree. The same craft is not only needed in physical acts but in the mind and intellect of man. Sickness soon becomes organized as well as health, and vice as well as virtue. When war existed as a general tendency of society we had stereotyped warriors—and so with merchants when the inclination was toward trade. The same process, too, makes the scholar, who is nothing but a scholar and whose powers, like those of a lens, are nothing of themselves but only at their focus produce an effect, and at all other distances and in other directions give only a blur. So with many public persons; they may be dull in a *tete-a-tete*, but call them to preside and the eye brightens, the form dilates and a certain majesty at once invests them. Thus nature seems often to make these public men 'to order.' In every college, for instance, you shall find some natural sheriff—some one with a loud voice, a noble air, a fine coat, and the college at once asks him to order its processions, and he does it with majesty and ease, and the whole college follows him like a tame dog. So nature seems to have made antiquarios, men of curious crotchets, rattle-heads and bores for the sake of using up all her chips. As frugal farmers sometime turn swine into their harvested fields to pick up what is left, so is even the least thing saved and economized by nature. Whenever the first ray of light is let fall upon the planet, there is an eye established to receive it.

I have been told by those acquainted at the South that the planter becomes little more than a cotton-gin, and that the negro is oft-times far more a man than the white; he is alive to more human interests; he is the best companion of the two. And how should it be otherwise? He is no wooden machine, but a wild cedar swamp, rich in all vegetation, and through which the winds of heaven breathe wild and solemn music. A man of genius, moreover, is not a normal, conventional character, but a wild Ishmaelite, as were Shakspeare, Dante, Cromwell, and the like. He obeys no man, and keeps no law but his own. This same operation of nature we all feel in every study to which we feel an inclination. Cæsar in Lucan takes the Egyptian priest aside and says to him, 'Como, I will quit my Empire, army, Cleopatra and all if you will surely show me the fountains of the Nile;' and in the depth of our gratitude to the Poets,

who of us would not abjure all other things for the power to enrich the world with a single flask from the spring whence they have drawn? But every occupation or study soon becomes to us by habit the 'fountains of the Nile,' for which we quit every thing else. We get a peep through the telescope, and soon we neglect all else as small and mean before Astronomy. But the botanist soon draws us back from those dazzling orbs, and makes us content with the lowliest flower that blooms in the meadow or on the mountain.

Every thing is good but this pursing of lips and the petty humors of which the world is full. We finish our education too soon; and I cannot help thinking that the fool's cap and the school-dame's birch might be well applied to some of us children, of thirty, and forty, and fifty years old.—

The youth who sets out upon his travels finds at the entrance of every new avenue some guide, who assures him that there is nothing beyond—that with his best eyes he has explained and mapped out the whole, that he can tell him all about it, and that any interest he may feel in the matter he will please transfer to himself. Why should we all be teachers so soon?—Be not too early old. I wonder that men do not see that the ignorance of children is in every way as admirable as the knowledge of riper years. Be satisfied, then, to see and hold your tongues. Who asked you for an opinion? Your opinions are all framed before hand and your wits made to suit them. Like the magnetised people who read with the back of their heads, you see with your memory and not with your eyes. Our Education, as I said, is completed far too quick; as soon as the boy can read and cypher, he becomes a writer and sets up for himself, and he soon finds his wits spoiled, like high-spirited horses, by running away and straining themselves. We cannot help seeing that our best authors would have been better had they seen a grand tribunal established to decide upon the merits of writers, and had they known that none but the best would pass If a youth can now write a paragraph for the newspaper, the next thing he attempts is what he calls a History, and those for whom he writes it suppose that, because it is published by a good house, it must be a good book. Had we a Scaliger to criticise it and a worthy tribunal to examine it, things would be otherwise and instruction would then begin where now it ends. Our literary men now are writers in provinces—Cæsar in Arden—with no one to call them to account, and no one to show them their inferiority. I now speak of men of talent—for genius makes its own law and does not write down to any one's comprehension. Thus Milton sang a song to the music of his own ear and he knew that England held not another ear, and might not for a century, which should hear its rhythms. The great Poet writes for the gods, as those ancient marbles brought to Britain by Lord Elgin were found to be most finely finished and polished with most care on the surfaces toward the wall which no man might ever see, for they were carved for the gods.

Our youth, too, are apt to perceive that Church and State are in extreme danger, and they think it necessary that they should put their shoulders to the heavy load. We are too apt to think that the world is in a desperate case and needs our patching to enable it to last for our day. Nature is rich; but to a fixture—to the halting she gives nothing; only to the actors, the innovators, is she generous. The Conservative rests in the fact; the Theorist in thought; the latter starts spirits which will not down if we bid them—she does great things with the same facility as little; while the other defends the established and rests content. Still I have the same objection to dogmatism in Reform as in Conservatism: (the impatience to rule before we serve, to give laws before we have said our own prayers, dwarfs every thing and makes our virtue a fuss and sometimes a fit.

This exuberance of nature of which I have spoken offers its aid to every one, and will give to our hopes a bolder wing, and enable us to perform with meekness the duties to which we are called. But we must not believe that ages can have rolled away and brought no new element for the guidence of our lives. Patriotism and truth require more than fair words for the age: we must be prepared to catch and receive with a great heart the lot as it leaps forth from the urn of time. We must see that life is not superficial—that it enfolds matter of infinite wonder, for the last fact always astonishes. When a true man meets another, all he asks is 'Brother, have you wondered—have you seen the fact?' Over all the facts of life we are in the habit of weaving a web of cunning, and so masking it that our life has become little better than a masquerade ball.

All that a man hath will he give for right relations with those around him. He feels great me in walking erect before those in whose presence he formerly felt abashed and inferior; but having reached that point he sees still others before whom he cannot possess himself because they have about them a certain grandeur which excites the homage of his soul. Dear to him are they if they love him; for then he is admitted to their life and breathes their air; but dearer are they if they reject him, for then they add to his another life, and urge him to new and unattained performance.—This is the way man travels on while still 'hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise.' Life has its moments of awe and majesty when speeding from trifle to trifle, we chance to meet ourselves in the things around us: then we know that we have eaten lotus and been forgetful. Society has shown me this and the hero, but that which I seek is not in these—it is within myself. It is myself that makes a man great or small; if I say he is great—he becomes so Who shall tell if such a man be great or not? It depends who asks, and in what state; and the time will come when the great men of the present time will be strangely dwarfed. The man who speaks what is in his heart in terms that to many seem frivolous, to others will seem profane. I am glad of all the sympathy with my thought that may have been awakened here; it will clothe me as a garment for shelter and beauty; yet were it all taken away, I still keep that which is mine—depending not upon man or any occidens of life.

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Condition of Man and the Earth.

Mr. Emerson, in his last Lecture at the Society Library, observed that the Transcendentalist, or the ideal Philosopher, would not labor for small objects, such as Abolition, Temperance, Political Reforms, &c.—that he required a great object to arouse him, and would wait until such an object called out his energies. We would ask Mr. Emerson whether the Poverty, Ignorance and Misery of the Human Race and the devastated and neglected condition of the Globe are not objects great enough to arouse the Philosopher of the Transcendental School to action. There are millions upon millions of our fellow creatures who are now suffering intense want and privation, and sinking under the load of their miseries; there are hearts that are worn out by anxiety, bodies that are exhausted by starvation; there are hundreds of thousands of beings who, at this present moment, are laboring in dark and gloomy mines far from the light of day, toiling and sweating in the bowels of the earth, with no other objects to cheer existence than the pale lamp, the pick-axe and the wheelbarrow; there are other hundreds of thousands immured in the walls of dungeons, expiating by suffering and ignominy crimes into which they were entrapped or plunged by circumstances over which they had no control; there are beings who, at the moment we write and the reader peruses, are ending their existence on the scaffold,—more the victims of a false Social Order than their own depravity; a majority of the Human Race is composed of half-famished Laborers and Slaves who are toiling from want and fear of starvation, or from fear of the lash; there are mothers whose hearts are wrung by the sufferings of their poor children, and which they cannot alleviate; in short, there are hopes blasted, unforeseen ruin, disappointment, despair, insanity and moral woes afflicting those who escape the miseries of Poverty and Crime. A moan of universal suffering goes up from tortured Humanity, which calls in tones of loud or stifled agony upon the Thinkers and Leaders of Mankind for Reform and Relief. Should not this horrid spectacle of human wretchedness arouse the Philosopher to action? Is not the idea or hope of remedying it an object high, great and holy enough to excite him to act? It is and must be, and we believe that he will confess he was idle only because the full extent of human suffering did not come up before his mind.

To the spectacle of Human Misery, let us add the neglected, ravaged and devastated condition of the earth. Man is the OVERSEER of the Globe, which is a noble Domain confided to his care; he should cultivate, embellish and beautify it; develope its material Riches and Harmonies; perfect the creations upon it, and make of it a magnificent terrestrial abode, worthy of his own Genius and of God who created it. The Creator has given Man a high order of Intelligence to enable him to perform his trust of Overseer, and as Mind should perfect and harmonize Matter, Man should improve and embellish material Nature, until he brings it up, so to say, to a level with his own Intelligence.

The Earth is now in a frightful condition; vast Deserts are scattered over its surface, which present immense surfaces of heated sand to the rays of a tropical sun. The intense and unnatural degree of heat which is thus produced, derranges the climate and atmospheric system of three-quarters of the globe. Besides the simooms and other pestilential winds, and the stifling atmosphere which the Deserts exhale, they are one of the principal causes of the storms, hurricanes, typhoons, and the excessive fluctuations of temperature which take place. The latter bring with them diseases of various kinds, such as colds, consumptions, rheumatism, &c.

Besides the Deserts on the Earth's surface, which may be compared to ulcers on a human body, there are vast Swamps and Marshes, which send forth Miasmas, and scourge Mankind with other diseases, like Cholera, Plague and Yellow Fever. Thus we see that the Human Race are collectively interested in a proper cultivation of the Globe; the most distant nations are exposed to the pernicious effects of the Deserts and Marshes.

Vast regions of the Earth have been devastated by fire and sword, and are now barren; more extensive regions still are untouched and neglected, so that we may safely estimate that nineteen-twentieths of its surface are lying waste.

The Labors and Treasures wasted in wars could correct all this,—could reclaim and fertilize the Globe. Association and Attractive Industry, and a true Universal Policy would direct the Energies and Genius of Mankind to such great objects. Now we ask Mr. Emerson whether the Elevation of the Human Race and the Embellishment of the Earth are not aims high and noble enough to fill the soul of the transcendental Philosopher? Can he find a higher object? and is there any need of waiting with patience for centuries (as Mr. E. said the Philosopher will) for an Undertaking worthy of arousing his thoughts and energies?

Alcott House Ham, Surrey, England
6th of July, 1842,

"Behold I make all things new."

That in order to attain the highest excellence of which man is capable, not only is a searching Reform necessary in the existing order of men and things, but the Generation of a new race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and initiate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity.

That the germs of this new generation are even now discoverable in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth.

That the elements for a superior germination consist in an innocent fertile mind, and a chaste healthful body, built up from the purest and most volatile productions of the uncontaminated earth; thus removing all hinderances to the immediate influx of Deity into the spiritual faculties and corporeal organs. Hence the true Generator's attention will be drawn to whatsoever pertains to the following constituents of Man and of Society:—

Primarily, Marriage and the Family Life, including, of course, the Breeding and Education of Children.
Secondly, Housewifery and Husbandry.
Thirdly, The relations of the Neighbourhood.
Fourthly, Man's relation to the Creator.

It is obvious, that society, as at present constituted, invades all and every one of these relations; and it is, therefore, proposed to select a spot whereon the new Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures.

On a survey of the present civilized world, Providence seems to have ordained the United States of America, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realized in actual experience; and, trusting in the faith which inspires, the hope which ensures, and the power which enacts, a few persons, both in the new country and the old, are uniting their efforts to secure, at the earliest possible moment, and by the simplest possible means, a consummation so sublime, so humane, so divine.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.
CHARLES LANE.
HENRY G. WRIGHT.

**** Persons interested in this endeavour may address the parties either at Alcott House, Ham, Surrey, in England, or at Concord, near Boston, in the United States of America.*

TO THE MOON.

[*Translated from the German of Goethe.*]

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Fillest hill and vale again,
Still, with softening light!
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night.

Spreadest round me, far and nigh,
Soothingly, thy smile;
From thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart—
Glad and gloomy mood;
Joy and sorrow both have part
In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!
I am sad, alas!
Fleeting things are love and song—
Even so they pass.

I have had and I have lost
What I long for yet;
Ah! why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay!
Murmur, whisper to my song
In melodious play.

Whether on a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy he, who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And with trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys,

What, for ever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night!

The New World, N.Y., 7-23-42, page 61.

The Literary World.

The Fountain and Other Poems; By William C. Bryant: New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

These poems, we are informed by their distinguished author, in a brief preface, "have been written within the last five or six years—some of them merely as parts of a longer one planned by the author, which may possibly be finished hereafter."

We hail with unfeigned satisfaction the appearance of this small volume, and though familiar with its contents through the agency of various periodicals, in which they were originally published, we are glad the author has been induced to give them to the public in a collected and durable form.

It has become fashionable of late for many to say that *poetry is dead*—as if poetry could ever die! So far from this, at no period in the world's history has its benign and blessed spirit been so universally felt and diffused as at the present. It is becoming one of the elements of life; a familiar household thing and every day companion, cherished in the hearts of thousands, and not, as heretofore, courted and appreciated only by the few. Through its heavenly influences the feelings, affections, and tender passions are more cultivated; glimpses of the infinite, of a higher and happier state of being, to which all aspire, are more widely enjoyed; perceptions of the beautiful and the true are awakened, and men by its agency are elevated into a higher sphere of thought. The true poet is ever the child and teacher of his age, bodying forth some glimpses of "that unspeakable beauty which, in its highest clearness, is religion." We notice as a striking feature of the present time, an unsatisfied and restless state of mind in the higher cultivated classes of society; continual strivings and inarticulate yearnings,

"For the far-off, the unattained, and dim."

Hence we observe so many hundreds seeking to give utterance to their emotions in verse, with unequal success, that depending entirely upon their ability as poets. Many have the liveliest poetical feelings who lack the power to express them in poetry; and others have a fine appreciation of poetry who cannot form a tolerable couplet. Many express their ideas clearly in verse, yet fail entirely to produce any of the effects of poetry. "It is one thing," says Burke, "to make an idea clear, and another to make it *affecting* to the imagination." Poetry is the expression of emotion; even thought is subordinate to feeling in poetry.

That the author of "Thanatopsis" is a true poet no one, we presume, who has read his works even with the least appreciating spirit, can for a moment doubt. The little volume before us, if it may not add to its author's high reputation, will at least confirm and strengthen it. The popularity of Mr. Bryant's poems with all classes, from the highly cultivated to the comparatively ignorant, furnishes a certain proof of their merit. So universal is the power, when rightly awakened, to discover and appreciate the beautiful—so responsive is the human breast to sympathy with certain uttered feelings—that a humble cottager will point out the beauties of Burns as readily, and with as certain a precision, as a master of æsthetics.

In many of Mr. Bryant's productions, the pervading idea is kept constantly before the reader, and complete effects are produced apparently by the simplest means. Though exquisitely and elaborately finished as works of art, no labor is visible in his poems, and our admiration is excited by the beautiful mechanism, variety, and easy appliance of literary power which they display. They are written in peculiarly pure and idiomatic English; their author has carefully and wisely avoided all archaisms and other affectations so com-

The New World, N.Y., 7-23-42, p. 63.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune, 2-11-43, page 1.

men with many poets of the present day. No irrelevances are introduced for the sake of metre or a rhyme; by this feature alone, if not by more significant signs, the true poet may always be distinguished from the imitator.

Mr. Bryant's poems seem to address the percipient and imaginative powers of the mind equally. We find in them the most unbounded faith in God and man—the most earnest aspirations for liberty, and the advancement of the human race. They give expression to tender emotions—to gentle, rather than to burning and lawless passions. We meet on every page with calm great thoughts, the fruits of a pure life, lofty reflection, and patient investigation. Our author's better poems always remind us of the higher strains of Wordsworth.

Mr. Bryant's volume consists of what may be called minor or occasional poems; nor are we sorry for this. The love of epic poetry is dead. It may revive at some future period, but not in the present age. The following remarks by GOETHE, appropos to this subject, are reported by Eckermann.

"Beware of attempting too large a work. That is what injures most of our best minds, and prevents fine talents, and earnest efforts, from accomplishing adequate results. I have suffered from this cause, and know how pernicious it is. * * * * * The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be occasional poems; that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. A particular case becomes universal and poetic when managed by a poet. All my poems are occasional poems, having in real life, by which they were suggested, a firm foundation. I attach no value to poems woven from the air. Let no one say that reality wants a poetical interest; for in this doth the poet prove his vocation that he has the art to win from a common subject an interesting side. Reality must give the impulse, the subject, the kernel, as I may say; but to work out a beautiful, animated whole, belongs to the poet."

We do not intend entering upon a minute criticism of any of the poems contained in this last volume by Mr. Bryant; our opinion of them may be gathered from the preceding desultory remarks. The volume contains fifteen poems, none of which are to be found in any previous edition of the author's works. We consider "The Winds" and "The Antiquity of Freedom," the finest two in the collection. The former, which we copy, is quite characteristical, and may be taken in evidence of the qualities which we have described its author's poetry generally to possess. Its only fault—if that can be called a fault which could not well have been avoided—is the frequent iteration of the monosyllable *ye*, particularly in the first stanza.

THE WINDS.

I.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
  Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
  O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
  Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

II.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound;
  Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
  The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
  Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
  To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
  The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
  Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

IV.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
  A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
  Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
  And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
  Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
  And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere:
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
  Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

VI.

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
  In chains upon the shores of Europe lies;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
  Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes;
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear with threatening hand,
  To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race,
  Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
  Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
  Unconscious breast with blood from human veins

VIII.

But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
  Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
  Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet
  Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

Mr. Emerson's Lecture.

RALPH W. EMERSON delivered Tuesday evening at the Church in Elizabeth-street, his first Lecture on 'NEW-ENGLAND,'—a discourse replete with profound and luminous perception, forcible expression, and a fervid, innate eloquence. The origin of the People of New-England, the Religious spirit of their ancestors, and the influence of each on their past history and present state, were considered and presented as only he could have presented them. We will not report this Lecture, nor any portion of its language, as we trust it will be repeated before he leaves our city—the audience having been thinner than it would have been in a more accessible place, and on a less inclement evening.

He chose New-England as his theme, he said, not because the virtues to which he should allude were more strongly developed there than in other sections of the land, or because others were less liable to the criticisms he should venture; but because that district might serve as a central section, a sort of *ganglion* for the whole, whence are radiated the influences of life and thought. The origin of the English nation was graphically sketched—that nation now the most powerful and most highly civilized on the face of the globe, whose arms even now conquer the East, as they before have planted the West, whose arts minister to the power, the pride, or the comfort of every other land, whose observatory at Greenwich furnishes a calendar for the Earth, whose chronometers measure time for all the world, and yet whose moral weight is of the greatest worth, it being a land of Established Law, where the principles of justice have most power and religion most universal reverence. This race came from no gentle stock: they sprang from the loins of as abandoned men as history has ever described. The Asiatic Cimbri, who first came to Europe 700 years before Christ, and spread by degrees along the Western Coast of Europe, lived under ground and ate flesh and drank mare's milk, and reverenced the oak and mistletoe: they were cruel and ferocious, and immolated human beings in their sacrifices—much such men were they as those who now inhabit the islands of the Pacific.

Another branch from whom they sprang were dwellers in the German ocean, men of fair blue eyes, who held the female sex in great respect, and on horseback wielded the sledge-hammer without weariness and without pity. They were pirates upon the sea and leaving the king's eldest son alone behind, sought their food by the sail and the sword. When the Berserkir came in sight of his foe he howled like a wolf and foamed like a mad dog, bit his shield, and rushed with fury into the combat. And of these at the three immigrations about 300,000 landed upon the British Island and gave it the name of England. Out of this rugged soil was it that the flowers of English wit and wisdom were to bloom.

The English, Mr. Emerson said, had always been marked by taciturnity, and the Saxons used to measure their time by successive nights and winters. English wit is not the thoughtless merriment of the French, but that sense of the ludicrous proper to a grave nature. This is accompanied by a slowness of thought, which has led the French to say that the 'English wit always *comes afterward*.' The nation possesses a strong attachment to home and that determination of the intellectual faculties on the objects of the external world called Common Sense, which leads to works of economy and utility, signified by the saying that the "French invented the ruffle and the English added to it the shirt." They have a strong love of truth and a downright way of speaking it; and from the highest to the lowest they always love 'fair play.' A strong religious feeling likewise pervades them, and they are capable of enthusiasm though they do not often exhi-

bit it. These traits have had great influence from that vast expansion which destiny has given to the British race.

We, said Mr. Emerson, are that people. The blood of the Berseklr runs redly through our veins. Among the people of New-England, where in this country the population is most homogeneous, the British character is extended but not altered. The two points which most distinguish the English people—their conscience and common sense—are here most clearly seen.

Mr. Emerson proceeded to speak of the character of those early Puritans who came to this country, as the most religious men of that religious era. All history is the record of but few thoughts; a few thoughts build States and Cities. The cause seems most inadequate to the effect, but who shall tell from what crater shot up that speck that set the world on fire? When the Puritans came to this country they had many wants, but more satisfactions; the light struggled through oiled paper into their cabin windows, but by it they read the word of God; they were fain to make tables of their knees, but their limbs were their own; and to their ears the howling winds of the forest sounded with more musical tones than the smooth voice of the English prelates. There was an objectivity—an outwardness which characterized all the religion of the Saxons. It was not philosophical nor spiritual: yet it was full of affection and took strong hold of the imagination and the heart. The objects of the other world took bodily form to their eyes, and of this the Life of Luther, his Table Talk, Paradise Lost and Bunyan's record are marked examples. How richly this stream from Antiquity descended into New-England every town bears witness, and it stands in cold contrast with the theology of the schools, like a religion in the blood.

One of the most marked features of New-England is the intellectual culture which from the earliest days of its colonization has existed there. Provision for universal education of the children of every township was made at once; to these Schools have succeeded the village Lyceum; and from New-England have continually gone forth young men as teachers or preachers to the other States. Such is the value every where attached to the means of sound and thorough culture that all political and religious prejudices at once give way before it. If the result of this spirit be sought it may be found most perfectly exhibited in a poor but educated family—such as abound throughout her borders.

This superior intellectual culture is one result of the deep religious sentiment which belongs to the Saxon race: for there is nothing else that has an equal power to refine the manners of the mind, not the most cultivated taste, no habits of conversation, no association in the best society, produce so delicate a sensibility or so grand a bearing as belong to the mind accustomed to celestial conversation. This influence is greatly needed among this people—as a counteracting force to that utilitarian tendency that marks their character.

To the self-denying, ardent Christians of the early days of New-England Mr. Emerson thought, have succeeded a cold, intellectual race, who reject the yoke of authority and with constant petulance seem to make a boast of how little they believe. They have principles for faith and good taste instead of character. Yet nothing could be clearer than that all this unbelief proceeds from a deeper belief. The old forms are found not to be sufficient, and they must be put away. We are now in the transition state from the Jewish idea to a more universal thought,—to the perception of the universal presence of that law which was once supposed to be confined to one class of men. Mr. E. closed his Lecture, of which we have aimed to present nothing more than a very meager outline, by urging the duty of boldly following whatever new and bolder thoughts spring up at the present day, of the folly of opposing this movement of the world, which will work through us if we will, and crush us if we resist, and of the necessity of preserving, not only our adherence to integrity and principle in preference to personal interest, but a religious faith in all the walks and pursuits of life. The unfolding of this universal religious sentiment constitutes all that is best in the history of New-England.

[p. 3] Social Science.

[Communicated by the Friends of Association.]

Popular Ignorance upon Social Questions—O. A. Brownson.

The November and February Numbers of the Democratic Review contain articles from the pen of O. A. Brownson, which manifest upon some points of Social Science an ignorance so singular, that we consider it a duty to point them out, and recommend to Mr. B. the study of a Doctrine which he misrepresents in a gross manner.

The laws and principles which govern the Social existence of Mankind, or human Societies, should be reduced to a Science, as fixed and positive as Astronomy or Chemistry; but, so far from this being the case, the greatest confusion and uncertainty exists in this department of human Knowledge. Every Country entertains different views of Government and the constitution of Society, or of political and social principles, and in each Country different parties advocate different and conflicting principles. In Politics and social Science, all is confusion, doubt and uncertainty;—as was the case in Astronomy, before the discoveries of Copernicus and Newton, when Astrology occupied the attention of Men; or in Chemistry, before it was reduced to a Science, and when Alchemy was in vogue.

Within the last fifty years, some Men of genius have endeavored to constitute a Social Science; or, in other words, to reduce the laws and principles which should govern human Society to a fixed Science. These men should have received the thanks of the World for their efforts; but, like Pioneers in all new Sciences, they have been condemned by popular Ignorance and Prejudice, which believe that each age has arrived at the ultimate term of human Knowledge.

Among those Men we find in Germany, Krause; in France, St. Simon, Ballanche and some others; and in this Country, Channing has entered partially into the field of Social Reform. But above all these, rises a man of genius who, after having devoted forty years of labor to the discovery of the laws of a true Organization of Society, and having sunk into the tomb, is now beginning to be appreciated by some of the leading Minds of Europe and other parts of the World. That man is Charles Fourier.

Fourier discovered the laws which should govern the Social existence of Humanity upon Earth, or a true system of Society,—as Copernicus, Kepler and Newton discovered the laws which regulate the movements of the Planets, or a true system of Astronomy. Fourier's discoveries embrace a broad field of Scientific investigation; he has explained the laws which govern the Moral and Intellectual World,—he has defined and explained the Rights of Man, and the great question of human Liberty; he has pointed out the Destiny of Man upon Earth; proved, scientifically, the immortality of the Soul; and explained with detail the mechanism and constituent parts of a true Social Order, which can be tested on a moral scale by a single Association, and, if found good and true in practice, can be spread and rendered universal. The readers of The Tribune, who take an interest in social questions, have been able to form some idea of that part of Fourier's System which relates to the practical organization of a single Association.

It is very excusable in *The Herald* or *Morning Post* to ridicule or attack the Doctrine of Association, because they have not time nor inclination to study it, but when a man like O. A. Brownson, who claims to be a thinker, an investigator of new principles, and to discuss profound questions of Social Science, betrays the complete ignorance which he does of one of the most remarkable systems which the genius of Man has produced, we consider it an imperative duty to expose his unwarrantable mistakes,—for he slanders a great Man and misleads Public Opinion. In the November number of *The Democratic Review*, he says that he has not been able to submit to the drudgery of *fully* mastering Fourier's System, (we feel certain that he has not read one line of Fourier's own works,) and then goes on to say: "His Theodicia, or Theodicy, is, if we understand "it, nothing but material Pantheism, a polite name "for Atheism."

The Heathen word "Pantheism," as *The London Phalanx* justly remarks, is never used or implied by Fourier. All creatures in the Universe, whatever be their magnitude, are finite. They are generated, born, live and die, to live again as creatures finite and immortal; but they are not gods. "There is one God, and none other but He."—(Mark) "The Everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, faileth not, neither is he weary."—(Isaiah.)

In his Work, Fourier demonstrates beautifully that God governs the Universe by Love or Attraction, and regulates it by Wisdom, or laws of eternal and mathematical justice, and that he does so with conscientiousness, and is a personality—infinite in Love and infinite in Wisdom. The whole System of Fourier is based upon the Universality of God's Providence, and *integral* (or genuine and thorough) faith in his Love and Wisdom. Besides, Fourier labored, silently and unknown, for forty years, for the happiness and elevation of his fellow men—fulfilling at least the second great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

How unjust—wantonly and ignorantly unjust to accuse, before a Public which is religiously disposed like that of this Country—a great, benevolent and deeply-religious Mind of Atheism!! Has Mr. Brownson any respect for his own reputation? Does he wish to draw upon himself the contempt of a large number of reflecting Minds in France, England and this Country, *who know what* Fourier's *views are?* We are the friend of Mr. Brownson—but not when he outrages Truth and Justice.

In the February Number of *The Democratic Review*, Mr. B., in speaking of Communities or Associations, says:—"The Community must not "seek to become a little world in itself. If we "understand Fourier's scheme, the Phalanx (or "Association) seeks to be self-sufficing. Eighteen "hundred, or at most, two thousand persons, it is "said, make up a number adequate to meet all the "exigences of human nature, and to provide for the "highest and fullest, and most varied life of humanity. Evidently, then, the disciples of Fourier contemplate no necessity, except it may be "by way of amusement, for one Community to hold "intercourse with another. But a slight glance at "the diversities of soil and productions of the different parts of the Globe would satisfy us that "some of these Phalanxes must be restricted to a

[Cont'd on p. 19.]

Imprisonment of A. Bronson Alcott.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—Another stone in the old castle of human wrongs has this day been loosened, of which you and your readers will be interested in learning the particulars, if, in the unavoidable excitement of the occasion, they can be reported. Thousands feel the iniquity of the incorporated state system as keenly as the millions have felt the incompatibility and baseness of the incorporated church system. A forced church, a tyrannous love, has long been felt to be no church and no love whatever; and not a few persons in this country, as well as in all other parts of the world, are fully prepared to suffer violence, persecution and death, rather than commit any act to support such false and forced Christianity. But of the numbers who feel that the State, when it calls upon us by its club law, its mere brigand right of a strong arm, to support guns and bayonets, murderous armies and navies, legislators, judges, jailers, executioners, teachers, &c. &c. no one has yet, it seems, ventured to act upon the conviction, and passively endure the consequences, whatever they might be, of a faithful adherence to principle. It is often said, that in a condition of society where one is obliged to let pass so much that is immoral, it is not worth while to undergo so much inconvenience as close imprisonment on account of State prosecution.

Very different to this, however, has been the feeling of A. BRONSON ALCOTT, of Concord; and being convinced that the payment of the town tax involved principles and practices most degrading and injurious to man, he had long determined not to be a voluntary party to its continuance. Last year, by the leniency of the collector in prepaying the 1 1-2 dollar, the question was not brought to issue, and only the humblest instrument of the State was subdued, in so far as he declared the law was too base for him to execute. This year, a step further has been gained.

By the system of putting up the collector's office to public auction, and accepting the man who will do the dirty work for the lowest per centage, the town is pretty sure to secure the services of the most suitable instrument of its tyranny. When the citizens generally shall take the trouble to look into the law and the circumstances of this affair, they will shudder at the slavery to which they subject themselves, and the sooner they do so, the better; for greater oppressions than any they have thrown off, have grown from smaller beginnings.

This year, a collector was appointed, who will execute the law; and although no doubt it went hard with him to snatch a man away from his home, from his wife, from the provision and education of his little children, in which latter he found Mr. Alcott serenely engaged, he nevertheless did it. He witnessed, with his own eyes, the little hasty preparations to attend him to the jail, the packing up a few personal conveniences to ward off the inclemencies of the season, and yet, with no higher authority than the general warrant in his pocket, which, without particular investigation, trial, or inquiry, hands over the liberty of every townsman to his discretion, he took a fellow-citizen, an unoffending man, to a long confinement.

To the county jail, therefore, Mr. Alcott went, or rather was forced by the benignant State and its delicate instrument. Probably the authorities anticipated that if they showed a rigid determination to enforce this old monstrous system, a weakness would be discovered somewhere; that domestic attractions would be too potent; that wife or friend would interfere, and pay the money. But they were mistaken. A virtuous man is not often surrounded by friends, who would persuade him to desert conscience, and turn his back upon moral principles, just at the trying moment. In this case, at all events, no one was unwise enough so to act.

Having worked up to this point, it appears the enemy's courage failed. The constable collector having brought his victim to the jail, the next step was to find the jailer, who appeared to be not at home. A considerable delay ensued, during which the prisoner, of course, waited patiently; and after nearly two hours had thus been passed, the constable announced that he no longer had a right to detain his captive.—On inquiring how that happened, he said that both the tax and costs had been paid. To the question, by whom the payment had been made, he replied by naming a gentleman who may be regarded, and who would willingly be regarded, as the very personification of the State.

In these facts, humble as the individual and the circumstances may appear, we have a wide and deep subject for reflection, which I trust you will not permit to pass in a barren manner. This act of non-resistance, you will perceive, does not rest on the plea of poverty. For Mr. Alcott has always supplied some poor neighbor with food and clothing to a much higher amount than his tax. Neither is it wholly based on the iniquitous purposes to which the money when collected is applied. For part of it is devoted to education, and education has not a heartier friend in the world than Bronson Alcott. But it is founded on the moral instinct which forbids every moral being to be a party, either actively or permissively, to the destructive principles of power and might over peace and love.

Suppose this tax were levied by the town to its caprice, and the full value of the amount were to be returned the next day to each payer in bread. Would it not be a sacred duty in every man, in the virtuous integrity of his nature, to deny such a proceeding? Doubtless it would. All but the meanest souls would thereby be raised to disannex themselves from the false and tyrannous assumption, that the human will is to be subject to the brute force which the majority may set up. It is only tolerated by public opinion, because the fact is not yet perceived that all the true purposes of the corporate state may as easily be carried out on the revolutionary principle, as all the true purposes of the collective church. Every one can see that the Church is wrong when it comes to men with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other. And is it not equally diabolical for the State to do so? The name is of small importance. When Church and State are divorced by public opinion, they still may carry on an adulterous intercourse.

Then, look at the peculiar law in this case. When a debtor is imprisoned by an ordinary creditor, he can be bailed out, and have considerable liberty to employ himself, preserve his health, and the like. But the impersonal town is an inexorable monster, and permits not his debtor to quit the prison walls. He is treated as a convicted felon. No trial, no jury is permitted him.

Many are the points worthy of consideration involved in this uncouth, barbaric, unchristian state of the law; and I earnestly trust you will not allow the occasion to escape your enlightened and benevolent pen, nor fail to inform the public at large of the facts.

Yours, sincerely,

Concord, Mass., January 16, 1843. C. L.

"very meagre bill of fare. * * * * * * *
"Or, again: Do these disciples anticipate that they "shall be able to change the climate and the entire "nature of the soil, so that they can grow rice and "cotton on our granite cliffs of New-England?"

This remark betrays a worse moral feature than that of ignorance, for it imputes to Fourier and his disciples a puerility and shallowness of views, of which in not one of their writings they have been guilty. They wish to establish an Association, so that the world can judge of the principles in practice on a small scale, and then spread and render them universal. The Associations in different parts of the globe will deal extensively with each other,—exchanging their productions, &c., and communication by traveling and other means will be universal.

But Mr. Brownson himself contradicts in the November number of the same Periodical the assertion which we have quoted above. He says, speaking of the Brook Farm Association, that "Fourier proposes with 'malice aforethought' the re-organization of society." In another place, that the Brook Farm Community seems to him to escape all the objections which he has raised against Fourier. "It is simple, unpretending, and presents itself by no means as a grand plan of world-reform or of social organization," and a little lower "No man among us (speaking of Mr. Ripley, the founder of Brook Farm,) is better acquainted with the various plans of world-reform which have been projected from Plato's Republic to Fourier's Phalanx."!!!

We beg of Mr. Brownson, for the sake of his own reputation, to study the system of Fourier before he talks so freely of it. It is attracting the attention of the country far more than any system of philosophy or any other plan of social reform, which is now advocated, and he should not be ignorant of it. B.

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HAWTHORNE's paper "The New Adam and Eve" is admirable, written in his best vein, which is certainly as good as any reasonable man could ask. The visits of the new inhabitants, to the clothing shops, the banks, churches, parlors, prisons and other places left by the swept-off dwellers upon the earth are well told and full of instruction. The moral of the whole is well told in the opening sentence:

"We, who are born into the world's artificial system, can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural and how much is merely the interpretation of the perverted mind and heart of man."

☞ RALPH WALDO EMERSON closed his Lectures in Philadelphia on Friday evening, when he was listened to with attention and delight by a large audience. The Philadelphia Gazette says:

"Mr. Emerson is known, here and elsewhere, as a 'transcendentalist,' deeply imbued with the philosophy of the school thus denominated, and yet himself not of any school, neither of the portico nor the grove. His writings have kindled a flame of poetic fervor in bosoms, that seemed strewed with the ashes of wasted fires, and called up to action springs of benevolence that had long since sunk beneath the surface. And those who have gone to listen to, and, perhaps, to smile at, the philosophy of the Transcendentalists, have felt their hearts warmed into benevolence by the persuasions of his eloquence, and peculiarities in the belief of the speaker have been overlooked in the gush of new and better thoughts that he had called up. We do not always find the good we seek, but our disappointment in the object is sometimes overpaid by the excellence of the unexpected discovery."

☞ We find the following in the Southern Rose; we copy it for the beauty of the fancy it so well developes:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is like unto a man, who saith unto all the children and dear middle aged people of his neighborhood—O come, let us go yonder and dance a beautiful dance, at the foot of the rainbow.—There will be treasures beneath our feet, and drops of all colors over our heads; and we shall be in the very presence of the mysteries of nature. And we and the rainbow shall be one—and the drops shall be beauty—and the drops shall be usefulness—and the drops shall be righteousness and purity of heart—and mortality and immortality shall be identical—and sin and holiness—and labor and rest—vulgarity and gentility—study and idleness—solitude and society—black and white, shall all become one great commingled homogeneous and heterogeneous spot of pure glorification forever.

Then all the children, and dear middle aged people exclaimed beautiful! beautiful! Let us go yonder and dance beneath the foot of the rainbow. And they all go forth with EMERSON at their head, and CARLYLE in advance of him—and RITCHTER, SPINUSA several rods in advance of CARLYLE—and they seek the foot of the rainbow; but it recedes as they proceed. At length, wearied and shattered, they all return to the humble village, and will be contented with admiring the rainbow at a distance, and will be grateful for the dark, colorless drops, that come down to refresh their heads, and will permit both rainbow and drops to carry up their thoughts to the Mysterious Being who created the whole, together with themselves—and so continue to walk piously and practically to their graves.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune, 2-25-43, p. 1.

From Godey's Lady's Book for March.

A Revelation of a Previous Life.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar." *Wordsworth.*

THE death of a lady in a foreign land leaves me at liberty to narrate the circumstances which follow.

A few words of previous explanation, however.

I am inclined to believe, from conversations on the subject with many sensible persons, that there are few men who have not had, at different intervals in their lives, sudden emotions, currents of thought, affections of mind and body, which not only were wholly disconnected with the course of life thus interrupted, but seemed to belong to a wholly different being.

Perhaps I shall somewhere touch the reader's experience by describing rather minutely, and in the first person, some sensations of this kind not unusual to myself.

Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighborhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was at the same time present and visible elsewhere. I know every thing that passes around me, but I seem disconnected, and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets and houses and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life, from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then, slowly and reluctantly, my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighborhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness.

It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularise and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural evasiveness.

In a book called 'The Man of Two Lives,' similar sensations to these are made the basis of the story. Indeed, till I saw that book, the fear of having my sanity suspected, sealed my lips on the subject.

I have still a reserve in my confession. I have been conscious, since boyhood, of a mental peculiarity which I fear to name while I doubt that it is possessed by others than myself—which I should not allude to now, but that it forms a strange link of identity between me and another being to be mentioned in this story.

I may say, also, without attaching any importance to it, except as it bears upon this same identity, that, of those things which I had no occasion to be taught, or which I did, as the common phrase is, by intuition, drawing was the easiest and most passionately followed of my boyish pursuits.

With these preliminaries, and probably some similar experience of his own, the reader may haply form a woof on which to embroider the following circumstances.

Traveling through Styria, some years since, I chanced to have, for a fellow-occupant of the coupé of a diligence, a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Gratz. As we rolled slowly along on the banks of the Muer, approaching his native town, he very kindly invited me to remain with him a day or two, offering me, as an inducement, a presentation at the *soirée* of a certain lady of consequence, who was to receive, on the night of our arrival, and at whose house I should see, some fair specimens of the beauty of Styria.

Accepted.

It was a lovely summer's night, when we strolled through the principal street, toward our gay destination, and as I drew upon my friend's arm to stop him while the military band of the fortress finished a delicious waltz, (they were playing in the public square,) he pointed out to me the spacious balconies of the Countess's palace, whither we were going, crowded with the well-dressed company, listening silently to the same enchanting music. We entered, and after an interchange of compliments with the hostess, I availed myself of my friend's second introduction to take a stand in one of the balconies beside the person I was presented to, and under cover of her favor, to hear out the unfinished music of the band.

As the evening darkened, the lights gleamed out from the illuminated rooms more brightly, and most of the guests deserted the balconies and joined the gayer circles within. The music ceased at the beat of the drum. My companion in the balcony was a very quiet young lady, and like myself she seemed subdued by the sweet harmonies we had listened to, and willing to remain without the shadow of the curtain. We were not alone there, however. A tall lady of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty, stood on the opposite side of the balcony, and she too seemed to shrink from the glare within, and cling to the dewy darkness of the summer night.

After the cessation of the music there was no

longer an excuse for intermittent conversation, and starting a subject which afforded rather freer scope I did my best to credit my friend's flattering introduction, I had discoursed away for half an hour very unreservedly before I discovered that, with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion, the tall lady was earnestly listening to me. A third person embarrasses even the most indifferent dialogue. The conversation languished, and my companion rose and took my arm for a promenade through the rooms.

Later in the evening my friend came in search of me to the supper-room.

"*Mon ami!*" he said, "a great honor has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R——, whose chateau I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—*why* I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the Countess's boudoir. *Allons-y!*"

As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: "At seventeen taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; eighteen a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her chateau—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!"

The Baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or molu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in strong light, where her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fullness of the eyelid—something like to which I thought I remember to have seen in a portrait of a young girl many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat.

"You will pardon me this freedom," said the Baroness with forced composure, "when I tell you, that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak."

I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The Baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me.

"You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter"—

"Of my age?" I inquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream.

"Oh God! that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears.

"Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, "Rodolph died with a promise on his lips that death should not divide us.—And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie—not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It was more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart—I know not how—that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!"

I might well pardon her; for, as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, well-nigh overpowered me. She turned to me again.

"You are an artist?" said she inquiringly.

"No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature."

"And you were born in the year ——."

"I was!"

With a scream she added the day of my birth, and waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees,

"Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long grey tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensibly upon her breast.

Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

It was an hour after mid-night when I reëntered my hotel. A chasseur stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the Baroness, and ran thus:

"You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

"Shall I write to you as a stranger?—you whom I have strained so often to my bosom—you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of moral passion—you who have once given me the soul that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still—for did we not swear to love forever!

"But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that, though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts—though by irresistible consciousness I *know* you to be *him*—my lost lover returned in another body to life—you may still think the evidence incomplete—you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge one moment.

"The Rodolph Isenberg whom I lost, possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal. In that soul resided, and, wherever it be, must *now* reside, the singular power" * * * *

(The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language—a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to—madness! As I saw it in writing—defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another—I felt as if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day—I abandoned doubt—I answered to the name by which she called me—I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But, to resume the letter.)

"And now that we know each other again—now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply—a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment grown dull with mourning and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me forever!—am I—the same Margaret, re-found and recognised, grown repulsive? Oh God! What a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

"I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the court-yard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us, is still freshly kept. The room where we sat—the bowers by the stream—the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future—they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I—oh Rodolph, I shall be the same! My heart has not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—God help me to look and be—as of yore!

"Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will pass this life and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eternal union may be kept—that death cannot divide those who *will* to love forever! Farewell now!

MARGARET."

Circumstances compelled me to read this letter with but one feeling, exquisite pain! Love lasts till death, but it is mortal! The affections, however intense and faithful, (I now knew,) are part of the perishable coil, forgotten in the grave. With the memory of this love of another life, haunting me through my youth, and keeping its vow of visitation, I had given the whole heart of my second youth to another. Affianced to her, waited for by her, bound to her by vows which death had not divided, I had but one course to pursue. I left Gratz in an hour, never to return.

A few days since I was walking alone in the crowded thoroughfare of the city where I live.—Suddenly my sense of presence there fell off me. I walked on, but my inward sight absorbed all my consciousness. A room which was familiar to me shut me in, and a bed hung in mourning became apparent. In another instant a figure laid out in a winding sheet, and partially covered with a velvet pall, grew distinct through the dimness, and in the low laid head I recognised, what a presentiment had already betrayed to me, the features of Margaret Baroness R——. It will be still months before I can see the announcement of her death. But she is dead.

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☞ THE WEST ROXBURY COMMUNITY, (nine miles from Boston,) having enlarged their buildings and other accommodations, offer to receive and educate a few more children and young persons on terms not dissimilar from the higher Academical institutions throughout the Country. The peculiarities of Education at this Seminary are so marked that we are induced to mention some of the more prominent as hints to Instructors and themes of reflection for Parents generally.

In the first place, the least possible restraint is used over the children placed there for Education, and the least practicable manifestation of Authority or Superiority made on the part of their Teachers and elders. The design is to inculcate ideas of Freedom, Equality and Responsibility in tender years. Every child is made to feel that what is elsewhere enforced by Punishment is here confidently expected from his Self-Respect, Intelligence, Gratitude and Love.

Again: Children, especially the very young, are not rigidly required to devote so many hours per day to the study of their lessons, but every effort is made to awaken their interest in the acquisition of Knowledge, to lead them to *solicit* instruction, and, having a liberal range of hours and fields for exercise and recreation, to feel no constraint, formality or irksomeness in the School-room, but to enjoy the lesson as much as the holiday intermission.

Thirdly: It is intended that the *whole* Intellectual and Moral being of the pupils shall here be developed in perfect harmony with the Physical; so that no child shall be occupied with the technicalities of the Latin Grammar before it has learned the meaning of an English sentence; or have its head filled with barren *terms* before it has acquired any Knowledge of the *things* which they signify.

Such are some of the peculiarities, as we understand them, of this Experimental Seminary.—

Should any desire to learn farther of it, they will address Geo. Ripley, Esq. Principal, West-Roxbury, Mass,

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Mr. Emerson's Third Lecture.

Mr. R. W. Emerson, on Friday evening, read before a most intelligent audience his third Discourse upon New-England, in which he sought to name some of the different facts in her literary and scientific character, reminding us that, as the heart is a citizen of every country, and as strength of character can be confined to no territorial limits, the remarks he should make would be susceptible of a wider application than to the people of the section which he had more immediately in view. Yet the men of New-England do differ in certain important particulars from those of other districts; and in none more than this, their *reliance upon expedients*—upon a settled system. They contest the field 'by inches:' their strength is that of a cautious forecast, a judicious arithmetic. They thus accomplish great undertakings; they build a large city, but it is by an aggregate of small acts. When the men of the North and those of the South meet each other, face to face, this contrast is very marked; it is seen in its breadth at Washington where they meet each other *full grown*. The man of the South acts for the moment; he accomplishes his undertakings by personal address, by a vigorous blow. The man of the North lives for a year; he relies upon the whole apparatus of means within his reach, and he is only *half* himself when he undertakes any thing from his personal strength. The results correspond. The Southern man is haughty, headstrong, unscrupulous, wilful; he will have his way, and he *does* have it. The man of the North thinks the matter over and takes into deliberate consideration, the thousand obstacles in his way, and thus he arranges his behaviour.—The North always has the advantage at the end of ten years; the South always has it *to-day*.

Let us look a little at the taste of our people for Eloquence. This has been often remarked, and many things in New-England offer it opportunities for developement. Faneuil Hall is a good school; though much of the speaking there is slovenly and bad. The mass who listen predominate; and if the Speaker be dull they feel how uneasily and uncomfortably they are situated; they find themselves pinched and elbowed, and they create a tumult and drown the Speaker's voice so that, 'spite of entreaties, he is forced to stop. But the chosen man rises, and every one is at his ease. He speaks the word that each knows, and on his lips they all hang. And at each pause goes up their united shout, echoing his thought, the grandest sound in nature. Let the dull man rise again, and they are sadly crowded and uncomfortable.

Now England is faithfully represented by her eloquence. The Orator must be a man of good sense—having an eye to facts, to scenes and objects of nature sparingly, but to business chiefly, dealing not at all in flowers and stormy appeals to passion; but trusting himself to the plain truth. He must carry his point against his adversary by taking higher ground than he; he must have the strongest intellect applied to business. He must have no tricks, but as the orations of Demosthenes were said to be '*soldiers*' so must the speeches of the Yankee be 'men of business.' A new field of eloquence has, within the last quarter of a century, been opened, in the Lyceum, fast extending in every direction. It had its origin in New England and merits attention as a grand and distinct fact. It was started by a gentleman who read a series of literary lectures in Boston; and as he has long since passed into new employments the influence he exerted belongs to the past. In the power exerted over the young to whom he spoke he was almost comparable to Pericles of Athens. Remarkable for the beauty of his person, with a classic style and grace, with marble lips and a voice of most musical tones, though slightly nasal, the words that he spoke moved all the people of New England. With a talent for collecting facts, he brought them all to the topic upon which he spoke. He had a good deal of learning, and it was all available at the moment; and so readily and so powerfully did he bring all history and learning to his use, so remarkably appropriate were his quotations, and such the grace and beauty which he threw over all he touched, that learning at once took the highest place, and all who heard him felt the beauty and the dignity of the man, and the coarsest among them felt the profoundest admiration for the *manner*, after they had discovered that the *matter* was not for them. In the pulpit, (for then he likewise preached) he made amends for his display of learning, and gave the reins to his most affluent fancy. He read from Milton and seemed to give as much beauty as he borrowed. His success was the triumph of Rhetoric. It was not even then contended that he brought any new truths to light: but his style and manner were the secret of his power. There was that finish about him that there is in women. By a Series of Lectures which he delivered during two winters, he made the beginning of what is becoming a National Institution. The evening lecture answers all the purposes of a social meeting for both sexes; it gives new topics for conversation, and by furnishing a pleasing recreation to the young, it is fast taking the place of the theatre and ball-room.

Into this field we see entering the greatest men of the country, led by an instinct of its importance. This is a new and capacious field for the cultivation of eloquence. It surely is not in the Senate or in Courts, where external relations alone are spoken of, that Eloquence may reach its highest ground; but in Philosophy and Poetry and in the whole wide range to which the Lecture opens the way. I look upon the Lecture-Room as the true Church and College of the coming time, as the home of a richer eloquence than Faneuil Hall or the Capitol ever knew. Here is all that the orator can ask—a convertible audience, willing to listen to reason and love. There is no topic which may not here be treated. Every thing is here admissible—Philosophy, Poetry, Wit, Satire, Ventriloquism almost; all personal and local topics—may be permitted, and embodied in a single speech. Every note may here be heard, from the explosion of a cannon to the tinkle of a guitar. The field is unlimited, and it will soon draw the best powers of the country into it.

It makes the chairs of Professors dull and lifeless: there are no arrows there, no axes, no loving, no enchantment. All is laid out according to a system; but here it is not so. All is boundless and without limitation. The American orator may here lay himself out wholly, free, unshackled, large, enormous. I know not why this may not have all the capabilities of music; and as each nation has its favorite instrument, as the Spaniard has his guitar, the Scot his pibroch, the Italian his viol, and the men of the East their cymbals and gong, so shall the reasoning, fact-loving, moral American find his in this new field open to discussion and debate. The country will so give hospitality and a hearing to men of thought, and here shall the man of new ideas, the lover of beauty, find a ready ear into which he may pour the secrets his Muse has whispered in his walks.

But if from hence is to spring the hellebore that shall cure our insanity, it is not yet a feature of the times. The too obvious tendency of the popular mind is to rely upon means which the understanding has framed for the guidance of man, not upon the simplest effort of man himself. There is a reliance upon the *cannon* and not upon the heart of the soldier, upon the *law*, not the rectitude of the citizen, upon expedients, not principles. In the French Revolution it was believed that if Kingship were destroyed there would be no more Poverty. But Poverty and Want still stand as strong and terrible as before. So we are putting faith in Democracy, in Universal Suffrage, in the Will of a Majority. At one time we look to the discovery of the Credit System as the fountain of Hope. The value of our farms rises, and every thing rises with it. But soon adversity buries us all beneath the ruin. Cracks begin to be felt in the walls within which we have dwelt so pleasantly, and soon the whole falls headlong to the Earth. Then others, just as wisely, would destroy it and trust to bullion and specie, as if these were not also means like the other. Never in these are we to look for salvation, but only in *life* itself. Again, all are resting in the discovery of new arts, in improvements in steam, in inventions of all descriptions, in Photogenic drawings, in India rubber cloths, in lamps which make no shadow, and stoves which burn no fuel, in clocks which are wound up by the tides, in swifter steamboats, in life-preservers, and diving-bells. We look with impatience for some improved mode of conveyance; we are impatient of the slow rate at which we travel. Twenty-five miles an hour has come to be *creeping*. Men must be conducted by some galvanic process; they must in some way compete with lightning. Large quills must be invented through which they may be propelled over the ocean; or they will cross by submarine syphons. Tunnels must be made beneath the sea, that they may go dry shod; and to avoid submarine volcanoes, 'strenuous measures' must be adopted. It is reckoned disgraceful that earthquakes should be allowed to explode, and destroy life and injure the Customs. We must have an Artesian well constructed, some five hundred miles wide at its mouth and three thousand deep, that thus the mephitic vapors may have quiet vent, and be turned to some account by the Gas Companies.

This is only a specimen of our ways of thinking and acting. Our hurry and impatience lead us to seek *short ways* in science, and in religion. The race of Scholars, of profound, patient thinkers, will soon end. The people are becoming insatiable readers of newspapers—*acres* of which they yearly peruse. The devotion of our people to Phrenology is a curious fact. I cannot attribute it wholly to the disceivability of our people; but the system was in its origin a good and noble one.—Had it confined itself to an accumulation of facts, it would have been a good hint.—But now its speedy ascent to the place of science is only a symptom of the times.—It seems as if Phrenology was specially created for the American people, with its rash classifications and shallow pretensions. It pretends to have removed all mystery and to have laid open the whole soul to the fingers. Genius it finds to be an inflammation of the brain and conscience an irritability of the liver! Yet Phrenology is modest in its pretensions compared with Mesmerism. Ignorant of the processes of nature and of spirit they seek by a new power to raise man to another state. The most perverse and stupid man once put asleep shall be an angel and make himself the Paul Pry of the universe. And thus men seek to outwit nature! With unwashed hands and impure hearts they thus hope to find her secrets! Like Æsop's dog they forever grasp at the shadow of their bone. Magicians and Somnambulists, they profess to see with their elbows, and to enter heaven and hell, and dodge the laws and facts, the graces and the virtues, and seek to grasp the powers of life by their fool's tricks! The gods must laugh heartily at all this! That there may be overflowings of nature, some strange occurences to give ground for all these things, is most likely; but when they thus make these the *laws* of nature, they show their want of sense. By the Lake Winnepiscogee a man who has lost his feet, has learned to walk upon his thumbs; all New Hampshire, therefore, walks upon its thumbs and it would require a man of genius to prove to them that their feet were made to walk with.

All these facts indicate disease. These things are pursued on low principles; they open the door to all the old stories of traveling cloaks and invisible caps, and satisfy men with the senses. But as

no man ever got a cent's worth without paying for it in some form, the *cent*, so all these prodigious promises end in very small and smoky performances. They are only symptoms of disease. The Repose of a Man is not in New-England, nor in America. The whole people are discontented with the tardy growth which satisfies other nations; they must rush on at once or they are disquieted. Books are changing into newspapers. Our reformers, instead of being the strong, loving, attaching men that they should be, are mere empty talkers. We have no George Washington, no Duke of Wellington, no Milton and no Bentley; but Murats and Wallers, a slight and ephemeral race.

When we read any great Author, as Plato, or the productions of the great minds of Elizabeth's time, we are astonished at their massive strength and at the deep, strong current of life that is in them. But our people are slight and variable. They are easily elated, and therefore as easily depressed. They follow success, not skill, and thus oftentimes young men at thirty, because they have not succeeded, lose all heart and despair. This fear of failure has been noticed as characteristic of us. It is not perceived that we can never have heroes until we learn that it is impossible to fail, since failure is the only ground of success. A man's success is in fact made up of failures. In horsemanship, not the man who never falls, is the best rider, but he who rides to the goal—no matter how many falls he gets. His business is to *ride*, not to remain firm. So the more failures a true man has the faster will he get on. It is evident that this terror of failure, this continual *asking leave to live*, springs from our looking upon the opinion of others as the measure of character, whereas all depends upon ourselves. The noble Phocion said that he was afraid of applause; for the true man feels that he has another office than to tickle and to flatter: he has to bite and stab, to strike falsehood and bring down conceit and pride.

History is full of tributes to the ascendency of personal qualities. He is the Hero who conquers alone. Cæsar, when taken by Corsairs, told them stories, and assumed the bearing of their master, and threatened to crucify them if they harmed him: and so he became their ruler and the ruler of the world. Men of strong will constitute the centre of society, and this virtue does the work of the world.

These remarks have some value as counteracting the tendency to commercial feeling in this country, to the excessive socialism of the people. It is but a gloomy picture that we offer to other nations; and a most intelligent and observing foreigner says that in no other country has he ever seen so little true independence of opinion and freedom of discussion as in America. The ruling power here must not be made light of; it becomes indignant at a sarcastic joke, if there be in it any ground of truth. You must always exalt it; from high and low it demands encomium. Many among us feel the force of this, and accordingly, when foreigners come among us, they pour secrets concerning it into their ears which they would not speak to their fellow citizens.

Is not this tragic so far as it is true? That a country which offers a home to the nations should itself be a nation of dwarfs! that among so many democrats there should be never a man! that where liberty rules there should be such a despicable, skipping expediency, such a base, ducking service to the public opinion. Foreigners think that the only remedy for all this must be found in the influence of a class of gentlemen, a class not yet formed. To many the term expresses merely the *outside* of men; a grace in manner or address. But it reaches farther down than this; it makes honor only another name for sanctity and its highest glory is trust in God. Our people must learn the beauty and honor of persistency. They must be revived from the margin of those holy wells from which our fathers drew life and enthusiasm, the fountain of the moral sentiments.

We have sought to give above merely a sketch which might indicate the vein of thought which marked this Lecture, which was received with deep admiration by the audience. The next in the course will be read on Monday evening. Its subject is the Recent Spiritual movements in New-England.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
2-25-43, p. 2.

Brook Farm,
West-Roxbury, Mass.
March 1, 1843.

George Ripley, *Instructer in Intellectual and Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics.*
John S. Brown, *Teacher.*
George P. Bradford, *Teacher.*
John S. Dwight, *Instructer in Latin and Music.*
Charles A. Dana, *Instructer in Greek and German.*
Manuel Diaz, *Instructer in Spanish.*

Sophia W. Ripley, *Instructer in History and Italian.*
Amelia E. Russell, *Instructer in French and Dancing.*
Marianne Ripley, *Teacher.*
Hannah B. Ripley, *Instructer in Drawing.*
Anne M. Dana, *Teacher.*

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
3-11-43, p. 1

Mr. Emerson's last Lecture.

The closing Lecture of the Course before the Mercantile Library Association was delivered on Tuesday evening by R. W. Emerson, upon "Politics." He made some remarks first concerning the character of Law as it now exists, the views of a State which are generally entertained, and then spoke of Politics as they would be if men were what they should be instead of what they are. The protection of Persons and that of Property he mentioned as evidently the objects of government as it now exists. With regard to the first, it is easily seen that all men have equal rights; with respect to the last, their rights are as clearly unequal. The first therefore demands a democracy, where all persons may have equal power; the last as clearly requires that the power shall be distributed according to the property. This principle it is found difficult to embody in practice, since persons and property are mingled; as a shift therefore it has been deemed expedient that the man who has property shall have more elective rights than others. This principle, however, is beginning to be distrusted; the belief is becoming prevalent that the culture of men is the true aim of a State and that property will protect and regulate itself.

Thoughtful minds, Mr. Emerson said, find the most satisfactory reliance in the *natural* guards of property—which will, under any circumstances, be protected. The farmer will not plant unless the chances are a hundred to one that he can likewise harvest; all persons and all property have a power of their own, just as truly as all matter has attraction; and it will just as surely be felt in all the arrangements of Society. Laws may do or say what they will; money will still have power: and though the State should enact that men who have property shall not vote, still the property of that State will write all needed statutes for its own protection.

Mr. Emerson said he thought very modestly of all our existing political institutions, and still more modestly of the manner in which they are or have been administered. The State is always entirely dependent for its character upon the condition of those who live in it: it is always the best which the existing morals of the people will allow. It is thus conditional, and has nothing in it of absolute worth. Good men, he said, must not obey the laws too well. They will have faith in the beautiful necessity which shines through all laws; in that *human nature* which writes itself as truly in all statutes as it does in statues or in songs. Government is thus always a Theocracy. The idea at which all aim is to obey the Will of the Wise Man; and since the Wise Man is not to be found in Nature, men seek to reach as nearly to

it as they may by contrivances, such as Democracies, Republics, Aristocracies or Monarchies.—These are all *forms* through which shines one aim—namely, the effort to obey the best will. The growth of the Individual should be the purpose of the State; to educate the Wise Man the State exists; and when he appears the State will expire, for the power of his character will supply the place of Law.

The influence of character as a ruling power as yet is in its infancy; yet it is never absolutely nothing. And all the strife and struggle for opinion and for wealth indicate the feeling that the power of character is the only rightful force.—These are sought as an apology for the lack of that: as shows whereby to cheat those we meet. But they will never satisfy ourselves; and it is only because we feel that we have not moral worth that we would ever strive for rank or great possessions. If a man had the power to make all around romantic and beautiful he would never reach after aught so remote and poor as politics.

Mr. Emerson said that the progress of nations for the last years has been towards the recognition of the power of individual character: towards the perception that no code is so efficient, none so safe, as the code of each man's constitution; and the day, he said, would come when the government will cease to be sought after by gentlemen, since all its functions will be despatched by a few clerks. One indication of the tendency towards this he found in the more general recognition of the highest rights of man—not alone his right to be protected in his person and his property, but his right to be loved, to be trusted, to be revered. The power of love as the basis of a State has never been tried, as it will be in the time to come. But no fear need be felt that confusion will ensue; for it is a law of nature that there will always be a government of force while men are selfish. Trade is an advance on war; and a republic is better than a monarchy; but compared with the highest rights of the citizen all our political institutions are poor and degrading.

Men are beginning to perceive that the *disuse of force is the education of the people to do without it.* The feeling that deems the vices of men organic is a falsehood of our own hearts. *Trust* men and they will be true; love them and we may do with them what we will. If the belief of good men in the progress of Society and the race be true, then will the religion of the next century be the recognition of this holy influence of individual character, which shall one day govern the world. Then will no man aspire to any office he has not served up to, nor reach at aught which does not gravitate to him. The machinery of force and compulsion upon which we now rely will then be left behind as the hobbies and go-carts of our youth.

These were some of the principal points, enforced with all the beauty and eloquence of his thought and style, which Mr. Emerson advanced in his last lecture in this city this season. His audience has increased at each successive evening during the entire series; his lectures have been heard with the deepest attention and evident delight, and we are sure that he leaves behind a wider circle of admiring friends than he found when he commenced his course.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
4-15-43.

REVIEW.

THE DIAL, No. XII. April 1, 1843. Boston: E. P. Peabody. New-York. C. S. Francis & Co.

The new number of The Dial opens with a long and deeply appreciating article on the Writings of A. Bronson Alcott, by his bosom friend Charles Lane, a philanthropic and truthful, but in the world's eye (and ours) visionary man, who recently abandoned his native England that he might breathe freer and live more hopefully in our unshackled and usually, when unsympathising, indifferent and thus tolerant America. We have not room for any synopsis of this earnest and forcible defence of Mr. Alcott's aims and methods as a teacher; but we must make one noble extract from Mr. Lane's introductory rebuke to the popular levity and buffoonery displayed in caricaturing and ridiculing Mr. Alcott because some of his sentences are not as perspicuous as nursery rhymes to those wholly unacquainted with his manner and subjects. Mr. Lane justly says:

'All the sayings of Genius are oracular; all the actions of Originality are inspired. The destiny of the genuinely inspired soul is always to be doubted, or despised, or persecuted in its own day and nation. Not born for years or localities only, but for all times and places, it must await as wide a welcome. We see that this skepticism, or unfriendliness, is necessarily manifested by the very law of originality itself; and just in a degree coequal to the extent or depth of the originality. The greatest, the divinest genius is persecuted to death, even unto ignominious death; a moderate degree of inspiration is merely hunted through the world; a lighter share of originality is allowed to waste itself in neglected poverty and soul-chilling solitude. For it is not, we surmise, *always* true that the measure of the world's acceptance of genius is the index to the profundity of that generic love. Had it been so, the world ere now would have been in a more loveful position than self-confessedly it is. Loveful utterances in the deepest tone, loveful actions in the gentlest manner, have been spoken and enacted in the world's theatre, and the records of them still remain, kindly appealing to humanity for a response. Yet it comes not. Or, at the utmost, as in the mimic theatre, the spectators vehemently applaud each virtuous representation as it passes before their eyes, but as instantly forget it. Influences pass over humanity as the wind over the young trees; but the evanescent air is not the abiding sap. Manifestations of genius have not generally induced men to seek a closer union with the genetic power. We lack even imitative amendment.

'Scarcely, therefore, can it be granted that the want of success, which so frequently characterizes the career of genius, is attributable either to any deficiency of love or want of exponential ability on its side. Something—nay, much—depends on the construction of the receptive vessel. The finest wine must be inevitably spilt, if poured upon a solid marble sphere; not even nectar itself could be retained in a sieve; and let us recollect that genius is ever too ready to pour forth its offerings, to consider critically the state or nature of the receiving mind. The mind supposed to be recipient will be found not seldom to be repellant, and even when frankly disposed to receive, often finds the task too difficult at once to comprehend that which emanates from the progressed being. The sun steadily shines on, though by its beams the swamp exhales miasma as the peach deliciously ripens.'

'Canova' is the theme of the next article, (a translation,) consisting mainly of remarkable sayings of the great sculptor, while conversing with a sympathizing friend, Missirini. Canova here appears as a man of strong, manly, penetrating sense, deep admiration for and inflexible devotion to his art, but not a genius His observations have great practical value for artists, but less for the mass of men. The following excerpt we would earnestly press upon the attention of our own aspiring youth, and commend its *moral* to the masters of our Colleges, Medical Schools, Law and Theological Seminaries:

'Even because Canova had so at heart the interests of the arts, it grieved him to see such a multitude of young men devoting themselves to this service; for, he said, they cannot, for the most part, fail to be poor and unhappy. Italy and the world are filled to satiety with works of art, and what employment can all these disciples find?—But the worst is that they will foster brute mediocrity; for excellence was never the portion of many, and through excellence alone can any good be effected. The academies should accept all to try the capacity of each, but when they have ascertained that a pupil has no extraordinary power for art, then dismiss him, that he may, as a citizen, apply himself to some useful calling; for I fear that this multitude who are not fit for the upward path will drag down with them those who are better, and where they have begun to do ill, will run into every folly; for the arts, turned into the downward direction, find no stay, but are soon precipitated into total ruin.'

The verse of this number is not surpassing. We rather like these lines by Thoreau:

HAZE.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye;
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
Breakers of air, billows of heat,
Fine summer spray on inland seas;
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
From heath or stubble rising without song;
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields. T.'

Possibly these, (by C. P. Clinch,) are better:

'TO ——

'Planets bear thee in their hands,
Azure skies have folded o'er thee;
Thou art sung by angel bands,
And the deep, cold, throbbing sea;
Whispered in each sighing tree,
In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
And the brook prolongs a tune
Through the slumbering meadowed dells—
There thou weavest unknown spells
To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
Ceaseless measures of content,
And thou art of form the bride—
Shapely picture's element. C.'

Mr. Thoreau contributes some translations from Anacreon, which would be excellent but for the attempt to render them literal—an attempt which destroys their value for the general reader, and renders them interesting to the scholar only. The following extract from the translator's introduction, however, is better conceived:

'We know of no studies so composing as those of the classical scholar. When we have sat down to them, life seems as still and serene as if it were very far off, and we believe it is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature. In serene hours we contemplate the tour of the Greek and Latin authors with more pleasure than the traveler does the fairest scenery of Greece or Italy.

Where shall we find a more refined society?—That highway down from Homer and Hesiod to Horace and Juvenal is more attractive than the Appian. Reading the classics, or conversing with those old Greeks and Latins in their surviving works, is like walking amid the stars and constellations, a high and by-way serene to travel. Indeed, the true scholar will be not a little of an astronomer in his habits. Distracting cares will not be allowed to obstruct the field of his vision, for the higher regions of literature, like astronomy, are above storm and darkness.'

Rev. J. F. Clarke contributes a Sketch of George Keats, a brother of the Poet, who died recently while in the prime of life and in the midst of an active business career at Louisville, Ky. He was eldest of the three brothers, a most worthy, intellectual, loving and rightfully beloved man, greatly respected in his Western home, which he had chosen in early manhood, marrying at twenty-one a girl of sixteen, and seeking independence and equality on the banks of the then forest-shaded Ohio. His strength of character and kindness of heart are fitly commemorated by Mr. C. preliminary to the citation of some criticisms on Milton by the Poet Keats, which Mr. C. was permitted to copy from the Western brother's copy of 'Paradise Lost.' These are good, but not extraordinary, and are valuable mainly as a fragment of the mind of Keats snatched from oblivion.

There are several brief articles, both in Prose and Verse, of which we have not room to speak; and that on 'Europe and European Books,' by the Editor, is so rich that we pass it in the hope that we may ere long be able to insert it entire. The Literary Notices and Foreign Literary Intelligence we must also leave untouched for the present.

—The Dial concludes with this number its Third Volume. For three years it has been sustained by the free-will offerings of a band of generous spirits, at the head of which stands its Editor. They have labored without expectation of pecuniary recompense—urged onward by a select and scattered few, whose admiration and development have been their stimulus and reward. We believe this work, restricted, by the world's Indifference, to a narrow circle of usefulness, has yet effected vast good—that it has imparted a deeper earnestness to our periodical literature, and awakened many to a consciousness of higher ends of being than they had before pursued or recognized. We do hope that the commencement of a New Volume will be signalized by a liberal increase of its subscription; that all independent and love-inspired inquirers after vital truth—all earnest seekers of universal good—will extend to it their effective support. Especially should the liberal offer of the publishers to furnish full sets of the three issued volumes for $5 in all, or odd numbers for 37½ cents each, be eagerly responded to. The number of copies printed was necessarily limited; there is no thought of a reprint; and the time is not far hence when a library, public or private, destitute of a set of The Dial, will be deemed deficient in regard to one of the most remarkable phases of American Literature. Let the proprietors of Libraries which have not yet secured a set of this work be careful to do so promptly, or they will have cause to regret their hesitation. [Published Quarterly, at $3 per annum.]

Loc. cit., 4-15-43 →

From the Dial for April.

GEORGE KEATS.

Several years since I went to Louisville, Ky., to take charge of the Unitarian church in that city. I was told that among those who attended the church was a brother of the poet Keats, an English gentleman, who had resided for many years in Louisville as a merchant. His appearance, and the shape of his head arrested attention. The heavy bar of observation over his eyes indicated the strong perceptive faculties of a business man, while the striking hight of the head, in the region assigned by phrenology to veneration, was a sign of nobility of sentiment, and the full development behind marked firmness and practical energy. All these traits were equally prominent in his character. He was one of the most intellectual men I ever knew. I never saw him when his mind was inactive. I never knew him to acquiesce in the thought of another. It was a necessity of his nature to have his own thought on every subject; and when he assented to your opinion, it was not acquiescence but agreement. Joined with this energy of intellect was a profound intellectual modesty. He perceived his deficiency in the higher reflective faculties, especially that of a philosophical method. But his keen insight enabled him fully to appreciate what he did not himself possess. Though the tendency of his intellect was wholly critical, it was without dogmatism and full of reverence for the creative faculties. He was thoroughly versed in English literature, especially that of the Elizabethan period, a taste for which he had probably imbibed from his brother and his friends, Leigh Hunt and others. This taste he preserved for years in a region where scarcely another could be found who had so much as heard the names of his favorite authors. The society of such a man was invaluable, if only as an intellectual stimulus. It was strange to find, on the banks of the Ohio, one who had successfully devoted himself to active pursuits, and who yet retained so fine a sensibility for the rarest and most evanescent beauties of ancient song.

The intellectual man was that which you first saw in George Keats. It needed a long acquaintance before you could perceive, beneath the veil of a high-bred English reserve, that profound sentiment of manly honor, that reverence for all Truth, Loftiness, and Purity, that ineffaceable desire for inward spiritual sympathy, which are the birthright of all in whose veins flows the blood of a true poet. George Keats was the most manly and self-possessed of men—yet full of inward aspiration and conscious of spiritual needs. There was no hardness in his strong heart, no dogmatism in his energetic intellect, no pride in his self-reliance. Thus he was essentially a religious man. He shrunk from pietism, but revered piety.

The incidents of his life bore the mark of his character. His mind, stronger than circumstances, gave them its own stamp, instead of receiving theirs. George Keats, with his two younger brothers, Thomas and John, were left orphans at a private boarding school, where the impetuosity of the young poet frequently brought him into difficulties, where he needed the brotherly aid of George. John was very apt to get into a fight with boys much bigger than himself, and George, who seldom fought on his own account, very often got into a battle to protect his brother.—These early adventures helped to bind their hearts in a very close and lasting affection.

After leaving school, George was taken into his guardian's counting-room, where he stayed a little while, but left it, because he did not choose to submit to the domineering behavior of the younger partner. Yet he preferred to bear the accusation of being unreasonable, rather than to explain the cause which might have made difficulty. He lived at home, keeping house with his two brothers, and doing nothing for some time, waiting till he should be of age, and should receive his small inheritance. Many said he was an idle fellow, who would never come to any good; but he felt within himself a conviction that he could make his way successfully through the world. His guardian, a wise old London merchant, shared this opinion, and always predicted that George would turn out well.

His first act on coming of age did not seem, to the worldly wise, to favor this view. He married a young lady, the daughter of a British Colonel, and came with her to America. They did not, however, act without reflection. George had only four or five thousand dollars, and knew that if he remained in London, he could not be married for years. Nor would he be able to support his wife in any of the Atlantic cities, in the society to which they had been accustomed. But by going at once to the West, they might live, without much society, to be sure, but yet with comfort, and the prospect of improving their condition. Therefore see this boy and girl, he twenty-one and she sixteen, leaving home and friends, and going to be happy in each other's love, in the wild regions beyond the Alleghanies. Happy is he whose first great step in life is the result not of outward influences, but of his own well-considered purpose. Such a step seems to make him free for the rest of his days.

Journeys were not made in those days as they are now. Mr. Keats bought a carriage and horses in Philadelphia, with which he traveled to Pittsburgh, and then they descended the Ohio in a keel-boat, sending their horses on by land to Cincinnati. This voyage of six hundred miles down the river was full of romance to these young people. No steamboat then disturbed, with its hoarse pantings, the sleep of those beautiful shores. Day after day they floated tranquilly on, as through a succession of fairy lakes, sometimes in the shadow of the lofty wooden bluff, sometimes by the side of wide-spread meadows, or beneath the graceful overhanging branches of the cotton-wood and sycamore. Sometimes, while the boat floated lazily along, the young people would go ashore and walk through the woods across a point, around which the river made a bend. All uncertain as their prospects were, they could easily, amid the luxuriance of nature, abandon themselves to the enjoyment of the hour.

Mr. Keats made a visit of some months to Henderson, Ky., where he resided in the same house with Mr. Audubon, the naturalist. He was still undetermined what to do. One day, he was trying to chop a log, and Audubon, who had watched him for some time, at last said—"I am sure you will do well in this country, Keats. A man who will persist, as you have been doing, in chopping that log, though it has taken you an hour to do what I could do in ten minutes, will certainly get along here." Mr. Keats said that he accepted the omen, and felt encouraged by it.

After investing the greater part of his money in a boat, and losing the whole of it, he took charge of a flour mill, and worked night and day with such untiring energy, that he soon found himself making progress. After a while he left this business and engaged in the lumber trade, by which in the course of some years he accumulated a handsome fortune. In the course of this business he was obliged to make visits to the lumberers, which often led him into wild scenes and adventures. Once, when he was taking a journey on horseback, to visit some friends on the British Prairie, he approached the Wabash in the afternoon, at a time when the river had overflowed its banks. Following the horse path, for there was no carriage road, he came to a succession of little lakes, which he was obliged to ford. But when he reached the other side it was impossible to find the path again, and equally difficult to regain it by recrossing. The path here went

through a cane-brake, and the cane grew so close together that the track could only be distinguished when you were actually upon it. What was to be done? There was no human being for miles around, and no one might pass that way for weeks. To stop or to go on seemed equally dangerous. But at last Mr. Keats discovered the following expedient, the only one perhaps, that could have saved him. The direction of the path he had been traveling was east and west. He turned and rode toward the south, until he was sure that he was to the South of the track. He then returned slowly to the North, carefully examining the ground as he passed along, until at last he found himself crossing the path, which he took, and reached the river in safety.

George Keats not only loved his brother John, but reverenced his genius, and enjoyed his poetry, believing him to belong to the front rank of English bards. Modern criticism seems to concur with this judgement. A genuine and discriminating appreciation of his brother's poetry always gave him great pleasure. He preserved and highly prized John's letters, and unpublished verses, the copy of Spenser filled with his works, which he had read when a boy, and which had been to him a very valuable source of poetic inspiration, and a Milton in which were preserved in a like manner, John's marks and comments.—From a fly-leaf of this book, I was permitted to copy the passages I now send you. I know not whether you will agree with me in their being among the most striking criticisms we possess upon this great author. That the love of the brothers was mutual, appears from the following lines from one of John's poems, inscribed "To my brother George."

> "As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
> I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
> Of late too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
> Stretched on the grass at my best loved employment,
> Of scribbling lines to you—"

Less than two years ago, in the prime of life and the midst of usefulness, George Keats passed into the spiritual world. The city of Louisville lost in him one of its most public-spirited and conscientious citizens. The Unitarian Society of that place lost one, who, though he had been confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was too honest not to leave the popular and fashionable church for an unpopular faith, which was more of a home to his mind. For myself, I have ever felt that it was quite worth my while to go and live in Louisville, if I had gained thereby nothing but the knowledge and friendship of such a man.' I did not see him in his last days. I was already living in a distant region. But when he died, I felt that I had indeed lost a friend. We cannot hope to find many such in this world. We are fortunate if we find any. Yet I could not but believe that he had gone to find his brother again among

> "The spirits and intelligences fair,
> And angels waiting on the Almighty's chair."

The love for his brother, which continued through his life to be among the deepest affections of his soul, was a pledge of their reunion again in the spirit-land.

From The Dial' for April.

ENGLISH NOVELS.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Next to the poetry the novels, which come to us in every ship from England, have an importance increased by the immense extension of their circulation through the new cheap press, which sends them to so many willing thousands. So much novel reading ought not to leave the readers quite unaffected, and undoubtedly gives some tinge of romance to the daily life of young merchants and maidens. We have heard it alleged, with some evidence, that the prominence given to intellectual power in Bulwer's romances had proved a main stimulus to mental culture in thousands of young men in England and America. The effect on manners cannot be less sensible, and we can easily believe that the behavior of the ball room, and of the hotel has not failed to draw some addition of dignity and grace from the fair ideals, with which the imagination of a novelist has filled the heads of the most imitative class.

We are not very well versed in these books, yet we have read Mr. Bulwer enough to see that the story is rapid and interesting; he has really seen London society, and does not draw ignorant caricatures. He is not a genius, but his novels are marked with great energy, and with a courage of experiment which in each instance had its degree of success. The story of Zanoni was one of those world-fables which is so agreeable to the human imagination, that it is found in some form in the language of every country, and is always reappearing in literature. Many of the details of this novel preserve a poetic truth. We read Zanoni with pleasure, because magic is natural. It is implied in all superior culture that a complete man would need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. The eye and the word are certainly far subtler and stronger weapons than either money or knives. Whoever looked on the hero, would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were universal, not selfish; and he would be obeyed as naturally as the rain and the sunshine are. For this reason, children delight in fairy tales. Nature is described in them as the servant of man, which they feel ought to be true. But Zanoni pains us, and the author loses our respect, because he speedily betrays that he does not see the true limitations of the charm; because the power with which his hero is armed, is a toy, inasmuch as the power does not flow from its legitimate fountains in the mind; is a power for London; a divine power converted into a burglar's false key or a highwayman's pistol to rob and kill with.

But Mr. Bulwer's recent stories have given us, who do not read novels, occasion to think of this department of literature, supposed to be the natural fruit and expression of the age. We conceive that the obvious division of modern romance is into two kinds; first, the novels *of costume* or *of circumstance*, which is the old style, and vastly the most numerous. In this class, the hero, without any particular character, is in a very particular circumstance; he is greatly in want of a fortune or of a wife, and usually of both, and the business of the piece is to provide him suitably. This is the problem to be solved in thousands of English romances, including the Porter novels and the more splendid examples of the Edgeworth and Scott romances.

It is curious how sleepy and foolish we are, that these tales will so take us. Again and again we have been caught in that old foolish trap:—then, as before, to feel indignant to have been duped and dragged after a foolish boy and girl, to see them at last married and portioned, and the reader instantly turned out of doors, like a beggar that has followed a gay procession into a castle. Had one noble thought opening the chambers of the intellect, one sentiment from the heart of God been spoken by them, the reader had been made a participator of their triumph; he too had been an invited and eternal guest; but the reward granted them is property, all-excluding property, a little cake baked for them to eat and for none other, nay, a preference and cossetting which is rude and insulting to all but the minion.

Excepting in the stories of Edgeworth and Scott, whose talent knew how to give to the book a thousand adventitious graces, the novels of costume are all one, and there is but one standard English novel, like the one orthodox sermon, which with slight variation is repeated every Sunday from so many pulpits.

But the other novel, of which Wilhelm Meister is the best specimen, the novel *of character*, treats the reader with more respect; a castle and a wife are not the indispensable conclusion, but the development of character being the problem, the reader is made a partaker of the whole prosperity. Every thing good in such a story remains with the reader, when the book is closed.

A noble book was Wilhelm Meister. It gave the hint of a cultivated society which we found nowhere else. It was founded on power to do what was necessary, each person finding it an indispensable qualification of membership, that he could do something useful, as in mechanics or agriculture or other indispensable art; then a probity, a justice, was to be its element, symbolized by the insisting that each property should be cleared of privilege, and should pay its full tax to the State. Then, a perception of beauty was the equally indispensable element of the association, by which each was so dignified and all were so dignified; then each was to obey his genius to the length of abandonment. They watched each candidate vigilantly, without his knowing that he was observed, and when he had given proof that he was a faithful man, then all doors, all houses, all relations were open to him; high behavior fraternized with high behavior, without question of heraldry and the only power recognised is the force of character.

The novels of Fashion of D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Ward, belong to the class of novels of costume, because their aim is a purely external success.

Of the tales of fashionable life, by far the most agreeable and the most efficient, was Vivian Grey. Young men were and still are the readers and victims. Byron ruled for a time, but Vivian, with no tithe of Byron's genius, rules longer. One can distinguish at sight the Vivians in all companies. They would quiz their father, and mother, and lover, and friend. They discuss sun and planets, liberty and fate, love and death, over the soup. They never sleep, go nowhere, stay nowhere, eat nothing, and know nobody, but are up to any thing, though it were the Genesis of nature, or the last Cataclysm,—Festus-like, Faust-like, Jove-like; and could write an Iliad any rainy morning, if fame were not such a bore. Men, women, though the greatest and fairest, are stupid things; but a rifle, and a mild pleasant gunpowder, a spaniel, and a cheroot, are themes for Olympus. I fear it was in part the influence of such pictures on living society, which made the style of manners, of which we have so many pictures, as, for example, in the following account of the English fashionist. "His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation, nay, to contrive even his civilities, so that they may appear as near as may be to affronts; instead of a noble high-bred ease, to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum, to invert the relation in which our sex stand to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party."

From 'The Dial' for April.

WORDSWORTH AND TENNYSON.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It was a brighter day than we have often known in our literary calendar, when within the twelvemonth a single London advertisement announced a new volume of Poems by Wordsworth, Poems by Tennyson, and a Play by Henry Taylor. Wordsworth's nature or character has had all the time it needed, in order to make its mark, and supply the want of talent. We have learned how to read him. We have ceased to expect that which he cannot give. He has the merit of just moral perception, but not that of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems,—as for example, the Rylstone Doe, might be all improvised. Nothing

of Milton, nothing of Marvell, of Herbert, of Dryden, could be. These are such verses as in a just state of culture should be *vers de Société*, such as every gentleman could write, but none would think of printing or of claiming the poet's laurel on their merit. The Pindar, the Shakspeare, the Dante, while they have the just and open soul, have also the eye to see the dimmest star that glimmers in the Milky Way, the serratures of every leaf, the test objects of the microscope, and then the tongue to utter the same things in words that engrave them on all the ears of mankind. The poet demands all gifts, and not one or two only.

The poet, like the electric rod, must reach from a point nearer to the sky than all surrounding objects down to the earth, and into the dark, wet soil, or neither is of use. The poet must not only converse with pure thought, but he must demonstrate it almost to the senses. His words must be pictures, his verses must be spheres and cubes, to be seen, and smelled, and handled. His fable must be a good story, and its meaning must hold as pure truth. In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English Parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakely, the Coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff. Homer, Horace, Milton and Chaucer would defy the Coroner. While they have wisdom to the wise, he would see, that to the external, they have external meaning. Coleridge excellently said of poetry, that poetry must first be good sense, as a palace might well be magnificent, but first it must be a house.

Wordsworth is open to ridicule of this kind. And yet Wordsworth, though satisfied if he can suggest to a sympathetic mind his own mood, and though setting a private and exaggerated value on his compositions, though confounding his accidental with the universal consciousness, and taking the public to task for not admiring his poetry,—is really a superior master of the English language, and his poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivaled by his contemporaries, than is his poetic insight. But the capital merit of Wordsworth is, that he has done more for the sanity of this generation than any other writer. Early in life, at a crisis, it is said, in his private affairs, he made his election between assuming and defending some legal rights with the chances of wealth and a position in the world—and the inward promptings of his heavenly genius; he took his part; he accepted the call to be a poet, and sat down, far from cities, with coarse clothing and plain fare to obey the heavenly vision. The choice he had made in his will, manifested itself in every line to be real. We have poets who write the poetry of society, of the patrician and conventional Europe, as Scott and Moore, and others who, like Byron or Bulwer, write the poetry of vice and disease. But Wordsworth threw himself into his place, made no reserves or stipulations; man and writer were not to be divided. He sat at the foot of Helvellyn and on the margin of Winandermere, and took their lustrous mornings and their sublime midnights for his theme, and not Marlow, nor Massinger, nor Horace, nor Milton, nor Dante. He once for all forsook the styles, and standards, and modes of thinking of London and Paris, and the books read there, and the aims pursued, and wrote Helvellyn and Winandermere and the dim spirits which these haunts harbored. There was not the least attempt to reconcile these with the spirit of fashion and selfishness, nor to show with great deference to the superior judgement of Dukes and Earls, that although London was the home for men of great parts, yet Westmoreland had these consolations for such as Fate had condemned to the country life; but with a complete satisfaction, he pitied and rebuked their false lives, and celebrated his own with the religion of a true priest. Hence the antagonism which was immediately felt between his poetry and the spirit of the age, that here not only criticism, but conscience and will were parties; the spirit of literature, and the modes of living, and the conventional theories of the conduct of life were called in question on wholly new grounds,—not from Platonism, nor from Christianity, but from the lessons which the country muse taught a stout pedestrian climbing a mountain, and in following a river from its parent rill down to the sea. The Cannings and Jeffreys of the Capital, the Court Journals and Literary Gazettes were not well pleased, and voted the poet a bore. But that which rose in him so high as to the lips, rose in many others as high as to the heart. What he said, they were prepared to hear and confirm. The influence was in the air, and was wafted up and down into lone and into populous places, resisting the popular taste, modifying opinions which it did not change, and soon came to be felt in poetry, in criticism, in plans of life, and at last in legislation. In this country, it very early found a strong hold, and its effect may be traced on all the poetry both of England and America.

But notwithstanding all Wordsworth's grand merits, it was a great pleasure to know that Alfred Tennyson's two volumes were coming out in the same ship; it was a great pleasure to receive them. The elegance, the wit and subtlety of this writer, his rich fancy, his power of language, his metrical skill, his independence on any living masters, his peculiar topics, his taste for the costly and gorgeous, discriminate the musky poet of gardens and conservatories of parks and palaces. Perhaps we felt the popular objection that he wants rude truth, he is too fine. In these boudoirs of damask and alabaster, one is farther off from stern nature and human life than in 'Lalla Rookh' and 'The Loves of the Angels.' Amid swinging censers and perfumed lamps, amidst velvet and glory we long for rain and frost. Otto of roses is good, but wild air is better. A critical friend of ours affirms that the vice, which bereaved modern painters of their power, is the ambition to begin where their fathers ended; to equal the masters in their exquisite finish, instead of in their religious purpose. The painters are not willing to paint ill enough: they will not paint for their times, agitated by the spirit which agitates their country: so should their pictures picture us and draw all men after them; but they copy the technics of their predecessors, and paint for their predecessors' public. It seems as if the same vice had worked in poetry. Tennyson's compositions are not so much poems as studies in poetry, or sketches after the styles of sundry old masters. He is not the husband who builds the homestead after his own necessity, from foundation-stone to chimney-top and turret, but a tasteful bachelor, who collects quaint stair-cases and gilded ceilings. We have no right to such superfluences. We must not make our bread of pure sugar. These delicacies and splendors are then legitimate, when they are the excess of substantial and necessary expenditure. The best songs in English poetry are by that heavy, hard, pedantic poet, Ben Johnson. Johnson is rude, and only on rare occasions gay. Tennyson is always fine; but Johnson's beauty is more grateful than Tennyson's. It is a natural, manly grace of a robust workman. Ben's flowers are not in pots, at a city florist's, ranged on a flower-stand, but he is a countryman at a harvest-home, attending his ox-cart from the fields, loaded with potatoes and apples, with grapes and plums, with nuts and berries, and stuck with boughs of hemlock and sweet briar, with ferns and pond-lilies which the children have gathered. But let us not quarrel with our benefactors. Perhaps Tennyson is too quaint and elegant. What then? It is long since we have had as good a lyrist; it will be long before we have his superior. 'Godiva' is a noble poem that will tell the legend a thousand years. The poem of all the poetry of the present age, for which we predict the longest term, is 'Abou ben Adhem' of Leigh Hunt. Fortune will still have her part in every victory, and it is strange that one of the best poems should be written by a man who has hardly written any other. And 'Godiva' is a parable which belongs to the same gospel. 'Locksley Hall' and 'The Two Voices' are meditative poems, which were slowly written to be slowly read. 'The Talking Oak,' though a little hurt by its wit and ingenuity, is beautiful, and the most poetic of the volume. 'Ulysses' belongs to a high class of poetry, destined to be the highest, and to be more cultivated in the next generation. 'Œnone' was a sketch of the same kind. One of the best specimens we have of the class is Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' of which no special merit it can possess equals the total merit of having selected such a subject in such a spirit.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
4-15-43.

Life in South Carolina.

The following letter from the Evening Post is undoubtedly written by its Editor, Mr. W. C. Bryant, who has been for some weeks past traveling at the South:

Barnwell District,
South Carolina, March 29, 1843.

Since I last wrote, I have passed three weeks in the interior of South Carolina; visited Columbia, the capital of the State—a pretty town; roamed over a considerable part of Barnwell District, with some part of the neighboring one of Orangeburg; enjoyed the hospitality of the planters—very agreeable and intelligent men; been out in a racoon hunt; been present at a corn shucking; listened to negro ballads, negro jokes, and the banjo; witnessed negro dances; seen two alligators at least, and eaten bushels of hominy.

Whoever comes out on the railroad to this district, a distance of seventy miles or more, if he were to judge only by what he sees in his passage, might naturally take South Carolina for a vast pine forest, with here and there a clearing made by some enterprising settler, and would wonder where the cotton which clothes so many millions of the human race, is produced. The railroad keeps on a track of sterile sand, overgrown with pines; passing, here and there, along the edge of a morass, or crossing a stream of yellow water.—A lonely log house under these old trees, is a sight for sore eyes; and only two or three plantations, properly so called, meet the eye in the whole distance. The cultivated and more productive lands lie apart from this tract, near streams, and interspersed with more frequent ponds and marshes.—Here you find plantations comprising several thousands of acres, a considerable part of which always lies in forest; cotton and corn fields of vast extent, and a negro village on every plantation, at a respectful distance from the habitation of the proprietor. Evergreen trees of the oak family and others, which I mentioned in my last letter, are generally planted about the mansions.—Some of them are surrounded with dreary clearings, full of the standing trunks of dead pines; others are pleasantly situated in the edge of woods, intersected by winding paths. A ramble, or a ride—a ride on a hand gallop it should be—in these pine woods, on a fine March day, when the weather has all the spirit of our March days without their severity, is one of the most delightful recreations in the world. The paths are upon a white sand, which, when not frequently traveled, is very firm under foot; on all sides you are surrounded by noble stems of trees, towering to an immense hight, from whose summits, far above you, the wind is drawing deep and grand harmonies; and often your way is beside a marsh, verdant with magnolias, with the yellow jessamine, now in flower, and filling the air with fragrance; the bamboo-briar, an evergreen creeper, and various other plants, which never shed their leaves in winter. These woods abound in game, which, you will believe me when I say, I had rather start than shoot,—flocks of turtle doves, rabbits rising

and scudding before you; little flocks of quails, partridges they call them here, chirping almost under your horse's feet; wild ducks swimming in the pools, and wild turkeys, which are frequently shot by the practised sportsman.

But you must hear of the corn shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose, that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel. In clearing land the pines are girdled and suffered to stand; the outer portion of the wood decays and falls off; the inner part, which is saturated with turpentine, remains upright for years, and constitutes the planter's provision of fuel. When a supply is wanted, one of these dead trunks is felled by the axe. The abundance of lightwood is one of the boasts of South Carolina. Wherever you are, if you happen to be chilly, you may have a fire extempore; a bit of light-wood and a coal give you a bright blaze and a strong heat in an instant. The negroes make fires of it in the fields where they work; and when the mornings are wet and chilly, in the pens where they are milking the cows. At a plantation, where I passed a frosty night, I saw fires in a small inclosure, and was told by the lady of the house that she had ordered them to be made to warm the cattle.

The light-wood fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow,
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow,
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me,
Oh hollow!
I 'm sold for silver dollars,
Oh hollow!
Boys, go and catch de pony,
Oh hollow!
Bring him round de corner,
Oh hollow!
I 'm goin' away to Georgia,
Oh hollow!
Boys, good bye forever!
Oh hollow!

The song of 'Jenny gone away' was also given, and another called the monkey song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's de dandy?" One of the songs commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods, as belonging to some profession or trade. For example—

De cooter is de boatman—

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman,
John John Crow.
De red-bird de soger,
John John Crow.
De mocking-bird de lawyer,
John John Crow.
De alligator sawyer,
John John Crow.

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling and beating time with two sticks upon the floor.—Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking.—From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque on our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby was a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, who had hitherto stood leaning against the wall looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of sons Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives and sounds, of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with a hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

The blacks of this region are a cheerful, careless, dirty race, not hard worked, and in many respects indulgently treated. It is of course the desire of the master that his slaves shall be laborious; on the other hand it is the determination of the slave to lead as easy a life as he can. The master has power of punishment on his side; the slave, on his, has invincible inclination, and a thousand expedients learned by long practice. The result is a compromise, in which each party yields something; and a good-natured though imperfect and slovenly obedience on one side, is purchased by good treatment on the other. I have been told by planters that the slave brought from Africa is much more serviceable, though more high spirited and dangerous, than the slave born in this country and trained to his condition.

I have been impatiently waiting the approach of spring, since I came to this State, but the weather here is still what the inhabitants call winter. The season, I am told, is more than three weeks later than usual. Fields of Indian corn were planted in the beginning of March, which must be replanted, and the cotton planting is deferred for fine weather. The peach and plumb trees have stood in blossom for weeks, and the forest trees which at this time are usually in full foliage, are as bare as in December. Cattle are dying in the fields for want of pasture.

I have thus had a sample of the winter climate of South Carolina. If never more severe or stormy than I have already experienced, it must be an agreeable one. The custom of sitting with open doors, however, I found a little difficult to like at first. A door in South Carolina, except perhaps the outer door of a house, is not made to shut. It is merely a sort of flapper, an ornamental appendage to the opening by which you enter a room, a kind of moveable screen made to swing to and fro but never to be secured by a latch, unless for some purpose of strict privacy. A door is the ventilator to the room; the windows are not raised except in warm weather, but the door is kept open at all seasons. On cold days you have a bright fire of pino wood blazing before you, and a draught of cold air at your back. The reason given for this practice is, that fresh air is wholesome, and that close rooms occasion colds and consumptions.

A LETTER OF EMERSON'S.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED NOTE TO CHARLES STEARNS WHEELER – GOSSIP AND PHILOSOPHY OF 1843.

A learned German philological publication, "Anglia. Zeitschrift fur Englische Philologie" (Journal of English Philology), published at Halle, the ancient university town of Prussian Saxony, gives us a treasure trove in a hitherto unpublished letter of Ralph Waldo Emerson's, written in 1843 to Charles Stearns Wheeler, a promising young literary man of Cambridge, then in Germany seeking—and vainly seeking—restoration to health. This German publication is issued under the editorship of Ewald Flügel and Gustav Schirmer, the former of Leipzig; and the memoir which embodies the letter of Emerson's is from Herr Flugel's hand. The observations which accompany the letter are in German, and they display an astonishing degree of familiarity with American literature and American literary people. The minute accuracy with which the copious English extracts are printed, which the paper embodies, gives one, too, an impressive idea of German erudition. Not an error of a letter or of a punctuation mark is distinguishable.

Charles Stearns Wheeler, the young man to whom the letter of Emerson was written, was first a divinity student and then a tutor in Greek at Harvard College from 1838 to 1842, and gained no little reputation there for his learning and his literary activity. He edited, while there, an edition of Herodotus and an edition of Tennyson's poems, besides correcting, in connection with Mr. Henry S. McKean, an edition of Carlyle's Miscellanies with such care and skill that Carlyle, whose attention had been called to the matter by Emerson, wrote (Dec. 2, 1838),

"To my two young friends, Henry S. McKean be so good as write these names more indisputably for me; and Charles Stearns Wheeler, in particular I will beg you to express emphatically my gratitude: they have stood by me with right faithfulness, and made the correctest printing a great service. Had I known that there were such eyes and heads acting in behalf of me there, I would have scraped out the editorial blotches too (notes of admiration, dashes, "we thinks," etc., common in Jeffrey's time in the Edinburgh Review, and London misprints, which are almost the only deformities that remain now. It is extremely correct printing wherever I have looked, and many things are silently amended; it is the most fundamental service of all.

Wheeler was one of the early contributors to the Dial, but his hopeful career was cut short by an affection of the lungs, to gain relief from which he went to Europe in 1842, carrying with him this letter from Emerson to Carlyle.

Stearns Wheeler, the Cambridge tutor, a good Grecian, and the editor, you will remember, of your American editions, is going to London in August probably, and on to Heidelberg, &c. He means, I believe, to spend two years in Germany and will come to see you on his way; a man whose too facile and good-natured manners do some injustice to his virtues, to his great industry and real knowledge. He has been corresponding with your Tennyson, and editing his Poems here.

Wheeler went to Berlin, and then to Leipzig, where he died on the 13th of June, 1844, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

EIN BRIEF EMERSON'S.

Anglia, XII (1889) 454-459.

Concord, 30 April, 1843.

MY DEAR WHEELER.

It is very late for me to begin to thank you by letter for your abundant care and supply of my wants, and, to point the reproach, here has come this day as I am putting pen to paper to send by Mr. Mann[1] to morrow, a pair of books from Mr. Weiss[2], brought from your own hands. Two full letters I have received, & printed the substance of the same[3], & had the reading of a part of two more addressed to Robert Bartlett[4] since I wrote you. But, all winter, from 1 January to 10 March, I was absent from home, at Washington, Baltimore, Phila. & N. Y., & would not write letters to Germany, on the road. — What shall I tell you. Our Dial, enriched by your manifold Intelligence, yet languishes somewhat in the scantiness of purchasing patrons, so that Miss Peabody[5] wrote me at N. Y. that its subscription-list did not now pay its expenses. I hoped that was a hint not to be mistaken, that I might drop it. But many persons expressed so much regret at the tho't of its dying, that it is to live one year more. Ellery Channing[6] has written lately some good poems for it, one, especially, called "Death", & a copy of verses addressed by him to Elizabeth Hoar. Channing has just rented the little || [p. 2] red house next below mine[7], on the Turnpike, and is coming to live here next week. His friend, S. G. Ward, is editing a volume (about the size of one of your Tennyson's[8]), of C.'s poetry, which will appear in a week or two. Thoreau[9] goes next week to New York: My brother William at Staten Island[10] has invited him to take charge of the education of his son, for a year or more & the neighborhood to the city offers many advantages to H. T.

Hawthorn* remains in his seat, & writes very actively for all the magazines. Alcott[11] & Lane remain also in their cottage. Wright has withdrawn from them, & joins the Fourierists, who are beginning to buy & settle land. These are all our village news of any import: only, next week, they begin to build a railroad, which may unseat us all, & drive us into new solitudes. I do not notice any very valuable signs about us in the literary & spiritual realm. Yet I found at Washington, & at N. Y. some friends whom I greatly cherish. I think our wide Community with its abundant reading, & a culture not dependant on one city, but taking place every where in detached nervous centres, promises to yield, & already yields a great deal of private original unviolated thought & character. Nature is resolved to make || [p. 3] a stand against the market, which has grown so usurping & omnipotent. Everything shall not go to market; so she makes shy men, cloistered maids, & angels in lone places.

Brook Farm[12] is an experiment of another kind, where a hotbed culture is applied, and everything private is published, & carried to its extreme. I learn from all quarters, that a great deal of action & courage has been shown there, & my friend Hawthorn almost regrets that he had not remained there, to see the unfolding & issue of so much bold life. He should have staid to be its historian. My friend Mr. Bradford writes me from B. F. that he has formed several new friendships with old friends, such new grounds of character have been disclosed. They number in all about 85 souls. — You will have heard of Carlyle's new work, "Past & Present". I am just now printing it in Boston[13] (from ms. partly) braving the chances of piracy from New York. It is certain to be popular from the fear of one class & the hope of another: and it is preliminary, Carlyle seems to think, to Cromwell. It is full of brilliant points & is excellent history, true history of England in 1843. — You will have heard of Robert Bartlett's illness, & the great anxiety of his friends respecting him. He went away, I heard, in good spirits, || [p. 4] & somewhat amended: but his health is in a most critical condition. It is a great grief to me, who was every year learning to value him more, though there has been something curious, as well as valuable, in his unfolding . . . Margaret Fuller thanks you for your account of Platen; and wishes further to ask you, to send her a copy of the Vol. III[14] of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe", which you announced. I will pay your brother for it.* You have kindly offered to buy for me books or drawings, but I shall not give you that trouble. I read little & not adventurously, but mostly in old & proven books. You shall see & hear for me, and tell me what is the hope of the new mines. Meantime I shall make an experiment on the two new books you have sent me, or at least in person on Theodore Mundt. Mr. Mann was to go to Berlin directly, & take on Dials to you; I am sorry, he has changed his plan, & goes slower. In all good hope & assurance, your friend,

R. W. Emerson.

* So im manuskript.

Zur erklärung des mitgeteilten briefes sei kurz das folgende bemerkt.

Charles Stearns Wheeler war ein amerikanischer gelehrter, welcher als Tutor in Greek am Harvard College von 1838 bis 1842 tätig gewesen ist. In dieser eigenschaft gab er eine vortreffliche Herodotausgabe heraus (vorwort datiert 1. März 1842). Neben seinem fachstudium war er eifrig literarisch tätig und sein lebhaftes interesse an den neuesten erscheinungen der englischen literatur hatte ihn mit Emerson bekannt gemacht, der ihn auch bald für seine Carlyleausgabe als korrektor gewann.

Emerson schreibt am 6. Aug. 1838 an Carlyle (Corr. I, 171) in bezug auf seine ausgabe der Miscellanies: 'I am sure you will like our edition. It has been most carefully corrected by two young gentlemen who successively volunteered their services (the second when the first was called away), and who, residing in Cambridge, where the book was printed, could easilier oversee it. They are Henry S. McKeau, an engineer, and Charles Stearns Wheeler, a Divinity student, — working both for love of you'. Mr. Carlyle erkannte bald die dienste dieser jungen männer und schreibt (25. Sept. 1838): 'For the present, thank as is meet all friends in your world that have

* Am ende dieses satzes steht auf dem (zusammengefalteten, als briefumschlag zugleich benutzten) briefbogen die adresse: Charles Stearns Wheeler. Darunter ein jetzt unkenntliches siegel mit unschrift.

interested themselves for me. Alas! I have nothing to give but thanks. Henry McKean, Charles Wheeler, Convers Francis; these Names shall if it please Heaven, become Persons for me, one day'. Am 2. Dezember desselben jahres dankt Carlyle nochmals: 'To my two young friends, Henry S. McKean (be so good as write these names more indisputably for me) and Charles Stearns Wheeler, in particular, I will beg you to express emphatically my gratitude; they have stood by me with right faithfulness, and made the correctest printing; a great service: had I known that there were such eyes and heads acting in behalf of me there, I would have scraped out the Editorial blotches too (notes of admiration, dashes, "We think"s, &c., &c., common in Jeffrey's time in the Edinburgh Review) and London misprints; which are almost the only deformities that remain now. It is extremely correct printing wherever I have looked and many things are silently amended; it is the most fundamental service of all'.

Emerson's Carlyleausgaben scheinen Wheeler zu einer amerikanischen ausgabe von Tennyson's gedichten angeregt zu haben (vgl. anm. 8). Wheeler's hoffnungsreiche tätigkeit als schriftsteller, besonders in verbindung mit dem neugegründeten 'Dial', wurde zu früh unterbrochen durch ein lungenleiden, für welches er heilung 1842 in Europa suchte.

Er scheint Carlyle in Chelsea einen besuch abgestattet zu haben[1] und ging dann über Berlin nach Leipzig, wo er tiefbetrauert von seinen amerikanischen und deutschen freunden[2] am 13. Juni 1843 im alter von fünfundzwanzig jahren seinem leiden erlag.

Anmerkungen.

1. Horace Mann (1796—1859), berühmter pädagogischer schriftsteller, besonders bekannt durch seinen Report of an Educational Tour in Germany, Great Britain and Ireland 1843.

2. Rev. John Weiss (1818—1880). Ursprünglich unitarischer geistlicher, seit 1869 einer der leiter der freireligiösen bewegung, erwarb sich grosses verdienst um die deutsche literatur mit seiner übersetzung von Schiller's philosophischen werken. Hauptwerk: biographie Theodore Parker's.

3. Diese 'Letters' sind, nach Ireland's handexemplar des Dial, mitgeteilt in Cooke's vortrefflicher quellenuntersuchung; sie stehen Dial III, no. 3 und no. 4; vgl. Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Concord, Mass., 1885 (vol. 19, p. 225 ff.). — Ist der brief im 4. bande des Dial (no. 3): 'Deutsche Schnellpost' ebenfalls von Wheeler? Wie lange wird Amerika zögern, den Dial — ein hauptwerk aus der interessantesten periode seiner literatur — wider zugänglich zu machen?

4. Allibone gibt den namen nicht.

5. Miss Peabody (* 1804, noch am leben), besonders bekannt durch ihre pädagogische tätigkeit. Sie führte die kindergarten-schools in Amerika ein. Ihre werke s. bei Allibone und J. S. Hart, American Literature p. 557.

Was Emerson an Wheeler schreibt, berichtet er auch an Carlyle am 29. April 1843 (Corr. II, 32): 'I have hardly space left to say what I would concerning the Dial. I heartily hoped I had done with it, when lately our poor, good, ... publishing Miss Peabody wrote me that its subscription would not pay its expenses (we all writing for love). But certain friends are very unwilling it should die, and I a little unwilling, though very unwilling to be the life of it, as editor'.

6. William Ellery Channing (* 1818), dessen gedichte zuerst 1843 erschienen, verdankt seinen ersten erfolg als dichter entschieden Emerson's bemühungen, der schon 1840 im Dial (New Poetry — warum nicht in die

[1] Emerson an Carlyle am 1. Juli 1842: 'Stearns Wheeler, the Cambridge Tutor, a good Grecian, and the editor, you will remember, of your American Editions, is going to London in August probably, and on to Heidelberg, &c. He means, I believe, to spend two years in Germany, and will come to see you on his way; a man whose too facile and good-natured manners do some injustice to his virtues, to his great industry and real knowledge. He has been corresponding with your Tennyson, and editing his Poems here'. — Ob Wheeler wirklich bei Carlyle war, vermag ich nicht anzugeben.

[2] Zu den letzteren gehörte mein grossvater, der damalige amerikanische konsul zu Leipzig, Dr. Johann Gottfried Flügel, welchen Wheeler den hier mitgeteilten brief aus freundschaft und dankbarkeit für seine autographensammlung schenkte.

gesammtausgabe der werke Emerson's aufgenommen?) für den damals noch gänzlich unbekannten dichter eintrat.

Emerson schreibt an Carlyle am 30. Oktober 1843 (Corr. II, 39): 'He [nämlich Henry James] carried a volume of poems from my friend and nearest neighbor, W. Ellery Channing, whereof give me, I pray you, the best opinion you can. I am determined he shall be a poet, and you must find him such'. Eine zum mindesten ungezogene, sehr bissige und oberflächliche kritik über Channing's gedichte steht in E. A. Poe's Works IV, 256 ff. — Ich vermag nicht anzugeben, ob Elizabeth Hoar mit Samuel Hoar in beziehung steht, welchem Emerson einen schönen nachruf widmete (Works, X. bd., Lectures and Biographical Sketches).

7. Ueber ihre nachbarschaft s. anm. 6.

8. Vgl. s. 456.

9. Henry David Thoreau (1817—1862), eine der anziehendsten gestalten der amerikanischen literaturgeschichte. Aufsätze über ihn von Emerson (Works X, 421—452; Lectures etc.) und von Lowell, Study Windows (ed. Garnett 1887, p. 137—152); Lowell's aufsatz — obwol mit lobendem schluss — scheint Thoreau's charakter nicht gerecht zu werden, was Thomas Wentworth Higginson in seiner vortrefflichen skizze Thoreau (Short Studies of American Authors, Boston 1888, p. 22 ff.) rügt. Vgl. auch Garnett's Emerson s. 157. Es wäre zu wünschen, dass Thoreau, der auch ausser seinem wald- und einsamkeitskultus genug des bedeutenden bietet, auch in Deutschland bekannter würde, wozu W. H. Direk's gute (und billige) ausgabe von 'Walden' in der Camelot Series 1888 zu empfehlen ist.

10. Emerson an Carlyle von New York 18. März 1840 (Corr. I, 299): 'I am here on a visit to my brother, who is a lawyer in this city, and lives at Staten Island'.

11. Emerson an Carlyle, 21. April 1840 (Corr. I, 285): 'A Bronson Alcott, who is a great man if he cannot write well, has come to Concord with his wife and three children and taken a cottage and an acre of ground to get his living by the help of God and his own spade. I see that some of the Education people in England have a school called "Alcott House" after my friend. At home here he is despised and rejected of men as much as was ever Pestalozzi. But the creature thinks and talks, and I am glad of my neighbor'. Ueber Alcott (* 1799) vgl. auch Garnett's Emerson p. 96 und über sein 'little and luckless community at Fruitland', eb. p. 103. —

Ueber Lane und Wright (vgl. anm. 15) vermag ich nichts anzugeben.

12. Ueber die bekannte Brook Farm-bewegung ist der abschnitt in Emerson's grundlegendem aufsatze Historic Notes of Life and Letters in New England (Works X, 338 ff.) zu vergleichen: 'The West Roxbury association was formed in 1841, by a Society of members, men and women, who bought a farm in West Roxbury of about two hundred acres, and took possession of the place in April. Mr. George Ripley was the President, and I think Mr. Charles Dana . . . was the secretary. Many members took shares by paying money, others held shares by their labor . . . Many persons attracted by the beauty of the place and the culture and ambition of the community, joined them as boarders, and lived there for years. I think the numbers of this mixed community soon reached eighty or ninety souls. It was a noble and generous movement in the projectors, to try an experiment of better living. They had the feeling that our ways of living were too conventional and expensive, not allowing each to do what he had a talent for, and not permitting men to combine cultivation of mind and heart with a reasonable amount of daily labor . . . . The Founders of Brook Farm should have this praise, that they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in . . . It was a close union like that in a ship's cabin, of clergymen, young collegians, merchants, mechanics, farmer's sons and daughters, with men and women of rare opportunities and rare culture, yet assembled there by a sentiment which all shared, some of them hotly shared, of the honesty of a life of labor, and of the beauty of a life of humanity . . .'

In die literaturgeschichte führte Hawthorne die Brook Farm-bewegung ein in seiner köstlichen Blithedale Romance. Eine volle geschichte derselben ist noch nicht veröffentlicht, aber angeführt in der History of Coöperation in the U. S. (Baltimore Johns Hopkins Univ. Studies in Hist. and Pol. Science, 1888, VI, 18): John T. Codman, of Boston, whose unpublished History of Brook Farm was freely used by Mr. Frothingham in his Life of Rev. George Ripley.

13. Ueber Past and Present vgl. Emerson's brief an Carlyle vom 29. April 1843 (Corr. II, 29) und die von Norton daselbst mitgeteilte tagebuchstelle s. 33. Ueber die amerikanische ausgabe schreibt Carlyle an Emerson vom 11. März und 1. April desselben jahres.

14. Der dritte band Eckermann's erschien erst 1817, so dass Margaret Fuller noch vier jahre warten musste!

15. (Zu anm. 11) Ich vermute, dass unter Wright an William Bull Wright (Dr. Wright) gedacht ist (1838—1880), dessen Stedman in seinen vortrefflichen Poets of America (s. 52) gedenkt. Er gehört zu der dichterschule, welche Poe als die 'transcendental poets' geisselt.

LEIPZIG. EWALD FLÜGEL.

The Consociate Family Life.

To A. BROOKE, *of Oakland, Ohio:*

DEAR SIR—Having perused your several letters in the newspapers, and finding, moreover, a general invitation to correspondence from 'persons who feel prepared to co-operate in the work of reform upon principles' akin to those you have there set forth, I take this public means of communing with one who seems to be really desirous of aiding 'entire human regeneration.'

After many years passed in *admiration* of a better order in human society, with a constant expectation that some beginning would shortly be made, and a continued reliance that some party would make it, the idea has gradually gained possession of my mind, that it is not right thus to linger for the leadings of other men, but that each should at once proceed to live out the proposed life to the utmost possible extent. Assured that the most potent hindrance to goodness abides in the soul itself; next in the body; thirdly in the house and family; and, in the fourth degree, only in our neighbors, or in society at large, I have daily found less and less reason to complain of public institutions, or of the diuturniness of reformers and genetic minds.

Animated by pure reform principles, or rather by pure creative spirit, I have not hesitated to withdraw as far and as fast as hopeful prudence dictated, from the practices and principles of the old world. And, acting upon the conviction that whatever others might do, or leave undone; however others might fail in their realization of their ideal good; I, at least, should advance. I have accordingly arrived in that region where I perceive you theoretically, and I hope actually dwell. I agree with you that it would be well to cross the ocean of life from the narrow island of selfishness to the broad continent of universal love at one dash; but the winds are not always propitious; and steam is only a recent invention. I cannot yet boast of a year's emancipation from Old England. One free step leads to another; and the third must as necessarily precede the fourth, as the second was before the third.

A Brownson Alcott's visit to England last year, opened to me some of the superior conditions for a pure life, which this country offers compared to the land of my nativity, and that of your ancestors. My love for purity and goodness was sufficiently strong,

FRUITLANDS.

WE have received a communication from Messrs. Alcott and Lane, dated from their farm, *Fruitlands*, in Harvard, Massachusetts, from which we make the following extract.

"We have made an arrangement with the proprietor of an estate of about a hundred acres, which liberates this tract from human ownership. For picturesque beauty both in the near and the distant landscape, the spot has few rivals. A semi-circle of undulating hills stretches from south to west, among which the Wachusett and Monadnoc are conspicuous. The vale, through which flows a tributary to the Nashua, is esteemed for its fertility and ease of cultivation, is adorned with groves of nut-trees, maples, and pines, and watered by small streams. Distant not thirty miles from the metropolis of New England, this reserve lies in a serene and sequestered dell. No public thoroughfare invades it, but it is entered by a private road. The nearest hamlet is that of Stillriver, a field's walk of twenty minutes, and the village of Harvard is reached by circuitous and hilly roads of nearly three miles.

"Here we prosecute our effort to initiate a Family in harmony with the primitive instincts in man. The present buildings being ill placed and unsightly as well as inconvenient, are to be temporarily used, until suitable and tasteful buildings in harmony with the natural scene can be completed. An excellent site offers itself on the skirts of the nearest wood, affording shade and shelter, and commanding a view of the lands of the estate, nearly all of which are capable of spade culture. It is intended to adorn the pastures with orchards, and to supersede ultimately the labor of the plough and cattle, by the spade and the pruning knife.

"Our planting and other works, both without and within doors, are already in active progress. The present Family numbers ten individuals, five being children of the founders. Ordinary secular farming is not our object. Fruit, grain, pulse, garden plants and herbs, flax and other vegetable products for food, raiment, and domestic uses, receiving assiduous attention, afford at once ample manual occupation, and chaste supplies for the bodily needs. Consecrated to human freedom, the land awaits the sober culture of devout men.

"Beginning with small pecuniary means, this enterprise must be rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever bounteous Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted fields and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain are avoided.

"The inner nature of every member of the Family is at no time neglected. A constant leaning on the living spirit within the soul should consecrate every talent to holy uses, cherishing the widest charities. The choice Library (of which a partial catalogue was given in Dial No. XII.) is accessible to all who are desirous of perusing these records of piety and wisdom. Our plan contemplates all such disciplines, cultures, and habits, as evidently conduce to the purifying and edifying of the inmates. Pledged to the spirit alone, the founders can anticipate no hasty or numerous accession to their numbers. The kingdom of peace is entered only through the gates of self-denial and abandonment; and felicity is the test and the reward of obedience to the unswerving law of Love.

June 10, 1843.

it seems, to loosen me from a position as regards pecuniary income, affectionate friends, and mental liberty, which millions there and thousands here might envy. It has happened, however, that of the many persons with whom Mr. Alcott hoped to act in junction and concert, not one is yet fully liberated by Providence to that end. So that, instead of forming items in a larger enterprise, we are left to be the principal actors in promoting an idea, less in extent, but greater in intent, than any yet presented to our observation.

All our preliminary transactions may not have been so clear and clean as you and we desire; but we have not paralyzed future good by excuse of place or time. By never doing any act below our intentions of principle at the moment, we are aided to clearer insight and loftier inspiration for the next step. Our removal to this estate in humble confidence, has drawn to us several practical coadjutors, and opened many inquiries by letter for a statement of our principles and modes of life. We cannot, perhaps, turn our replies to better account than to transcribe some portions of them for your information, and, we trust, for your sincere satisfaction.

You must be aware, however, that written words cannot do much toward the elucidation of principles comprehending all human relationships, and claiming an origin profound as man's inmost consciousness of the ever-present Living Spirit. A dwelling together, a concert in soul, and a consorting in body, is a position needful to entire understanding, which we hope at no distant day to attain with yourself, and many other sincere friends. We have not yet drawn out any preordained plan of daily operations, as we are impressed with the conviction that by a faithful reliance on the spirit which actuates us we are sure of attaining to clear revelations of daily practical duties as they are to be daily done by us. Where the spirit of love and wisdom abounds, literal forms are needless, irksome, or hinderative: where the spirit is lacking, no preconceived rules can compensate.

To us it appears not so much that improved circumstances are to meliorate mankind, as that improved men will originate the superior conditions for themselves and others. Upon the human will, and not upon circumstances, as some philosophers assert, rest the function, power, and duty of generating a better social state. The human beings in whom the Eternal Spirit has ascended from low animal delights of mere humane affections, to a state of spiritual chastity and intuition are in themselves a divine atmosphere, they *are* superior circumstances, and are constant in endeavoring to create, as well as to modify, all other conditions, so that these also shall more and more conduce to the like consciousness in others.

Hence our peseverance in efforts to attain simplicity in diet, plain garments, pure bathing, unsullied dwellings, open conduct, gentle behaviour, kindly sympathies, serene minds. These and the several other particulars needful to the true end of man's residence on earth, may be designated the family life. Happiness, though not the direct object in human energy, may be accepted as the confirmation of rectitude, and this is no otherwise attainable than in the holy family. The family, in its highest, divinest sense, is therefore our true position, our sacred earthly destiny. It comprehends every divine, every humane relation consistent with universal good, and all others it rejects, as it disdains all animal sensualities.

Let it be admitted as the embosoming of the most vital and only creative of all human acts, and we are convinced of the absorbing importance of family life. The next age depends much for its character, its modification, its happiness, on parents in this generation, as they have depended on their parents, by the relative opposition or concurrence of their wills with the Divine will. In a deep sense, all human conduct may be said to centre in this act. As birds migrate to our latitude in the warm season, build and use their nests, sing a song or two, and as the cold approaches, depart to a warmer zone, so man is sent from balmier climes to breed upon the earth, and all other actions should be but preparative to this of securing an offspring unprofaned by self-will, untinctured by lust.

The evils of life are not so much social or political, as personal; and a personal reform only can eradicate them.

Let the family, furthermore, be viewed as the home of pure social affections, the school of expanding intelligence, the sphere of unbought wit, the scene of joyous employment, and we feel in that single sentiment a fullness of action, of life, of being, which no scientific social contrivance can answer, nor selfish accident supply.

Family is not dependent upon numbers, nor upon skill, nor riches, but upon union in and with that spirit which alone can bless any enterprise whatsoever. While, therefore, we feel a sympathy toward every endeavor to amend man's social position, and would promote them as far as we deem them progressive, we are bound to declare their shortcoming, and that we have no hope for permanent human happiness from any acts, thing, or person, not originating in immediate inspiration. All else is but an attraction which allures to destroy. Rather is self-denial the straight and narrow way to eternal life, than the enticements of increased indulgence which almost all associative endeavors have in view.

On this topic of family association, it will not involve an entire agreement with the Shakers to say they are at least entitled to deeper consideration than they yet appear to have secured. There are many important facts in their career worthy of observation. It is, perhaps, most striking that the only really successful extensive community of interest, spiritual and secular, in modern times, was established by A WOMAN. Again, we witness in this people the bringing together of the two sexes in a new relation, or rather with a new idea of the old relation. This has led to results more harmonic than any one seriously believes attainable for the human race, either in isolation or association, so long as divided, conflicting family arrangements are permitted. It is not absurd to suppose that all future good hinges upon this very subject of marriage. In fact, nothing but absolute ignorance of the law of human generation can doubt it. The great secular success of the Shakers, their order, cleanliness, intelligence and serenity, are so eminent, that it is worthy of inquiry how far these are attributable to an adherence to their peculiar doctrine.

As to property, we discover not its just disposal either in individual or social tenures, but in its entire absorption into the new spirit, which ever gives and never grasps. The notion of property is the prolific seed of so many evils that there seems little hope for humanity so long as it is made a leading consideration, or is harbored in the human bosom. It is even possible that if the projects now before the public were in actual operation, the evils of life would become more fixed by reason of the greater refinement of this demon property, which would be more difficult to cast out of an orderly arrangement than from the present chaos of mankind, where its evils are less glossed. From the midst of this sin and its consequences it is difficult to emerge without committing more sin. The demonstration of our example, in proceeding actually to the greatest possible extent in the pure discretion has, however, attracted toward us other needful assistance. While we write, negotiations are entertained for our removal to a place of less inconvenience, by friends who have long waited for some proof of a determination to act up to the idea they have cherished. Many, no doubt, are yet unprepared 'to give up all and follow him,' (the Spirit,) who can importantly aid in the New Advent, and conscientiously accomplish the legal processes needful under the present circumstances. We do not recognise the purchase of land; but its redemption from the debasing state of *property*, or property, to divine uses, we clearly understand; where those whom the world esteems as owners are found yielding their individual rights to the Supreme Owner. Looking at this subject practically in relation to a climate in which a costly shelter is necessary, and where a family with many children has to be provided for, the possibility of at once stepping boldly out of the toils into which the errors of our predecessors have cast us, is not so evident as it is desirable.

Trade, we hope, entirely to avoid at an early day. As a nursery for many evil propensities, it is almost universally felt to be a most desirable course. Such needful articles as we cannot yet raise by our own hand-labor from the soil, thus redeemed from human ownership, we shall endeavor to obtain by friendly exchanges, and, as nearly as possible, without the intervention of money.

Of all the traffic in which civilized society is involved, that of human labor is, perhaps, the most detrimental. From the state of serfdom to the receipt of wages, may be a step in human progress; but it is certainly full time for taking a new step out of the hiring system.

Our outward exertions are, in the first instance, directed to the soil, and as our ultimate aim is to furnish an instance of self-sustaining cultivation without the subjugation of either men or cattle, or the use of foul animal manures, we have at the outset to encounter struggles and oppositions somewhat formidable. Until the land is restored to its pristine fertility by the annual return of its own green crops, as sweet and animating manures, the human hand and simple implement cannot wholly supersede the employment of machinery and cattle. So long as cattle are used in agriculture, it is very evident that man will remain a slave, whether he be proprietor or hireling. The driving of cattle beyond their natural and pleasurable exertions; the waiting upon them as cook and chambermaid three parts of the year; the excessive labor of mowing, curing and housing hay, and of collecting other fodder, and the large extra quantity of land needful to keep up the system, from a combination of unfavorable circumstances which must depress the human affections,

so long as it continues, and overlay them by the injurious and extravagant developement of the animal and bestial natures in man. No one can fail to perceive that if cattle were no longer bred and fed for the slaughter, milking or draught, the human family might be drawn much closer together all over the country. It is calculated that if no animal food were consumed, one-fourth of the land now used would suffice for human sustinance. And the extensive tracts now appropriated to grazing, mowing, and other modes of animal provision, could be cultivated by and for intelligent and affectionate human neighbors. The sty and the stable now secure more of the farmer's regard than he bestows on the garden and the children. No hope is there for humanity while woman is withdrawn from the tender assiduities which adorn her and her household, to the servitudes of the dairy and the flesh-pots. Omitting, also, to discuss the question of the debasing influences upon the children by the intrusion of animals into the daily thoughts and conduct, it may yet be observed that if the beasts were wholly absent from man's neighborhood, the human population might be at least four times as dense as it now is without raising the price of land. This would give to the country all the advantages of concentration, without the vices which always spring up in the dense city.

Debauchery of both the earthly soil and the human body, is the result of this cattle-keeping. The land is scourged for crops to feed the animals, whose filthy odours are used under the erroneous supposition of restoring the best fertility; disease is thus infused into the human body; stimulants and medicines are resorted to for relief, which end in a precipitation of the original evil to a more disastrous depth. These misfortunes, which affect not only the body, but by reaction rise to the sphere of the soul, would be avoided, at least in part, by the disuse of animal food. Our diet is strictly of the pure and bloodless kind. No animal substance, neither flesh, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk, pollute our tables, or corrupt our bodies. Neither tea, coffee, molasses, nor rice, tempt us beyond the bounds of indigenous productions. Our sole beverage is pure fountain water; and the native grains, fruits, herbs and roots, dressed with the utmost cleanliness, and regard to their purpose of edifying a healthful body, furnish the pleasantest reflections, and in the greatest variety requisite to the supply of the various organs. The fields, the orchard, the garden, in their bounteous products of wheat, rye, barley, maize, oats, buckwheat, apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, currents, berries, potatoes, peas, beans, beets, carrots, mellons and other vines, yield an ample store for human nutrition, without dependence on foreign climes, or the degredations of shipping and trade. The almost inexhaustible variety which the several stages and sorts of vegatable growth, and the several modes of preparation afford, are a full answer to the question which is so often put by those who have never ventured into the regions of a pure and chaste diet: 'If you give up meat, upon what then can you live?'

Our other domestic habits are in harmony with those of diet. We rise at early dawn, commence the day with cold bathing, succeeded by a music lesson, and then a chaste repast. Each one finds occupation until the meridian meal, when usually some interesting and deep-searching conversation gives rest to the body and developement to the mind. Occupation, according to the season and the weather, engages us out of doors or within, until the evening meal, when we again assemble in social communion, prolonged generally until sunset, when we resort to sweet repose for the next day's activity.

In these steps of reform, we do not rely so much on scientific reasoning or physiological skill, as on the Spirit's dictates. The pure soul, by the law in its own nature, adopts a pure diet and cleanly customs; nor needs detailed instruction for daily conduct. On a revision of our proceedings it would seem, that if we are in the right course in our particular instance, the greater part of man's duty consists in leaving alone much that he is in the habit of doing. It is a fasting from much of the present activity, rather than an increased indulgence in it, which, with patient watchfulness, tends to newness of life. Shall I sip tea or coffee, the inquiry may be. No. Abstain from *all* ardent, as from alcoholic drinks. Shall I consume pork, beef or mutton? Not if I value health or life. Shall I stimulate with milk? No. Shall I warm my bathing water? Not if cheerfulness is valuable. Shall I clothe in many garments? Not if purity is aimed at. Shall I prolong my dark hours, consuming animal oil, and losing bright daylight in the morning? Not if a clear mind is an object. Shall I teach my children the dogmas inflicted on myself, under the pretence that I am transmitting truth? Nay, if you love them, intrude not these between them and the spirit of all truth. Shall I become a hireling, or hire others? Shall I subjugate cattle? Shall I trade? Shall I claim property in any created thing? Shall I adopt a form of religion? Shall I become a parent? Shall I interest myself in politics? To how many of these questions, could we ask them deeply enough, could they be heard as having relation to our eternal welfare, would the response be 'ABSTAIN?' 'Be not so active *to do*, as sincere TO BE. Being, in preference to doing, is the great aim, and this comes to us rather by a resigned willingness than a wilful activity; which is, indeed, a check to all divine growth. Outward abstinence is a sign of inward fullness; and the only source of true progress is inward. We may occupy ourselves actively in human improvements; but these, unless inwardly well-impelled, never attain to, but rather hinder, divine progress in man.

During the utterance of this narrative it has undergone some change in its personal expression which might offend the hypercritical; but we feel assured that you will kindly accept it as the unartful offering of both your friends in ceaseless aspiration.

CHARLES LANE.
A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Harvard, Mass., August, 1843.

THE TRIBUNE

N.Y. Daily Tribune, 1-21-45, p. 4.

From the New-York Evangelist.

Immediate Emancipation....A Sketch.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It may be gratifying to those who desire to think well of human nature, to know that the leading incidents of the subjoined sketch are literal matters of fact, occurring in the city of Cincinnati, which have come within the scope of the writer's personal knowledge—the incidents have merely been clothed in a dramatic form, to present them more vividly to the reader.

In one of the hotel parlors of our Queen city, a young gentleman, apparently in no very easy frame of mind, was pacing up and down the room, looking alternately at his watch and out of the window, as if expecting somebody. At last he rang the bell violently, and a hotel servant soon appeared.

"Has my man Sam, come in yet?" he inquired.

The polished yellow gentleman, to whom this was addressed, answered with a polite, but somewhat sinister smirk, that nothing had been seen of him since early that morning.

"Lazy dog! full three hours since, I sent him off to B—— street, and I have seen nothing of him since."

The yellow gentleman remarked with consolatory politeness, that he "hoped Sam had not *run away*, adding, with an ill-concealed grin, that them boys was mighty apt to show the clean heel when they come into a free State."

"Oh, no; I'm quite easy as to that," returned the young gentleman; "I'll risk Sam's ever being willing to part from me. I bought him because I was sure of him."

"Don't you be too sure," remarked a gentleman from behind, who had been listening to the conversation. "There are plenty of mischief making busy-bodies on the train of every Southern gentleman, to interfere with his family matters, and decoy off his servants."

"Didn't I see Sam talking at the corner with the Quaker Simmons?" said another servant, who meanwhile had entered.

"Talking with Simmons, was he? remarked the last speaker, with irritation; "that rascal Simmons does nothing else, I believe, but take away gentlemen's servants. Well, if Simmons has got him, you may as well be quiet; you'll not see your fellow again in a hurry."

"And who the deuce is this Simmons?" said our young gentleman, who, though evidently of a good natured mould, was now beginning to wax wroth, "and what business has he to interfere with other people's affairs?"

"You had better have asked those questions a few days ago, and then you would have kept a closer eye on your fellow; a meddlesome, canting, Quaker rascal, that all these black hounds run to, to be helped into Canada, and nobody knows where all."

The young gentleman jerked out his watch with increasing energy, and then walking fiercely up to the colored waiter, who was setting the dinner table with an air of provoking satisfaction, he thundered at him, "You rascal, you understand this matter; I see it in your eyes."

Our gentleman of color bowed, and with an air of mischievous intelligence, protested that he never interfered with other gentlemen's matters, while sundry of his brethren in office looked unutterable things out of the corners of their eyes.

"There is some cursed plot hatched up among you," said the young man. "You have talked Sam into it; I know he never would have thought of leaving me unless he was put up to it. Tell me now," he resumed, "have you heard Sam say anything about it? Come, be reasonable," he added, in a milder tone, "you shall find your account in it."

Thus adjured, the waiter protested he would be happy to give the gentleman any satisfaction in his power. The fact was, Sam had been pretty full of notions lately, and had been to see Sundrams, and in short, he should not wonder if he never saw any more of him.

And an hour after hour passed, the whole day, the whole night, and no Sam was forthcoming; the truth of the surmise became increasingly evident. Our young hero, Mr. Alfred B——, was a good deal provoked, and strange as the fact may seem, a good deal grieved too, for he loved the fellow. "Loved him!" says some scornful zealot; "a slaveholder *love* his slaves!" Yes,

brother; why not? A warm-hearted man will love his dog, his horse, even to grieving bitterly for their loss, and why not credit the fact that such a one may *love* the human creature whom accursed custom has placed on the same level. The fact was, Alfred B—— did love this young man; he had been appropriated to him in childhood, and Alfred had always redressed his grievances, fought his battles, got him out of scrapes and purchased for him with a liberal hand, indulgencies to which his comrades were strangers. He had taken pride to dress him smartly, and as for hardship and want, they had never come near him.

"The poor, silly, ungrateful puppy!" soliloquized he, "what can he do with himself? Confound that Quaker, and all his meddlesome tribe—been at him with their bloody-bone stories, I suppose—Sam knows better—the scamp—Halloa, there," he called to one of the waiters, "where does this Simpkins—Simon—Simmons, or what d'ye call him, live?"

"His shop is No. 5, on G street."

"Well, I'll go at him, and see what business he has with my affairs."

The Quaker was sitting at the door of his shop, with a round, rosy, good-humored face, so expressive of placidity and satisfaction, that it was difficult to approach it with ireful feeling.

"Is your name Simmons?" demanded Alfred in a voice whose natural urbanity was somewhat sharpened by vexation.

"Yes friend; what dost thou wish?"

"I wish to inquire whether you have seen anything of my colored fellow, Sam; a man of twenty-five or thereabouts, lodging at the Pearl-street House?"

"I rather suspect that I have," said the Quaker, in a quiet, meditative tone, as if thinking the matter over with himself.

"And is it true, sir, that you have encouraged and assisted him in his efforts to get out of my service."

"Such, truly, is the fact, my friend."

Losing patience at this provoking equanimity, our young friend poured forth his sentiments with no inconsiderable energy, and in terms not the most select or pacific, all which our Quaker received with that placid, full-orbed tranquillity of countenance, which seemed to say, "Pray, sir, relieve your mind; don't be particular; scold as hard as you like." The singularity of this expression struck the young man, and as his wrath became gradually spent, he could not help laughing at the tranquillity of his opponent, and he gradually changed his tone for one of expostulation. "What motive could induce you, sir, thus to incommode a stranger, and one who never injured you at all?"

"I am sorry thou art incommoded," rejoined the Quaker. "Thy servant, as thee calls him, came to me, and I helped him as I would any other poor fellow in distress."

"Poor fellow!" said Alfred, angrily; "that's the story of the whole of you. I tell you there is not a free negro in your city so well off as my Sam is, and always has been, and he'll find it out before long."

"But tell me, friend, thou mayest die, as well as another man; thy establishment may fall into debt, as well as another man's; and thy Sam may be sold by the sheriff for debt, or change hand in dividing the estate, and so, though he was bred easily; and well cared for, he may come to be a field hand, under hard masters, starved, beaten, overworked—such things do happen sometimes, do they not?"

"Sometimes, perhaps, they do," replied the young man.

"Well, look you, by our laws in Ohio, thy Sam is now a free man; as free as I or thou; he hath a strong back, good hands, good courage, can earn his ten or twelve dollars a month—or do better; now taking all things into account, if thee were in his place, what would thee do—would thee go back a slave, or try luck as a free man?"

Alfred said nothing in reply to this, only after a while he murmured half to himself, "I thought the fellow had more gratitude, after all my kindness."

"Thee talk of gratitude," said the Quaker, "now how does that account stand? Thou hast fed, and clothed, and protected this man; thou hast not starved, beaten, or abused him; it would have been unworthy of thee; thou hast shown him special kindness, and, in return, he has given thee faithful service for fifteen or twenty years; all his time, all his strength, all he could do or be, he has given thee, and ye are about even." The young man looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

"Sir," said he, at last, "I will take no unfair advantage of you; I wish to get my servant once more; can I do so?"

"Certainly. I will bring him to thy lodgings this evening, if thee wish it. I know thee will do what is fair," replied the Quaker.

It were difficult to define the thoughts of the young man, as he returned to his lodgings. Naturally generous and humane, he had never dreamed that he had rendered injustice to the human beings he claimed as his own. Injustice and oppression he had sometimes seen with detestation in other establishments; but it had been his pride that they were excluded from his own. It had been his pride to think that his indulgence and liberality made a situation of dependence on him preferable even to liberty.

The dark picture of possible reverses which the slave system hangs over the lot of the most favored slaves, never occurred to him. Accordingly, at six o'clock that evening, a light tap at the door of Mr. B.'s parlor, announced the Quaker, and hanging back behind him, the reluctant Sam, who, with all his newly-acquired love of liberty, felt almost as if he were treating his old master rather shabbily, in deserting him.

"So, Sam," said Alfred, "how is this? they say you want to leave me."

"Yes, master."

"Why, what's the matter, Sam? haven't I always been good to you: and has not my father always been good to you?"

"Oh, yes, master: very good."

"Have you not always had good food, good clothes, and lived easy?"

"Yes, master."

"And nobody has ever abused you?"

"No, master."

"Well, then, why do you wish to leave me?"

"Oh, massa, I want to be a free man."

"Why, Sam; ain't you well enough off, now?"

"Oh, massa may die; then nobody knows who get me; some dreadful folks, you know, master, might get me, as they did Jim Sanford, and nobody to take my part. No, master. I rather be free man."

Alfred turned to the window, and thought a few moments, and then said, turning about, "Well, Sam, I believe you are right. I think, on the whole, I'd like best to be a free man myself, and I must not wonder that you do. So, for aught I see, you must go; but then, Sam, there's your wife and child." Sam's countenance fell.

"Never mind, Sam. I will send them up to you."

"Oh, master!"

"I will; but you must remember now, Sam, you have got both yourself and them to take care of, and have no master to look after you; be steady, sober and industrious, and then, if ever you get into distress, send word to me, and I'll help you." Lest any accuse us of over-coloring our story, we will close it by extracting a passage or two from the letter which the generous young man the next day left in the hands of the Quaker, for his emancipated servant. We can assure our readers that we copy from the original document, which now lies before us:

Dear Sam: I am just on the eve of my departure for Pittsburg; I may not see you again for a long time, perhaps never, and I leave this letter with your friends, Messrs. A. & B. for you, and herewith bid you an affectionate farewell. Let me give you some advice, which is, now that you are a free man, in a free State, be obedient as you were when a slave, perform all the duties that are required of you, and do all you can for your own future welfare and respectability. Let me assure you that I have the same good feeling towards you that you know I always had; and let me tell you father, that if ever you want a friend, call or write to me, and I will be that friend. Should you be sick, and not able to work, and want money to a small amount at different times, write to me, and I will always let you have it. I have not with me at present much money, though I will leave with my agents here, the Messrs. W., $5 for you; you must give them your receipt for it. On my return from Pittsburg, I will call and see you if I have time; fail not to write to my father, for he made you a good master, and you should always treat him with respect, and cherish his memory so long as you live. Be good, industrious and honorable, and if unfortunate in your undertakings, never forget that you have a friend in me—farewell, and believe me your affectionate young master and friend.

ALFRED B——.

That dispositions as ingenuous and noble as that of this young man are commonly to be found either in Slave States or in free, is more than we dare assert; but when we see such found even among those who are born and bred slaveholders, we cannot but feel that there is encouragement for a fair, and mild, and brotherly presentation of truth, and every reason to lament hasty and wholesale denunciations. The great error of controversy is, that it is ever ready to assail *persons* rather than *principles*. The slave *system*, as a system, perhaps concentrates more wrong than any other now existing; and yet those who live under and in it may be, as we see, enlightened, generous, and amenable to reason. If the *system* alone is attacked, such minds will be the first to perceive its evils and to turn against it; but if the system be attacked through individuals, self-love, wounded pride, and a thousand natural feelings will be at once enlisted for its preservation. We therefore subjoin it as the moral of our story, that a man who has had the misfortune to be born and bred a slaveholder may be enlightened, generous, humane, and capable of the most disinterested regard to the welfare of his slave.

The Calendar (Htfd., Conn.) Aug. 23, 1845, p. 135, col. 3.

[Anglican]

☞ We suppose that the College referred to in the following, from the Albany Religious Spectator, a Dissenting paper, is Wesleyan University, where the famous Ralph Waldo Emerson was invited to make an address. While the quotation justly condemns such a proceeding, it at the same time illustrates the evil and mischief of extemporé prayer. It is sad to think of our Dissenting brethren, embracing Socinian and rationalistic errorists, and at the same time, without a Gospel Liturgy to protect them from such influences.

"We were a little surprised to hear of a pretty strong smack of transcendentalism, the other day, in connection with the commencement exercises of one of our *orthodox* New England colleges.

A certain gentleman of high name in the transcendental world, was invited to deliver an address before one of the college societies; and he carried his audience, consisting we suppose of the cream of New England orthodoxy, down into the very depths of his system, and for an hour or more, regaled them with the most splendid, and dreamy, and unintelligible speculations, to which they had ever listened. Shortly after, an aged minister, who had never lived in any other than a world of common sense realities, was called upon to pray, and he devoutly thanked God that the Bible which he had given us, was worth more than all the idealism and transcendentalism in the world. If we were disposed to be a little critical, we might perhaps say that there seems to us to have been something somewhat out of taste in this whole matter. In the first place, it was a little old, to say the least, that an individual should be invited to such an exercise *in such a place*, who, however eloquent and gifted, was known to live and move, and have his being in transcendentalism. Then again, we think it would have been at least a fine specimen of the decorous and fitting, if the orator could have so far condescended to the ordinary style of flesh and blood, as to have talked to his audience about things they would have understood and relished, rather than avail himself of the opportunity which their courtesy had furnished him, of bearing them off into the *terra incognita* of his own system. And last of all, we do not think there was any excess of good taste in the rebuke that was administered in the prayer; for it must have provoked a smile in some, and at least have suspended the devotion of all. Such an occurrence could not fail to offend against the dignity and interest of the occasion with which it was connected."

N.Y. Daily Tribune, 1-22-46

p. 4 **The Prejudice of Color.**

Our readers will remember the announcement made some time ago in The Tribune that RALPH WALDO EMERSON and CHARLES SUMNER had refused to address the New Bedford Lyceum, on the ground that Colored Persons were excluded from its privileges. We have now the pleasure of laying before our readers the manly letters in which those gentlemen made known the determination to which they were constrained by that sense of justice which always prevails with noble minds over the suggestions of a timid and self-seeking expediency. As examples of a faithful adherence to their highest convictions in circumstances well calculated to try their moral courage, these letters are honorable alike to the hands and hearts of their authors and will secure for them the thanks of all liberal minded men and the blessings of thousands whose hearts have been pierced by the shafts of an unreasonable and cruel Prejudice.

—We commend the facts stated by Mr. Sumner in relation to the treatment awarded to People of Color in other countries to the special notice of the Editor of *The Globe*, whose 'Democratic' sensibilities were so shocked lately by the presence of several persons belonging to this proscribed class (not *Slaves* mind!) in a Railroad Car.

—By the way: We received a letter some time since complaining of our former remarks on this subject, and defending the decision of the N. B. Lyceum because (as the writer urged) *the Churches* have Negro Pews and don't allow colored persons to take seats indiscriminately although they are willing to pay for them. Our answer to this is very crusty: The Church is a model for the World in so far as she is guided by absolute Righteousness; when she falls short of the highest standard, the World is bound to excel her, but has no right to plead her apostacy in palliation of its own misdeeds.—Think of Christ preaching to a congregation of which a part were despised and placed in a corner on account of the color of their skins! Would he not manifestly have reproved *this* iniquity to begin with!—But read the letters:

CONCOAD, Nov. 17, 1845.

W. J. ROTCH, Esq Secretary—

Dear Sir: If I come to New Bedford, I should be ready to fix, say the first Tuesday of March, and the second. But I have to say, that I have indirectly received a report of some proceedings in your Lyceum, lately, which, by excluding others, I think ought to exclude me. My informant said that the application of a colored person for membership by purchase of a ticket in the usual manner, had been rejected by a vote of the Lyceum; and this, for the first time. Now, as I think the Lyceum exists for popular education, as I work in it for that, and think that it should bribe and importune the humblest and most ignorant to come in, and exclude nobody, or, if any body, certainly the most cultivated—this vote quite embarrasses me, and I should not know how to speak to the company. Besides, in its direct counteraction to the obvious duty and sentiment of New-England, and of all freemen in regard to the colored people, the vote appears so unkind, and so unlooked for, that I could not come with any pleasure before the Society.

If I am misinformed, will you—if they are printed—have the goodness to send me the proceedings; or, if not printed, their purport; and oblige,

Yours respectfully, R. W. EMERSON.

BOSTON, Nov 29, 1845.

My Dear Sir: I have received your favor of Nov. 24th, asking me to appoint an evening in February or March, on which to lecture, in pursuance of my promise, before the New Bedford Lyceum.

On receiving the invitation of your Lyceum, I felt flattered by the honor conferred on me, and, in undertaking, as I did, to deliver a lecture at some time to be appointed afterward, I promised myself peculiar pleasure in an occasion of visiting a town which I have never seen, but whose refined hospitality and liberal spirit, as they have been described to me, awaken my warmest interest.

Since then, I have seen in the public prints a Protest, purporting to be signed by several gentlemen, well known to me by reputation, members of the Lyceum, and some of them a part of its Government, from which it appears that, in past years, tickets of admission to the Lyceum were freely sold to colored persons, and that no objection was made to them as members; but that, at the present time, tickets are refused to colored persons, and membership of the Lyceum is also practically refused to them, though, by a special vote recently adopted, they are allowed to attend the lectures without expense, 'provided they will sit in the North Gallery.'

From these facts, it appears that the New Bedford Lyceum has recently undertaken to establish, within its jurisdiction, a distinction of *caste* which had not been there recognized before

One of the cardinal truths, both of religion and freedom, is *the Equality and Brotherhood of Man*. In the sight of God, and of all just institutions, the white man can claim no precedence or exclusive privilege from his color. It is 'the accident of an accident' that places a human soul beneath the dark shelter of an African countenance, rather than beneath our colder complexion. Nor can I conceive any application of the benign injunction, do unto others as ye would have them do unto you, more pertinent than to the white man, who founds a discrimination between his fellow men on a difference of skin.

It is well known that the prejudice of color, which is akin to the stern and selfish spirit that holds a fellow-man in slavery, is peculiar to our country. All will remember the two youths of African blood, who gained the highest honors in the College at Paris in the winter of 1838, and dined on the same day with the King of France, the descendant of St. Louis, and of Louis the Great, at the palace of the Tuileries. In Paris, I have sat for weeks, at the School of Law, on the same benches with colored persons, listening, like myself, to the learned lectures of Degerando, and of Rossi; nor do I remember observing, in the throng of sensitive young men by whom they were surrounded, any feeling toward them except of companionship and respect. In Italy, at the Convent of Palozzuola, on the shores of the Alban Lake, and on the site of the ancient Alba Longa, I have seen for several days a native of Abyssinia, only recently conducted from his torrid home, and ignorant of the language that was spoken about him, yet mingling with the Franciscan Friars, whose guest he was in delightful and affectionate familiarity. In these examples may be discerned the proper influence of the Christian spirit.

In lecturing before a Society, which has embodied the prejudice of color among its laws, and thus formally reversed an injunction of the highest religion and politics, I might seem to lend my sanction to what is most alien to my soul, and to join with them in disobedience to that command which teaches us to regard as of one blood all the children of the earth:

'Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses!'

I cannot do this.

I beg leave, therefore, to be excused at present from appointing a day on which to lecture before your Lyceum, and I pray you to lay this letter before the Lyceum, that they may understand the grounds on which I deem it my duty to decline the honor of appearing before them

I hope you will pardon the frankness of this communication, and believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

W. J. ROTCH, Esq.

Mr. Emerson's Lecture on "Swedenborg the Mystic."

MR. EDITOR—I anticipated considerable pleasure in listening to this lecture by Mr. Emerson last Friday evening, and was not wholly disappointed. Still there were some things in that lecture which were calculated to produce, and probably did produce, a false impression on the minds of his hearers. The estimation in which Mr. Emerson is held by a pretty large class of minds of a high order in our country, is such as to render his utterances on a theme like that before us, more important than those of men of ordinary calibre. And hence his errors, whether in fact or opinion, are the more likely to do extensive harm than the errors of ordinary men.—They are likely to be received for truths, and to pass current among a certain class of minds, who are, it is to be feared, too much in the habit of yielding an unquestioning assent to his mere *dictum*.

I have no unkind feeling towards Mr. Emerson, as I am sure he has not towards Swedenborg or the New Church. On the contrary, there are few living men to whom I feel under greater personal obligations. I had the pleasure some years ago of listening to several courses of lectures by him, and always with delight and profit I often received from his discourses a quickening, refreshing, elevating and strengthening influence, which I sought for in vain from other speakers and writers. I have to thank him for some of my highest and best aspirations, and more than all, for recommending to my notice the writings of Swedenborg. Mr. Emerson is the first man that led me to inquire after the works of Swedenborg, and who gave me the name of the first book of his that I ever looked into. And having, for the last seven or eight years been a pretty diligent student of these invaluable writings, having examined every page of them with scrupulous fidelity and care, and feeling competent (as far as thorough examination may be supposed to give competency to an ordinary mind earnestly seeking for the truth,) to decide on their merits, I confess I was much pained by some of Mr. E.'s strictures the other evening. I was particularly pained to hear things which I *knew* to be unjust towards Swe-

Manufacturers and Farmers Journal & Providence and Pawtucket Advertiser, 3-5-46.

denborg—some of them untrue—others introduced in such a manner as could not fail to produce a false impression on the minds of his audience—full from the lips of one to whom I owe so much, and for whom I entertain a strong affection. I have no idea that Mr. Emerson had the least intention of doing Swedenborg any injustice, or is now aware of having done so. He is too amiable, sincere, and honest a man for that. But his peculiar theological or *anti*-theological bias is such as obviously to incapacitate him for judging justly of Swedenborg *as a theologian*. He did him ample justice as a *philosopher*. We have never heard higher praise bestowed on him from any quarter. And yet it was not too high; it was all deserved. For this all the receivers of Swedenborg's doctrines must feel thankful. But no amount of praise bestowed on the philosopher can atone for the injustice done to the theologian.

Mr. Emerson evidently has a strong aversion to *theology* of any kind. He seems not to be aware that there is a *true* and a *false* theology; and that the region of the true is the very highest region of human thought. He seems to have little or no reverence for the written Word of God, which is the basis of all Christian systems of theology. And as Swedenborg makes *so much* of the Word—as his first and last appeal is to the Scripture as to an infallible standard of truth in religious matters—as his entire theological system is drawn from and based upon the written Word, which he regards as inspired in the highest and fullest sense, it is not strange that one who has little or no reverence for the Word, and who indeed does not believe in any thing like a special revelation, which seems to be the case with Mr. Emerson, should see much to object to in Swedenborg's theological bias. The latter, regarding the Scripture as divinely inspired and holy in every part—as the Word of God without any qualification—and the greater part of his theological labors having been devoted to the unfolding of its spiritual and true sense, we see not how it is possible for any one to see him truly or judge him justly, who surveys him from Mr. Emerson's peculiar stand-point.

"What have we to do," asked the lecturer, "with arks and tabernacles, with heave-offerings and altars of incense, with urim and thummim, with shew-bread and sacrificial rams," &c. &c ? Sure enough—*if these things have none other than a merely natural or literal signification*. But did not Mr. E. know that Swedenborg gives a *spiritual* interpretation to all such things mentioned in the Old Testament ? And that he no where teaches that we have any thing to do with them, understood merely in their literal sense ? Did he not know that the texts, wherein all such things are mentioned, contain according to their spiritual sense, as unfolded by Swedenborg, laws of spiritual life—laws of universal application—laws which it concerns him, and me, and all men to know ? And did he not also know that the very principle which he took occasion to commend so highly in another part of his lecture, as alike beautiful and true—the principle or science of correspondences—is the principle employed by Swedenborg in eliciting this spiritual sense ? Mr. Emerson ought to have known this. And if he did not know it, was it quite just or candid in him to put such an interrogatory to his audience as he did, whereby he must have conveyed the impression that Swedenborg teaches that the things he mentioned *do* concern us, understood in their merely literal sense ?

But it was not my intention to write a criticism on Mr. E.'s lecture. Fortunately, that has already been done far more ably than I could expect to do it. My principal object in noticing the lecture here, is, to call attention to the fact, that a reply to Mr E.'s strictures has just been prepared and published by Prof. Bush of New York, in a neat pamphlet form, and can be had at Messrs. Burnet: and Cranston's Bookstores, and also of Mr. John Prentice. All who heard Mr. E.'s lecture will find the able reply by Prof. Bush not less interesting ; and it is to be hoped that a sense of justice to themselves as well as to Swedenborg and those who receive his doctrines, and a desire to see both sides of this matter, will induce them to procure and read the reply. They will see here how Mr Emerson's strictures are regarded by those who are probably more familiar with the writings of Swedenborg than he is, and what real foundation there is for them.

I wish to add, however, in conclusion, that the good and true things which Mr. E. said of Swedenborg in his lecture, were such and so many, that I feel more like thanking him for these, than like blaming him for his unmerited and unjust criticisms on some points. He evidently feels a profound respect for the Swedish Seer—a respect far above that felt by the multitude. He feels that his writings have been too long and too much neglected by the men of christendom, and would gladly be the instrument of making them more extensively known and read. It is obvious that the singular mixture of what appears to him "sense and insanity" in his writings, is a problem which Mr. E. does not find it very easy to solve to his own satisfaction. But this problem will soon solve itself, when he has obtained, as we earnestly hope he may, a little deeper insight into these wonderful writings. The strange mingling of sense and insanity which he now sees, will be no longer visible. He will then discover that the apparent insanity arose either from some defect of vision in himself, or from a want of a proper focal distance between his own eye and the object of vision.

E.

Franklin—the Home of his Boyhood.

The racy description which follows of the house which was the home of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S boyhood will be read with universal interest, not only in this country but throughout the civilized world. It is copied from the Boston correspondence of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

And I would have given a trifle to know which of the chambers it was that was Franklin's own, where he educated himself, as it were, by stealth. Where he used to read "Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes,"—and Barton's Historical Collections,—"small chapman's books, and cheap; forty volumes in all,"—and Plutarch's Lives,—not to mention "a book of De Foe's, called *An Essay on Projects*," and "Dr. Mather's, called *An Essay to do Good*," and where, too, his lamp (or more probably his candle's end) was "oft seen at midnight hour," as he sat up the greatest part of the night devouring the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night, out of the shop, to be returned the next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them! Seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such a gust, as by that hungry boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term metaphysically and not literally. I mean "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I allude to any of the gossip of sixty years since. But I shall never forget the shock given to my early prejudices, and the *bouleversement* of all my preconceived ideas at hearing, when I was boy, a very celebrated gentleman, distinguished in the field and in the cabinet, whose public life was mostly of the last century, say in a careless manner, as if it were the tritest truism in the world he was uttering, "Why, madam, you know Franklin was an old rascal!" He added some specifications, which I do not now remember, but the amount was that he had feathered his nest well at the public expense. Franklin was no saint in his private life, and he never pretended to be one; but I believe is is now pretty well understood that he was "indifferent honest," as Hamlet says, in his public life, and that Prince Posterity has dismissed the charges preferred by some of his contemporaries, against his political honesty.

It will not be many years before this monument of the most celebrated man that Boston, not to say America, ever produced, will be demolished, and the place that knows it will know it no more, unless something be done to save it. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and its pretensions to liberality and its affectation of reverence for its great men to suffer the most historical of its houses to be destroyed, when the rise in real estate in that neighborhood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that it has been left so long to take the chances of business. It should have been bought years ago, and placed in the hands of the Historical Society, or some other permanent body, in trust, to be preserved forever, in its original condition. It is not too late to restore it to something like its first estate, and to save it from utter destruction. If it be not done, it will be a source of shame and sorrow when it is too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has been destroyed within this century,—to the infinite discredit of the rich men of the "Literary Emporium of the New World"—as the great Kean christened it, when it was in the height of its delirium in the "Kean Fever." That house stood in Milk st. a little below the Old South Church, on the other side of the way, and the spot is marked by a "Furniture Warehouse," five stores high, which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet Warehouse, in Hanover-st. The printing office of James Franklin, where Franklin served his apprenticeship, where he used to put his anonymous communications under the door, where he used to study when the rest were gone to dinner, and where he used sometimes to get a flogging from his brother—("perhaps I was too saucy and provoking," as he candidly, and with great probability, says of himself.) James's printing-office was in Queen (now Court) street, nearly opposite the Court house, on the corner of Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mistaken, derives its name from this circumstance.

D. Y.

N.Y. Daily Tribune,
3-9-47, Suppl., p.2.

Emerson in England.

Our eminent countryman has, as some of our readers may be aware, been spending the past six months in Great Britain. He has there been lecturing with much success: in the first place in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and the large towns in their neighborhood; afterward in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and important places in Scotland.

In Manchester he lectured at the Athenæum, as also at the Mechanics' Institute, where he was heard by the largest audience ever collected before that institution. His lectures were fully reported in the papers of that City. In spite of a little dissent the verdict was very encouraging for the progress of free opinion in that part of England. In

Manchester he was invited to one of the *soirees* (as they are there termed) of the Athenæum, where he took part in the proceedings with Cobden, Alison and others, and his speech was fully reported in the *London Morning Chronicle*. This address drew out a warm welcome to him contained in the next number of the *Westminster Review*. He also lectured before the Roscoe Association at Liverpool, with the decided approbation of the audience. He was received with the like applause by the intelligent audiences of neighboring towns.

In Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and met with the most eminent men of that city. A curious incident illustrating "the march of intellect," took place before his lecture in Edinburgh. He had agreed to be at 8 o'clock, P. M. at the Lecture Room, but owing to some error he missed the train or that hour. A message was instantly sent by Telegraph (from Newcastle, we think,) asking the Lecture Committee to detain the audience for half an hour, and taking the next train which left, the audience were actually kept waiting but *seventeen* minutes.

Beside the article on Emerson in *Blackwood*, there have been articles in *Howitt's Journal* (with a portrait) by Goodwin Barmby, a Communist leader; also in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* by Gilfillan, a Scotch Minister, who calls Emerson the "Coming man," (coming to Edinburgh,) and other less important articles; also in France, one in the *Revue Independante* by Daniel Stern, (a Countess in fact,) and one (a very good one) in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, both of which are Paris journals. In fact, it is no doubt true (as Gilfillan says) that Emerson's Essays is a household book in Great Britain, however it may be in the United States. We are glad to hear of the merited success of any countrymen of ours abroad, and rejoice that Emerson's has been most complete. He has met with nothing but the kindest and fullest appreciation.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
4-15-48, p. 6.

A Lesson for Young Poets.

We are continually receiving letters from young gentlemen who deem themselves born to enlighten the world in some way—to 'strike the sounding lyre,' or from the Editorial tripod dispense wisdom and guidance to an instructed and admiring world. These generally want to know why they cannot be employed in our establishment, or find a publisher for their poems, or a chance in some shape to astonish mankind and earn a livelihood by letters.—To this large and increasing class, we wish to propound one question: 'Suppose all who desire to live by Literature or Trade could find places, who would hoe the needful corn or dig the indispensable potatoes?'—But we purposed in beginning to ask their attention to the following extract from a private letter we have just received from a very different sort of literary youth —a thorough classical scholar, true poet (though he rarely or never wrote verses,) and never sought to make a livelihood by his writings, though there are not six men in America who can surpass them. We feel indeed honored by his friendship, and in the course of a private letter we have just received from him he casually says:

"For the last five years, I have supported myself solely by the labor of my hands. I have not received one cent from any other source; and this has cost me so little time—say, a month in the Spring and another in the Autumn—doing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past, I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work. The fact is, Man need not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months, all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money—and he needs but the smallest amount—the true and independent way to earn it is by day-labor with his hands at a dollar a day. I have tried many ways and can speak from experience.

"Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain as if their lot were a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties—of poets starving in garrets—of literary men depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad! It is time that men sang another song.— There is no reason why the scholar, who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and, by means of his superior wisdom, make much less suffice for him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How otherwise would you know that he was not a fool?"

—We trust our friend will pardon the liberty we have taken in printing the foregoing, since we are sure of effecting signal good thereby. We have no idea of making a hero of him. Our object is simply to shame the herd of pusillanimous creatures who whine out their laziness in bad verses, and execrate the stupidity of publishers and readers who will not buy these maudlin effusions at the paternal estimate of their value, and thus spare them the dire necessity of doing something useful for a living. It is only <u>their</u> paltriness that elevates our independent friend above the level of ordinary manhood, and whenever they shall rise to the level of true self-respect, his course will be no longer remarkable.

'What!' says one of them, 'do you mean that every one must hoe corn or swing the sledge'—that no life is useful or honorable but one of rude manual toil?' —No, Sir; we say no such thing.— If any one is sought out, required, demanded, for some vocation specially intellectual, let him embrace it and live by it. But the general rule is that Labor—that labor which produces food and clothes and shelter—is every man's duty and destiny, for which he should be fitted, in which he should be willing to do his part manfully. But let him study, and meditate, and cultivate his nobler faculties as he shall find opportunity; and when ever a career of intellectual exertion shall open before him, let him embrace it if he be inclined and qualified. But to coin his thoughts into some marketable semblance, disdain useful labor of the hands because he has a facility of writing, and go crying his mental wares in the market, seeking to exchange them for bread and clothes—this is most degrading and despicable. Shall not the world outgrow such shabbiness?

<u>N.Y. Daily Tribune</u>, 5-25-48

SALEM LYCEUM.

Mr Thoreau, of Concord, gave his auditors a lecture on Wednesday evening, sufficiently *Emersonian* to have come from the great philosopher himself. We were reminded of Emerson continually. In thought, style & delivery, the similarity was equally obvious. There was the same keen philosophy running through him, the same jutting forth of "brilliant edges of meaning" as Gillian has it. Even in tone of voice, Emerson was brought strikingly to the ear; and in personal appearance also, we fancied some little resemblance. The close likeness between the two would almost justify a charge of plagiarism, were it not that Mr Thoreau's lecture furnished ample proof of being a native product, by affording all the charm of an original. Rather than an imitation of Emerson, it was the unfolding of a like mind with his; as if the two men had grown in the same soil and under the same culture.

The reader may remember having recently see an article from the N. Y. Tribune, describing the reclusive life led by a scholar, who supported himself by manual labor, and on a regime which cost only *twenty seven cents a week*, making it necessary to labor but six weeks to provide sufficient of the necessaries of life to serve the balance of the year. Mr Thoreau is the hero of that story—although he claims no heroism, considering himself simply as an economist.

The subject of this lecture was Economy, illustrated by the experiment mentioned.—This was done in an admirable manner, in a strain of exquisite humor, with a strong under current of delicate satire against the follies of the times. Then there were interspersed observations, speculations, and suggestions upon dress, fashions, food, dwellings, furniture, &c. &c., sufficiently queer to keep the audience in almost constant mirth, and sufficiently wise and new to afford many good practical hints and precepts.

The performance has created "quite a sensation" amongst the Lyceum goers.

Salem Observer,
11-25-48

Mr. THOREAU, of Concord, delivered a second lecture on Wednesday evening upon his life in the woods. The first lecture was upon the economy of that life; this was upon its object and some of its enjoyments. Judging from the remarks which we have heard concerning it, Mr. Thoreau was even less successful this time in suiting all, than on the former occasion. The diversity of opinion is quite amusing. Some persons are unwilling to speak of his lecture as any better than "tom-foolery and nonsense," while others think they perceived, beneath the outward sense of his remarks, something wise and valuable. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Thoreau's style is rather too allegorical for a popular audience. He "peoples the solitudes" of the woods too profusely, and gives voices to their "dim aisles" not recognized by the larger part of common ears.

Some parts of this lecture—which on the whole we thought less successful than the former one—were generally admitted to be excellent. He gave a well-considered defence of classical literature, in connection with some common sense remarks upon books; and also some ingenious speculations suggested by the inroads of railroad enterprise upon the quiet and seclusion of Walden Pond; and told how he found nature a counsellor and companion, furnishing

> "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

We take the purpose of Mr. T.'s lecture to have been, the elucidation of the poetical view of life—showing how life may be made poetical, the apprehensive imagination clothing all things with divine forms, and gathering from them a divine language.

> "He went to the gods of the wood
> To bring their word to men."

And here we may remark that the public are becoming more critical. The standard of Lyceum lectures has been raised very considerably within a few years, and lecturers who would have given full satisfaction not long since, are "voted bores" at present. This is certainly a good indication, and shows that Lyceums have accomplished an important work. We doubt if twenty years ago such lecturers as Professors Agassiz, Guyon, and Rogers, would have been appreciated by popular audiences.—But now they instruct and delight great multitudes.

In regard to Mr. Thoreau, we are glad to hear that he is about issuing a book, which will contain these lectures, and will enable us perhaps to judge better of their merit.

Salem Observer, 3-3-49

MR EMERSON'S LECTURE ON ENGLAND. In his recent lecture in New York Mr Emerson thus summed up the causes and elements of the wonderful prosperity and riches of England:

1st. The climate. It is a working climate—not too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter.

2d. Her dense population.

3d. The existence of a high and superior class of educated and cultivated men, possessed of fortune, leisure, and ease.

4th. To the diet of the people. They are good feeders; their bodies are robust, rotund, and strong. Even the old men have rosy cheeks and look young. Yet, as Mr E. was informed, though larger and bigger men than Americans the skeletons were not larger. Ergo, it is owing to the feeding and climate, and habits of exercise in open air.

5th. To the tenacity, continuous attention to one point, and perseverance of the English in their pursuits.

6th. To their fine moral qualities. Of these Mr Emerson drew a pleasing and amiable picture giving the English credit for goodness of feeling, honesty, kindness of manner and behaviour, good breeding, and finished education.

[Members of the Town and Country Club, circulated in February, 1849.]

NAMES

R. Waldo Emerson
William Lloyd Garrison
Theodore Parker
William Henry Channing
A. Bronson Alcott
Wendell Phillips
Thomas T. Stone
F. Henry Hedge
Samuel G. Howe
J. Freeman Clarke
Edmund Quincy
John W. Browne
J. Elliot Cabot
T. Starr King
J. Russell Lowell
Samuel G. Ward
John L. Weiss
Edwin P. Whipple
T. Wentworth Higginson
Parker Pillsbury
Henry D. Thoreau
Henry I. Bowditch
Henry C. Wright
John S. Dwight
Francis Jackson
W. Ellery Channing
William B. Greene

Cady Stetson
George P. Bradford
John Ballou
Jones Very
William F. Channing
Elizur Wright
Stephen S. Foster
Charles C. Shackford
Emmanuel Scherb
E. P. Clark
Samuel D. Robbins
Joshua Medroy
J. T. Fisher
Oliver Johnson
O. B. Frothingham
C. K. Whipple
Samuel Johnson
James N. Buffum
William H. Knapp
Samuel May, jun.
Otis Clapp
J. M. Spear
Charles Spear
W. R. Alger
Edward Bangs
R. F. Walcott
A. D. Mayo

Emerson's Plato.
Correspondence of The Tribune.

BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1849.

DEAR TRIBUNE: Two or three weeks ago I listened to the spirit-stirring cadences of Emerson. He lectured upon Plato, before a select audience, in the church of Rev. James Freeman Clark. The audience was such as we have in Boston—only in Boston. It was composed of persons subdued to intellectual devotion by the apostolic preaching of Mr. Clark, softened from the asperity engendered by competitory life by the benign eloquence of William Henry Channing, and now kindled to a strange intellectual life by the inspiring muse of Emerson. It would have done your heart good to have looked upon this audience—such facial angles, softened by the angelic touch of purity of thought, of inspired faith, of earnest endeavor.

Plato, said Emerson, is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. In him, too, are found the aurorel beams of Christianity; and here is foreoast the Koran of Mohammed. Everybody finds his peculiar taste gratified in Plato; to the French he is Parisian, to the German Tautonic. In this respect he is like Helen of Argos, whose beauty made everybody that saw her feel related to her. It is remarkable that uncertainty exists as to the authenticity of some of the writings of genius—of Homer, of Plato and Shakspeare. This is because these great minds magnetised and assimilated to themselves those about them, and thus each lived in several bodies. It is said that Plato plagiarised. "It is only the inventor who knows how to borrow;" and the stupendous genius of Plato could not but absorb all the learning of the times. Another merit of Plato was, that, being a philosopher, he was something beyond, he was a poet. A man to attain perfection in any department, must stand on higher ground than that he works upon. The biography of Plato is short.—So is that of all geniuses; it is written in their books: and in the painting of Plato's pen, we are to look for the portraits of his family and the pictures of his home. Plato was a patrician by birth; in early life had an inclination for war, but was arrested by the persuasion of Socrates, with whom he remained from the age of 20 till 30. Then Plato traveled to Italy, to Egypt, to Babylon, it is said; and, returning from his tour, instituted his celebrated Academy at Athens, and finally died in the act of writing, at the age of 81 years. The writings of Plato are ever young, ever modern; for in them exists, in the germ, the Europe of our day This is the test of genius; is it ever young, never outgrown by any passage of time? Emerson said: All ontology existed in two departments—unity and variety. By prayer, by religion we soar to unity, having communion with God. Hence the religions and enlightened man can never be selfish; he has felt the living sense of his being in God, and the same God is everything about him; "the words *I* and *mine* constitute ignorance." To the religious, "form is imprisonment;" "that which the soul seeks is resolution into being above form"—"emancipation from organization." Plato learned in Asia this religion, which ever goes back from the varied irradiation of the one to its central being. He also possessed Italian intellect and art, to trace his way back again from the one to the diffusion of variety. "He shall be as a god to me, said Plato, who can rightly divide and define." "When I see, he said, one who can see the whole and the parts, I tread on his steps like those of a god." Devotion, says Emerson, bathes in the central sunlight of the one; Art represents the one by variety; Intellect traces and detects the one and the same in its variety. Religion, Art, Intellect—all these had Plato. "He united the freest poetry with the most exact geometry;" "his energy of thought was like the momentum of the falling planet, his discretion like its return to the curve." Plato believed in preternatural faculties. He knew, too, that the sublime essence of all being is beyond the stretch of human ken. But in this respect, Emerson criticised Plato: Though immense of vision, he had Platonized the subjects of his thoughts and "fixed his copy-right upon the world." But it is the creation of God and not of Plato, and no partial intelligence can expound it, except to the limits of a finite understanding, and with the coloring of an imperfect mind. Plato, moreover, was too equal, too complete; you are never in his writings startled and thrilled by "the scream of the prophet," or the swaying force of the unlettered Arab. "Socrates and Plato," said Emerson, "are the double star which no instrument has been able entirely to separate." It was a happy thing that Socrates, 'the wise Æsop of the mob,' yet so honest and enthusiastic in religion, early impressed Plato, and took a lasting position in the foreground of his mind."

Thus I have snatched away for you, dear *Tribune*, a few gems from the discourse of Emerson. But as I cannot transmit to you the music of his modulation to which they are set, you can but dimly perceive their soul-dazzling fascination. Emerson's style of speech would warrant for him another fable like that of the bees who clustered upon the lips of Plato in his cradle.

R. F. F.

N.Y. Tribune, 1-8-49, p. 4

EL DORADO OF GOLD.

John G. Whittier communicates the annexed interesting article to the National Era. It will be seen that he contemplates the rush to our Pacific coast, with the feelings inspired by both history and poetry. Speaking of the Spanish discovery of Peru, he writes:

It is well worth while, just now, to recur to the statements of the Spanish and English adventurers touching this remarkable country. Don Lopez, in his "General History of the Indies," written in the sixteenth century, says, in describing the court of its monarch, that "all the vessels of his house, table, and kitchen, were of gold and silver. He had, besides, great giant statues of gold, and figures of all manner of birds and beasts, and fishes, and trees, and herbs, all of gold; also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs, of gold and silver. Besides, the Incas had a pleasure garden in the island of Puna, where they went to recreate themselves, and take the sea air, which had all kinds of herbs and flowers of gold and silver."

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the Discovery of Guiana," informs his readers, that notwithstanding the repeated and persevering efforts of many daring adventurers, only one person had ever reached the Golden City. One John Martinez, being, for some misdemeanor in the army of the Spaniards, condemned to be executed, begged to be allowed the chance for life afforded by being put into a canoe in the Great River, without sail or oar, and left to drift at the mercy of the current. This was granted him, and after floating a long way down the stream, he was drawn ashore by the natives, who took him to be a visitor from another world. They led him to Manoa, the great city of their Inca, where he was kindly treated. After a stay of seven months, the Inca dismissed him with as much gold as a great troop of his soldiers could carry. But it so fell out, that, just on the borders of the Inca's kingdom, he was attacked by robbers, who took all his gold from him, except two gourds full of beads curiously wrought. After this untoward adventure, he wandered down the river until he came to a Spanish town called Juan de Puerto Rico, where he died. To the priest who administered the Sacrament, to him he told his wonderful history, and gave his beads for the use of the church. The pious father, forthwith, published the tidings of the great discovery, with such additions and embellishments as the credulity of the marvel-loving and gold-seeking adventurers about him warranted. That some of the worthy Padre's successors in the priestly office, at the present day, in that region, retain something of his story-telling gifts, cannot be doubted by any one who has read, in the work of our countryman, Stephens, the marvellous account of a great native city, the living representative of the architectural wonders of Uxmal and Chi-Chen, where the race who piled up the massy pyramid of Cholula, and worshipped at Palenque, still inhabit the palaces, and offer sacrifices in their temples—a piece of information which our traveller gathered from the lips of a modern father of the Catholic Church in Mexico.

Martinez told his confessor, among other equally probable matters, that the inhabitants of Manoa, at their solemn feasts—emperors, chiefs, and captains, included—used to strip themselves stark naked, and anoint themselves with a sort of balsam, after which they were sprinkled over with fine gold dust, until they shone like so many golden images from head to foot. After this preparation, they would sit down by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkenness for seven days together.

From the abundance of gold in this city, in the temples, palaces, and armories of the people, Martinez gave the city the name by which it was ever afterwards known by the Spaniards—*El Dorado*.

It was in pursuit of this imaginary city—the locality of which was unhappily left in as much doubt as that of Cockagne, or the German *Schlaraffenland*, or the domains of Prester John—that Raleigh made his discovery and partial conquest of Guiana, in 1595. The brave knight's account of his adventures bears alike the stamp of his active imagination and of genius, and, like all the narratives of the time, is not deficient in the marvellous. He tells of "a great mountain of clear crystal, glittering in the sun like a marble church-tower. There falleth over it a great river, which toucheth no part of the mountain's side, but rusheth over the top, and descendeth to the ground with a noise like a thousand great bells." He made a valuable and important discovery, but the Golden Vision eluded his eager pursuit, flitting before him like the feet of the rainbow, or the fabled island of St. Brandon, and he was compelled to return and apologize vainly to his offended and exacting mistress, for the failure of his enterprise.

And now, after the lapse of centuries, we

Protestant Churchman,
New York, 1-27-49, p. 1

are told that the Country of Gold is found—the prize for which the enterprise and cupidity of all Europe so long struggled, is gained at last. Some wandering stragglers from the Mormon camp, it seems, a few months ago discovered the shining metal on the banks of the American Fork of the Sacramento; and now it appears to be satisfactorily ascertained that the great chain of the Sierra Nevada, including its eastern and western slopes, from the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific, is thickly sown with the precious ore. Admitting this to be true, we see no reason why the fabulous city of Monoa may not find a rival in the future glories of San Francisco.

In the headlong rush towards this new fountain of wealth, words of warning will be little heeded. Reason and argument are wasted on the victims of the mighty temptation. What noble resolves, what holy aspirations, what rational plans of home joy and domestic happiness, will yield to its baleful enticement? How many calm fire-sides of contented and honest industry will it disturb and darken? How will it unsettle the sober habitude of thrift, and embitter with envy and regret the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of daily labor in the field and workshop! What a fever will it waken in the already too rapid pulses of society! What madness will it infuse into the already excited and overtasked brain of the new generation! The light which history sheds upon the consequences of similar acquisitions, on the part of Spain and Portugal, is by no means calculated to lessen the fears which every thoughtful friend of his country, and of the moral progress of his race, must regard this remarkable discovery.

At the date of the last accounts from California, the harvests were left to rot in the fields, their owners having all gone to the mines, and provisions of all kinds were scarce, and commanding the most exorbitant prices. Already there was actual suffering for food in the midst of gold; and probably long ere this more than one unfortunate adventurer has looked with more satisfaction upon an edible root or fruit than upon his hoards of yellow dust, exclaiming, like Timon, when faint and hungry, after the discovery of his golden treasures,

> "Common mother,
> Yield from thy plenteous bosom one poor root."

Bunyan, in his description of the infernal regions, describes a covetous woman who had spent her life in hoarding riches, condemned to the task of swallowing liquid gold, with which the mocking demons were always ready to supply her. We can imagine a counterpart to Bunyan's picture in some luckless digger of the California mines, starving in the midst of his abundance, and vainly seeking to barter all his worthless gains for an ear of corn or a handful of ground-nuts.

We are reminded in this connection of the touching and pathetic lines of the lamented Dr. Leyden, the bosom friend of Sir Walter Scott, and himself a writer of no ordinary power. He visited India with a prospect of pecuniary advantage, and died just as the prospect was about to be realized. The gold which he sought for at the expense of home and health only mocked the eyes which were dim with the shadow of death. The intense anguish of soul, under such circumstances, is powerfully expressed in the following lines, the sentiment of which, we cannot doubt, will find a place in the heart of many a sick and dying hunter in the mines of California.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
  What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
  So bright, whom I have bought so dear!
  The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
  The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
  Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
  Of Teviot loved while still a child,
  Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
  Where loves of youth and friendship smil'd,
Unculs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
  The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
  Revives no more in after-time;
  Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
  The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
  Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear;
A gentle vision comes by night,
  My lonely, widow'd heart to cheer;
  Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
  Her fond heart throbs with many a fear—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
  I left a heart that lov'd me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,
  To roam in climes unknown and new.
  The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart—the grave,
  Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
  A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
  Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
  From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
  Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

We find an item of intelligence in the London Inquirer, worthy of some passing notice. It is as follows:

A New Club. The *Record* is scandalised at the formation of "The Sterling Club." It says—"Who are the leading members of this Sterling Club?" Infidels, Papists, Tractarians, Trimmers, Benthamites, speculators of every class, painters, poets, and humourists, are in the 'Sterling Club,' all intermingled with Bishops, Archdeacons, College Fellows, and College Tutors. With shame we read the names of all the *three* Wilberforces in a club, whose common bond of union seems to consist in reverence for Sterling as a bold speculator, and in the belief of the assertion we have just quoted from Mr. Maurice [that the popular English system cannot last.] Besides Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, we have in the catalogue Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, Archdeacon Allen, Archdeacon R. Wilberforce, and the Rev. H. Wilberforce; the Rev. A. P. Stanley, the biographer of Arnold, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, of St. Mark's College, Chelsea; and the Rev. F. Maurice and R. C. Trench, both of King's College. Of laymen, we have Mr. Carlyle, Mr. John Mill, Mr. Doane, Mr. Pusey, Mr. T. D. Acland, Mr. H. Acland, Mr. Augustus Stafford, Lords Lytchton, Adare, and John Manners, besides the three most eminent writers in *Punch!*

On this the London Inquirer adds:—"The Sterling Club is still, and is likely to continue, a subject of horror to some of the religious journals. The mere thought of free and friendly intercourse between men like Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. John Mill, Professor Maurice and Mr. Carlyle, fills them with apprehension.—They cannot imagine any object of such union, but that of overthrowing the Orthodox doctrine of the literal inspiration of the Scriptures. There is no other point, we are told, on which the members of the Club can possibly be agreed; and, therefore, they must be regarded as a band of conspirators against religion."

This "Sterling Club" was formed several years ago, at Mr. Sterling's suggestion, on his return in the year 1838 from a voyage to Madeira for the benefit of his health. He proposed that it should hold monthly meetings, dine cheaply, and talk on general subjects. Mr. Sterling could thus meet his friends in London together. They agreed, and when they first came together they called themselves "The Sterling." He submitted to the name because it was equivocal. In 1843, when the Club had grown larger, and more than half had no personal acquaintance with him, (for distance and ill health had kept him away from its meetings,) he proposed at a meeting when he was able to be present, a change of name, inasmuch as owing to a change in some

of his own opinions, he knew that some of the more recent members would be annoyed at any association with his name. But his proposition was not received with favor, and the name has continued. STERLING died the following year.

Mr. S. was a very dear friend not only of Julius Charles Hare, but of John Stuart Mill, of Carlyle, of Frederic Maurice, with whom he was also connected by their marrying sisters, and who is one of the greatest minds in the English Church. He knew Coleridge also, to whom, said he, "I owe *education*," and whom Mr. H. does not hesitate to call "the Sovereign of English thought." He admired and loved Arnold, though he never knew him personally. He was a noble character, of inestimable social worth, capable of producing as well as of feeling the strongest personal attachments, loving early friends more than he was fearful, in consequence of subsequent differences of opinion, of being loved. He possessed very superior literary powers and attainments. Such is the man, whose name has been made the recent occasion of no little stir in the English Church. We presume it is only an *occasion*. The real cause is, that the view of inspiration which Coleridge and Arnold maintained, and Sterling adopted, and which is cherished by Maurice and Hare and others, is now clearly perceived to be leavening the whole lump. It is in the Church of England, it is among Dissenters, it is in this country also, not to be got rid of. It may be called neology, German transcendentalism, Unitarianism, and by still other names, but it is sure to be the predominant opinion of thinking, Christian men.

We suppose that the new "Town and Country Club" in this city, received the hint for its establishment from "The Sterling Club." Mr. R. W. Emerson, one of its members, was numbered among the friends of Mr. Sterling.

From the New York Tribune.

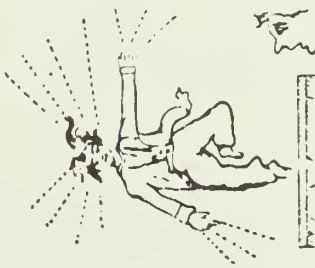
AN ILLUSTRATED CRITICISM.

[Originally appeared in the N.Y. Tribune, 2-6-49, p. 2.]

THE critic of the *Boston Post* writes most dazzlingly of one of Emerson's delightful lectures. We can hardly call it criticism, for he does not properly *criticize;* he plays around the subject like a humming-bird round a honeysuckle—he darts at it like a fish-hawk after a pike. He looms up like a thunder-cloud, comes down in a shower of tinkling sleet, and rolls away like a fire on the prairies. He plays with figures of speech like a juggler, balancing the sentences on his chin, and keeping up six with each hand. His fancy goes up like the jet of a fire engine, and comes down in a spiral ecstasy, like a Peruvian condor. He is a detonating mixture—a percussion cap—a meteoric shower—a spiritual shuttle, vibrating between the unheard-of and the unutterable. Like a child he shakes his rattle over the edge of Chaos and swings on the gates of the Past—and he sits like a nightingale in a golden ring, suspended by a silver cord from a nail driven into the zenith.

We cannot resist trying our hand at illustrating his description of the lecture—giving form to the writer's phosphorescent fancies. Our attempts in this line accompany the text. Mr. Emerson, whose splendid profusion of thought and imagery, combined with the magnetism of his voice and presence, must produce the deepest impression wherever he is heard, has probably never imagined himself, even spiritually, in positions so remarkable. He will be equally amused with ourself at the result. Thus *ecstasizes* the writer:

"Yet it is quite out of character to say Mr. Emerson lectures—he does no such thing. He drops nectar—HE CHIPS OUT SPARKS—he exhales odors—he lets off mental sky-rockets and fireworks—he spouts fire, and, conjuror-like, draws ribbons out of his mouth. He smokes, he sparkles, he improvises, he shouts, he sings—HE EXPLODES LIKE A BUNDLE OF CRACKERS—he goes off in fiery eruptions like a volcano, but he does not *lecture.*



* * * * He went swiftly over the ground of knowledge with a Damascus blade, severing everything from its bottom, leaving one in doubt whether anything would ever grow again. Yet he seems as innocent as a little child who goes into a garden and pulls up a whole bed of violets, laughs over their beauty, and throws them down again. So that, after all, we are inclined to think no great harm has been done. He comes and goes like a spirit of whom one just hears the rustle of his wings.—He is a vitalized speculation—a talking essence—

A SORT OF CELESTIAL EMANATION,

["*Celestial Emanations" may properly be allowed to take an airing on comets.*—ILLUSTRATOR.]

—a bit of transparency broken from the spheres—a spiritual prism through which we see all beautiful rays of immaterial existences. His leaping fancy mounts upward like an India-rubber ball, and drifts and falls like a snow-flake or a feather.

He moves in the regions of similitudes. He comes through the air like a cherubin with a golden trumpet in his mouth, out of which he blows tropes and figures and gossamer transparencies of suggestive fancies. He takes high flights, and sustains himself without ruffling a feather. He inverts the rainbow and uses it for a swing—now sweeping the earth and now clapping his hands among the stars."

☞ Henry D. Thoreau of Concord, Mass. has recently been lecturing on 'Life in the Woods,' in Portland and elsewhere. There is not a young man in the land—and very few old ones—who would not profit by an attentive hearing of that lecture. Mr. Thoreau is a young student, who has imbibed (or rather refused to stifle) the idea that a man's soul is better worth living for than his body. Accordingly, he has built him a house ten by fifteen feet in a piece of unfrequented woods by the side of a pleasant little lakelet, where he devotes his days to study and reflection, cultivating a small plat of ground, living frugally on vegetables, and working for the neighboring farmers whenever he is in need of money or additional exercise. It thus costs him some six to eight week's rugged labor per year to earn his food and clothes, and perhaps an hour or two per day extra to prepare his food and fuel, keep his house in order, &c.—He has lived in this way four years, and his total expenses for last year were $41 25, and his surplus earnings at the close were $13 21, which he considers a better result than almost any of the farmers of Concord could show, though they have worked all the time. By this course Mr. Thoreau lives free from pecuniary obligation or dependence on others, except that he borrows some books, which is an equal pleasure to lender and borrower. The man on whose land he is a squatter is no wise injured nor inconvenienced thereby. If all our young men would but hear this lecture, we think some among them would feel less strongly impelled either to come to New-York or go to California.

N.Y. Tribune, 4-2-49.

[George Ripley's review, N.Y. Tribune, 6-13-49]

H. D. Thoreau's Books

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC RIVERS: By Henry D. Thoreau, (pp. 413. 12mo. Boston: Munroe & Co. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

A really new book—a fresh, original, thoughtful work—is sadly rare in this age of omniferous publication. Mr. Thoreau's, if not entirely this, is very near it. Its observations of Nature are as genial as Nature herself, and the tones of his harp have an Æolian sweetness. His reflections are always striking, often profoundly truthful, and his scholastic treasures, though a little too ostentatiously displayed, are such as the best instructed reader will enjoy and thank him for. His philosophy, which is the Pantheistic egotism vaguely characterised as Transcendental, does *not* delight us. It seems second-hand, imitative, often exaggerated—a bad specimen of a dubious and dangerous school. But we will speak first of the staple of the work.

Mr. Thoreau is a native and resident of Concord, Mass.—a scholar, a laborer, and in some sort a hermit. He traveled somewhat in his earlier years (he is still young,) generally trusting to his own thoughts for company and his walking-cane for motive power. It would seem a main purpose of his life to demonstrate how slender [illegible] is poverty to a man who pampers no superfluous wants, and how truly independent [illegible] is he who is in no manner the [illegible] appetites. Of his fitful hermit [illegible] we have already given some [illegible] Now [illegible] 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac' The Concord is a dull, dark, sluggish creek or petty river which runs through the Massachusetts town of that name and is lost in the Merrimac at Lowell. On this stream, Mr. Thoreau and his friend embarked one Autumn afternoon in a small rowboat, and rowed or sailed down to the dam near its mouth, thence across by the old Middlesex Canal to the Merrimac above Lowell, thence up the latter to Hooksett, N. H. where they left their boat and varied their experience by a pedestrian tour through the wild and rugged heart of the Granite State, returning to their boat after a week's absence and retracing their course homeward. They had a tent which, while boating, they pitched in the most inviting and secluded spot—generally a wood, when night overtook them—they cooked and served for themselves, only approaching the dwellings rarely to purchase milk or fruit or bread. Such is the thread of the narrative: let us give a single specimen of its observations of Nature. It is a description of the commencement of their aquatic journey:

"Gradually the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future as silently as one awakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream, occasionally driving a pickerel from the covert of the pads, or a bream from her nest, and the smaller bittern now and then sailed away on sluggish wings from some recess in the shore, or the larger lifted itself out of the long grass at our approach, and carried its precious legs away to deposit them in a place of safety. The tortoises also rapidly dropped into the water, as our boat ruffled the surface amid the willows breaking the reflections of the trees. The banks had passed the hight of their beauty, and some of the brightest flowers showed by their faded tints that the season was verging toward the afternoon of the year; but this sombre tinge enhanced their sincerity, and in the still unabated heats they seemed like the mossy brink of some cool well. The narrow-leaved willow lay along the surface of the water in masses of light green foliage, interspersed with the large white balls of the button-bush. The rose-colored polygonum raised its head proudly above the water on either hand, and, flowering at this season and in these localities, in the midst of dense fields of the white species, which skirted the sides of the stream, its little streak of red looked very rare and precious. The pure white blossoms of the arrow head stood in the shallower parts, and a few cardinals on the margin still proudly surveyed themselves reflected in the water, though the latter, as well as the pickerel-weed, was now nearly out of blossom. The snake head, *chelone glabra*, grew close to the shore, while a kind of coreopsis, turning its brazen face to the sun, full and rank, and a tall, dull red flower, *eupatorium purpureum*, or trumpet weed, formed the rear rank of the fluvial array. The bright blue flowers of the soap wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped, and still farther in the fields, or higher on the bank, were seen the Virginian rhexia, and drooping neottia or ladies'-tresses; while from the more distant waysides, which we occasionally passed, and banks where the sun had lodged, was reflected a dull yellow beam from the ranks of tansy, now in its prime. In short, nature seemed to have adorned herself for our departure with a profusion of fringes and curls, mingled with the bright hues of flowers, reflected in the water. But we miss the white water-lily, which is the queen of flowers, its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true week who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a Summer morning between fields of lily still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me, as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays."

Here is another in a similar vein:

"Whether we live by the sea side, or by the lakes and rivers, or on the prairie, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined

to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America, are not so interesting to the student of nature as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains, and on the interior plains; the fish principle in nature, from which it results that they may be found in water in so many places, in greater or less numbers. The natural historian is not a fisherman, who prays for cloudy days and good luck merely, but as fishing has been styled, "a contemplative man's recreation," introducing him profitably to woods and water, so the fruit of the naturalist's observations is not in new genera or species, but in new contemplations still, and science is only a more contemplative man's recreation. The [illegible]ds of the life of fishes are everywhere disseminated, whether the winds wait them, or the waters float them, or the deep earth holds them; wherever a pond is dug, straightway it is stocked with this vivacious race. They have the lease of nature, and it is not yet out. The Chinese are bribed to carry their ova from province to province in jars or in hollow reeds, or the waterfowls, to transport them to the mountain tarns and interior lakes. There are fishes wherever there is a fluid medium, and even in clouds and in melted metals we detect their semblance. Think how in Winter you can sink a line down straight in a pasture through snow and through ice, and pull up a bright, slippery, dumb, subterranean silver or golden fish! It is curious, also, to reflect how they make one family, from the largest to the smallest. The last minnow, that lies on the ice as bait for pickerel, looks like a huge sea-fish cast up on the shore."

Our next extract is a specimen of his more didactic mood;

"As the truest society approaches always nearest to solitude, so the most excellent speech finally falls into Silence. Silence is audible to all men, at all times, and in all places. She is speech when we hear inwardly, sound when we hear outwardly. Creation has not displaced her, but is her visible frame-work and tool. All sounds are her servants and purveyors, proclaiming not only that their mistress is, but is a rare mistress, and earnestly to be sought after. They are so far akin to Silence, that they are but bubbles on her surface, which straightway burst, an evidence of the strength and prolificness of the under current; a faint utterance of silence, and then only agreeable to our auditory nerves when they contrast themselves with and relieve the former. In proportion as they do this, and are hightners and intensifiers of the Silence, they are harmony and purest melody.

Silence is the universal refuge, the sequel to all dull discourses and all foolish acts, a balm to our every chagrin, as welcome after society as after disappointment; that back ground which the painter may not daub, be he master or bungler, and which, however awkward a figure we may have made in the foreground, remains ever our invisible asylum, where no indignity can assail, no personality disturb us.

The orator puts off his individuality, and is then most eloquent when most silent. He listens while he speaks, and is a hearer along with his audience. Who has not hearkened to Her infinite din? She is Truth's speaking-trumpet, the sole oracle, the true Delphi and Dodona, which kings and courtiers would do well to consult, nor will they be baulked by an ambiguous answer. For through Her all revelations have been made, and just in proportion as men have consulted her oracle within, they have obtained a clear insight, and their age has been marked as an enlightened one. But as often as they have gone guiding abroad to a strange Delphi and her mad priestess, their age has been dark and leaden. Such were garrulous and noisy days, which no longer yield and sound, but the Oracle of silent and melodious era is ever sounding and resounding in the ears of men."

Half the book is like and as good as this.—Nearly every page is instinct with genuine Poetry except those wherein verse is haltingly attempted, which are for the most part sorry prose. Then there is a misplaced Pantheistic attack on the Christian Faith., Mr. Thoreau—we must presume soberly—says:

"In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Iambe; for the great god Pan is not dead, as was rumored. Perhaps of all the gods of New-England and of ancient Greece, I am most constant at his shrine.

"One memorable addition to the old mythology is due to this era,—the Christian fable. With what pains, and tears, and blood, these centuries have woven this and added it to the mythology of mankind. The new Prometheus. With what miraculous consent, and patience, and persistency, has this mythus been stamped upon the memory of the race? It would seem as if it were in the progress of our mythology to dethrone Jehovah, and crown Christ in his stead.

"If it is not a tragical life we live, then I know not what to call it. Such a story as that of Jesus Christ,—the history of Jerusalem, say, being a part of the Universal History.) The naked, the unbalmed, unburied death of Jerusalem stand its desolate hills,—think of it. In Tasso's poem I trust some things are sweetly buried. Consider the snappish tenacity with which the French Christianity still. What are time and space to Christianity, eighteen hundred years, and a new world!—and the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New-York bishop so bigoted. Forty four lamps, the gift of kings, now burning in a place called the Holy Sepulchre,—a church bell ringing,—some unaffected tears shed by a pilgrim on Mount Calvary within the week.

"'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, when I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning.

"'By the waters of Babylon there we sat down, and we wept when we remembered Zion.'

"I trust that some may be as near and dear to Buddha, or Christ, or Swedenborg, who are with or the pale of their churches. It is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ. I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha, yet I am sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha, for the love is the main thing, and I like him too. Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious?

"The reading which I have best is the Scriptures of the several nations, though it happens that I am better acquainted with those of the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Persians, than of the Hebrews, which I have come to last. Give me one of these Bibles, and you have silenced me for a while."

We have quoted a fair proportion of our author's smartest Pantheistic sentences, but there is another in which he directly asserts that he considers the Sacred Books of the Brahmins to be nothing inferior to the Christian Bible. It was hardly necessary to say in addition that he is not well acquainted with the latter—the point worth considering is rather—*ought not* an author to *make himself* thoroughly acquainted with a book, which, if true, is of such transcendent importance, before uttering opinions concerning it calculated to shock and pain many readers, not to speak of those who will be utterly repelled by them? Can that which Milton and Newton so profoundly reverenced (and they *had* studied it thoroughly) be wisely turned off by a youth as unworthy of

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N.Y. Tribune, 4-7-49.

How to Live—Mr. Thoreau's Example.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I notice in your paper of this morning a strong commendation of one Mr. Thoreau for going out into the woods and living in a hut all by himself at the rate of about $15 per annum, in order to illustrate the value of the soul. Having always found in The Tribune a friend of sociability and neighborly helping-each-other-along, I felt a little surprise at seeing such a performance held up as an example for the young men of this country, and supposed I must have mistaken the sense of your article. Accordingly I called in my wife, Mrs. Thorough, and we studied it over together, and came to the conclusion that you really believed the Concord hermit had done a fine thing. Now I am puzzled, and write in a friendly way to ask for a little light on this peculiar philosophy. Mrs. T. is more clear in her mind than I am. She will have it that the young man is either a whimsy or else a good-for-nothing, selfish, crab-like sort of chap, who tries to shirk the duties whose hearty and honest discharge is the only thing that in her view entitles a man to be regarded as a good example. She declares that nobody has a right to live for himself alone, away from the interests, the affections, and the sufferings of his kind. Such a way of going on, she says, is not living, but a cold and snailish kind of existence, which, as she maintains, is both infernal and internally stupid.

Yours, truly TIMOTHY THOROUGH.

Le Roy Place, April 2, 1849.

Reply.

Mr. Thorough is indeed in a fog—in fact, we suspect there is a mistake in his name, and that he must have been changed at nurse for another boy whose true name was Shallow. Nobody has proposed or suggested that it becomes everybody to go off into the woods, each build himself a hut and live hermit-like, on the vegetable products of his very moderate labor. But there is a large class of young men who aspire to Mental Culture through Study, Reading, Reflection, &c. These are too apt to sacrifice their proper independence in the pursuit of their object—to run in debt, throw themselves on the tender mercies of some patron, relative, Education Society, or something of the sort, or to descend into the lower deep of roping out a thin volume of very thin poems, to be inflicted on a much-enduring public, or to importune some one for a sub-Editorship or the like. Now it does seem to us that Mr. Thoreau has set all his brother aspirants to self-culture, a very wholesome example, and shown them how, by chastening their physical appetites, they may preserve their proper independence without starving their souls. When they shall have conned that lesson, we trust, with Mr. Thorough otherwise Shallow's permission, he will give them another. [*Ed. Trib.*

even consideration? Mr. Thoreau's treatment of this subject seems revolting alike to good sense and good taste. We ask him to weigh all he has offered with the merits of the Christian as compared with the Scriptures against the following brief extract from the last Edinburgh Review:

"The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents a singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible *causes* than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any *other* book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities,—varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization.—Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defense. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshipers becomes extinct, often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel anything but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philosophic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment *they* fell. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits which, *though* a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir W. Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like, and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. Whether will an equal genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we, by any stretch of imagination, suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?"

Albeit we love not theologic controversy, we proffer our columns to Mr. Thoreau, should he see fit to answer these questions. We would have preferred to pass the theme in silence, but our admiration of his book and our apprehension of its Pantheism forbade that course. May we not hope that he will reconsider his too rashly expressed notions on this head?

North American and Gazette, Philadelphia, 4-11-49, Editorial.

SOLITUDE SEEKING.

We see notices made in different newspapers concerning a young man who is lecturing on "Life in the Woods," and the material of his discourse may be judged of by the following account which we take from the Tribune:—

"Mr. Thoreau is a young student, who has imbibed (or rather refused to stifle) the idea that a man's soul is better worth living for than his body. Accordingly, he has built him a house ten by fifteen feet in a piece of unfrequented woods, by the side of a pleasant little lakelet, where he devotes his days to study and reflection, cultivating a small plat of ground, living frugally on vegetables, and working for the neighboring farmers whenever he is in need of money or additional exercise. It thus costs him some six or eight weeks rugged labor per year to earn his food and clothes, and perhaps an hour or two per day to prepare his food and fuel, keep his house in order, &c. He has lived in this way four years, and his total expenses for last year were $41 25, and his surplus earnings at the close were $13 21, which he considers a better result than almost any of the farmers of Concord could show, although they have worked all the time. By this course Mr. Thoreau lives free from pecuniary obligation or dependence on others, except he borrows some books, which is an equal pleasure to lender and borrower. The man on whose land he is a squatter is no wise injured or inconvenienced thereby. If all our young men would but hear this lecture, we think some among them would feel less strongly impelled either to come to New York or go to California."

At the first blush this strange life seems beautiful in itself and worthy of imitation; but like the scenery of the stage it is better when regarded at a distance than when closely approached. It is evident that self dependence, in its most radical sense, is intended to be preached by this student-philosopher and dweller of a cabin in the woods,—and, beside that, (in his opinion necessary parts of the system,) the absence of communion with our fellow creatures, except such as absolute necessity may exact, and the most anchoritish frugality in life: which are to be recorded as the noblest of virtues. Is it really so? Can it be that this solitary asceticism is really the grace and beauty of being? The subject is worth enquiry.

It has been written by one who had the poet's understanding of human nature, that

"Man the hermit pined, till woman smiled"—

and that sentiment may well be taken as a guide for all such peculiar subjects as this of which we now speak. It is a law of nature to be social, to seek communion, to gather friends; and the history of man is fraught with examples which prove that they who are the readiest to seek solitude and separate themselves from the world, have had bitter experience as the moving impulse, and checked and dried-up sympathies to make them weak enough to forego companionship. The would-be hermit of Concord may or may not be a worldly-disappointed man: better for him that he were, than that he should deliberately sit down in the woods, a Timon without cause, to reject and despise the common charities and duties, the pleasures and the pains of life, among his fellow men.

We would not be thought worldly beyond just bounds; but, in our estimation, every man should make his life useful to the extent of his ability.—There is upon us all the obligation of labor; it is the command of the Creator: but let it be supposed that each individual following the example of this idle young student, were simply to comply with the duty as he has done,—hide away in the bush, laboring no more than barely to maintain his own single, selfish existence,—where, then, would be obedience to the divine command, and all the im-

mense and beneficent consequences of obedience—the increase and happiness of the human race—union, communion, civilization to the masses; with—to the individual—all those sweet amenities, the silent but powerful influences which exalt as well as restrain; which give to morality her sway and to religion her true observance? Where would be the gentle ties of kindred, the love which glows around the family hearth, and the confidence which derives support from the faith and truth of others? Where would be the learning which has attested the power, at the same time that it has elevated the mind?—the healing arts,—the knowledge which has resolved the uses and the order of elements, the planets and the stars? What would follow, but mental and moral degradation? What is such solitary life, after all, but a voluntary abandonment of civilization and return to barbarism?

Reason this subject as they may, those who encourage such economic and philosophic perversion of life, encourage idleness and the most egotistic meanness; and the exemplification is given by the young student himself. Does he live for others or for himself? For himself solely; and if his own statement be true, while starving his body and depriving himself of the opportunities of doing any good service to his fellow men, he has been continually dependent, himself, upon the kindness of others for his subsistence. He "squats" upon another man's land, where he is permitted to live rent-free; but something more is necessary to supply even his narrow wants than his garden and his own solitary effort can supply. He flies his philosophic cell, at intervals, to seek the aid of those who live by aiding one another—to ask the place of the prodigal or the beggar among the swine and their husks, or at the foot of the rich man's—or the poor man's—table,—to purchase with *his* labor, or obtain from *their* liberality, the necessaries of life which the desert refuses,—then, suddenly, to turn his back upon the world which had befriended him in his hour of need, and resume the life of fancied independence and philosophy, which is only of uselessness, folly and mendicancy. What can there be in a mind, so trained, in the slightest degree tinctured with one generous sentiment? Such a life affords no example that can be imitated or ought to be imitated,—that can be or ought to be tolerated, or spoken of in any terms short of censure. Such a life is, indeed, above all other lives,

A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing:

It is a tale told by an idiot—it is a life lived by an idiot.

It is a weakness of mind to be afraid of annoyances; and they who look upon evils and afflictions and meet them with the boldest aspect and the stoutest heart, will have a far greater and more keenly appreciated allotment of pleasure than those who flee from pain and trouble by self-isolation.

The remark at the close of the paragraph quoted, conveys a just and proper warning. But while it is a perilous adventure often too rashly resolved on by young men who rush from the country into crowded cities, or spread their sails for California, in the quest of sudden wealth, it would be an infinitely worse and more dangerous speculation to abscond from society and attempt the existence of a wild Indian in the forest, in the dream of happiness and conceit of merit. He who lives thus for himself alone, should expect to forego the needed aid of friends to meliorate the bed of sickness by patient care and assiduous kindness, and, on that of death should hope for no hand of affection to close the filming eye, and no voice of love to sob the last farewell to the fleeting spirit. There can be no fate more terrible than that of him who finds that, having, miser-like, hoarded up, during life, his sympathies and refused all exchange of regard with others, he is himself at length deserted at that moment when he would give worlds for the support of one friendly, or the devotion of one loving spirit. There must come a day in the existence of every solitary man when the scales will fall from his eyes, and in bitterness of regret, he will be forced to say, as was said, in the beginning of the world, by Him who rules it,—"it is not good that man should be alone."

Daily National Intelligencer, Washington, D.D., 4-19-49.

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MR. HERBERT'S TRANSLATIONS.—We have already announced the publication of Mr. Herbert's metrical translations of the Promethus Bound and Agamemnon of Aeschylus. The interest of the new version, will be mostly that which it will have for Classical Students, who will feel a curiosity in comparing it, even in the detail of its execution with the unequalled originals. The special peculiarity in which Mr. Herbert's plan differs from that of the crowd of translators before him, is his conception which is quite ingenious, of an appropriate way in which to render the different metres of the original, so as to give for each in English some English metre, which in our literature, and from the influence of our habits has gained a power and associations similar to those of the original. This difficult adaptation is thus explained:—

"It struck me, that in all former translations of the Greek drama, the use of regular set English metres and stanzaic forms, for the representation of irregular though corresponding strophes and antistrophes, prevented the reader from forming any true idea of the Greek choral modes, and rendered it impossible to preserve the brevity and terseness of the original.—I therefore determined to render them as nearly to the measures of the original as the difference between a quantitative language like the Greek and one purely accentual like the English would admit.

"Thus the iambics of the text are given in blank verse, which is their equivalent, with but one exception. Wherever those singular dialogues of alternate single iambics or iambic couplets, so peculiar to the Hellenic dramas occur, I have rendered them into rhymed heroic couplets,—and this for two reasons; first, that the system of English blank verse abhors single unconnected lines; and second, that these alternate conversations have always something epigrammatic in their character, which harmonises well with the antithetical points of the heroic couplet.

"The unapeata of the Greek, in which our poet is the strongest of all the tragedians, I have translated into accentual English anapests, thinking that they convey something of the rushing rapidity of the original, and the long trochaics into Alexandrines, so constructed, that, as in the trochaic the last twelve syllables, the first two being cut away, from a regular iambic, so in the Alexandrines the last ten, similarly separated, form a blank verse."

For those of our readers who are interested in such studies, we copy Prometheus's first soliloquy,—as Mr. Herbert renders it; perhaps a fair specimen of his work;—and subjoin Mr. Thoreau's bold translation of the same passage published some years since,—as the nearest approach we have at hand to that which it is not, a literally faithful rendering of the original.

O heavenly ether, and swift-pinioned winds
And founts of rivers, and of ocean waves
Laughter innumerous, and thou, mother Earth,
Parent of all, and thine all-seeing orb,
O Helios, I invoke! Behold! Behold!
What wrongs, myself a god, from gods I bear.
See by what tortures rent asunder
Myriads of ages here must I languish!
No base a chain
Has this new wielder of the thunder
Contrived, to glut against me his strong hate.
Woe! Woe! the present and the future anguish
Compel my soul unwilling to complain!
When, when, or by what fate,
Shall these ages of agony terminate?
And yet what say I,—I whose prescient ken
So know the future that nought strange or new
Can come to grieve me? Best, then, to endure
Lightly the doom that still endured must be,
Knowing that fate will have its destined way.
Now neither to conceal nor tell my woes
Is left to me; by destiny severe
Thus yoked—ay me!—for gifts to mortals given.
For I is was the wondrous reed who bore,
Filled with that olden fount of fire divine,
Source of all arts, all happiness, to men.

Boston Semi-Weekly Advertiser,
9-29-49, p. 1.

And thence I writhe, on these harsh summits high,
In penal bonds, between the earth and sky.
But ay! say me!
What sound is this? what viewless perfume rare,
Mortal, divine, or mingled, loads the air?
Who is't that comes to this remotest rock?
With what intent unless my woes to mock?
Behold me fettered here, that wretched God.
The defyer of Zeus, the detested of all
The immortals who throng to the Thunderer's hall,
For that men I did over-revere.
Ay me! what a rush as of birds is on high!
What a whistling of pinions is loud in the sky!
Nothing comes but is pregnant with fear.

[From Thoreau's translation in the Dial.]

PROMETHEUS, ALONE.

O divine ether, and ye swift-winged winds,
Fountains of rivers, and countless smilings
Of the ocean waves, and earth, mother of all,
And thou all-seeing orb of the sun I call.
Behold me what a god I suffer at the hands of gods,
See by what outrages
Tormented the myriad-years
Time I shall endure; such the new
Ruler of the blessed has contrived for me,
Unseemly bonds.
Alas! alas! the present and the coming
Woe I groan; where ever of these sufferings
Must an end appear.
But what say I? I know beforehand all,
Exactly what will be, nor to me strange
Will any evil come. The destined fate
As easily as possible it behoves to bear, knowing
Necessity's is a resistless strength.
But neither to be silent, nor unsilent about this
Lot is possible for me; for a gift to mortals
Giving, I wretched have been yoked to these necessities;
Within a hollow reed by stealth I carry off fire's
Stolen source, which seemed the teacher
Of all art to mortals, and a great resource.
For such crimes penalty I pay,
Under the sky, rivetted in chains.
Ah! ah! alas! alas!
What echo, what odor has flown to me obscure,
Of god, or mortal, or else oblighed,—
Came it to this terminal hill
A witness of my sufferings, or wishing what?

Behold bound me an unhappy god,
The enemy of Zeus, fallen under
The ill will of all the gods, as many as
Enter into the hall of Zeus,
Through too great love of mortals.
Alas! alas! what fluttering do I hear
Of birds near? for the air rustles
With the soft rippling of wings.
Everything to me is fearful which creeps this way.

To these we add the translation of the same passage in the Family Library Series.

PROMETHEUS, ALONE.

Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds!
Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
That o'er the interminable ocean wreathe
Your crisped smiles, thou all producing earth,
And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
Views the wide world beneath, see what, a god,
I suffer from the gods; with what fierce pains,
Behold, what tortures for revolving ages
I here must struggle; such unseemly chains
This new-raised ruler of the gods devised.
Ah me! That groan bursts from my anguish'd heart,
My present woes and future to bemoan.
When shall these suff'rings find their destined end?
But why that vain inquiry? My clear sight
Looks through the future; unforeseen no ill
Shall come on me; behoves me then to bear
Patient my destined fate, knowing how vain
To struggle with necessity's strong power.
But to complain, or not complain, alike
Is unavailing, since for favors shown
To mortal man I bear this weight of woe.
Hid in a hollow cave the fount of fire
I privately convey'd, of every art
Productive, and the noblest gift to men;
And for this slight offence, woe, woe is me!
I bear these chains, fix'd to this savage rock,
Unsheltered from the sharp, inclement air.
Ah me! what sound, what softly-breathing odor
Steals on my sense? Be you divinities,
Or mortal men, or of th' heroic race,
Whoe'er have reach'd this wild rock's extreme cliff,
Spectators of my woes, or what your purpose,
Ye see me bound, a wretched god, abhorr'd
By Jove, and ev'ry god that treads his courts,
For my fond love to man. Ah me! again
I hear the sound of flutt'ring nigh; the air
Pants to the soft beat of light-moving wings;
All, that approaches now, is dreadful to me.

ART. II. — *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Company. 1849. pp. 413. J. R. Lowell.

Mass. Quarterly Review, December, 1849.

WE stick to the sea-serpent. Not that he is found in Concord or Merrimack, but like the old Scandinavian snake, he binds together for us the two hemispheres of Past and Present, of Belief and Science. He is the link which knits us seaboard Yankees with our Norse progenitors, interpreting between the age of the dragon and that of the railroad-train. We have made ducks and drakes of that large estate of wonder and delight bequeathed to us by ancestral irkings, and this alone remains to us unthrift heirs of Linn. We give up the Kraken, more reluctantly the mermaid, for we once saw one, no *mulier formosa, superne*, no greenhaired maid with looking-glass and comb, but an adroit compound of monkey and codfish, sufficiently attractive for purposes of exhibition till the suture where the *desinit in piscem* began, grew too obtrusively visible.

We feel an undefined respect for a man who has seen the sea-serpent. He is to his brother-fishers what the poet is to his fellow-men. Where they have seen nothing better than a school of horsemackerel, or the idle coils of ocean around Halfway Rock, he has caught authentic glimpses of the withdrawing mantlehem of the Edda-age. We care not for the monster himself. It is not the thing, but the belief in the thing, that is dear to us. May it be long before Professor Owen is comforted with the sight of his unfleshed vertebræ, long before they stretch many a rood behind Kimball's or Barnum's glass, reflected in the shallow orbs of Mr. and Mrs. Public, which stare but see not! When we read that Captain Spalding of the pink-stern *Three Pollies* has beheld him rushing through the brine like an infinite series of bewitched mackerel-casks, we feel that the mystery of old Ocean, at least, has not yet been sounded, that Faith and Awe survive there unevaporate. We once ventured the horsemackerel theory to an old fisherman, browner than a tomcod. "Hosmackril!" he exclaimed indignantly, "hosmackril be —" (here he used a phrase commonly indicated in laical literature by the same sign which serves for Doctorate in Divinity,) "don't yer spose *I* know a hosmackril?" The intonation of that "*I*" would have silenced professor Monkbairns Owen with his provoking *phoca* forever. What if one should ask *him* if he knew a trilobite?

The fault of modern travellers is that they see nothing out of sight. They talk of eocene periods and tertiary formations, and tell us how the world looked to the plesiosaur. They take science (or nescience) with them, instead of that soul of generous trust their elders had. All their senses are skeptics and doubters, materialists reporting things for other skeptics to doubt still further upon. Nature becomes a reluctant witness upon the stand, badgered with geologist hammers and phials of

acid. There have been no travellers since those included in Hakluyt and Purchas, except Martin, perhaps, who saw an inch or two into the invisible at the Orkneys. We have peripatetic lecturers, but no more travellers. Travellers' stories are no longer proverbial. We have picked nearly every apple (wormy or otherwise,) from the world's tree of Knowledge, and that without an Eve to tempt us. Two or three have hitherto hung luckily beyond reach on a lofty bough shadowing the interior of Africa, but there is a Doctor Bialloblotzky at this very moment pelting at them with sticks and stones. It may be only next week, and these, too, bitten by geographers and geologists, will be thrown away. We wish no harm to this worthy Sclavonian, but his name is irresistibly suggestive of boiled lobster, and some of the natives are not so choice in their animal food.

Analysis is carried into everything. Even Deity is subjected to chemic tests. We must have exact knowledge, a cabinet stuck full of facts pressed, dried, or preserved in spirits, instead of a large, vague world our fathers had. Our modern Eden is a *hortus siccus*. Tourists defraud rather than enrich us. They have not that sense of æsthetic proportion which characterized the elder traveller. Earth is no longer the fine work of art it was, for nothing is left to the imagination. Job Hortop, arrived at the height of the Bermudas, thinks it full time to throw us in a merman, — "we discovered a monster in the sea who showed himself three times unto us from the middle upwards, in which parts he was proportioned like a man, of the complection of a mulatto or tawny Indian." Sir John Hawkins is not satisfied with telling us about the merely sensual Canaries, but is generous enough to throw us in a handful over: "About these islands are certain flitting islands, which have been oftentimes seen, and when men approached near them they vanished, ... and therefore it should seem he is not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them." Henry Hawkes describes the visible Mexican cities, and then is not so frugal but that he can give us a few invisible ones. "The Spaniards have notice of seven cities which the old men of the Indians show them should lie toward the N. W. from Mexico. They have used, and use daily, much diligence in seeking of them, but they cannot find any one of them. They say that the witchcraft of the Indians is such that when they come by these towns they cast a mist upon them so that they cannot see them." Thus do these generous ancient mariners make children of us again. Their successors show us an earth effete and past bearing, tracing out with the eyes of industrious fleas every wrinkle and crowfoot.

The journals of the elder navigators are prose Odyssees. The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. Their world was a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which Thor strove to drain. Ours would scarce quench the small thirst of a bee. No modern voyager brings back the magical foundation stones of a Tempest. No Marco Polo, traversing the desert beyond the city of Lok, would tell of things able to inspire the mind of Milton with

> "Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two thirds of even the upper-world were yet untraversed and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveller our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully pictured notes of the Possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbrous coin of the actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished? Does California vie with El Dorado, or are Bruce's Abyssinian Kings a set-off for Prester John? A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. And if the philosophers have not even yet been able to agree whether the world has any existence independent of ourselves, how do we not gain a loss in every addition to the catalogue of Vulgar Errors? Where are the fishes which nidificated in trees? Where the monopodes sheltering themselves from the the sun beneath their single umbrella-like foot, umbrella-like in every thing but the fatal necessity of being borrowed? Where the Acephali, with whom Herodotus, in a kind of ecstasy, wound up his climax of men with abnormal top-pieces? Where the Roc whose eggs are possibly boulders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? Where the tails of the Britons? Where the no legs of the bird of Paradise? Where the Unicorn with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the fountain of Youth? Where that Thessalian spring which, without cost to the county, convicted and punished perjurers? Where the Amazons of Orellana? All these, and a thousand other varieties we have lost, and have got nothing instead of them. And those who have robbed us of them have stolen that which not enriches themselves. It is so much wealth cast into the sea beyond all approach of diving bells. We owe no thanks to Mr. J. E. Worcester, whose Geography we studied enforcedly at school. Yet even he had his relentings, and in some softer moment vouchsafed us a fine, inspiring print of the Maelstrom, answerable to the twenty-four mile diameter of its suction. Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antartic circles is invaded. Our youth are no longer ingenious, as indeed no ingenuity is demanded of them. Every thing is accounted for, every thing cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The Mysterious bounds nothing now on the North, South, East, or West. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it.

Since we cannot have back the old class of voyagers, the next best thing we can do is to send poets out a-travelling. These will at least see all that remains to be seen, and in the way it ought to be seen. These will disentangle nature for us from the various snarls of man, and show us the mighty mother without paint or padding, still fresh and young, full-breasted, strong-backed, fit to suckle and carry her children. The poet is he who bears the charm of freshness in his eyes. He may safely visit Niagara, or those adopted children of nature the Pyramids, sure to find them and to leave them as if no eye had vulgarized them before. For the ordinary tourist all wells have been muddied by the caravans that have passed that way, and his eye, crawling over the monuments of nature and art, adds only its quota of staleness.

Walton quotes an "ingenious Spaniard" as saying, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration," and Blount, in one of the notes to his translation of Philostratus, asserts that "as travelling does much advantage wise men, so does it no less prejudice fools." Mr. Thoreau is clearly the man we want. He is both wise man and poet. A graduate of Cambridge — the fields and woods, the axe, the hoe, and the rake have since admitted him *ad eundem*. Mark how his imaginative sympathy goes beneath the crust, deeper down than that of Burns, and needs no plough to turn up the object of its muse. "It is pleasant to think in winter, as we walk over the snowy pastures, of those happy dreamers

that lie under the sod, of dormice and all that race of dormant creatures which have such a superfluity of life enveloped in thick folds of fur, impervious to the cold." — p. 103. "For every oak and birch, too, growing on the hilltop, as well as for these elms and willows, we knew that there was a graceful ethereal and ideal tree making down from the roots, and sometimes nature in high tides brings her mirror to its foot and makes it visible." — p. 49. Only some word were better here than *mirror*, (which is true to the fact, but not to the fancy,) since we could not see *through* that. Leigh Hunt represents a colloquy between man and fish, in which both maintain their orthodoxy so rigidly that neither is able to comprehend or tolerate the other. Mr. Thoreau flounders in no such shallows. He is wiser, or his memory is better, and can recreate the sensations of that part of his embryonic life which he passed as a fish. We know nothing more thoroughly charming than his description of twilight at the river's bottom.

"The light gradually forsook the deep water, as well as the deeper air, and the gloaming came to the fishes as well as to us, and more dim and gloomy to them, whose day is perpetual twilight, though sufficiently bright for their weak and watery eyes. Vespers had already rung in many a dim and watery chapel down below, where the shadows of the weeds were extended in length over the sandy floor. The vespertinal pout had already begun to flit on leathern fin, and the finny gossips withdrew from the fluvial streets to creeks and coves, and other private haunts, excepting a few of stronger fin, which anchored in the stream, stemming the tide even in their dreams. Meanwhile, like a dark evening cloud, we were wafted over the cope of their sky, deepening the shadows on their deluged fields."

One would say this was the work of some bream Homer. Melville's pictures of life in Typee have no attraction beside it. Truly we could don scales, pectorals, dorsals, and anals, (critics are already cold-blooded,) to stroll with our dumb love, fin in fin, through the Rialto of this subfluvial Venice. The Complete Angler, indeed! Walton had but an extraqueous and coquine intimacy with the fishes compared with this. His tench and dace are but the poor transported convicts of the frying-pan.

There was a time when Musketaquid and Merrimack flowed down from the Unknown. The adventurer wist not what fair reaches stretched before him, or what new dusky peoples the next bend would discover. Surveyor and map have done what they could to rob them of their charm of unexpectedness. The urns of the old river-gods have been twitched from under their arms and set up on the museum-shelf, or, worse yet, they serve to boil the manufacturer's plum-porridge. But Mr. Thoreau with the touch of his oar conjures back as much as may be of the old enchantment. His map extends to the bed of the river, and he makes excursions into finland, penetrating among the scaly tribes without an angle. He is the true cosmopolitan or citizen of the Beautiful. He is thoroughly impartial — *Tros, Tyriusve* — a lichen or a man, it is all one, he looks on both with equal eyes. We are at a loss where to class him. He might be Mr. Bird, Mr. Fish, Mr. Rivers, Mr. Brook, Mr. Wood, Mr. Stone, or Mr. Flower, as well as Mr. Thoreau. His work has this additional argument for freshness, the birds, beasts, fishes, trees, and plants having this advantage, that none has hitherto gone among them in the missionary line. They are trapped for their furs, shot and speared for their flesh, hewn for their timber, and grubbed for Indian Vegetable Pills, but they remain yet happily unconverted in primitive heathendom. They take neither rum nor gunpowder in the natural way, and pay tithes without being Judaized. Mr. Thoreau goes among them neither as hunter nor propagandist. He makes a few advances to them in the way of Boodhism, but gives no list of catechumens, though flowers would seem to be the natural followers of that prophet.

In truth, Mr. Thoreau himself might absorb the forces of the entire alphabetic sanctity of the A. B. C. F. M., persisting as he does in a fine, intelligent paganism. We need no more go to the underworld to converse with shadows of old philosophers. Here we have the Academy brought to our doors, and our modern world criticized from beneath the shelter of the Portico. Were we writing commendatory verses after the old style, to be prefixed to this volume, we should begin somewhat thus: —

> If the ancient, mystique, antifabian
> Was (so he claimed) of them that Troy town wan
> Before he was born; even so his soul we see
> (Time's ocean underpast) revive in thee,
> As, diving nigh to Elis, Arethuse
> Comes up to loose her zone by Syracuse.

The great charm of Mr. Thoreau's book seems to be, that its being a book at all is a happy fortuity. The door of the portfolio-cage has been left open, and the thoughts have flown out of themselves. The paper and types are only accidents. The page is confidential like a diary. Pepys is not more minute, more pleasantly unconscious. It is like a book dug up, that has no date to assign it a special contemporaneousness, and no name of author. It has been written with no uncomfortable sense of a public looking over the shoulder. And the author is the least ingredient in it, too. All which I saw and part of which I was, would be an apt motto for the better portions of the volume: a part, moreover, just as the river, the trees, and the fishes are. Generally he holds a very smooth mirror up to nature, and if, now and then, he shows us his own features in the glass, when we had rather look at something else, it is as a piece of nature, and we must forgive him if he allow it a too usurping position in the landscape. He looks at the country sometimes (as painters advise) through the triumphal arch of his own legs, and, though the upsidedownness of the prospect has its own charm of unassuetude, the arch itself is not the most graceful.

So far of the manner of the book, now of the book itself. It professes to be the journal of a week on Concord and Merrimack Rivers. We must have our libraries enlarged, if Mr. Thoreau intend to complete his autobiography on this scale — four hundred and thirteen pages to a sennight! He begins honestly enough as the Boswell of Musketaquid and Merrimack. It was a fine subject and a new one. We are curious to know somewhat of the private and interior life of two such prominent and oldest inhabitants. Musketaquid saw the tremulous match half-doubtingly touched to the revolutionary train. The blood of Captain Lincoln and his drummer must have dribbled through the loose planks of the bridge for Musketaquid to carry down to Merrimack, that he in turn might mingle it with the sea. Merrimack is a drudge now, grinding for the Philistines, who takes repeated dammings without resentment, and walks in no procession for higher wages. But its waters remember the Redman, and before the Redman. They knew the first mammoth as a calf, and him a mere *parvenu* and modern. Even to the saurians they could say — we remember your grandfather.

Much information and entertainment were to be pumped out of individuals like these, and the pump does not *suck* in Mr. Thoreau's hands. As long as he continues an honest Boswell, his book is delightful, but sometimes he serves his two rivers

as Hazlitt did Northcote, and makes them run Thoreau or Emerson, or, indeed, anything but their own transparent element. What, for instance, have Concord and Merrimack to do with Boodh, themselves professors of an elder and to them wholly sufficient religion, namely, the willing subjects of watery laws, to seek their ocean? We have digressions on Boodh, on Anacreon, (with translations hardly so good as Cowley,) on Persius, on Friendship, and we know not what. We come upon them like snags, jolting us headforemost out of our places as we are rowing placidly up stream or drifting down. Mr. Thoreau becomes so absorbed in these discussions, that he seems, as it were, to *catch a crab*, and disappears uncomfortably from his seat at the bow-oar. We could forgive them all, especially that on Books, and that on Friendship, (which is worthy of one who has so long commerced with Nature and with Emerson,) we could welcome them all, were they put by themselves at the end of the book. But as it is, they are out of proportion and out of place, and mar our Merrimacking dreadfully. We were bid to a river-party, not to be preached at. They thrust themselves obtrusively out of the narrative, like those quarries of red glass which the Bowery dandies (emulous of Sisyphus) push laboriously before them as breast-pins.

Before we get through the book, we begin to feel as if the author had used the term week, as the Jews did the number *forty*, for an indefinite measure of time. It is quite evident that we have something more than a transcript of his fluviatile experiences. The leaves of his portfolio and river-journal seem to have been shuffled together with a trustful dependence on some overruling printer-providence. We trace the lines of successive deposits as plainly as on the sides of a deep cut, or rather on those of a trench carried through made-land in the city, where choiceness of material has been of less import than suitableness to fill up, and where plaster and broken bricks from old buildings, oyster-shells, and dock mud have been shot pellmell together. Yet we must allow that Mr. Thoreau's materials are precious, too. His plaster has bits of ancient symbols painted on it, his bricks are stamped with mystic sentences, his shells are of pearl-oysters, and his mud from the Sacramento.

"Give me a sentence," prays Mr. Thoreau bravely, "which no intelligence can understand!" — and we think that the kind gods have nodded. There are some of his utterances which have foiled us, and we belong to that class of beings which he thus reproachfully stigmatizes as intelligences. We think it must be this taste that makes him so fond of the Hindoo philosophy, which would seem admirably suited to men, if men were only oysters. Or is it merely because, as he naïvely confesses in another place, "his soul is of a bright invisible *green*"? We would recommend to Mr. Thoreau some of the Welsh sacred poetry. Many of the Triads hold an infinite deal of nothing, especially after the bottoms have been knocked out of them by translation. But it seems ungrateful to find fault with a book which has given us so much pleasure. We have eaten salt (Attic, too,) with Mr. Thoreau. It is the hospitality and not the fare which carries a benediction with it, and it is a sort of ill breeding to report any oddity in the viands. His feast is here and there a little savage, (indeed, he professes himself a kind of volunteer Redman,) and we must make out with the fruits, merely giving a sidelong glance at the baked dog and pickled missionary, and leaving them in grateful silence.

We wish the General Court had been wise enough to have appointed our author to make the report on the Ichthyology of Massachusetts. Then, indeed, would the people of the state have known something of their aquicolal fellow-citizens. Mr. Thoreau handles them as if he loved them, as old Izaak recommends us to do with a worm in impaling it. He is the very Asmodeus of their private life. He unroofs their dwellings and makes us familiar with their loves and sorrows. He seems to suffer a sea-change, like the Scotch peasant who was carried down among the seals in the capacity of family physician. He balances himself with them under the domestic lily-pad, takes a family-bite with them, is made the confidant of their courtships, and is an honored guest at the wedding-feast. He has doubtless seen a pickerel crossed in love, a perch Othello, a bream the victim of an unappreciated idiosyncrasy, or a minnow with a mission. He goes far to convince us of what we have before suspected, that fishes are the highest of organizations. The natives of that more solid atmosphere, they are not subject to wind or rain, they have been guilty of no Promethean rape, they have bitten no apple. They build no fences, holding their watery inheritance undivided. Beyond all other living things they mind their own business. They have not degenerated to the necessity of reform, swallowing no social pills, but living quietly on each other in a true primitive community. They are vexed with no theories of the currency which go deeper than the Newfoundland Banks. *Nimium fortunati!* We wish Mr. Thoreau would undertake a report upon them as a private enterprise. It would be the most delightful book of natural history extant.

Mr. Thoreau's volume is the more pleasant that with all its fresh smell of the woods, it is yet the work of a bookish man. We not only hear the laugh of the flicker, and the watchman's rattle of the red squirrel, but the voices of poets and philosophers, old and new. There is no more reason why an author should reflect trees and mountains than books, which, if they are in any sense real, are as good parts of nature as any other kind of growth. We confess that there is a certain charm for us even about a fool who has read myriads of books. There is an undefinable atmosphere around him, as of distant lands around a great traveller, and of distant years around very old men. But we think that Mr. Thoreau sometimes makes a bad use of his books. Better things can be got out of Herbert and Vaughan and Donne than the art of making bad verses. There is no harm in good writing, nor do wisdom and philosophy prefer crambo. Mr. Thoreau never learned bad rhyming of the river and the sky. He is the more culpable as he has shown that he can write poetry at once melodious and distinct, with rare delicacy of thought and feeling.

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go,
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

"My sole employment 't is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

"I have but few companions on the shore,
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea,
Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

"The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view,
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew."

If Mr. Emerson choose to leave some hard nuts for posterity to crack, he can perhaps afford it as well as any. We counsel Mr. Thoreau, in his own words, to take his hat and

come out of that. If he prefer to put peas in his shoes when he makes private poetical excursions, it is nobody's affair. But if the public are to go along with him, they will find some way to boil theirs.

We think that Mr. Thoreau, like most solitary men, exaggerates the importance of his own thoughts. The "I" occasionally stretches up tall as Pompey's pillar over a somewhat flat and sandy expanse. But this has its counterbalancing advantage, that it leads him to secure many a fancy and feeling which would flit by most men unnoticed. The little confidences of nature which pass his neighbours as the news slip through the grasp of birds perched upon the telegraphic wires, he received as they were personal messages from a mistress. Yet the book is not solely excellent as a Talbotype of natural scenery. It abounds in fine thoughts, and there is many a critical *obiter dictum* which is good law, as what he says of Raleigh's style.

"Sir Walter Raleigh might well be studied if only for the excellence of his style, for he is remarkable in the midst of so many masters. There is a natural emphasis in his style, like a man's tread, and a breathing space between the sentences, which the best of modern writing does not furnish. His chapters are like English parks, or say rather like a western forest, where the larger growth keeps down the underwood, and one may ride on horseback through the openings."

Since we have found fault with some of what we may be allowed to call the worsification, we should say that the prose work is done conscientiously and neatly. The style is compact and the language has an antique purity like wine grown colorless with age. There are passages of a genial humor interspersed at fit intervals, and we close our article with one of them by way of grace. It is a sketch which would have delighted Lamb.

"I can just remember an old brown-coated man who was the Walton of this stream, who had come over from Newcastle, England, with his son, the latter a stout and hearty man who had lifted an anchor in his day. A straight old man he was who took his way in silence through the meadows, having passed the period of communication with his fellows; his old experienced coat hanging long and straight and brown as the yellow pine bark, glittering with so much smothered sunlight, if you stood near enough, no work of art but naturalized at length. I often discovered him unexpectedly amid the pads and the gray willows when he moved, fishing in some old country method, — for youth and age then went a fishing together, — full of incommunicable thoughts, perchance about his own Tyne and Northumberland. He was always to be seen in serene afternoons haunting the river, and almost rustling with the sedge; so many sunny hours in an old man's life, entrapping silly fish, almost grown to be the sun's familiar; what need had he of hat or raiment any, having served out his time, and seen through such thin disguises? I have seen how his coeval fates rewarded him with the yellow perch, and yet I thought his luck was not in proportion to his years; and I have seen when, with slow steps and weighed down with aged thoughts, he disappeared with his fish under his low-roofed house on the skirts of the village. I think nobody else saw him; nobody else remembers him now, for he soon after died, and migrated to new Tyne streams. His fishing was not a sport, nor solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their bibles."

Æsthetic Papers, edited by Elizabeth B. Peabody. Boston: E. P. Peabody. [1850]

Here is a pleasant pamphlet to carry up into the country, and read under the chestnut-trees. It contains many things to admire—some to smile at—and a few that to plain understandings will appear absurd. Among its papers is an article on Criticism, by Mr. S. G. Ward; another on Music, by Mr. Dwight; another on Language, by Miss Peabody; one upon Genius, by Mr. S. Reed; one upon Organization, by Parke Godwin; besides others which we shall more distinctly mention. Some verses are interspersed, the most striking of which are extracted from a former writer, named Pope.

Another year will just complete a century since Baumgarten commenced the publication of his Æsthetics, at Frankfort on the Oder. When one considers how much has been done since 1750, in the way of political revolutions, steamships, railroads, cotton manufactures, chloroform, and Californian discoveries, it certainly does not seem a very great stride from Professor Baumgarten's book to Miss Peabody's. As yet, Æsthetics have not done much. Anæsthetics—in surgical parlance—have effected, during these two or three past years, far more good for man and womankind.

Yet we would fain disclaim all kin with those practical *cui bono* people who demand that metaphysical and intangible things should be trip-hammered and rolled out with as much expedition as iron rails, to supply the public need. It is something of a step, after all, to have got a new word. The term is a useful one—a new tool for Truth to work with. Those who do not believe in phrenology, are yet convinced that there is an acquisitiveness, an ideality, et cetera. Therefore let us not throw away old Dr. Baumgarten's phrase, but see what hereafter thinkers may make of it. Miss Peabody sums up her use of it in this explication:—

"The word æsthetic is difficult of definition, because it is the watchword of a whole revolution in criticism. Like whig and tory, it is the standard of a party; it marks the progress of an idea. It is a watchword. We use it to designate in our department that phase in human progress which subordinates the individual to the general, that he may reappear on a higher plane of individuality."

There are some articles in this pamphlet that do not seem naturally included in the above explanation. Emerson's Essay on War is an excellent and thoughtful disquisition, that is not addressed only to readers within the Eleusinian pale of a sect. It is a paper of great merit, and, like that of Miss Peabody upon the "Dorian Measure," cannot fail to detain the eye of all who admire Emerson, or who are glad to freshen their remembrance of Müller.

The most charming thing in the book, however, is a retrospection by Hawthorne, called "Main Street." It is an exceedingly natural and poetical picture of the growth of said street, in Salem, from the first faintly traced forest-path, through all its changes of primitive woodland silence, the early settler's hut, the thickening cottages of the growing colony, the close-built wealthy town—down to the modern splendor of the same thoroughfare, "from Buffum's Corner downward, on the night of the grand illumination for General Taylor's triumph."

To say nothing of the skill and humor with which the *machinery* of the piece is managed, the scenes are exquisitely drawn, and colored as only a true poet could paint. If Irving is our Addison, Hawthorne is our Goldsmith, or rather our Charles Lamb, for he combines the humor and the tenderness of both, with no common or cockney feeling for the beauty and the glory of nature.

We must dismiss Mr. Thoreau, with an earnest prayer that he may become a better subject, in time, or else take a trip to France, and preach his doctrine of "*Resistance to Civil Government*" to the red republicans. Of Miss Peabody's poetry we have little to remark, save that we wonder how so good an Italian scholar, as she is reputed, should venture to "*cast a coolness o'er Cocytu's glow*," without shuddering at the recollection of that icy realm in Hades—*Ove Cocito la freddura serra.*—*Boston Courier.*

A New Work on Italy.

It is announced that the late Miss Margaret Fuller, now styled in the Tribune the Marchioness Ossoli, has a work in preparation on the recent revolutions in Italy. It will probably be published before the close of the winter, simultaneously in New York and London. The same paper adds: "We have some reason to expect her return to this country next summer, accompanied by her husband and child."

From Morris and Willis' Home Journal.

EMERSON. 2-2-50

The announcement that Mr. Emerson was to lecture at the Mercantile Library, a few evenings since, was a torpedo touch, even to that most exhausted and torpid thing on earth, editorial curiosity—for, though the impregnator of a whole cycle of Boston mind, and the father of thousands of lesser Emersons, he is the most unapproachably original and distinct monotype of our day; and, strange to say, we had never, to the best of our knowledge, laid eyes upon him. For this unaccountable want of recognition and singlification, living in the same town, as we were, when Emerson first began to preach and write, and never taking the trouble to go and behold him as a prophet, we must own to tardy perceptions—but it was doubtless due to his belonging to a sect which we supposed had but one relish, and which led us to dismiss what we heard of him, of course, with the idea that he was but a new addition to the prevailing Boston beverage of Channing-and-water.

The eye sometimes reverses, and always more or less qualifies, the judgment formed without its aid; and we were very much disappointed, on arriving at the hall, to find the place crowded, and no chance of a near view of the speaker. The only foothold to be had was up against the farthest wall, and a row of unsheltered gas-lights blazed between us and the pulpit, with one at either ear-tip of the occupant, drowning the expression of his face completely in the intense light a little behind it. To look at him at all was to do so with needles through the eyes; and we take the trouble to define this, by way of a general protest against the unshaded gas-burners of the Tabernacle, Stuyvesant Institute, and other public rooms—where an ophthalmia is very likely to be added to the bad air and hard seats with which the "evening's entertainment" is presented.

The single look we were enabled to give Mr. Emerson, as the applause announced that he had come into the pulpit, revealed to us that it was a man we had seen a thousand times, and with whose face our memory was familiar; though, in the sidewalk portrait-taking by which we had treasured his physiognomy, there was so little resemblance to the portrait taken from reading him, that we should never have put the two together, probably, except by personal identification. We remember him perfectly, as a boy whom we used to see playing about Chauncey Place and Summer-street—one of those pale little moral-sublimes, with their shirt collars turned over, who are recognized by Boston school-boys as having "fathers that are Unitarians"—and though he came to his first short hair about the time that we came to our first tail-coat, six or eight years behind us, we have never lost sight of him. In the visits we have made to Boston, of late years, we have seen him in the street, and remembered having always seen him as a boy—very little suspecting that *there* walked, in a form long familiar, the deity of an intellectual altar, upon which, at that moment, burned a fire in our bosom.

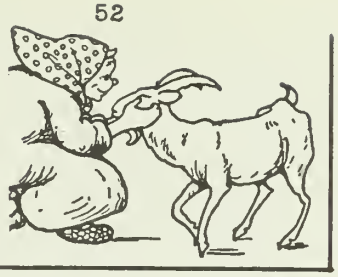
Emerson's voice is up to his reputation. It has a curious contradiction, which we tried in vain to analyze satisfactorily—an outwardly repellant and inwardly reverential mingling of qualities, which a musical composer would despair of blending into one. It bespeaks a life that is half contempt, half adoring recognition, and very little between. But it is noble, altogether. And what seems strange is to hear such a voice proceeding from such a body. It is a voice with shoulders in it which he has not—with lungs in it far larger than his—with a walk in it which the public never see—with a fist in it which his own hand never gave him the model for—and with a gentleman in it which his parochial and "bare-necessaries-of-life" sort of exterior gives no other betrayal of. We can imagine nothing in nature—(which seems, too, to have a type for everything)—like the want of correspondence between the Emerson that goes in at the eye and the Emerson that goes in at the ear. We speak, (as we explained,) without having had an opportunity to study his face—acquaintance with features, as everybody knows, being like the peeling of an artichoke; and the *core* of a face, to those who know it, being very unlike the eight or ten outside folds that stop the eye in the beginning. But a heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of an aspen, would not seem more as if it never could have grown there, than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body. Indeed, (to use one of his own similitudes,) his body seems "never to have broken the umbilical cord" which held it to Boston, while his soul has sprung to the adult stature of a child of the universe, and his voice is the utterance of the soul only. It is one of his fine remarks, that "it makes a great difference to the force of any sentence whether a man is behind it or no"—but, without his voice to make the ear stand surety for his value, the eye would look for the first time on Emerson and protest his draft on admiration, as *not* "payable at sight."

The first twenty sentences, which we heard, betrayed one of the smaller levers of Emerson's power of style which we had not detected in reading him. He works with surprises. A man who should make a visit of charity, and, after expressing all proper sympathy, should bid adieu to the poor woman, leaving her very grateful for his kind feelings, but should suddenly return, after shutting the door, and give her a guinea, would produce just the effect of his most electric sentences. You do not observe it in reading, because you withhold the emphasis till you come to the key-word. But, in delivery, his cadences tell you that the meaning is given, and the interest of the sentence all over, when—flash!—comes a single word or phrase, like lightning after listened-out thunder, and illuminates with astonishing vividness, the cloud you have striven to see into. We can give, perhaps, a partial exemplification of it, by a description rather than a quotation of a droll and graphic sketch which he drew in his lecture, of his first impression of Englishmen on the road. The audience had already laughed in two or three places, and—with the intention to be longer attended to on that point quite gone out of his eyes—he was fumbling with his manuscript to look for the next head—when the closing word, just audible, threw us all into a fit of laughter. "The Englishman" (if we may paraphrase rather than quote, for it is impossible to recall the subtle collocation of his words) "dresses to please himself. He puts on as many coats, trousers and wrappers as he likes, and, while he respects others' rights, is unaffected by, and unconscious of, the observation of those around him. He is an island as England is. He is a bulky and sturdy mass, with his clothes built up about his body, and he lives in, thinks in, and speaks from, his——building." To the listener, this last word, which was dug out, smelted, coined and put away to be produced and used with cautious and artistic effectiveness, seems an accident of that moment's suggestion—as new a thing to the orator as to himself, and which he came very near not hearing, as it came very near not being said.

We are gossiping only—not trying to estimate or criticize. What our readers might not otherwise get at, is what we aim to give—in this as in most else that we describe editorially. Emerson is too great a man to be easily or trifflingly appreciated. The more studied as well as more properly deferential views which we entertain of his nature and power, we leave unexpressed, because others are likely to do it better (as is shown in another column) and because we write, *stans in uno pede*, and can let the ink dry on nothing. We can only say of this Lecture on England that it was, as all is which he does, a compact mass of the exponents of far-reaching thoughts—stars which are the pole-points of universes beyond—and at each close of a sentence, one wanted to stop and wonder at that thought before being hurried to the next. He is a suggestive, direction-giving, soul-fathoming mind, and we are glad there are not more such. A few Emersons would make the every-day work of one's mind intolerable.

Let us close by giving our readers an advance-taste of a grand similitude with which he closed his lecture, and which we see is not given in the newspaper reports of it. It is one of those Titanic thoughts that would alone make a reputation, and a prophetic metaphor of England's power for which Victoria should name one of her annual babies Emerson. After some very bold and fearless comment on the croaking that predicts the speedy downfall of England, he compared her to the *banyan tree*, which, it will be remembered, sends up shoots from its roots that become, themselves, huge trunks of parent vegetation. "She has planted

herself on that little island," he said, "like the banyan tree, and her roots *have spread under the sea, and come up on far away continents and in every quarter of the world*, flowering with her language and laws, and forever perpetuating her, though the first trunk dismember and perish." In his own words, this thought will have as banyan an eternity as England.—*N. P. Willis.*



——Emerson handles things without gloves, as every body knows. He has climbed above the atmosphere of this world and kicked away the ladder—holding no deferential communication, that is to say, with any of the intermediate ladder-rounds or degrees of goodness. If he descends at all, it is quite to the ground, otherwise he is out of reach—up with the Saviour or down with Lazarus and his sores. We intended, in the present number of our paper, to have given a careful illustration of this—in some remarks upon Mr. Emerson's last lecture and his works—but head and hand out of condition for a few days, has prevented this, as it will account, (to subscribers and correspondents,) for other short-comings of our bespoken time and pen. We only wish, just now, to record, before we lose hold of it, an instance of the boldness with which Mr. Emerson speaks, from his super-atmospheric elevation—instructing our readers, at the same time, as to his view of the principle of Socialism—now so vigorously at work among us.

As among the "Signs of the Times" (which formed the subject of his Lecture) he spoke with reverential admiration of the Apostleships of Fourier and Owen—lauding those reformers so highly indeed, as to draw a murmur of satisfaction from the Listen-to-reason-dom which formed the greater part of his audience, and hisses from the few believers in things as they are who had been brought thither by curiosity. Of the main Socialist aim, to distribute the means of human happiness more equally, he apparently could not speak admiringly enough—but he scouted, very emphatically, the possibility of any general community of existence, as a destruction of the poetry of individual and family separation, and as altogether "culinary and mean." Level all men, he said, and they would commence to unequalize to-morrow—those who had once got the upper hand in wealth and power being able and likely to get it again. The simflitude with which he illustrated the impossibility of commonizing and equalizing great men, as well as the less gifted and ordinary, will be enough to complete the reader's idea of Emerson's extent of belief in Socialism, while at the same time it makes an easily remembered frame on which to embroider the stray threads of its argument and progress. "Spoons and skimmers," said he, "you can make lie undistinguishably together—but vases and statues require each a pedestal for itself."

We went early, to get a seat where we could see Emerson, and were struck with the character of his audience, most of whom we knew by repute. We doubt whether any man but the lecturer could draw together so varied an assemblage, and yet probably none were there who had not a point of contact with the mind they came to enjoy. Mr. Charles King was there with his combined likeness to Aristotle and Epicurus; Mrs. Kirkland with her fine-chiselled aristocratic features and warm bright eye; Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the Revelations-man, looking as if thought had never left a foot-print on his apprentice face; Miss Sedgwick, with thought and care stranded on the beach of her countenance by the ebb of youth, Mr. Greeley, with his face fenced in by regularity and culture while the rest of him is left "in open common;" half a dozen of the men who live for committees and influence; six or eight of the artists who are painting away the time till the millennium comes; several unappreciated poets; one or two strong-minded wealthy men who are laying up a reserve of intellect against what Capt. Cuttle calls a "rewarse"; and, as well as we could see, few or no ordinary people. If Emerson would come to New-York, and invite just that audience to gather around him and form a congregation of Listeners to reason, with or without a pulpit, we are very sure that he might become the centre of a very well-chosen society—form it into a club or gather it around a pulpit. Either way, New-York is the place for him, we think.

The Second Course of Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association was opened last evening by Mr. R. W. Emerson with a deeply interesting and instructive lecture on England. At an early hour the hall was filled to its whole extent, and before the close of the evening a large number were obliged to go from the door without obtaining admission.

Mr. Emerson said that having visited England on two successive occasions, and having not long since returned from an extensive tour in that country, he should freely relate the impressions that were left on his mind. On landing in Liverpool for the first time, no one can avoid an emotion of surprise, and the inquiry is suggested, what has made England what it is.

Every thing bears the marks of the most triumphant success. The highest cultivation in every sphere is presented to the spectator. It seems like the kingdom and chosen home of common sense. The fields look as if the sod had been turned with a pencil, instead of a plough. You are carried from place to place as if riding on a cannon ball. You are surrounded with every form of convenience and luxury, the material wants are provided for in a style of artistic perfection, that can be produced only by years of cultivation and experience. It is no wonder that Landor remarked "No one would live in a new country, who could live in an old one." You are surrounded with the remains of past ages. The achievements of centuries are made to bear on the passing comforts of the day.

When the American first puts his foot on English soil, he seems to have returned to some lost, forgotten home. The pictures which amused his childhood are here presented in reality. He sees the same ruddy, happy, portly, benignant grandfatherly Englishmen, whose portraits he studied on the tiles of the chimney corner. He has got back among his friends, and finds his uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandfathers on the spot to meet him.

England may justly boast of her choicely cultivated population. No people on earth can compare with her in this respect. In the midst of the social evils which portentiously rear their heads on high, we see a great number of well-developed human beings, highly finished men, rounded, complete, consummate characters in their sphere, of which any nation might justly be proud.

If we look for the causes of this remarkable flowering forth of humanity, we must ascribe a great influence to the climate. Every day is a working day. There is no Winter to break off the operations of industry.

The best blood of Europe is mingled in the veins of England. The cross between the Britons and Saxons was a fortunate one. After that, the Northern nations poured the best stamina of their constitutions into the frame of the English. This blending of races has produced a physical vigor and perfection that may be looked for elsewhere in vain.—The English, as a general rule, weigh more, are better proportioned, more florid, and handsomer than any other people. You see this in all classes from the peer to the porter.

The dress of the English is emblematic of their character. It has two prevailing styles, the tortoise and the supple. In one the person is encased in his clothing as in a shell, and looks the picture of defiance. But nowhere is there such a variety of costume. A man washes and shaves, and wears his hair in a way to suit himself, and not others. He may put on a coat, or wig, or a shawl, or a saddle—no one will remark upon it. He has his own way, so he does not annoy others. The Englishman is remarkable for his pluck. He shows you that he means to have his rights respected. He knows just what he wants, and he means to have it. He is sure to let it be known if he is not served to his mind. Still he is not quarrelsome. Among the twelve hundred young men at Oxford, a duel was never known to take place. His self-possession is not pugnacity. He does not wish to injure others, he thinking only of himself. The axis of his eyes is united to his back-bone.

With such a sturdy population, England is not likely to break up. She now contains the essential elements of growth. Her cities are expanding, her wealth is enlarging, the London Universities shoot up in luxuriant prosperity, like our young Colleges at the West.

The constant presence of a superior class gives a tone to the general manners. Even trifles are clothed with importance. Whatever is done, must be done in the best way.—The English character thus gains an admirable balance of qualities, resembling in its keenness and vigor the best tempered steel. The fabulous St. George, the slayer of dragons and defender of maidens, is not the true emblem of the English people. We are to find that rather in the law-giver, scholar, poet, mechanic, monarch, King Alfred. In later times, we see a noble exhibition of the same type in Oliver Cromwell. Another model Englishman was William of Wyckham, whose institutions, established so many centuries since, remain to this day. He provided that at a certain house a piece of bread and a draught of beer should be given free of charge to whoever should ask for it—a provision which is still in force, as Mr. Emerson tested by his own experience.

The English tenacity compares favorably with the American facility. In his house, in his office, in his counting room, you always know when to find the Englishman.

Still, it must be confessed that his character has taken a materialistic shape, and is foil to the spiritual, ideal tendencies of the Elizabethan age. The English have no taste for speculation, (except in stocks,) for philosophy, for the most profound and imaginative poetry. Her writers like Coleridge and Wordsworth find a more cordial appreciation in this country than at home.

Mr. E. accompanied his descriptions with a great variety of striking illustrations, which can no more be reported than the colors of the sunset. We have given only a meagar outline of some few of his leading remarks, regretting that we have no room for an extended account of a lecture which was listened to with unmingled admiration by a distinguished audience.

LATTER-DAY TRUTHS....For The Tribune.

BY JOSEPH ARENAN.

Carlyle, the Scoto-Germanic Essayist, in his new publication, called "Latter-Day Tracts," refers to the influence of youth on the present age. Boys, almost children, he says, are the architects of Revolution. And from this fact, he concludes that the age is not what it should be—that precocity in states, as in men, is a herald of decay. I differ from the illustrious Herr Teufelsdröck, and believe that good will result from that very leaven of youth which he dreads. Indeed, the essayist utters one true aphorism: "The world cannot remain as it is, and *must* be renewed." And toward this renewal the vigor of young men is above all things necessary

Mother Earth is growing old,
And her wiry pulse is cold,
As the Winter-covered wold.

As the deadful Past recedes,
Fingering still her ancient beads,
Mumbling over old-time creeds—

Not for soul, but purse, she prays,
Counts with coin the priceless days,
Clinging to her olden ways;

As in immemorial times,
Jarring Nature's choral chimes,
With the clinking of the dimes—

All her years by Custom curst,
Even the last is like the first,
Monarchs chain her soul as erst;

Still a theme for Heaven's emprise,
Swayed and ruled by foolish cries,
Shibboleths of the little-wise.

And the men who break their rules,
Scattering dust in dotard-schools,
They are ever branded "fools!"

Starry Galileo came,
Spake his truths with lips of flame:
"Fool" was added to his name.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune, 3-30-50, p. 6.

All that FOURIER suffered, taught—
Worshiping the "grand word OUGHT,"*
But the charge of folly brought.

Courtiers with their mockings freeze
Him who sought beyond the seas—
Sought and found Hesperides;

As COLUMBUS passes by,
Heedless of their luxury,
"See the dreamer" is their cry.

Even CHRIST, the Father's Blest,
Clasping Suffering to his breast,
Wore a fool's-cap, like the rest.

But the tortures pass away,
And the Great, whom all obey,
Wore the "fools" of yesterday.†

And, O, Sage! name "fools" remain,
Tugging still at Custom's chain—
Striving still through toil and pain—

Heedless of the Tyrant's ruth,
Speaking words of fearless truth,
'Till the world renew its youth,

Warring on the Social sin,
Careless of the Death-machine,
Halter, Axe, or Guillotine.

Students, Young Men, "fools," and "boys,"
Scorning childish tricks and toys,
Shunning Manhood's dearest joys,

Leave the clinking gold to Age,
To the counterfeited Sage,
And turn in life a different page;

Stooring by no Human light,
Thro' Time's long and dismal night,
But by stars for ever bright.

Excelsior! our day is come;
Forward to our Future home:
SHELLY's grand Millenium.‡

*This striking phrase is EMERSON's.

†I am indebted to a beautiful lyric of BERANGER's, addressed to FOURIER, for the idea expressed in these lines.

‡"O, happy Earth, reality of Heaven" This line opens the gorgeous picture of Humanity's Future, bequeathed by the poet to other days.

Carlyle Criticised.

We extract from a private letter from a distinguished literary man of London, whose communications have often delighted the readers of *The Tribune*, the following brilliant and appreciative notice of Carlyle's last work, which has excited so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic:

I suppose you have read No. 1 of Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. These, in their mode of publication (a shilling number monthly, or occasionally) not less than in their matter, mark the beginning of a new state of things. Carlyle is talking not to bookish men alone, but to everybody, in his impressive way. It is perhaps the first time that a great aerious fellow of the kind has come down into the cheap and easy field, to say that there are other shillingsworths beside novels and romances. I see importance in the fact of this burly bully deciding to walk on the same walk with the literati and the light-headed and light fingered people of the press. The thin folk, as they pass him, will look down with painful askance at his big stick.

Opinion seems scarcely to have formed itself as to these present labors of his. I do not know what the majority of the journals say, but in those notices which I have seen—and they are very few—it is quite evident that Thomas is handled gingerly, as though he were a hot horse-shoe. They are in pain so far as they know anything about him; they look at him on his own ground with pained backs. The instinct of self-preservation will keep journalism, whose present breath is idleness, from considering a man who must either be repelled by great activity of brain and fancy, or he will begin to outlaw the said journalism from the hearts and homes of honest men. He proclaims from the housetop that there is a new work to be done, and that we must find out new ways—new arts and sciences—of doing it. In truth he asks too much of an age in which brain-work has become almost impossible; in which glibness is the substitute for struggle; in which the running away of the mind into endlessness and microscopy, is pretended to be better than the old ways of girding up the loins, compressing the lips, and grasping staff or sword for either fight or pilgrimage. If I discern anything with clearness, it is in this age the rapid desertion of centers for circumferences; the obliteration of ranks in that hierarchical ladder which once led to God; the general fatigue with everything after a little time; and the constitution of a new ladder, on which the angels do not descend, but fall and doze, on their way, to be buried at the bottom. Look, for an instance, at the state of all problems. The upper stories of investigation are tenantless. There is no theology left, but it has degenerated into precedent and ecclesiastical history with one set of men; into rationalism and unbelief with another: both sides have given it up as a thing far less real than stones, trees, and good dinners. Meantime a lower floor receives the falling chiefs, and having left their empty heads as useless burdens up stairs, they find themselves comfortable for a season in some metaphysical, social or sanitary pursuits. These, however, require too much concentration, and, besides, their law is, that they will not be solved without recognition be first made of the upper powers, which, yet, the headless cannot make. There must, therefore, be another descent, perhaps to private charity and *laissez faire*. The outer courts of these are self-congratulation and pastimes of various kinds—among others, the pastime of a knowledge as easy as opening the eyes, and which ultimately comes to be considered as the chief object of man's intellect. The end of the history on this side is, all that is least in the field of the Microscope—all that is remotest in geology—all that is unmanliest in organization—all that is emptiest in the million billion-trillion sublimity of rhodomontade astronomy, for which God's greatness is that of an infinite Dutchman. And then, on the practical side, there is what Carlyle calls, "Anarchy, plus the Constable." When matters arrive at this stage, the centrifugal cowards sigh for new words to tumble into; but nature has a bottom, and the Devil himself resists their fall, for his own integrity's sake.

At this bottom we are now arrived, according to Carlyle, and here, work we must. It is true, the difficulties—now that we have got to our last home—are immense. The Sun was our center and problem once; the sand of the sea represents it now. All the questions deserted at the top, come over again at the bottom, and to men who are not as men but as grasshoppers. They come also in forms which have nothing to do with eternity, but with the least portions of Time's sand-glass. The question is not whether we are to live forever, but how we are to get our next meal, and where we shall sleep to-night. Plato might talk of the immortality of the soul, seeing that it had a lease of 70 years, and naturally wished to extend the term. We are tenants at will from moment to moment, and have to arrange, by every curious means, how to be immortal for the next week. There is not a clergyman extant who can show this *How*; and *how*, therefore, on our side, shall we listen to them of the larger problem? They do not tell us this either.

Nobody seems to apprehend the situation so ripely as Carlyle; in the whole sick body of society he is the burning boil. People accuse him of gloom, fury, exaggeration, insightlessness—and very properly, for he is the sorest place of Europe. It puts down its hand, and whenever it touches him, gives a cry of pain. He and it are the same skin, but the brigh inflammation is awake though the great body uneasily sleeps on. He summons us all to arise, though it be to tread with him over the burning marl. He tells us still of wisdom and duty, but of necessity most of all.

Great is the dismay of all those who deemed that human advancement was a necessary growth, as of a tree; that if 1800 was good, 1850 must be better, and 1900 better still; that humanity is almsgiving, and truthful relations identical with unshackled competition of individuals. They are struck with heavy facts of non-success following all their courses, and these facts turned into Thor's hammer in the hands of this rude unsparing Sergeant of the Fates. Already, wherever they and he come into conflict, they are reduced to sing over again their old songs, now as mere tunes without words—a most general whine. All their verbal rights go for nothing with him; the British Constitution, once good, is now probably a humbug—a thing long gone to seed, and rather hurtful than alimentary to this generation. It has ended in universal lawlessness, becoming the law of the land; in rulers and people disavowing each other; in the relations of master and man escaping from the rules of justice, and taking up those of trade; finally, in Chartism, want, passion, and all the horrors of great towns uncared for, and country districts unknown to civilization in the most civilized country in Europe.—Let us, therefore, have no more politics, and no more rights; above all, not a word said of modern mercy or progress.

Carlyle's rhetoric in this Tract No. 1, is extraordinary even for him. I reckon that he has some of his best things to do yet, especially if, throwing off all the people who are at present his admirers, and so cleaning his person of this live stock, he can get the people of England to be his listener. He has not yet had the stimulus of his listening country, but with that, he might perchance get all his indigestions under his feet, and rise yet into healthy trumpet notes, fit to lead the people on in their battles again.

He has, it is true, proposed nothing very definite for the maladies which affect the time, but what he has set forth tends to that particular development of Socialism upon which this country may probably have to enter sooner or later. Compulsory industrial armies, for clearing bogs, redeeming waste lands, &c. &c. are his recipe for the employment of the pauper population. The *decent minimum* appears to be among his postulates, as the only condition whereby society can be healthy; and this *minimum* he would if necessary enforce, at all events, provide. Perfect order, obedience, in short, slavery for the masses, and their direction to works of use and profit, under capable heads,—that is his system. You will find it most clearly prophesied by Fourier, under the head of *Collective Slavery of the Masses*, as the end of, and as one issue from, Civilization. So far, therefore, Carlyle is doing Destiny's work, which whoso does, floats on streams where no other can upset his bark. This is the natural secret of this man's courage and pluck, the main qualities in which he overtops others. He is the Moses who summons us into the Egyptian brick-fields of *Cacotopia*.

Carlyliam, however, is but one part of the movement; nay, until some initiative is taken, it is as much a mere scheme as the Phalanstery, or any other Entopia. The centrifugal force of the human mind, rupturing all relations, destroying all problems, making mere elbow room to be liberty, and setting up mile-stones in God, gives a breadth to things which will prevent them from ever again being grasped by the same hand they escaped from; and I believe that the new tyrants must have all the philanthropy that Carlyle must despise, a scientific genius of which he has no glimmer, as well as those truculent powers of action upon which he has given us some hints in Tract No. 1.

R. W. EMERSON'S LECTURE.—In his lecture on March 19 at Hope Chapel, Mr. Emerson gave a brilliant, discursive, and often profound dissertation on the character and effects of eloquence, considered as a manifestation of one of the highest forms of human energy. There was no one, he said, who did not feel awed before the mystery of the great orator, of a Demosthenes or a Chatham, and who did not wish to penetrate the secret of their marvelous influence. Without aiming at any formal analysis of the orator's art, Mr. E presented a great variety of instances both in ancient and modern times, showing the effects of his power, and the different views that had been cherished concerning the principles on which it rested. The recital of Homer's description of the eloquence of Ulysses was an effective specimen of Mr. E.'s peculiar elocution, and evidently made a deep impression on the audience. Near the close of his discourse he introduced a striking episode on the effect of the various fanaticisms of the day, in calling forth a new order of oratory, summoning from their hiding places, men like tough and crooked pieces of oak, whom no scorn, abuse, brickbats, eggs, or newspapers could pull down—who were invincible to mobs because they were mobs in themselves—and from stutterers, stammerers, and seemingly dry sticks were converted into terrible prophets of the word to break up the slumbers of guilty nations.—The magnetic effect of Mr. E. upon an intellectual audience was visible throughout the lecture, which would generally be regarded as one of his most characteristic performances. The next lecture of the course will be delivered in Hope Chapel on Thursday evening next.

☞ "THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW," (March) The first article on "Judicial Oaths," maintains that their entire abolition would be favorable to public morality, and would strengthen the real securities on which the social fabric rests. "German Lyrics," gives some pleasing specimens of translations from Schiller, Gerhard, Uhland and others. "Two new Triolites" shows up a couple of attempts at improvements on that doctrine by certain in-

tellectual adventurers to Massachusetts. An article on "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Theodore Parker, is equally characteristic of the subject and the author. It is written in a tone of strong eulogium, intermixed with a few dashes of critical censure. The truthfulness of the following picture will be recognised at once:

While his idea is American, the form of his literature is not less so. It is a form which suits the substance, and is modified by the institutions and natural objects about him. You see that the author lives in a land with free institutions, with town-meetings and ballot boxes; in the vicinity of a decaying church; among men whose terrible devils are Poverty and Social Neglect, the only devils whose damnation is much cared for. His geography is American. Katskill and the Alleganies, Monadnock, Wachusett, and the uplands of New-Hampshire, appear in poetry or prose; Contoocook and Aziochook are better than the Ilyssus, or Pactolus, or "smooth sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds." New-York, Fall River, and Lowell have a place in his writings, where a vulgar Yankee would put Thebes or Pirsium. His men and women are American—John and Jane, not Cornelius and Persephone. He tells of the rhodora, the club-moss, the blooming clover, not of the hibiscus and the asphodel. He knows the bumble-bee, the blackbird, the hat, and the wren, and is not ashamed to say or sing of the things under his own eyes. He illustrates his high thought by common things out of our plain New-England life—the meeting in the church, the Sunday school, a huckleberry party, the boys and girls hasening home from school, the youth in the shop, beginning an unconscious courtship with his unbeedieg customer, the farmers about their work in the fields, the bustling trader in the city, the cattle, the new hay, the voters at a town-meeting, the village brawler in a tavern full of tipsy riot, the conservative who thinks the nation is lost if his ticket chance to miscarry, the bigot worshiping a knot hole through which a dusty beam of light has looked in upon his darkness, the radical who declares that nothing is good if established, and the patent reformer who screams to your ears that he can finish the world with a single touch—and out of all these he makes his poetry, or illustrates his philosophy. Now and then he wanders off to other lands, reports what he has seen, but it is always an American report of what an American eye saw. Even Mr. Emerson's recent exaggerated praise of England is such a panegyric as not a but an American could begin.

Mr. P. does not estimate Emerson's merits as a poet at a very extravagant rate. "In his poetry Mr. Emerson often loses his command of language, metaphors fail him, and the magnificent images which adorn and beautify all his prose works are gone."

The present number also contains articles on "Panslavism," and the "Postal System," besides "Short Reviews and Notices." (New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.)

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.

Mr. Emerson concluded on Tuesday evening of last week, a very brilliant and successful course of Lectures, in New York. His reception has been far more enthusiastic than it ever was before in this community; and we have rarely seen so splendid a collection of cultivated people, gathered by any public Lectures.

The reviews, magazines, newspapers, foreign and domestic, have made it no small part of their business these few months past, to say their say about Mr. Emerson. The entire range of criticism upon him we judge, would cover the whole ground, from Shakspeare down to the latest Lunatic, the Massachusetts Quarterly, representing the beginning, and the New York Herald, the end of the scale. And indeed these extremes account for each other. Some must adore what others curse, and love what others hate, to keep the beam of things easy. One of the safest ways, too, of spiting a community, is to overvalue what it underrates. Mr. Emerson seems to be used in a good many places, as the wagon full of chain cables is used on board our steamboats, to trim ship. If the orthodoxy of a man is suspected, let him abuse Mr. Emerson; if his liberality is doubted, let him praise him. In narrow communities use him as a wedge; in latitudinarian ones, squeeze him to death. Perhaps it is not strange that Mr. Emerson should be the subject of so much personal and extravagant criticism, pro and con. The fact is that his mind comprehends to a very extraordinary degree generals and particulars, the absolute and the concrete—uniting comprehensiveness and acuteness, the theoretic and the practical; and that with all his abstractness of thought, no man deals more with the immediate and the actual. Looking off to the far horizon as it seems, we yet feel him sticking his lance directly into us, and while sailing over our heads, he is treading on our toes. His impersonalities are the most personal things in the world. While his themes are as broad, remote, cool, as the Polar seas, he is in fact bestriding the brook that runs by our own door—and makes us feel as if he were trying us for our immediate behavior and opinions. There never was any preaching more direct and pongent; more aggressive or more provoking. This accounts for the feeling he excites. It is a personal one—and has the earnestness of politics or Sectarianism. And this has produced the amount and character of the criticism upon him.

The interest and charm of Mr. Emerson's writings and speech, consist, we think, very much in his reproducing a school of thought, with which earlier periods of the world have been very familiar, but which various circumstances, some good and some bad, have crowded out of modern notice. His grand *tour de force*, if we may so call it, consists in casting himself back of the Christian era—and behind the light of modern civilization and the Gospel, and making over again the observations which unassisted reason then made upon the great phenomena of nature and the soul. He introduces his hearer to the heathen and primitive state of things; strips the evangelical skin from the world, strains out from our common atmosphere, the Gospel beams, and then delights us with the excellent morality and religion taught by the everlasting laws of the universe. It requires no common genius to do this. It is no ordinary service that he thus renders. The training a man must go through, to get rid of Christian *prejudices* in this nineteenth century, to make himself a good, honest heathen, to stand with the pre-Adamite man he talks of, and look out of pure natural eyes into the sky, upon the world, into the soul—this training cannot be often looked for, for it is too expensive; and the results of it are likely to be similar to Michael Angelo's experience, who Emerson tells us could only read by holding the book over his head, after he had painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Emerson tells us most eloquently, charmingly, instructively, what would be the best possible philosophy of nature and man, the best ethics and religion, if we had no help but our own in making them. His views here are so new and fresh, that we forget that they owe their novelty mainly to a subtraction from every moral and theological opinion and judgment of precisely that which revealed religion has added to them.

They are not made false by this process; only partial, imperfect, denuded, cold. He gives us moral and religious truth out of the moulds of Christianity. Most of us never saw it there before. He has eaten this unleavened bread, and found it life-supporting; and we forget that we know it very well, and live upon it, too, with the yeast of the Gospel in it. The inference we are apt to make, under his views and influence, is, that if we accept what he says, we must give up what he does not say; and as he says a great deal which carries our cordial consent—which seems as vitally true as charmingly new—we are half-frightened lest we should be coaxed or cozened out of a faith which he evidently abjures. But if we consider that the peculiarity of his mind and views is in what he has not, not in what he has—in what he has stripped off, not in what he has left—that he shows us the frame of things, with one or two important layers dissected off—we can then have the comfort of accepting and enjoying what he says, and still hold fast to what he does not say—to our Christian faith and experience. He might never have been able to say what he does, if he had retained this; but it is not necessary for us to give it up, in order to listen to him with pleasure and instruction, or even to agree with him.

Goethe says, according to the North British Review, "that the idea of ancient art, is *law*; that of modern art, *freedom*; and hence," it proceeds to remark, "while the one exhibits unity and perfection, the other is characterized by greater individuality and intensity of subjective feeling. The one took its rise in the worship of nature, in true pantheism, the idea of the Kosmos, or harmony of the whole; the other in the new subjective world, brought to light by Christianity, the unspeakably deep and awful relations between individual man and a personal God." Mr. Emerson is an ancient; a Greek criticising modern society, morals, religion, by his own standard. We hear him with pleasure and profit: for he must have rare genius to be this at our time of day. But we have no notion of putting Socrates in Moses's seat, much more in the Master's; or of stripping ourselves of Christian garments, to run in the Greek games with this fleet, clean-limbed athlete.

But we started only to write a paragraph. Mr. Emerson is every inch an artist; altogether the most artifical and intentional speaker we ever heard. His simplicity is brimful of design. He stumbles with effect, hesitates with a meaning, knows how to look sober when shaking his inward sides, and has all the ultimate attainments of a man born and trained to the best effects of the orator. His manner, like his views, owes its power to what is pared off. His simplicity is that of a man who goes naked in winter, a matter of no small discipline, and not kept up without the highest effort. It is fascinating as a new country; and he charms as an Alcibiades would, arriving by the next steamer and lecturing on beauty and truth in the Hope Chapel. [Christian Inquirer.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE SCARLET LETTER. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 12mo. pp. 323. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The weird and ghostly legends of the Puritanic history present a singularly congenial field for the exercise of Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar genius. From this fruitful source, he has derived the materials for his most remarkable creations. He never appears so much in his element as when threading out some dim, shadowy tradition of the twilight age of New England, peering into the faded records of our dark-visaged forefathers for the lingering traces of the preternatural, and weaving into his gorgeous web of enchantment the slender

filaments which he has drawn from the distaff of some muttering witch on Gallows-Hill. He derives the same terrible excitement from those legendary horrors, as was drawn by Edgar Poe from the depths of his own dark and perilous imagination, and brings before us pictures of death-like, but strangely fascinating agony, which are described with the same minuteness of finish—the same slow and fatal accumulation of details—the same exquisite coolness of coloring, while everything creeps forward with irresistible certainty to a soul-harrowing climax—which made the last-named writer such a consummate master of the horrible and infernal in fictitious composition. Hawthorne's tragedies, however, are always *motived* with a wonderful insight and skill, to which the intellect of Poe was a stranger. In the most terrific scenes with which he delights to scare the imagination, Hawthorne does not wander into the region of the improbable; you scarcely know that you are in the presence of the supernatural, until your breathing becomes too thick for this world; it is the supernatural relieved, softened, made tolerable, and almost attractive, by a strong admixture of the human; you are tempted onward by the mild, unearthly light, which seems to shine upon you like a healthful star; you are blinded by no lurid glare; you acquiesce in the necessity of the wizard journey; instead of being provoked to anger by a superfluous introduction to the company of the devil and his angels.

The elements of terror, which Mr. Hawthorne employs with such masterly effect, both in the original conception of his characters and the scenes of mystery and dread in which they are made to act, are blended with such sweet gushes of natural feeling, such solemn and tender relations of the deepest secrets of the heart, that the painful impression is greatly mitigated, and the final influence of his most startling creation is a serene sense of refreshment, without the stupor and bewilderment occasioned by a drugged cup of intoxication.

The "Scarlet Letter," in our opinion, is the greatest production of the author, beautifully displaying the traits we have briefly hinted at, and sustained with a more vigorous reach of imagination, a more subtle instinct of humanity, and a more imposing splendor of portraiture, than any of his most successful previous works.

On a fair Summer morning in Boston, less than two centuries ago, a throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments, intermingled with women, some wearing hoods and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes. The door of the jail was flung open, and the town-beadle stalked forth, like a black shadow emerging into the sunshine, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. He was followed by a young woman, bearing in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day, because it had hitherto been acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. This woman, tall, with a figure of perfect elegance, on a large scale, her dark and abundant hair so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and her face, beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, made still more impressive by her deep black eyes and commanding brow, was Hester Prynne. Her appearance was unmistakeably lady like, according to the standard of female gentility in those days, characterized by a certain stately dignity rather than by the delicate and evanescent grace of more recent times. Never did she appear more lady-like, in the antique sense of the term, than as she came from the prison. Those who expected to see her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished to perceive how her beauty shone out and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. Her attire which she had wrought for the occasion in prison, seemed to express the desperate recklessness of her spirit by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. The point which drew all eyes, and as it were, transfigured the wearer, was that SCARLET LETTER so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and inclosing her in a sphere of herself.

Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of men and women, Hester Prynne set forth toward the place appointed for her punishment. It was no great distance from the prison door to the market-place. With a serene deportment, Hester Prynne passed through the crowd of stern and gazing spectators, and came to a sort of scaffold, erected beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church. This was the platform of this pillory, above which rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to public gaze. Knowing well her part, Hester ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude at about the hight of a man's shoulders above the street.

Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, humanly by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect, that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant she had borne.

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The scaffold of the pillory was a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village in Old England and her paternal home—a decayed house of gray stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility. She saw her father's face, with its held brow and reverend white beard, that flowed over the old-fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway. She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance of a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamp-light that had served them in pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her, in memory's picture-gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall gray houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a Continental city; where a new life had awaited her, still in connection with the misshapen scholar; a new life, feeding itself on time-worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall. Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market-place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople assembled and inveiling their stern regards at Hester Prynne—yes, at herself—who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm, and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom!

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes! these were her realities—all else had vanished!

On the outskirts of the crowd, the wearer of the scarlet letter discovered a figure, which irresistibly took possession of her thoughts. Standing by the side of an Indian, and evidently sustaining a companionship with him, there was a white man, clad in a strange disarrey of civilized and savage costume. He was small in stature, with a furrowed visage, which as yet could hardly be called aged, and a remarkable intelligence in his features. Although he had endeavored to conceal the peculiarity by his garb, it was evident to Hester, that one of this man's shoulders rose higher than the other. At the first moment of perceiving him, she pressed her infant to her bosom, with such convulsive force that the poor babe uttered another cry of pain, but the mother did not seem to hear it. On arriving at the market-place, the stranger bent his eyes on Hester Prynne. It was careless at first, but soon his look became keen and penetrative. A writhing horror twisted itself across his features, like a snake gliding swiftly over them, and making one little pause, with all its wretched involutions in open sight. His face grew dark with powerful emotions, but the convulsion soon subsided, as if controlled by a miraculous effort of his will. When he found the eyes of Hester Prynne fastened on his own, and saw that she appeared to recognize him, he slowly and calmly raised his finger, made a gesture with it in the air, and laid it on his lips. The stranger then turned to one of the townsmen and engaged in conversation.

While this passed, Hester Prynne had been standing on her pedestal, still with a fixed gaze toward the stranger; so fixed a gaze, that at moments of intense absorption, all other objects in the visible world seemed to vanish, leaving only him and her. Such an interview, perhaps, would have been more terrible than even to meet him as she now did, with the hot, midday sun burning down upon her face, and lighting up its shame; with the scarlet token of infamy on her breast; with the sin-born infant in her arms; with a whole people, drawn forth as to a festival, staring at the features that should have been seen only in the quiet gleam of the fireside, in the happy shadow of a home, or beneath a matronly veil, at church. Dreadful as it was, she was conscious of a shelter in the presence of those thousand witnesses. It was better to stand thus, with so many between him and her, than to greet him, face to face, they two alone. She fled for refuge, as it were, to the public exposure, and dreaded the moment when its protection should be withdrawn from her.

This mysterious being, who holds a principal place in the development of the plot, is depicted with such fearful distinctness and vigor that his infernal presence must long haunt the chambers of memory.

A creation of a different order, but of no less originality and power, gleams in fairy brightness through the sombre scenes of the narrative, surpassing in artistic harmony, and in mystic, thrilling grace, the similar productions of Goethe and Scott.

We have as yet hardly spoken of the infant; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it seemed to the sad woman, as she watched the growth, and the beauty that became every day more brilliant, and the intelligence that threw its quivering sunshine over the tiny features of this child! Her Pearl! for so had Hester called her; not as a name expressive of her aspect, which had nothing of the calm, white, unimpassioned lustre that would be indicated by the comparison. But she named the infant "Pearl," as being of great price—purchased with all she had—her mother's only treasure! How strange, indeed! Man had marked this woman's sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which man thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven! Yet these thoughts affected Hester Prynne less with hope than apprehension. She knew that her deed had been evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be for good. Day after day she looked fearfully into the child's expanding nature, ever dreading to detect some dark and wild peculiarity, that should correspond with the guiltiness to which she owed her being.

Certainly there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world's first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace, which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty; its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely becomes it best. But little Pearl was not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with a morbid purpose that may be better understood hereafter, had bought the richest tissues that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative fancy full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl's own proper beauty, shining through the gorgeous robes which might have extinguished a paler loveliness, that there was an absolute circle of radiance around her, on the darksome cottage floor. And yet a russet gown, torn and soiled with the child's rude play, made a picture of her just as perfect. Pearl's aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peas-

ant-baby and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes, she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself; it would have been no longer Pearl!

This outward mutability indicated, and did not more than fairly express, the various properties of her inner life. Her nature appeared to possess depth, too, as well as variety; but—or else Hester's fears deceived her—it lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child's character—and even then, most vaguely and imperfectly—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother's impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and, however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery luster, the black shadow, and the untempered light, of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester's spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognize her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a young child's disposition, but, later in the day of earthly existence, might be prolific of the storm and whirlwind.

The groaning in this drama of indescribable misery is completed by the person of the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, of whose character we are put fully in possession by a description black with harrowing agony.

While thus suffering under bodily disease, and gnawed and tortured by some black trouble of the soul, and given over to the machinations of his deadliest enemy, Reverend Mr Dimmesdale had achieved a brilliant popularity in his sacred office. He won it, indeed, in great part, by his sorrows. His intellectual gifts, his moral perceptions, his power of experiencing and communicating emotion, were kept in a state of preternatural activity by the prick and anguish of his daily life. His fame, though still on its upward slope, already overshadowed the soberer reputations of his fellow-clergymen, eminent as several of them were. There were scholars among them, who had spent more years in acquiring abstruse lore, connected with the divine profession, than Mr. Dimmesdale had lived; and who might well, therefore, be more profoundly versed in such solid and valuable attainments than their youthful brother. There were men, too, of a sturdier texture of mind than his, and endowed with a far greater share of shrewd, hard, iron or granite understanding; which, duly mingled with a fair proportion of doctrinal ingredient, constitutes a highly respectable, efficacious, and unexceptionable variety of the clerical species. There were others, again, true saintly fathers, whose faculties had been elaborated by weary toil among their books, and by perfect thought, and otherwordlized, moreover, by spiritual communications with the better world, into which their purity of life had almost introduced these holy personages, with their garments of mortality still clinging to them. All that they lacked was the gift that descended upon the chosen disciples, at Pentecost, in tongues of flames; symbolizing, it would seem, not the power of speech in foreign and unknown languages, but that of addressing the whole human brotherhood in the heart's native language. These fathers, otherwise so apostolic, lacked Heaven's last and rarest attestation of their office, the Tongue of Flame. They would have vainly sought—had they ever dreamed of seeking—to express the highest truths through the humblest medium of familiar words and images. Their voices came down, after and indistinctly, from the upper heights where they habitually dwelt.

Not improbably, it was to this latter class of men that Mr. Dimmesdale, by many of his traits of character, naturally belonged. To their high mountain-peaks of faith and sanctity he would have climbed, had not the tendency been thwarted by the burden, whatever it might be, of crime or anguish, beneath which it was his doom to totter. It kept him down, on a level with the lowest; him, the man of ethereal attributes, whose voice the angels might have listened to and answered! But this very burden it was that gave him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind; so that his heart vibrated in unison with theirs, and received their pain into itself, and sent its own throb of pain through a thousand other hearts, in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence. Oftenest persuasive, but sometimes terrible! The people knew not the power that moved them thus. They deemed the young clergyman a miracle of holiness. They fancied him the mouth-piece of Heaven's messages of wisdom, and rebuke, and love. In their eyes, the very ground on which he trod was sanctified.—The virgins of his church grew pale around him, victims of a passion so imbued with religious sentiment that they imagined it to be all religion, and brought it openly, in their white bosoms, as their most acceptable sacrifice before the altar. The aged members of his flock, beholding Mr. Dimmesdale's frame so feeble, while they were themselves so rugged in their infirmity, believed that he would go heavenward before them, and enjoined it upon their children that their old bones should be buried close to their young pastor's holy grave. And all this time, perchance, when poor Mr. Dimmesdale was thinking of his grave, he questioned with himself whether the grass would ever grow on it, because an accursed thing must there be buried!

It is inconceivable, the agony with which this public veneration tortured him! It was his genuine impulse to adore the truth, and to reckon all things shadow-like, and utterly devoid of weight or value, that had not its divine essence as the life within their life. Then, what was he?—a substance?—or the dimmest of all shadows? He longed to speak out, from his own pulpit, at the full height of his voice, and tell the people what he was. "I, whom you behold in these black garments of the priesthood—I, who ascend the sacred desk, and turn my pale face heavenward, taking upon myself in hold communion, in your behalf, with the Most High Omniscience,—I, in whose daily life you discern the sanctity of Enoch—I, whose footsteps, as you suppose, leave a gleam along my earthly track, whereby the pilgrims that shall come after me may be guided to the regions of the blest—I, who have laid the hand of baptism upon your children—I, who have breathed the parting prayer over your dying friends, in whom the Amen sounded faintly from a world which they had quitted—I, your pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a pollution and a lie!"

More than once Mr. Dimmesdale had gone into the pulpit, with a purpose never to come down its steps, until he should have spoken words like the above.—More than once he had cleared his throat, and drawn in the long, deep, and tremulous breath, which, when sent forth again, would come burdened with the black secret of his soul. More than once—nay, more than a hundred times—he had actually spoken! Spoken! But how? He had told his hearers that he was altogether vile, a viler companion of the vilest, the worst of sinners, an abomination, a thing of unimaginable iniquity; and that the only wonder was that they did not see his wretched body shriveled up before their eyes by the heinous wrath of the Almighty! Could there be plainer speech than this? Would not the people start up from their seats by a simultaneous impulse, and tear him down out of the pulpit which he defiled? Not so, indeed! They heard it all, and did but reverence him the more. They little guessed what deadly purport lurked in those self-condemning words. "The godly youth!" said they among themselves. "The saint on earth! Alas, if he discern such sinfulness in his own white soul, what horrid spectacle would he behold in thine or mine!" The minister well knew—subtle, but remorseful hypocrite! that in vast—the light in which his entire confession would be viewed. He had striven to put a cheat upon himself by making the avowal of a guilty conscience, but had gained only one other sin and a self-acknowledged shame, without the momentary relief of being self-deceived. He had spoken the very truth, and transformed it into the veriest falsehood. And yet, by the constitution of his nature, he loved the truth, and loathed the lie, as few men ever did. Therefore, above all things else, he loathed his miserable self!

His inward trouble drove him to practices, more in accordance with the old corrupted faith of Rome, than with the better light of the church in which he had been born and bred. In Mr. Dimmesdale's secret closet, under lock and key, there was a bloody scourge. Oftentimes this Protestant and Puritan divine had plied it on his own shoulders; laughing bitterly at himself the while, and smiting so much the more pitilessly, because of that bitter laugh. It was his custom, too, as it has been that of many other pious Puritans, to fast,—not, however, like them, in order to purify the body and render it the fitter medium of celestial illumination,—but rigorously, and until his knees trembled beneath him, as an act of penance. He kept vigils, likewise, night after night, sometimes in utter darkness; sometimes with a glimmering lamp; and sometimes viewing his own face in a looking-glass by the most powerful light which he could throw upon it. He thus typified the constant introspection wherewith he tortured but could not purify himself. In these lengthened vigils his brain often reeled, and visions seemed to fill before him; perhaps seen doubtfully, and by a faint light of their own, in the remote dimness of the chamber, or more vividly and close beside him within the looking-glass. Now it was a herd of diabolic shapes, that grinned and mocked at the pale minister, and beckoned him away with them; now a group of shining angels, who flew upward heavily, as sorrow-laden, but grew more ethereal as they rose. Now came the dead friends of his youth, and his white-bearded father with a saint-like frown, and his mother turning her face away as she passed by. Ghost of a mother,—thinnest fantasy of a mother,—methinks she might yet have thrown a pitying glance toward her son! And now, through the chamber, which these spectral thoughts had made so ghastly, glided Hester Prynne, leading along little Pearl, in her scarlet garb, and pointing her forefinger, first, at the scarlet letter on her bosom, and then at the clergyman's own breast.

We have not intended to forestall our readers with a description of the plot, which it will be perceived abounds in elements of tragic interest, but to present them with some specimens of a genuine native romance, which none will be content without reading for themselves. The moral of the story—for it has a moral for all wise enough to detect it—is shadowed forth rather than expressed in a few brief sentences near the close of the volume:

> But there was a more real life for Hester Prynne, here, in New-England, than in that unknown region where Pearl had found a home. Here had been her sin; here her sorrow; and here was yet to be her penitence. She had returned, therefore, and resumed—of her own free will, for not the sternest magistrate of that iron period would have imposed it—resumed the symbol of which we have related so dark a tale. Never afterward did it quit her bosom. But, in the lapse of the lonesome, thoughtful, and self-devoted years that made up Hester's life, the scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and bitterness, and became a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too. And as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and bewought her counsel as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble. Women, more especially—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion—or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought—came into Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counselled them, as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief, that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness. Earlier in life, Hester had vainly imagined that she herself might be the destined prophetess, but had long since recognized the impossibility that any mission of divine and mysterious truth should be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a life-long sorrow. The angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, indeed, but lofty, pure and beautiful; and wise, moreover, not through dusky grief, but the ethereal medium of joy; and showing how sacred love should make us happy, by the truest test of a life successful to such an end!

The introduction, presenting a record of savory reminiscences of the Salem Custom House, a frank display of autobiographical confessions and a piquant daguerreotype of his ancient colleagues in office, while Surveyor of that port, is written with Mr. Hawthorne's unrivalled force of graphic delineation, and will furnish an agreeable amusement to those who are so far from the scene of action, as to feel no wound in their personal relations, by the occasional too sharp touches of the caustic acid, of which the "gentle author" keeps some phials on his shelf for convenience and use. The querulous tone in which he alludes to his removal from the Custom-House, may be forgiven to the sensitiveness of a poet, especially as this is so rare a quality in Uncle Sam's office-holders. R.

[?Ripley] in N.Y. Weekly Tribune, 4-6-50, p. 1.

Heathenism Revived.

Emerson has been lecturing in New York to audiences which admired and applauded, even if they did not understand. The *Christian Inquirer* seems to think that his great point of interest consists in his ignoring Christian ideas, and "casting himself behind the light of modern civilization and the Gospel." It seems that the transcendental Mr. Emerson at last turns out to be a sort of Emperor Julian in a small way. We give an extract from the Inquirer's account of this new pagan philosopher:

"The interest and charm of Mr. Emerson's writings and speeches, consists, we think, very much in his reproducing a school of thought, with which earliest periods of the world have been very familiar, but which various circumstances, some good and some bad, have crowded out of modern notice. His grand *tour de force*, if we may so call it, consists in casting himself back of the Christian era—and behind the light of modern civilization and the Gospel, and making over again the observations which unassisted reason then made upon the great phenomena of nature and the soul. He introduces his hearer to the heathen and primitive state of things; strips the evangelical skin from the world, strains out from our common atmosphere, the Gospel beams, and then delights us with the excellent morality and religion taught by the everlasting laws of the universe. It requires no common genius to do this. It is no ordinary service that he thus renders. The training a man must go through, to get rid of Christian *prejudices* in this nineteenth century, to make himself a good heathen, to stand with the pre-Adamite man he talks of, and look out of pure natural eyes into the sky, upon the world, into the soul—this training cannot be often looked for, for it is too expensive: and the results of it are likely

to be similar to Michael Angelo's experience, who, Emerson tells us, could only read by holding the book over his head, after he had painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Emerson tells us most eloquently, charmingly, instructively, what would be the best possible philosophy of nature and man, the best ethics and religion, if we had no help but our own in making them. His views here are so new and fresh, that we forget that they owe their novelty mainly to a subtraction from every moral and theological opinion and judgment of precisely that which revealed religion has added to them."

The Calendar (Anglican)
Hartford, 4-27-50, p. 2.

PORTRAITS OF EMERSON AND GREELY.

"A Gothamite," of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, thus hits off these two men:

The oddities of Emerson and those of Greely—though in both cases assumed and cultivated as the means of making a mark and acquiring noteriety [sic]—are quite different in character. Both are kind, affable, and winning; but the former wears the studied polish of refined manners; the latter, the equally studied awkwardness of the clown. Both are well stored with classic lore; but the former deals out his classic gems with a practiced hand, exhibiting their polish and brilliancy with some degree of carefulness, the other turns them up and scatters them around with the indifference of swine rooting up jewels in the sand. Both are peculiar in dress; one punctilious in the exercise of a fashionable taste, the other careful of those enduring corduroys and the white overcoat that for many years has enveloped his lean and lank frame. Both have their object—their hobby; that of the former is transcendental, ethereal, incognizable, unimaginable: the latter, we should have said, has his hobbies, for he has a peculiar faculty of mounting every one that chances to trot up. It would be difficult to catalogue all the nags whose speed and wind he has tested. Fourierism is his old war horse; then follow phrenology and pateology, hydropathy and homeopathy, together with all kinds of reform in science, in manners and in morals; and last of all comes in the mysterious noises in Western New York! Yet in his own mind, this conglomeration is all fused into one mass, under the general name of progress.

The Calendar (Anglican)
Hartford, 6-8-50.

For The Tribune.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET FULLER.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

We hailed thee, Margaret, from the sea—
We hailed thee o'er the wave,
And little thought in greeting thee,
Thy home would be a grave.

We blest thee in thy laurel crown,
And in the myrtle's sheen—
Rejoiced thy noble worth to own,
Still joy, our tears between.

We hoped that many a happy year
Would bless thy coming feet;
And thy bright fame grow brighter here,
By Fatherland made sweet.

Gone, gone! with all thy glorious thought—
Gone with thy waking life—
With th' green chaplet Fame had wrought—
The joy of Mother, Wife.

Oh! who shall dare thy Harp to take,
And pour upon the air
The clear, calm music, that should wake
The heart to love and prayer!

The lip, all eloquent, is stilled
And silent with its trust—
The heart, with Woman's greatness filled,
Must crumble to the dust:

But from thy *great heart* we will take
New courage for the strife—
From petty ills our bondage break,
And labor with new life.

Wake up in darkness though it be
To better truth and light;
Patient in toil, as we saw thee,
In searching for the light;

And mindless of the scorn it brings,
For 'tis in Desert land
That Angels come with sheltering wings
To lead us by the hand.

Courageous one! thou art not lost,
Though sleeping in the wave—
Upon its chainless billows tossed,
For thee is fitting grave.

Brooklyn, L. I. July 23, 1850.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune, Sat., 7-27-50, p. 4.

FATAL WRECK.

Dreadful Loss of Life—S. Margaret Fuller Drowned.

Correspondence of the Underwriters.

DOWNING'S, FIRE ISLAND,
Sunday morning, 21st July, 1850

You will have seen in the papers a notice of the loss of the ship "Elizabeth," from Leghorn, bound to New-York. She came ashore about 5 miles east of the light-house at 4 A. M. Friday. About 6 o'clock, the first mate, acting captain, (the captain having died at Gibraltar) and most of the crew came ashore on pieces of the wreck, and all landed safely. About 7 o'clock Mr. Horace Sumner, a gentleman from Boston, jumped overboard and attempted to swim ashore, but soon disappeared—supposed to have been injured by floating pieces of the wreck.

We first heard of the wreck at 10 o'clock, when, with several gentlemen boarders and Mr. Downing, I started and reached the shore opposite the wreck about 11 o'clock. Soon after our arrival a sailor came safely ashore on a raft—the wreck being about 400 yards from shore, the wind blowing a gale and surf very high. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the life-boat and gun arrived, but the ship was too far off to throw a shot over her, and the surf too high and the wind too strong to allow the life-boat any chance of reaching the wreck. There still remained on board the vessel the Marquis and Marchioness D'Ossoli and child about two years old; Celesta Pardena, a lady of Rome, recently a resident of New-York; and five of the crew. We could see some of the crew on the deck; the others were on the forecastle. The tide was rising, and we could render them no assistance. We were in hopes the ship would hold together till low water, when there might be a chance of boarding her; but at about 2½ o'clock the gale and the breakers both increased, and the ship began to break up, and in 15 minutes not a vestige of her remained. Several of the persons were seen struggling in the water among the pieces of the wreck, and two of the sailors were dragged on shore alive. Another sailor and the child soon came ashore, but both dead. Mr. Le Roy and myself picked up the child and were carrying it up on the beach, when we met one of the sailors, who took it from us with a great deal of feeling, placed it behind some of the cargo, took off his neck-cloth and covered him up. The child was taken to a house about a mile from the wreck and buried yesterday. About an hour after, the body of Celesta Pardena was picked up half a mile east of the wreck, but life was entirely extinct.

I gather from some of the crew that when the wreck broke up there remained on the forecastle five of the crew, Marquis D'Ossoli, Celesta Pardena, and the child—the Marchioness D'Ossoli having been previously drowned in the forecastle.

I left the scene of disaster about 4 P.M. Friday, and returned there yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. No more bodies had been found, and none came ashore during the day. I got a man to make a couple of rough coffins, and finding that the Coroner did not come, we buried the sailor and Celesta Pardena among the sand-hills, near where their bodies came ashore, and have so marked them that they can be easily distinguished should their friends wish to remove them at a future day.

Celesta Pardena was a very handsome young woman, about 22 years old. I send herewith a package containing a number of letters, &c. belonging to the Marchioness D'Ossoli, which I took from her desk,

which came ashore in a box on Friday—the desk was broken to pieces and the bag opened in my presence—and I took possession of all that was in it, and on my return to the hotel, had them dried in the oven. I believe that the Editors of *The Tribune* are friends of the Marchioness D'Ossoli, and I enclose a few lines to them which you can read, and then send to them at once.

Should any of the friends of the Marquis and Marchioness D'Ossoli, or Mr. Sumner, call on you, you can assure them that all proper respect will be paid to their bodies when found; and should any of them wish to give any directions respecting them, let them write to Mr. Downing, whose address I annex, and to whose care you will address any letters for me. I have written this in haste, as you will perceive, and have only time to say we are all well.

From the Wreck on Fire Island.

DOWNING'S FIRE ISLAND, Monday, 1 P.M. July 22, 1850.

To the Editor of The Tribune;

None of the bodies of those lost in the *Elizabeth* came ashore yesterday. This morning the body of *Henry Westervelt*, one of the seamen, was found near the light house, and decently interred.

Appearance of the Wreck—Account of the Catastrophe—The Dead—The Beach Pirates—The Pictures and Statue, &c.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

FIRE ISLAND, Tuesday, July 23.

To the Editors of he Tribune:

I reached the house of Mr. Smith Oakes, about one mile from the spot where the *Elizabeth* was wrecked, at three o'clock this morning. The boat in which I set out last night from Babylon, to cross the bay, was seven hours making the passage. On landing among the sand-hills, Mr. Oakes admitted me into his house, and gave me a place of rest for the remaining two or three hours of the night.

This morning I visited the wreck, traversed the beach for some extent on both sides, and collected all the particulars that are now likely to be obtained, relative to the closing scenes of this terrible disaster. The sand is strewn for a distance of three or four miles with fragments of planks, spars, boxes, and the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. With the exception of a piece of her broadside, which floated to the shore intact, all the timbers have been so chopped and broken by the sea, that scarcely a stick of ten feet in length can be found. In front of the wreck these fragments are piled up along high-water mark to the hight of several feet, while further in among the sand-hills are scattered casks of almonds stove in and their contents mixed with the sand, sacks of juniper berries, oil flasks, &c. About half the hull remains under water, not more than fifty yards from the shore. The spars and rigging belonging to the foremast, with part of the mast itself, are still attached to the ruins, surging over them at every swell. Mr. Jonathan Smith, the Agent of the Underwriters, intended to have had the surf boat launched this morning, for the purpose of cutting away the rigging and ascertaining how the wreck lies; but the sea is still too high.

From what I can learn, the loss of the Elizabeth is mainly to be attributed to the inexperience of the Mate, Mr. H. P. Bangs, who acted as Captain after leaving Gibraltar. By his own statement, he supposed he was somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat, on Thursday evening. The vessel was consequently running northward and struck head on. At the second thump, a hole was broken in her side, the seas poured through and over her, and she began going to pieces. This happened at 10 minutes before 4 o'clock. The passengers were roused from their sleep by the shock, and hurried out of the cabin in their night clothes, to take refuge on the forecastle, which was the least exposed part of the vessel. They succeeded with great difficulty; Mrs. Hasty, the widow of the late Captain, fell into a hatchway, from which she was dragged by a sailor who seized her by the hair.

The swells increased continually, and the danger of the vessel giving way induced several of the sailors to commit themselves to the waves. Previous to this they divested themselves of their clothes, which they tied to pieces of plank and sent ashore. These were immediately seized upon by the beach pirates, and never afterward recovered. The carpenter cut loose some planks and spars, and upon one of these Mad. Ossoli was advised to trust herself, the Captain promising to go in advance, with her boy. She refused, saying that she had no wish to live without the child, and would not, at that hour, give the care of it to another. Mrs Hasty then took hold of a plank, in company with the second mate, Mr. Davis, through whose assistance she landed safely, though terribly bruised by the floating timber. The Captain clung to a hatch, and was washed ashore insensible, where he was resuscitated by the efforts of Mr. Oakes and several others, who were by this time collected on the beach. Most of the men were entirely destitute of clothing, and some, who were exhausted and ready to let go their hold, were saved by the Islanders, who went into the surf with lines about their waists, and caught them.

The young Italian girl, Celesta Padena, who was bound for New-York, where she had already lived in the family of Henry Peters Gray, the artist, was at first greatly alarmed, and uttered the most piercing screams. By the exertions of the Ossolis she was quieted, and apparently resigned to her fate. The passengers reconciled themselves to the idea of death. At the proposal of the Marquis Ossoli some time was spent in prayer, after which all sat down calmly to await the parting of the vessel. The Marchioness Ossoli was entreated by the sailors to leave the vessel, or at least to trust her child to them, but she steadily refused.

Early in the morning some men had been sent to the Lighthouse for the life-boat which is kept there. Although this is but two miles distant, the boat did not arrive till about one o'clock, by which time the gale had so increased and the swells were so high and terrific that it was impossible to make any use of it. A mortar was also brought for the purpose of firing a line over the vessel, to stretch a hawser between it and the shore. The mortar was stationed on the lee of a hillock, about 150 yards from the wreck, that the powder might be kept dry. It was fired five times, but failed to carry a line more than half the necessary distance. Just before the foremast sank the remaining sailors determined to leave.

The steward, to whom the child had always been a great favorite, took it, almost by main force, and plunged with it into the sea; neither reached the shore alive. The Marquis Ossoli was soon afterwards washed away, but his wife remained in ignorance of his fate. The cook, who was the last person that reached the shore alive, said that the last words he heard her speak, were: "I see nothing but death before me—I shall never reach the shore." It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and after lingering for about ten hours, exposed to the mountainous surf that swept over the vessel, with the contemplation of death constantly forced upon her mind, she was finally overwhelmed as the foremast fell. It is supposed that her body and that of her husband are still buried under the ruins of the vessel. Mr. Henry Sumner, who jumped overboard early in the morning, was never seen afterwards.

The dead bodies that were washed on shore were terribly bruised and mangled. That of the young Italian girl was inclosed in a rough box and buried in the sand, together with those of the sailors. Mrs. Hasty had by this time found a place of shelter at Mrs. Oakes's house, and at her request the body of the boy, Eugene Angelo D'Ossoli, was carried thither and kept for a day previous to interment. The sailors who had all formed a strong attachment to him during the voyage, wept like children when they saw him. There was some difficulty in finding a coffin, when the time of burial came, whereupon they took one of their chests, knocked out the tills, laid the body carefully inside, locked and nailed down the lid. He was buried in a little nook between two of the sand-hills, some distance from the sea.

The same afternoon a trunk belonging to the Marchioness Ossoli came to shore, and was fortunately secured before the pirates had an opportunity of purloining it. Mrs. Oakes informs me that it contained several large packages of manuscripts, which she dried carefully by the fire. I have therefore a strong hope that the work on Italy will be entirely recovered. In a pile of soaked papers near the door, I found files of the *Democratie Pacifique* and *Il Nazionale* of Florence, as well as several of Mazzini's pamphlets, which I have preserved.

An attempt will probably be made to morrow to reach the wreck with the surf-boat. Judging from its position and the known depth of the water, I should think the recovery, not only of the bodies, if they are still remaining there, but also of Powers's statue and the blocks of rough Carrara, quite practicable, if there should be a sufficiency of still weather. There are about 150 tuns of marble under the ruins. The paintings, belonging to Mr. Aspinwall, which were washed ashore in boxes and might have been saved had any one been on the spot to care for them, are for the most part utterly destroyed. Those which were least injured by the sea water were cut from the frames and carried off by the pirates; the frames were broken in pieces, and scattered along the beach.—This morning I found several shreds of canvas evidently more than a century old, half buried in the sand. All the silk, leghorn braid, hats, wool, oil, almonds and other articles contained in her, were carried off as soon as they came to land. On Sunday there were nearly a thousand persons here, from all parts of the coast between Rockaway and Montauk, and more than half of them were engaged in secreting and carrying off everything that seemed to be of value.

The two bodies found yesterday were those of sailors. All have now come to land but those of the Ossolis and Henry Sumner. If not found in the wreck, they will be cast ashore to the westward of this, as the current has set in that direction since the gale. Yours, &c. B. T.

The Wreck of the Elizabeth.

From a conversation with Mrs. Hasty, widow of the Captain of the ill-fated Elizabeth, we gather the following particulars of her voyage and its melancholy termination:

We have already stated that Capt. Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as Small Pox of the most malignant type. He died of it just as the vessel reached Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the Elizabeth resumed her voyage on the 8th ult. and was long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the Captain, attacked the child of the Ossolis, a beautiful boy of

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two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. His eyes were completely closed for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with pustules; yet, through the devoted attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body, and these were disappearing, to the great joy of his mother, who felt solicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred at his first meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and blew strongly from the southwest for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they knew that they were near the end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually swelled to a gale, which became decided about 9 o'clock on that evening.—But their ship was now sound and strong, and all retired to rest as usual. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles further south than they actually were. By their reckoning, they would be just off the harbor of New-York next morning. About 2½ o'clock, Mr Bangs, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty-one fathoms. He said that depth insured their safety till daylight, and turned in again. (Of course, all was thick around the vessel, and the storm howling fiercely.) One hour afterward, the ship struck with great violence, and in a moment was fast aground! She was a stout brig of 531 tuns, five years old, heavily laden with marble, &c. and drawing seventeen feet water. Had she been light, she might have floated over the bar into twenty feet water, and all on board could have been saved. She struck rather sidewise than bows on, canted on her side and stuck fast, the mad waves making a clear sweep over her, pouring down into the cabin through the skylight, which was destroyed. One side of the cabin was immediately and permanently under water, the other frequently drenched. The passengers, who were all up in a moment, chose the most sheltered positions, and there remained, calm, earnest and resigned to any fate, for a long three hours. No land was yet visible, they knew not where they were, but they knew that their chance of surviving was small indeed. When the coast was first visible through the driving storm in the grey light of morning, the sand-hills were mistaken for rock, which made the prospect still more dismal. The young Ossoli cried a little with discomfort and fright, but was soon hushed to sleep. Our friend Margaret had two life-preservers, but one of them proved unfit for use. All the boats had been smashed in pieces or torn away soon after the vessel struck, and while it would have been madness to launch them in the dark if it had been possible to launch them at all, with the waves charging over the wreck every moment. A sailor, soon after light, took Margaret's serviceable life-preserver and swam ashore with it in quest of aid for those left on board, and arrived safe, but of course could not return his means of deliverance.

By 7 A. M. it became evident that the cabin must soon go to pieces, and indeed it was scarcely tenantable then. The crew were collected in the forecastle, which was stronger and less exposed, the vessel having settled by the stern, and the sailors had been repeatedly ordered to go aft and help the passengers forward, but the peril was so great that none obeyed. At length the second mate, Davis, went himself, and accompanied the Italian girl, Celesta Pardena, safely to the forecastle, though with great difficulty. Margaret Ossoli went next, and had a narrow escape from being washed away, but got over. Her child was placed in a bag tied around a sailor's neck, and thus carried safely. Ossoli and the rest followed, each convoyed by the mate or one of the sailors.

All being collected in the forecastle, it was evident that their position was still most perilous, and that the ship could not much longer hold together. The women were urged to try first the experiment of taking each a plank and committing themselves to the waves. Margaret refused thus to be separated from her husband and child. She had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them. Mrs. Hasty was the first to try the plank, and, though the struggle was for some time a doubtful one, did finally reach the shore, utterly exhausted. There was a strong current setting to the westward, so that, though the wreck lay but a quarter of a mile from the man who held it before the ship broke up, that Ossoli had in like manner been washed from the fore-mast, to which he was clinging; but, in the horror of the moment, Margaret never learned that those she so clung to had preceded her to the Spirit Land. Those who remained of the crew had just persuaded her to trust herself to a plank, in the belief that Ossoli and their child had already started for the shore, when, just as she was stepping down, a great wave broke over the vessel and swept her into the boiling deep. She never rose again. The ship broke up soon after (about 10 A. M. Mrs. Hasty says, instead of the later hour previously reported), but both mates and most of the crew got ashore on one fragment or another. It was supposed that those of them who were drowned were hit by floating spars or planks and thus stunned or disabled so as to preclude all chance of their rescue.

—We do not know at the time of this writing whether the manuscript of our friend's work on Italy and her late struggles has been saved. We fear it has not been. One of her trunks is known to have been saved, but, though it contained a good many papers, Mrs. Hasty believes that this was not among them. The author had thrown her whole soul into this work, had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for observation, was herself a partaker in the gallant though unsuccessful struggle which has redeemed the name of Rome from the long rust of sloth, servility and cowardice, was the intimate friend and compatriot of the Republican leaders, and better fitted than any one else to refute the calumnies and falsehoods with which their names have been blackened by the champions of aristocratic 'Order' throughout the civilized world. We cannot forego the hope that her work on Italy has been saved or will yet be recovered. We feel confident that her body and that of her husband will be recovered, though neither had been up to 1 o'clock of Monday.

The Crew and Passengers of the Elizabeth.

The following is a complete list of the persons lost by the wreck of the ship Elizabeth:

Giovanni, Marquis D'Ossoli.
S. Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli.
Their child, Eugene Angelo D'Ossoli.
Celesia Pardena, of Rome.
Horace Sumner, of Boston.
George Sanford, seaman, (Swede).
Henry Westervelt, do do.
George Bates, steward.

The following were saved:

Mrs. Hasty, widow of the Captain; Henry P. Bangs, master; Charles W. Davis, 1st mate; John Heisstrom, 2d mate; James McNutry, A Pallander, John McPherson, Hans Lauron, Peter Johnson, John Thompson, Antwin Anderson, Peter Hanson, Robert Williams, seamen; Joseph McGill, cook; Henry Goodman, seaman.

The Wreck of the Elizabeth.

Up to a late hour last evening, no further news reached us concerning the wreck of the ill-fated ship *Elizabeth*. CHARLES SUMNER, Esq., of Boston, and MARCUS SPRING of this city, who left for Fire Island on Tuesday, returned yesterday morning. No more of the bodies had been found, and the surf-boat had not succeeded in reaching the wreck. The agent appointed by the City of Charleston to receive and forward the statue of Calhoun, was on the spot. It is generally thought that the statue may be safely brought to land, should the sea continue as tranquil as at present.

Mrs. Fuller, the mother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, with two of her sons, reached the city yesterday morning, intending to remain here until the body of the former is found, or her effects are recovered. Rev. Mr. Fuller and Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass., left yesterday for Fire Island.

Mrs. Hasty, the late Captain Bangs, and the seamen of the Elizabeth, are all staying in this city for the present.

Death of Margaret Fuller.

A great soul has passed from this mortal stage of being in the death of SARAH MARGARET FULLER, (*) by marriage Marchioness of Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, Mr. Henry Sumner of Boston, and others, was drowned in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn for this port, on the south shore of Long Island, near Fire Island, on Friday afternoon last. No passenger survives to tell the story of that night of horrors, whose fury appalled many of our snugly sheltered citizens reposing securely in their beds. We can adequately realize what it must have been to voyagers approaching our coast from the Old World, on vessels helplessly exposed to the rage of that wild south-western gale, and seeing in the long and anxiously expected land of their youth and their love only an aggravation of their perils, a death-blow to their hopes, an assurance of their temporal doom!

Margaret Fuller was the daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, a lawyer of Boston, but nearly all his life a resident of Cambridge, and a Representative of the Middlesex District in Congress from 1817 to 1825. Mr. Fuller, upon his retirement from Congress, purchased a farm at some distance from Boston, and abandoned Law for Agriculture, soon after which he died. His widow and six children still survive.

Margaret, if we mistake not, was the first-born, and from a very early age evinced the possession of remarkable intellectual powers. Her father regarded her with a proud admiration, and was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion and friend. He committed the too common error of stimulating her intellect to an assiduity and persistency of effort which severely

taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers. At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her studies in Philosophy, History, General Science and current Literature were in after years extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to teaching as a vocation, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, where her 'Conversations' were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the 'American Athens.'

In the Autumn of 1844, she accepted an invitation to take part in the conduct of The Tribune, with especial reference to the department of Reviews and Criticism on current Literature, Art, Music, &c. a position which she filled for nearly two years—how eminently our readers well know. Her reviews of Longfellow's Poems, Wesley's Memoirs, Poe's Poems, Bailey's 'Festus,' Douglas's Life, &c. must yet be remembered by many. She had previously found 'fit audience, though few,' for a series of remarkable papers on 'The Great Musicians,' 'Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' 'Woman,' &c. &c. in 'The Dial,' a quarterly of remarkable breadth and vigor, of which she was at first co-Editor with Ralph Waldo Emerson, but which was afterward edited by him only, though she continued a contributor to its pages. In 1843, she accompanied some friends on a tour via Niagara, Detroit and Mackinac to Chicago and across the Prairies of Illinois, and her resulting volume entitled 'Summer on the Lakes,' is one of the best works in its department ever issued from the American press. It was too good to be widely and instantly popular. Her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century'—an extension of her essay in 'The Dial'—was published by us early in 1845, and a moderate edition sold. The next year a selection from her 'Papers on Literature and Art' was issued by Wiley & Putnam, in two fair volumes of their 'Library of American Books.' We believe the original edition was nearly or quite exhausted, but a second has not been called for, while books no wise comparable to it for strength or worth have run through half a dozen editions. These 'Papers' embody some of her best contributions to 'The Dial,' 'The Tribune,' and perhaps one or two which had not appeared in either.

In the Summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied the family of a devoted friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing Winter. She accompanied her friends next Spring to the North of Italy, and there stopped, spending most of the Summer at Florence, and returning at the approach of Winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni, Marquis d'Ossoli, who had made her acquaintance during her first Winter in the Eternal City. They have since resided in the Roman States until the last Summer, after the surrender of Rome to the French army of assassins of Liberty, when they deemed it expedient to migrate to Florence, both having taken an active part in the Republican movement which resulted so disastrously—nay, of which the ultimate result is yet to be witnessed. Thence in June they departed and set sail at Leghorn for this port, in the Philadelphia brig Elizabeth, which was doomed to encounter a succession of disasters. They had not been many days at sea when the captain was prostrated by a disease which ultimately exhibited itself as Confluent Small Pox of the most malignant type, and terminated his life soon after they touched at Gibraltar, after a sickness of intense agony and loathsome horror. The vessel was detained some days in quarantine by reason of this affliction, but finally set sail again on the 8th ult. just in season to bring her on our coast on the fearful night between Thursday and Friday last, when darkness, rain, and a terrific gale from the south-west (the most dangerous quarter possible) conspired to hurl her into the very jaws of destruction. It is said, but we know not how truly, that the mate in command since the captain's death, mistook the Fire Island light for that on the Highlands of Neversink, and so fatally miscalculated his course; but it is hardly probable that any other than a first-class, fully manned ship could have worked off that coast under such a gale blowing him directly toward the roaring breakers. She struck during the night, and before the next evening the Elizabeth was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the boiling surges. Alas, that our gifted friend, and those nearest to and most loved by her, should have been among them!

—We trust a new, compact and cheap edition or selection of Margaret Fuller's writings will soon be given to the public, prefaced by a Memoir. It were a shame to us if one so radiantly lofty in intellect, so devoted to Human Liberty and Well-being, so ready to dare and to endure for the upraising of her sex and her race, should perish from among us and leave no memento less imperfect and casual than those we now have. We trust the more immediate relatives of our departed friend will lose no time in selecting the fittest person to prepare a Memoir with a selection from her writings for the press. We believe if such a volume were issued, as large and capacious as could well be afforded for a dollar, it would be very widely and profitably read; and then if a sufficient encouragement were proffered for a more comprehensive edition of her writings, we should gladly welcome this also. America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller, and it will be a public misfortune if her thoughts are not promptly and acceptably embodied. If they are kept back a year or so, on the usual pretexts of collating letters, consulting intimate friends, &c. the public will lose seriously by the delay.

But the best idea of our friend's intellect and character cannot be obtained from her writings alone. Conversing so profoundly and admirably that she was characterized as 'the best talker since De Stael,' she wrote laboriously, slowly and not always lucidly and happily. Her great thoughts were seldom irradiated by her written language—they were oftener clouded and choked by it. We have fancied that her early and lifelong familiarity with other languages interfered with and marred her felicity in the use of her native tongue. But, however, caused, the contrast between the freedom and eloquence of her familiar discourse and the painful slowness and occasional awkwardness of her composition was very striking. Passages of rare beauty as well as signal elevation of sentiment may be gleaned from her works, but as a whole they must commend themselves mainly by their vigor of thought and by habitual fearlessness rather than freedom of utterance.

—One of the Editors of The Tribune went down to the scene of the disaster on Monday, and his report will be found in another column.

☞ HORACE SUMNER, one of the victims of the lamentable wreck of the Elizabeth, was the youngest son of the late Hon. Charles P. Sumner, of Boston, for many years Sheriff of Suffolk County, and the brother of George Sumner, Esq. the distinguished American writer, now resident at Paris, and of Charles Sumner, Esq. of Boston, who is well known for his legal and literary eminence throughout the country. He was about twenty-four years of age, and had been abroad for nearly a year, traveling in the South of Europe for the benefit of his health. The past winter was spent by him chiefly in Florence, where he was on terms of familiar intimacy with the Marquis and Marchioness d'Ossoli, and was induced to take passage in the same vessel with them for his return to his native land. He was a young man of singular modesty of deportment, of an original turn of mind, and greatly endeared to his friends by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his character.

N.Y. Weekly Tribune,
7-27-50, p. 4.

Emerson.

The following criticism on the most original of our poets differs widely from any that has before been offered to the public. We take it without permission from a private letter, but its excellence is excuse

enough. It is of that sort which goes irresistibly into print without asking leave of any body:

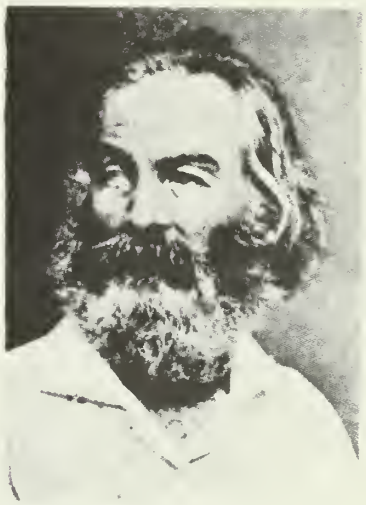
"I have just been reading Emerson's *Representative Men*. The work is so manifestly full of genius, the good part so signalizes itself, the flashes are so much before the eye, and the subtlety of the truth and remark so penetrating, that I feel no manner of ability to praise the book, or to speak well of it. When anything rises to a certain excellence, the best service you can do is to abuse it. I feel it a great pity that abusing has fallen so entirely into the hands of enemies; that it has become diabolic, when it ought to be rescued and to be put into the hands of friends. It is as though the surgeon should be chosen for hating you instead of for loving, and should put a spice of cruelty into his slashes, when all you want is clean cutting. And therefore if I were able to think of reviewing Emerson, I should vindicate to myself the right of finding nothing but fault. If he were one of those thick, phlegmatic geniuses whose souls are deep though their eyes are leaden, and who are diamonds only in their white-hot moments, it would be wrong to throw any discredit upon a greatness which the public already discredits; but on the contrary he is mere light, electricity, sunset, north shine, and imponderable essence; and the best way to receive him, and the only way to exhibit him, is on a dark ground of criticism and heavy remark. The worst of it is, I know of nothing black enough to set him properly off. I have tried, by putting Atheist behind him, to see how his Comotship would show, but alas! he illuminated the term, and lightened it away, and I found that I saw through him into the profound. So, unfortunately, I fell through.

"His lecture on Swedenborg is, however, the only one on which I could say a word. I find Ralph Waldo guilty of great timidity and ghost-fearing in shirking the whole problem of his spiritual experience as he does, in annihilating the spiritual world by a mere dislike and *noli tangere*. The thing is too hard for that, and haunts the man in spite of his rapid revolutions of his back. A murdered world will be avenged, and though Emerson wishes to face every thing, and to have no back, yet let him stand ever so *planely* with his dorsum up against the wall, the ghost will intrude between wall and dorsum, and establish a haunt. It is useless to turn the back upon things to which every thing is interstitial, and every interstice roomy. So my friend's first fault is TIMIDITY, which is only not recognized as such on account of its vast proportions. I grant, then, that the funk is sublime, which is a true and friendly admission.

"The next fault to be signalized is Emerson's excessive ORTHODOXY. His objections to Swedenborg are the most advanced objections of orthodoxy, carried out to an Emersonic length. All the ordinary heterodoxy is nothing but the other extreme of plain and current views. Orthodoxy is the stake to which it is painfully tethered. The Heterodox man exclaims that he is far from that center. Yes, says the Orthodox, but what *you* call distance, *I* call string. Now Emerson and the Bishop of London are but positive and negative of one thing, but inward fruit and outward rind, which by their very opposition copulate into one form, and carry forward one force. Whereas Swedenborg belongs to a new order, which stands with its feet equally upon both. The negative patronizes him for the time as good against the positive; but he is really poised and supported with one leg upon either. And the positive has as much right to him as the negative. The second accusation then is, that Emerson, terribly tied to Orthodoxy, cannot suspect for a moment that hero is a phenomenon outlying it and commencing to supersede it; and hence he judges Swedenborg from the normal and orthodox point, as a child accustomed to the sight of cheeses, will have the moon to be a green specimen of that genus.

"My third accusation is, his exaggerated SECTARIANISM. Unitarianism, carried out to its last consequences, furnishes his guide to possibility and his inmost point of view. I know that he repugns Unitarianism. But when a man knocks down his own papa, he does not thereby cease to belong to the family; nay, if his father has done the like to his grandfather, he is only the more a chip of the old block for knocking down his father. It is not by going from thick to thin that you alter, but by becoming a new mind through both thick and thin. But all this is too short to be readily intelligible. I have only succeeded in hinting at a background for this Elfin sword-gleam—this brother of the lightning; but whether the canvas will stand his luminous emanations, I cannot say."

N.Y. Semi-Weekly Tribune, Sat., 11-23-50, p. 2.



SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

DR. A. H. CLEVELAND and Mr. H. G. O. BLAKE, will open a School for Young Ladies, on MONDAY, Sept. 29, at the rooms lately occupied by Mr. George Eaton, No. 2 Hunstead Place. The studies pursued will be those usually embraced under the terms ELEMENTARY, CLASSICAL, and SCIENTIFIC. Dr. Cleveland, who has had twenty years' experience in a similar school in the city of Baltimore, will instruct in the ENGLISH department, and Mr. Blake, who has also had many years experience as a teacher, will instruct in the LATIN, FRENCH, ITALIAN and GERMAN languages, and in GEOMETRY and ALGEBRA. In consequence of this division of labor between instructers, equally interested and without assistants, it is obvious that there will be unusual opportunities for thorough and systematic teaching.

Further information may be had at No. 2 Hunstead Place, where one of the gentlemen may be found each day till the 29th instant, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock.

They have permission to refer to the following gentlemen:

JARED SPARKS, President of Harvard University,	Hon. CHARLES SUMNER.
Hon. JAMES D. GREEN.	THOMAS SHERWIN, Esq.
Hon. LEVI LINCOLN	GEORGE EATON, Esq.
Hon. RUFUS CHOATE.	GEORGE H. BLAKE, Esq.
Prof. BENJAMIN PEIRCE.	Hon. JOHN DAVIS.

Boston, September 15, 1851. 8Wis3w

There has been a great deal of fine writing, and some witty writing, at the expense of Mr. EMERSON'S LECTURES; but we have rarely seen anything better in the shape of a notice than the following, from the Boston *Commonwealth*, after the delivery of the opening lecture on Fate, in Mr. E's course at the Masonic Temple:—

"We take up our pen with some reluctance for a few comments on this lecture. If we should express adequately the thoughts and feelings which it excited in us, many would attend the next lecture who have never yet heard Mr. Emerson. Some of these would heartily thank us, and well they might. But the others would be out of place in his audience. We feel safest in advising people not to go there. Those who do attend and should, have now such a deep and unrestrained enjoyment, that we are unwilling to have them intruded upon by others who would make the air of the room cold and restless. Not that any would go who would think the lecture unimportant. But Mr. Emerson would say too much for them. They are accustomed to have all their mental nutriment minced and sauced to suit the artificial and debilitated condition of their systems. But he would serve them with yams, cabbages, grouse, and oxen, which had never been in the stew-pans of parties, and brooks and showers undistilled by sectarian alembics; but all whole and fresh as they came from the hand of nature.

"If these people wish to shudder, let them think of a man who carries in his head telescopes and microscopes for cleaving and scrutinizing the universe of abstract truth, displaying to his hearers the character of fate; pointing out its beneficence, but also its cool spreading of disappointments and destruction; viewing it from within its own sphere, then rising above it, subjecting it to external measurement, and deducing from the whole survey practical rules for the conduct of life. We never saw a grander display of human power. Yet we could not wonder at the power of one who had chosen nature for his instructress, and from the genuine honesty with which he had followed her precepts, had acquired that genuine fearlessness which knows not the use of courage."

Portrait of Irving.

—— We spoke, the other day, of Geoffrey Crayon's having once more consented to sit for his picture. Mr. Martin has just finished it, and we fancy there has seldom been a more felicitous piece of work. It is not only like Irving, but like his books—and, though he looks as his books read, (which is true of few authors)—and looks like the name of his cottage, Sunnyside—and looks like what the world thinks of him—yet a painter might have missed this look, and still have made what many would consider a likeness. He sits, leaning his head on his hand, with the genial, unconscious, courtly composure of expression that he habitually wears, and still there is visible the couchant humour and philosophic incvitableness of perception, which form the strong under-current of his genius. The happy temper and the strong intellect of Irving—the joyously indolent man and the arousably brilliant author—are both there. As a picture, it is a fine specimen of Art. The flesh is most skilfully crayoned, the pose excellent, the drawing apparently effortless and yet nicely true, and the air altogether Irving-y and gentlemanlike. If well engraved, we have him—delightful and famous Geoffrey—as he lives, as he is thought to live, as he writes, as he talks, and as he ought to be remembered.

Home Journal, N.Y., 2-15-51

THE SONG OF THE RAILROAD.

BY C. T. WOLFE.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar!
Splashing, flashing,
Crashing, dashing!
Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill,
And mill—
Highways,
By-ways,
Hollow-hill—
Jumping—bumping,
Rocking—roaring,
Like 40,000 giants snoring!
By the lonely hut and mansion,
By the ocean's wide expansion,
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak—
Dash along—
Slash along—
Crash along—
Flash along,
On, on, with a jump,
And a bump,
And a roll—
Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

O'er the aqueduct and bog
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every instant lost to view,
Now a tavern—now a steeple—
Now a crowd of gaping people—
Now a hollow—now a ridge—
Now a cross-way—now a bridge—
Grumble—stumble—
Rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew!
Church and steeple, gaping people—
Quick as thought are lost to view!

Everything that eye can survey
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy!
Each passenger is thumped, and shaken,
As physic is when to be taken.

By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain and mountain gorge,
Where cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead;
Monuments amid the grass
Flit like spectres as you pass;
If to hail a friend inclined,
Whish! whirl! ka-swash!—he's left behind!
Rumble, tumble, all the day—
Thus we pass the hours away.

Ibid., 3-29-51, p. 4.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1851.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.—The services of this gentleman have been lately called into requisition in the political field, for the purpose of strengthening the representation of the Abolition party in the Congress of the United States. His first effort in this department to which our attention has been called, is the lecture on the Fugitive Slave Law which he has delivered in Worcester on the 15th inst. and at Fitchburg on the 16th. A sketch of this lecture was published in the Worcester Spy of the 17th. We have had also some account of it from another authentic source.

The editor of the Spy, well known to be Mr. J. M. Earle, the Free Soil leader of the Coalition, which has assumed the direction of the affairs of the State, introduces his account of the lecture, with some remarks, which are in a very high strain of eulogy. This circumstance is worthy of note for the following reason. Mr. Emerson, though "not mingling," as the editor of the Spy observes, "in the active business of life," and never attending political meetings, has nevertheless attended and spoken at the meetings of the Garrison Abolitionists, and may therefore be fairly looked upon as a decided Abolitionist of that school. That the editor of the Spy, the Free Soil leader of the House of Representatives, should speak of Mr. Emerson and of his opinions on the subject of slavery in terms of warm commendation, and without any caution against the extremes to which he has carried them, shews how little reliance can be placed upon the professions which the Free Soilers make of attachment to the Union of the States. Such conduct justly subjects the Free Soil leaders to the charge of *mental reservation*, when they profess attachment to the Union. They are attached to it on certain conditions, which they know to be impracticable;—and they knowingly pursue a course which they cannot doubt, if seconded by the mass of the people, will destroy it.

There is much disingenuousness accordingly in the manner in which they conduct the agitation against the Fugitive Slave Law. A principal part of their effort is to represent as friends of slavery those who are in favor of executing the law in good faith, while it is the law, and because it is the law. They keep as much as possible out of sight the fact, that the Constitution expressly provides for the extradition of fugitive slaves; and that *any* law which would effect that object would be open to all the objections urged against the present law, on the ground of humanity and natural right.

All that was urged against the law by Mr. Emerson in his lecture at Worcester, according to the account in the Spy, would have applied equally well to *any* law providing for the surrender of fugitives. Indeed, we believe, there is no pretence on the part of any one, that Sims was not really a slave by the law of Georgia, notwithstanding the affidavits to the contrary which he was advised by his counsel here to sign and make oath to. The presumption therefore is, that under *any* law he would have been given up, unless magistrates and jurors (as the anti-slavery leaders recommend) should perjure themselves. This being so, it appears to us the height of disingenuousness, on the part of the editor of the Spy and other Free Soil leaders, to pretend that they are friendly to the Union of the States, while they are doing their utmost to increase an excitement *ostensibly* against this particular law, but *really* against the provision of the Constitution, on which it is founded.

A portion of Mr. Emerson's lecture at Worcester consisted in a virulent attack on Mr. Webster; and in connection with this part of the subject he thought fit to allude to this journal. "All the praises of the Advertiser and Journal of Commerce (says Mr. Emerson) or the salves of the New York Committee, cannot compensate him for the wreck of his fame." After asserting that Mr. Webster had forfeited the good opinion of "those who make fame" he added, "Mr. Webster knows this—and it is a loss that he feels—a loss of which not all the fribble of the Daily Advertiser

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or of the Journal of Commerce, which it follows so obediently, will repay him." It is not for us to institute a comparison of the importance to the good name of Mr. Webster of the denunciations of Mr. Emerson and the commendations of this journal. In vindicating his political course, we have been influenced by the deep conviction, that it was calculated to preserve the Union of the States and avert the dangers of civil war. We can scarcely believe that any one can be really so infatuated, as not to feel, that if the views of those who assail Mr. Webster should be generally sustained in the free States, the Union of the States could not last through another session of Congress. If these men were not beyond the reach of an appeal to their reason on this subject, we would ask Mr. Emerson himself, whether he does not believe and admit, that if the doctrines of his lecture were sustained and enforced in the free States, the Union would be infallibly severed. We would further ask, in what way he and those who think with him, suppose that this catastrophe would ameliorate the condition of the slaves, or in any way promote the cause of human freedom, or the triumph of human rights.

We see it announced that Mr. Emerson is taking an active part in the agitation carried on the present week, in the Congressional Districts, where elections are to be made on the 26th instant. The citizens of those districts will, we think, be inclined to ask themselves a few questions, as to the qualifications of Mr. Emerson, to act as their counsellor in the discharge of the important duty, which will devolve upon them next Monday. We live in times that need prudent and practical men. We have never heard Mr. Emerson ranked in this class. He is a gentleman possessed of a description of talent which has given him celebrity; but we are not aware that he has given any proof of the possession of the sound judgment or practical wisdom, which can recommend him as a reliable authority on questions of morals, or a safe guide in the affairs of life. We recollect that his address at the divinity school at Cambridge several years ago drew upon him the public rebuke of one of the truest and best of men, the late Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. If we are not greatly mistaken, the most dangerous and objectionable sentiments are embodied in that address.

We do not profess to be very familiar with Mr. Emerson's philosophical speculations, but we have heard, on very good authority, that as far as their tendency can be discerned, through the misty jargon in which they are clothed, they have presented him in the acknowledged character of a perpetual doubter, or inquirer; that he has been most anxious to lead his hearers to the habit of questioning authority of every description. We submit that there is reason to question the practical value of the

mental constitution,—and the habits of speculation, which have led Mr. Emerson to think that the Union of the States ought to be broken up, and the country plunged in civil war,—rather than permit the extradition article of the National Compact to be fulfilled;—if they be the same habits of Constitution and speculation which lead him to the expression of perpetual uncertainty, whether Christianity is anything,—or whether God and Nature be not one.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

[From the International Magazine, for May.]

The author of *The House of Seven Gables* is now about forty-five years of age. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and is of a family which for several generations has "followed the sea." Among his ancestors, I believe, was the "bold Hawthorne," who is celebrated in a Revolutionary ballad as commander of the "Fair American." He was educated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he graduated in 1825.

Probably he appeared in print before that time, but his earliest volume was an anonymous and never avowed romance, which was published in Boston in 1832. It attracted little attention, but among those who read it with a just appreciation of the author's genius, was Mr. S. G. Goodrich, who immediately secured the shrouded star for *The Talisman*, of which he was editor, and through which many of Hawthorne's finest tales and essays were originally given to the public. He published in 1837 the first and in 1842 the second volume of his *Twice-Told Tales*, embracing whatever he wished to preserve from his contributions to the magazines; in 1845 he edited *The Journal of an African Cruiser*; in 1846 published *Mosses from an Old Manse*, a second collection of his magazine papers; in 1850 *The Scarlet Letter*, and in the last month the longest and in some respects the most remarkable of his works, *The House of Seven Gables*.

In the introductions to the *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *The Scarlet Letter*, we have some glimpses of his personal history. He had been several years in the Custom-House at Boston, while Mr. Bancroft was collector, and afterwards had joined that remarkable association, the "Brook Farm Community," at West Roxbury, where, with others, he appears to have been reconciled to the old ways, as quite equal to the inventions of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and the rest of that ingenious company of schemers who have been so intent upon a reconstruction of the foundations of society. In 1843, he went to reside in the pleasant village of Concord, in the "Old Manse," which had never been profaned by a lay occupant until he entered it as his home. In the introduction to *The Mosses* he says:

"A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he, by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number, that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations, to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind, among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances, he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head as mod shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling

International Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art, May, 1851.

leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure, in the Old Manse, well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold, which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality—a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unprejudiced views of religion; histories (such as Bancroft might have written, had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed,) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought; these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel, that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote 'Nature;' for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moon-rise, from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil, that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint, and gold tinted paper hangings, lighted up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow-tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints, there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice, for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way,) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed."

In his home at Concord, thus happily described, in the midst of a few congenial friends, Hawthorne passed three years; and, "in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean," he says, "three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as a breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley." But at length his repose was invaded by that "spirit of improvement" which is so constantly marring the happiness of quiet-loving people, and he was compelled to look out for another residence.

"Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away; and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room—delicately-fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing, from the old Manse into a Custom House! As a story-teller, I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this. The treasure of intellectual gold which I had hoped to find in our secluded dwelling, had never come to light. No profound treatise of ethics—no philosophic history—no novel, even, that could stand unsupported on its edges—all that I had to show, as a man of letters, were those few tales and essays, which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind."

The *Mosses from an Old Manse* he declared the last offering of their kind he should ever put forth; "unless I can do better," he wrote in this Introduction, "I have done enough in this kind." He went to his place in the Custom House, in his native city, and if President Taylor's advisers had not been apprehensive that in his devotion to ledgers he would neglect the more important duties of literature, perhaps we should have heard no more of him; but those patriotic men, remembering how much they had enjoyed the reading of *Twice-Told Tales* and the *Mosses*, induced the appointment in his place of a whig, who had no capacity for making books, and in the spring of last year we had *The Scarlet Letter*.

Like most of his shorter stories, The Scarlet Letter finds its scene and time with the earlier Puritans. Its argument involves the analysis and action of remorse in the heart of a person who, himself unsuspected, is compelled to assist in the punishment of the partner of his guilt. This peculiar and powerful fiction at once arrested attention, and claimed for its author the eminence as a novelist which his previous performances had secured for him as a writer of tales. Its whole atmosphere and the qualities of its characters demanded for a creditable success very unusual capacities. The frivolous costume and brisk action of the story of fashionable life are easily depicted by the practised sketcher, but a work like The Scarlet Letter comes slowly upon the canvas, where passions are commingled and overlaid with the deliberate and masterly elaboration with which the grandest effects are produced in pictorial composition and coloring. It is a distinction of such works that while they are acceptable to the many, they also surprise and delight the few who appreciate the nicest arrangement and the most high and careful finish. The Scarlet Letter will challenge consideration in the name of Art, in the best audience which in any age receives Cervantes, Le Sage, or Scott.

Following this romance came new editions of *True Stories from History and Biography*, a volume for youthful readers, and of the *Twice-Told Tales*. In the preface to the latter, underrating much the reputation he has acquired by them, he says:

"The author of *Twice-Told Tales* has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America. These stories were published in magazines and annuals, extending over a period of ten or twelve years, and comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making (so far as he has ever been aware) the slightest impression on the public. One or two among them, the *Rill from the Town Pump*, in perhaps a greater degree than any other, had a pretty wide newspaper circulation; as for the rest, he has no grounds for supposing that on their first appearance they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody. Throughout the time above specified, he had no incitement to literary effort, in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which, in the long run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers. To this total lack of sympathy, at the age when his mind would naturally have been most effervescent, the public owe it (and it is certainly an effect not to be regretted, on either part,) that the author can show nothing for the thought and industry of that portion of his life, save the forty sketches, or thereabouts, included in these volumes. Much more, indeed, he wrote; and some very small part of it might yet be rummaged out (but it would not be worth the trouble) among the dingy pages of fifteen or twenty year old periodicals, or within the shabby morocco covers of faded Annuals. The remainder of the work alluded to had a very brief existence, but, on the score of brilliancy, enjoyed a fate vastly superior to that of their brotherhood, which succeeded in getting through the press. In a word, the author burned them without mercy or remorse, and, moreover, without any subsequent regret, and had more than one occasion to marvel that such very dull stuff as he knew his condemned manuscripts to be, should yet have possessed inflammability enough to set the chimney on fire!

"As he glances over these long-forgotten pages, and considers his way of life while composing them, the author can very clearly discern why all this was so. After so many sober years, he would have reason to be ashamed if he could not criticise his own work as fairly as another man's; and, though it is little his

business and perhaps still less his interest, he can hardly resist a temptation to achieve something of the sort. If writers were allowed to do so, and would perform the task with perfect sincerity and unreserve, their opinions of their own productions would often be more valuable and instructive than the works themselves. At all events, there can be no harm in the author's remarking that he rather wonders how the *Twice-Told Tales* should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual.—They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tenuity; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor, the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see any thing in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

"The author would regret to be understood as speaking sourly or querulously of the slight mark made by his earlier literary efforts on the public at large. It is so far the contrary, that he has been moved to write this preface, chiefly as affording him an opportunity to express how much enjoyment he has owed to these volumes, both before and since their publication. They are the memorials of very tranquil and not unhappy years. They failed, it is true—nor could it have been otherwise—in winning an extensive popularity.—Occasionally, however, when he deemed them entirely forgotten, a paragraph or an article, from a native or foreign critic, would gratify his instincts of authorship with unexpected praise,—too generous praise, indeed, and too little alloyed with censure, which, therefore, he learned the better to inflict upon himself. And, by-the-by, it is a very suspicious symptom of a deficiency of the popular element in a book when it calls forth no harsh criticism. This has been particularly the fortune of the *Twice-Told Tales*. They made no enemies, and were so little known and talked about, that those who read, and chanced to like them, were apt to conceive the sort of kindness for the book, which a person naturally feels for a discovery of his own. This kindly feeling (in some cases, at least) extended to the author, who, on the internal evidence of his sketches, came to be regarded as a mild, shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive, and not very forcible man, hiding his blushes under an assumed name, the quaintness of which was supposed, somehow or other, to symbolize his personal and literary traits. He is by no means certain that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modined by a natural desire to fill up so valuable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him; nor, even now, could he forbear it without a few tears of tender remembrance. To conclude, however,—these volumes have opened the way to most agreeable associations, and to the formation of imperishable friendships; and there are many golden threads, interwoven with his present happiness, which he can follow up more or less directly, until he finds their commencement here; so that his pleasant pathway among realities seems to proceed out of the Dream-Land of his youth, and to be bordered with just enough of its shadowy foliage to shelter him from the heat of the day. He is, therefore, satisfied with what the *Twice-Told Tales* have done for him, and feels it to be far better than fame."

That there should be any truth in this statement that the public was so slow to recognise so fine a genius, is a mortifying evidence of the worthlessness of a literary popularity. But it may be said of Hawthorne's fame that it has grown steadily, and that while many who have received the turbulent applause of the multitude since he began his career are forgotten, it has widened and brightened, until his name is among the very highest in his domain of art, to shine there with a lustre equally serene and enduring.

Mr. Hawthorne's last work is *The House of Seven Gables*, a romance of the present day. It is not less original, not less striking, not less powerful, than The Scarlet Letter. We doubt, indeed, whether he has elsewhere surpassed either of the three strongly contrasted characters of the book. An innocent and joyous child-woman, Phœbe Pyncheon, comes from a farm-house into the grand and gloomy old mansion where her distant relation, Hepzibah Pyncheon, an aristocratical and fearfully ugly but kind-hearted unmarried woman of sixty, is just coming down from her faded state to keep in one of her drawing-rooms a small shop, that she may be able to maintain an elder brother who is every moment expected home from a prison to which in his youth, he had been condemned unjustly, and in the silent solitude of which he has kept some lineaments of gentleness while his hair has grown white, and a sense of beauty while his brain has become disordered and his heart has been crushed and all present influences of beauty have been quite shut out. The House of Seven Gables is the purest piece of imagination in our prose literature.

The characteristics of Hawthorne which first arrest the attention are imagination and reflection, and these are exhibited in remarkable power and activity in tales and essays, of which the style is distinguished for great simplicity, purity and tranquillity. His beautiful story of Rappaccini's Daughter was originally published in the Democratic Review, as a translation from the French of one M. de l'Aubépine, a writer whose very name, he remarks in a brief introduction, (in which he gives in French the titles of of some of his tales, as *Contes deux fois racontées*, *Le Culte du Feu*, etc.) "is unknown to many of his countrymen, as well as the student of foreign literature." He describes himself, under this *nomme de plume*, as one who—

"Seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the transcendentalists (who under one name or another have their share in all the current literature of the world,) and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial, in his mode of development, to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique."

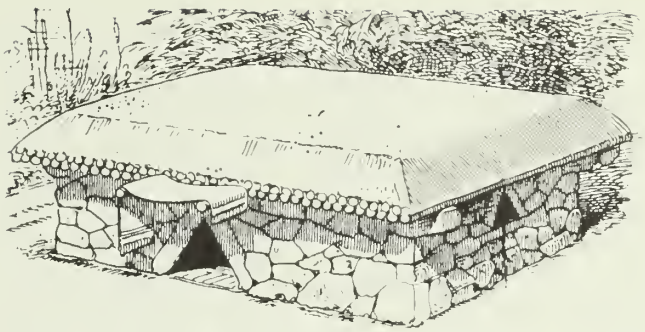
His writings, to do them justice, he says—

"Are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His actions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of nature, a rain drop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will finds its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this cursory notice, that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense."

Hawthorne is as accurately as he is happily described in this curious piece of criticism, though no one who takes his works in the "proper point of view," will by any means agree to the modest estimate which, in the perfect sincerity of his nature, he has placed upon them. He is original, in invention, construction, and expression, always picturesque, and sometimes in a high degree dramatic. His favorite scenes and traditions are those of his own country, many of which he has made classical by the beautiful associations that he has thrown around them. Every thing to him is suggestive, and his own pregnant pages are to the congenial reader. All his productions are life-mysteries, significant of profound truths. His speculations, often bold and startling, are presented with singular force, but with such a quiet grace and simplicity as not to startle until they enter in and occupy the mind. The gaycty with which his pensiveness is occasionally broken, seems more than anything

else in his works to have cost some effort. The gentle sadness, the "half acknowleged melancholy," of his manner and reflections, are more natural and characteristic.

His style is studded with the most poetical imagery, and marked in every part with the happiest graces of expression, while it is calm, chaste, and flowing, and transparent as water. There is a habit among nearly all the writers of imaginative literature, of adulterating the conversations of the poor with barbarisms and grammatical blunders which have no more fidelity than elegance. Hawthorne's integrity, as well as his exquisite taste, prevented him from falling into this error. There is not in the world a large rural population that speaks its native language with a purity approaching that with which the English is spoken by the common people of New England. The vulgar words and phrases, which, in other states, are supposed to be peculiar to this part of the country, are unknown east of the Hudson, except to the readers of foreign newspapers, or the listeners to low comedians who find it profitable to convey such novelties into Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont.



Home Journal,
N.Y., 1-3-52, p. 2.

Mr. Thoreau's Lecture.—Those of our readers who wish to hear something fresh and invigorating in literature, should not fail to attend this evening at Cochituate Hall. No subject suits Mr. Thoreau better, as a text, than Life in the Woods, and perhaps no man in the world is better qualified from disposition and experience, to treat that subject profitably. Conventionalisms have about as much influence over him, as over a forest tree or the birds in its branches. And as with his freshness of thought he unites a rare maturity of scholarship, he can entertain any one who is not muffled in more than ordinary dullness.

HONOURS TO LITERARY MEN.

If literature is to flourish in this country, the calling of the literary man must be made dignified, and honourable, and eminent. The love of distinction is probably the most prevailing influence in American society. It is gratified so promptly and so poignantly in political and editorial life, that few of the bright spirits that might vindicate for themselves abiding places upon the calm heights of fame, can withstand the temptations that are presented to youthful sensibility by systems whose promises are felt at that age to be rewards, and whose rewards are found at a later period to be only promises. The Present, like the Poet's monster—barking, restless and voracious—always feeding, and always famished—seems to be eternally devouring the Permanent, yet becoming no better favoured for its banquet. How many great authors—we mean great authors of great works—will the now rising generation in our country give to renown? The glory of a hundred writers is in all our newspapers—and there, alas! it will remain forever. We fear that the future historian of letters, as he looks backward over these days, will have little to record but a series of fair auguries, fading away just as they seemed to be blooming into fulfilment—a tale of noble natures snatched into the captivity of an ignoble enlistment which drowns the individual in a nameless mass, and, with an infinite effusion of power, earns only the boast of having been able to endure a great waste. Our system tends to the over-supply of all the lower and meaner channels of literature, by draining all the larger and loftier reservoirs. We have many incomparable articles—few valuable books. We have many to whom the poor and pitying tribute is paid, half in melancholy, and half in contempt, "What he *might* have done!" few of whom we feel "What great things he has done!" We view these tendencies of our country with regret; we note them, not to insult, nor to repine, but to urge amendment. The great reason why so few are disposed to dedicate themselves to the lonely and retiring toils of genuine authorship, is, that the social character of that calling is not distinguished adequately, according to its true and inherent superiority. We again generalize, and repeat the remark of Mr. Bryant, that we are too sparing of public honours to our great authors during their lives. It ought to be felt that literature is an order of eminence in the State, brighter and higher and purer than every other; and for the persons of those who are of its highest ranks, specific honours should be reserved.

It is a commonplace philosophy, to deride honours paid to the dead as empty and mocking. The feeling is an unthinking one. Such honours are wise and beneficial, and have ever been observed by the most moral and reflecting people. It is by accumulating testimonies of homage and regret about the graves of any class of persons, that society teaches how profoundly it values and reverences that class. The departed are insensible, perhaps, to these tributes; but their surviving brethren reap great advantage. We view the meanest pageantry of burial with interest, for it tends to the dignity of poor human nature; we look upon pompous exhibitions at the mortality of genius and virtue as a duty, for they belong to the acknowledgment of the merit that was revealed in them. We entertain a hope that the occasion of Mr. Cooper's death will be made to teach a useful lesson, and to be the commencement of a proper system of usage. It may become the beginning of a measure for the proper illustration of literary merit in the eyes of the nation. Why should we not have a Westminster Abbey—at least for literary men? Why would not Trinity serve for a Poet's Corner? We should be glad to see the remains of Mr. Cooper brought to this city, and carried in public procession to that venerable spot, and deposited as the first occupant of a building which should become the mausoleum of the genius of the nation. Let those hereafter, who rise to a genuine and national reputation, be laid beside him, until the place becomes a temple of the reverence that is due to mental greatness—a shrine of the homage of a people towards those who have made themselves the benefactors of them and their posterity. Nothing would tend to create in the hearts of literary men that just pride which is the foundation of great virtues and the fosterer of great endeavours, than the existence of an institution like this, to remind them ever of the dignity of their vocation, and to propose a token of public and permanent respect as the reward of unswerving labours in the highest walks. Let us begin the task of perpetuating. Let us learn to incorporate into the enduring, whatever has become valuable in the passing time. It is lamentable to think how entirely the names and memory and moral influence of the great men whom we have had through three parts of a century, have crumbled away into nothingness. We exceed all nations in our energy to gain from the future, but none loses so much as we on the side of the past. Let us learn to garner up into the treasure-houses of an always-present and vital remembrance, whatsoever appears among us adapted to exert good effects upon the days hereafter. As a nation, we are spendthrift of everything, but most, and worst, of the renown of our citizens.

ROBERT W. WEIR.

The comparative seclusion in which this great artist has lived since his appointment to the West Point Military Academy, has been highly favourable to the production of fine works, though less so, to their *sale*. Mr. Weir has a number of very valuable pictures hanging upon his own walls, which are richly worthy of a place in public galleries and the choicest private collections. Some of these it is our intention to describe and comment upon on a future, and, we trust, early occasion. Meanwhile, we strongly recommend collectors who desire to possess the best attainable productions, and only such, to visit Mr. Weir's studio at West Point, and, at least, enjoy a view of his recent works.

We observe that General Totten has once more called the attention of Congress to the injustice that has been so long done the Professors of Drawing and French at the Military Academy, and has recommended them to be placed on the same footing, with regard to emolument as the other professors. To this recommendation, no reasonable objection has ever been so much as suggested. In the education of a soldier, proficiency in the art of drawing is a thing *essential*. The duties of a professor of that art, in an institution like that of West Point, must necessarily be most arduous, as they are most important. We invoke the attention of members of Congress to the proposal of General Totten, and trust that the session will not be suffered to pass without decisive action being taken upon it. We annex a sketch of Professor's Weir's history, career and genius, from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman's "Artist Life; or, Sketches of American Painters." Our readers will find it exceedingly interesting and finely written :—

To be thoroughly appreciated, the scenery of the Hudson should be viewed in midwinter as well as at more inviting seasons. When the ice shivers before the prow of the steamer, and the high and lonely hills on either side are snow-clad; when the only hues that relieve the surrounding whiteness are the pale blue of the sky and the dark green of the firs and cedars, a scene is presented more striking to the imagination, from the reverse it affords to the same picture when alive with the freshness of spring, or mellowed by the glow of autumn. Analogous to such a contrast is that between the phases of Weir's destiny when he sailed up the noble river, thirty years ago—exiled, by the misfortunes of his father, while yet a child, to the home of an ungenial relative, his young, yet already troubled eyes, bent on the cold features of that wintry landscape—and when he now looks from his romantic abode upon the wild umbrage of Cro'nest, the honoured teacher of West Point, and the artist of established fame.

Burns immortalized a sentiment common to all men of genius, when he declared independence to be the "glorious privilege" for which alone money was desirable. It is a trait of artist-life, evidenced in countless biographies, to chafe under a sense of obligation, and contemn all interference unauthorised by sympathy. It is in this spirit that Hamlet enumerates, among his other reasons in the famous soliloquy, for indifference to life, the "the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes." In boyhood, Weir sacrificed his inclinations to filial duty, and postponed the indulgence of his aspiring tastes, rather than be the occasion of needless solicitude to those interested in his welfare. Even they acquiesced in the expediency of securing an education, however limited, and after a year's vain attempt to reconcile himself to the home offered by his kinsman, he returned to New-York. It has often been remarked that very slight circumstances affect the destiny of those who possess marked characteristics. It happened that the house where young Weir attended school was directly opposite the rooms of Jarvis, the painter. At that period studios were by no means common, and this one—associated as it was with a popular name, and enshrining the mysteries of an art comparatively little known and less practised—became a sort of enchanted spot to the schoolboy. Day after day he loitered about the door, and at last summoned courage to enter. The painter was absent, but several of his pupils were at work, and they became interested by the ardent curiosity of their visiter, and kindly replied to his many questions. Here, for the first time, he saw Inman, little imagining that after years would unite them so cordially in the glorious brotherhood of Art. This episode of his early youth, while it awakened the latent desires of the artist, did not beguile him from the stern duties of the man. A situation was obtained for him in a respectable French mercantile concern at the south, and in eighteen months a branch was established in New-York, of which he was made head clerk. It was then that he formed the resolution gradually to emancipate himself from a pursuit which required either capital or a life-long drudgery to accomplish its ends, by cultivating his own powers until they should become available resources both for subsistence and fame. From six to eight in the morning he studied with a painter in heraldry, and then entered upon his daily task. After the usual trials of patience, he produced, in 1821, a copy of a portrait which obtained for him a liberal commission. Thus encouraged, he turned his entire attention to painting.

Before visiting Europe, Weir sought effect in art. through a bold and rapid style. The great advantage he derived from the study of master-pieces abroad, was a conviction of the need of careful and elaborate finish. Like most American painters, he learned that he had commenced where he should have ended, that he had boldly launched upon an adventurous career without due preparation. He now understood what lasting and brilliant triumphs could be realized through patience. There is a spirit of calm, progressive labour essential to great success in Art, to which the very atmosphere of our country seems unfavourable, and faith in this influence is perhaps the choicest blessing which our artists acquire in the Old World. Weir naturally reverenced truth; he needed but to see her light in order to accept it; and as he beheld the trophies of his beautiful profession in the galleries of Italy, and recognised the tranquil, pains-taking, and earnest labour to which alone can be ascribed their enduring fame, he determined to acquire habits of care and precision, and learn to express his ideas without vagueness, and in the clear, well-defined, and highly-finished manner that he now knew to be the genuine language of art. There is no more excellent test of character than a revolution of habits. Weir brought all his energies to this task. He became, for a short time, the pupil of Bevenuti, who was then adorning the Pitti Palace with the life of Hercules in fresco. From the figures of the Grecian mythology he turned to the simplest natural objects in the fields and by the roadside, and practised drawings from the models and casts of the academy, while he enlarged his ideas of colour by the study of Titian and Paul Veronese. For him, as well as for other strangers, it was impossible to reconcile the enthusiasm of the modern Italians for the warm tints of the Venetian school, with their own cold and monotonous hues, and the proficiency of their best painters as draughtsmen, with their inadequate notions of colour. After painting two sacred themes—"Christ and Nicodemus," and "The Angel Relieving Peter"—at Florence, one rainy day in December, 1825, he entered Rome. Greenough and himself occupied rooms together on the Pincian hill, opposite the house of Claude Lorraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's. Weir's account of his life at Rome resembles that of other students who go thither for improvement—exhibiting the same quiet habits, intense application, occasional holidays, and cheerful economy. Early in the day he studied at home, or drew from the antique at the French Academy; after breakfast it was his custom to go to the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, or some private palace, and work until three o'clock, when they were closed. He then either sought his own studio, or the adjacent campagna to sketch from nature.

With an appetite sharpened by exercise, he repaired towards evening to a favourite trattoria—once the painting-room of Pompio Bassoni, whose boundless egotism Reynolds has recorded—and after dining, joined his brother artists at the Caffé del Greco. From the fragrant smoke and light-hearted chat of this unique rendezvous, Weir hastened to the life-school; and at nine o'clock, when the nights were fine, went forth amid the moonlight to enrich his portfolio with views of the ruins, and his memory with dreams whose touching solemnity melts the heart and exalts the fancy. It is a characteristic anecdote of artist-life, that at this period he lived a month upon ten cents a day, in order to atone for the extravagant purchase of a suit of armour. The basis of all real mental aptitude and power is doubtless good sense, and Weir evinced his reliance on this quality by the judicious use he made of his experience abroad. He saw and condemned the slavery of the Italians to the past, their bigoted adherence to a certain manner, and their want of sympathy with nature; and while he availed himself of what was really desirable in schools, kept his attention fixed chiefly upon truth, wherever discoverable. In cherishing this independent spirit, he was true to his birthright, and because he loved the beautiful as illustrated in Italy, ceased not to be faithful to the free principles of thought and sentiment he had brought from America.

It is curious to note how the ideal and prosaic sometimes meet in the lives of artists. Their pursuits ally them to the world of imagination, to the domain of the beautiful, to a contemplative and abstract sphere; while their actual existence, like that of other men,

is environed by circumstance which some poet justly calls the unspiritual god. The pecuniary reverses of his father obliged Weir, in the very hey-day of his youth, to enter a cotton factory; but in a few months he was dismissed, for having so carelessly attended the spinning jennies, and so aptly caricatured one of his supervisors. In the midst of influences so opposed to his instincts, one naturally wonders that they should have asserted themselves. Yet there is no truth better established than the supremacy of nature and character over conventionalism and accident. It may be long before the "electric chain" is struck, but when once the spark ignites, the promptings of destiny are conscious and permanent. "What then is taste?" says Akenside—

> "What then is taste, but these internal powers
> Active and strong, and feelingly alive
> To each fine impulse?
>
> This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
> Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
> But God alone, when first his active hand
> Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

That secret bias was revealed to Weir in the course of his desultory reading. He fell in with a copy of Dryden's translation of Du Fresnoy's poem. The triumphs of the art, so melodiously set forth in those heroic couplets, stirred the very heart and drew tears from the eyes of the enthusiastic boy. In such a peaceful field he longed to win the laurel, and already beheld in fancy the hallowed trophies, and felt the magic gifts commemorated by the poet:—

> "See Raffaelle there his forms celestial trace,
> Unrivalled sovereign of the realms of grace;
> See Angelo, with energy divine,
> Seize on the summit of correct design;
> Learn how at Julio's birth the muses smiled,
> And in their mystic caverns nursed the child;
> Bright beyond all the rest, Corregio flings
> His ample lights, and round them gently brings
> The mingling shade: in all his works we view
> Grandeur of style and chastity of hue.
> Yet higher still great Titian dared to soar.
> He reached the loftiest heights of colouring's power:
> His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow;
> His shades and lights their just gradation know:
> His were those dear delusions of the art
> That round, relieve, inspirit every part.
> From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
> Did Annibal compose his wondrous style;
> O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
> That every horrowed grace becomes his own."

The illness of a countryman and fellow-student induced Weir to relinquish his project of a tour in the north of Italy, and a brief sojourn in France. His cheerful abandonment of designs so ardently cherished and fitted to enlarge his views of art, for the purpose of fulfilling his duties as a friend, indicates a true nobility of heart. Indeed, we have seldom known more loyal and disinterested vigils than were those kept by the generous painter beside his suffering companion; nor did his assiduous kindness terminate until he had conveyed the invalid in safety to his distant home. Those who have known what it is to meet illness and death in a foreign land, when every pang is rendered more acute by the desolate sensation of exile, can alone realize how precious are ministrations such as these. In a spirit worthy of a true artist, Weir yielded his personal objects, ceased his winsome studies, and turned aside from the attractive objects around him, to watch over his countryman. He left the shores of Europe with the regret which his limited acquaintance with her treasures of art would naturally excite in such a mind. He was cheered, however, by the satisfaction of having saved the life of a gifted brother, and the hope of subsequently revisiting the scenes of their mutual studies. Circumstances soon led him indefinitely to postpone the realization of this idea. "I feel myself," he observes in a letter written a few years after, "anchored for life, especially as I have some little kedges out which have moored me to the soil."

We have alluded more than once to the discouragements which obstruct artist-life in America, its comparative isolation and want of sympathy, and the necessity of sacrificing large designs to immediate exigencies. In view of these shadows in the common lot of artists, Weir may be considered as more than usually fortunate. The immediate successor of Leslie, he has for the last ten years filled the office of instructor in drawing at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. It is a field of eminent, though unpretending usefulness, and its duties occupy only a certain portion of the day, so that ample leisure remains for the artist's private labours. The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, habits of method, and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, give a dignity to the situation; and, as might have been confidently predicted, both officers and cadets regard him with the greatest pride and affection. As to the success which attends his instructions, it is enough perhaps to say, that the average degree of merit evinced by the drawings exhibited at the last examination, quite astonished all present who had been accustomed to think that proficiency in this branch depends upon a special endowment.

Weir's isolated position, and the confinement for most of the year incident to his office, have tended for some time past to keep him from the public eye. Yet a late visit to his studio impressed us with the conviction that there are few of our resident artists to whom commissions may be more satisfactorily given. He is less interrupted in his vocation, and his attention less distracted, than is the case with metropolitan limners. His portfolios are rich in promising designs, from which most desirable selections for finished pictures may easily be chosen. One in particular struck us as most happily conceived. It represents our Saviour and the two disciples in their walk to Emmaus, after the resurrection, when their hearts burned within them, as he talked to them by the way. The postures and drapery of the three figures are very fine, the atmosphere oriental, the heads noble and expressive; and, what stamps the design with beautiful meaning, there is a most impressive contrast between the lively, quick, and intent air of the disciples, and the serene abstraction of Jesus. This sketch would make either an interesting cabinet or an effective church picture. There is a Flemish vein in Weir, and he has remarkable tact in managing still-life. "An old philosopher showing the microscope to two boys" was the subject of a painting on his easel, which evinced his ability in this way delightfully.

One of the most interesting incidents in Weir's career at home, was his painting the venerable chief of the Senecas. A professional gentleman, (Dr. J. W. Francis, of New-York,) whose patriotic sympathies are ever alive to the interests of literature and art, had been much attracted by the expressive visage and the extraordinary cranium that rendered the person of Red Jacket so eloquent of his history; and felt, both as a philosopher and an American, how desirable it was to perpetuate the lineaments of the old forest king. Accordingly, he ingratiated himself by occasional gifts of tobacco, and when the chief's friendship was obtained, induced him to sit to Weir for his portrait. Special models of greater utility are doubtless obtainable at Rome and Florence—a broader chest for a Hercules, a more graceful contour for an Antinous, and a more venerable head for a Saint Peter; but no foreign academy could furnish such a noble physique, associated with circumstances and qualities of such peculiar interest. The last of the Senecas, with characteristic yet brave egotism, when praised for his deeds of blood, exclaimed—"A warrior! I was born an orator!" When denounced in early life by a prophet, he came forward at a great Indian council, and by his powerful eloquence, in a speech of three hours, turned the tide of popular feeling, and triumphed over his enemies. He drew tears from his audience on every occasion when he depicted the wrongs of his race, and was elected, from the mere influence of his natural gifts, chief of his tribe—for, according to our poet, (Halleck,) whose vivid numbers will preserve his mental, as our painter has his bodily features, he possessed

> "The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding—
> The godlike power—the art Napoleon,
> Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, handing
> The hearts of millions, till they move like one."

He determined to resist civilization, in order to maintain the shadow of power and individuality that his nation could still boast. It was a vain though an heroic attempt. By jealously opposing the trading, missionary, and even friendly association of the whites, by advocating the rites and glory of his people, and keeping fresh in their memories the natural distinctions of the Indian, he trusted to postpone, if not avert, their impending ruin. He is supposed to have begun his career as a warrior during the revolution. General Washington, whom the chief used to call "the flower of the forest," presented him with a silver medal, which he never ceased to wear. In 1812 he took part in several warmly-contested engagements; and, after a life of political toil—savage though it was—venerable from years and fame, the champion of his waning tribe both in council and in arms, Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities, for the last time, in 1829, and was the object of general attention. His bearing was still proud, and his step firm; he wore his forest costume, and on all public occasions was mindful of the dignity appropriate to his reputation. He was then seventy years of age, and his death soon after occurred at the Seneca village, near Buffalo. His funeral was largely attended, and his deeds eloquently rehearsed, by his survivors, who then recalled with sadness his own prophetic words—"Who shall take my place among my people?"

The sitting of Red Jacket to Weir would have afforded no slight material for the speculative observer of human nature. The savage monarch, whose piercing eye beheld the gradual but certain destruction of his race, as it had already that of his immediate family, always entered the artist's studio with his suite, dressed in all the finery of his office; his companions, with their dark faces and unrestrained air, threw themselves carelessly upon the floor, and smoked their pipes, while their leader ever and anon rose from his seat to gaze with admiration upon the growth of the por-

trait, deigning occasionally a word of encouragement to the painter. The whole scene was one of those combinations of the extremes of savage and civilized life—of the picturesque and the conventional—of the refinement of art and the wildness of nature, only to be encountered in this country. And it was but a kind of poetical justice thus to snatch an aboriginal exemplar from oblivion, and for bard and limner to join in enshrining the name of Red Jacket in human remembrance, as a specimen of Indian character, one distinguishing trait of which he so remarkably exemplified—the union of outward calmness and indifference of aspect with tumultuous passions:—

"With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil:
With motions graceful as a bird's in air,
Thou art in sober truth the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions—
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear."

Home Journal, N.Y., 1-17-52

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA

OF NEW IDEAS AS THEY PASS, AND NEW FACTS AND DOINGS AS FIRST HEARD OF.

—— The first thunder of spring has been heard at Bridgeport. It would be hard to get the start of any place where Barnum lives.

—— It is hardly fair to give anything of Emerson's from a newspaper report. Even the reporter expresses his regret at the necessary imperfectness of his rendering. But here and there a thought, new and true, seems to have dropped whole, through the mealy mill of stenography, and we give one or two kernels that seem unground Emerson. The lecture was upon power:

"The faculties of a man are indefinite; who shall limit his influence? Some men carry whole nations with them, and lead the life of the day and of the hour. Life is a search after power, which lies in it everywhere. Every noble mind is a seeker, and is satisfied, if out of the mystery of experience he can compel power. All great men believe that things go by law and not by LUCK." * * * There is but one secret of all ages, and that is imbecility; in most men, at all times, and in great men sometimes. The old doctors decreed courage to be physical; a certain healthy state of the system given, and valour and success followed. * * * Our troubles about American politics are needless. The half orator, half assassin, comes from some Wisconsin and Utah, and we dread the end of things. But the stocks do not decline. Like a thrifty tree growing spite of the lice, ice, mice, and borers, so we do not suffer from the profligates who batten upon the treasury. The necessities of the case will teach majesty of manners, fast enough. This power is not amiable; but it brings its own antidote. All power develops together, up and down, hither and thither. The "*Bruisers*"—men who have roughly ridden over and through things—have their peculiar vices, but their virtues also; and, since politics are growing mean, when the question is between civility and force I shall not hesitate. As in politics so in trade, this power has a strain of ferocity. * * * It was a proverb in the world of statements that the evils of popular government appeared greater than they were. A rough population had its advantages. * * * There were many who were living in infamy at home, who, if sent into Mexico, might cover themselves with glory. * * * The crisis of history is when the savage is ceasing to be a savage. The great triumphs of peace are when the habit of war is yet fresh. * * * The latter part of the lecture was devoted to an examination of the two means by which we may accommodate ourselves to this force. The first of these is concentration. Have done with friends, flatteries, books, pleasures, come to the one point—what you can do, however imperfectly, and stick to it. The scattering shot hits no mark. Necessity, said Campbell the poet, not inspiration, makes me sing. * * * Our politics were full of bad hands, and men of refinement were not fit persons to send to Congress. Politics was regarded as a bad profession, and was fatal to perception and character, since it had been said that men in power had no opinions. Why, then, if it were only a question as between the most civil and the most forcible, he went for the latter; they had a bold though Satanic cast. * * * Many men did not rush to a decision when a decision was wanted. Presence of mind was a valuable faculty. A good judge was not one who split hairs, but one who rendered substantial justice according to the rules of testimony. He then alluded to the great advantages which resulted from an exercise of the faculties. The hack was a better roadster than the Arabian steed. All orators were bad ones at first, but by practice they became consummate ones."

Ibid., 2-21-52, p. 2.

THE "NEWSPAPER ANTIDOTE."

MR. EMERSON had the announcing of an era, when he was the first to say that "Lectures were to be the antidote to the newspaper." How the gentlemen Small Pox of the Press will relish this setting up of Lecturers as the Kine-pock-racy of the country, we shall look with some interest to see; but the curative itself, thus audaciously announced, is too important a topic to pass over, and we may perhaps say an instructive word or two, as to how so long latent a principle has been brought unexpectedly to bear.

The vaccination of the Press has been a subject of experiment; but, like the Providence that sent a cure for the greatest scourge of mankind, not through the patient alembics of science, but by the chance-fingered udders of a diseased cow, it was left to indirect means to achieve it. That the newspaper, which is the only universal medium to the popular mind, should not be laden with a principle of moral health, from the country's purest and best intellect, has seemed, we dare say, not only lamentable but unaccountable, to those who have merely observed and reasoned upon it. They have wondered why Emerson and Henry James, Dewey and Giles, Whipple and Wendell Holmes, were not Editors. Instead of delivering six lectures a year, to audiences of four or five hundred, why were not such intellects pouring out their treasures, daily, each one, to fifty thousand readers? Why was the elephant harnessed to the go-cart and the mouse to the load of hay?

"In the way of business," like other Editors, we have often turned over the possibility of enlisting this first quality of mind for the Press. A charming book makes the subscription list sigh for as charming an "article," and a brilliant lecture suggests what it would cost to have as brilliant a "leader." We have respectfully inquired into the productive habits of genius, made experiments of what it would furnish "to order," and seen experiments made by other Editors and periodicals. Of our own experiments, we may mention one who is too famous to do more than smile if he ever hears of it—Thackeray. Seeing the inimitably graphic power of some of his sketches of real life, we engaged him, some years ago, to give us letters from London. But it was like arranging with a goose for a regular series of *foie gras*. He sent us his loose feathers and kept his liver to himself.

No! Aaron's board would not have come down to us in history, if he had but shown the Israelites what he could shave from his chin, day by day; and Emerson would be unrecognizably diluted, we venture to say, if he were trickled through a daily "editorial." Newspapers have not been to blame that minds like Dewey's and Whipple's have been shelved—never, till recently through Lectures, pouring their wisdom into the great channels for the Many. Hiring such men for regular and compulsory intellectual labour is like hiring a sculptor to macadamize a road with his statues—the broken-up Venuses and Apollos are not recognised in the smoothness they give, as pumice, to a highway.

But, it was in destiny, after all, that this difficulty was to be got over. Those best minds were to be made to wait till they had an idea, and that idea was to be given undiluted to the newspapers. Emerson was to be made to stay at home, with his cart-loads of Peruvian bark, till he could give all their strength in lecture-pills of quinine. The Press was to be left to run into an epidemic of virulent scribbling, and then (to take effect as an "antidote,") those minds were to appear in pillule concentration. No Press could have hired it done. No Committee of Ways and Means could have contrived it. But, there goes the diseased newspaper, with the corrective pustule—the "report of last night's

Ibid., 2-21-52, p. 2.

lecture"--inserted by the reporter's quill, and (irrelevant, but professionally interesting) nothing to pay for the virus! For their vaccination of the daily papers the Kine-pock-racy make no charge to the patient!

The pride and the purse of the Lecturer are both enlisted, of course, in keeping him at home till he has *such ideas as will draw an audience*, and the LECTURE-ROOM thus works, unexpectedly, as the *intellectual sieve* long wanted for pulpits and periodicals. His pride, also, forces him to wait till he has ideas that will not suffer by the stripping of their verbiage—(such as they get by newspaper reporting,) and the report atones for its freedom by being a trumpet of celebrity, no lectures being thus roughly honoured except for their force and novelty.

And this brings us to the wonderful part of the whole matter—*the willingness of the newspapers to be inoculated with their own "antidote!"* As original contributions or editorials, these reports of lectures would "never do." The conservative views of Dewey, the probing truths of Emerson, the magnificently bold unpopularisms of Henry James—the newspapers that report them would as soon burn up their subscription books as advance such opinions on their own responsibility. Duly published they are, however, unqualified and uncontradicted; and so, by the very circulation of the disease itself, the healing principle is carried to the extremities of the land. The Lecture-room is the moral Jenner of our time—though, unlike the vaccine virus, the virtue of its "antidote," springs from the higher perfection, not from the disease, of the animal from whom it is taken.

We have but taken up the end of a thread that leads to a great deal of speculation. In the reader's hand we must leave it, for the present.

THE COOPER TESTIMONIAL.

THE Metropolitan Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, the 25th of February, contained most of whatever is beautiful, worthy and distinguished in New-York. The meeting had a three-fold attraction: regard for the memory of Cooper attracted many; "Daniel Webster will preside" was the temptation to others; and thousands more were moved by the desire to hear how well one "man of genius could praise another." The Hall was comfortably, though not crushingly, filled. There were people standing; but there were seats vacant.

Till nearly eight o'clock the stage presented only an array of empty chairs and sofas, with a marble centre-table in front, raised high on a box, to accommodate the vision of Mr. Bryant, which has not so long a range as when it glanced over the wet manuscript of Thanatopsis. The audience was becoming impatient, and low thunders of subdued stamping rolled around the house, when the doors at the back of the stage were flung open. In a moment, and only for a moment, there was breathless silence. Mr. Irving entered, but was scarcely recognised by the audience, before the imposing form of Daniel Webster slowly emerged into view. As he appeared and walked in his leisurely manner to the front, the audience rose and greeted him with round after round of applause which was literally deafening. A crowd of gentlemen followed him, and the stage was darkened with the *élite* of twenty-five millions. Mr. Webster took no notice whatever of the applause, which continued for a minute or more, with a vehemence regardless of gloves, until it took the form of "three cheers for Daniel Webster," when he performed one of his magnificent bows. When silence and order were restored, a spectacle was presented unequalled in New-York since it became a city.

The stage was occupied by about forty gentlemen, nearly every one of whom is known and valued throughout Christendom. On a sofa in the midst sat Mr. Webster, the chairman of the meeting, and Washington Irving, the president of the society for the erection of the Cooper monument. Mr. Webster wore, as usual, his capacious blue coat with brass buttons. A white satin waistcoat covered his broad chest, and formed a satin belt below his buttoned coat. Black trousers, glazed-leather shoes, white kid gloves and a light neckerchief completed his attire. He looked, with his commanding form, his grand countenance, and the perfect repose of both, like Jupiter among the gods. Mr. Irving was dressed in dark clothes, and looked remarkably well. In his sixty-seventh year, he would pass, by gas light, for forty-five. He has neither grown portly nor spare with age. His countenance has the red and rugged look of the country gentleman, and he looks as vigorous and as likely to live thirty years longer as he did twenty years ago. Mr. Bancroft sat next to the author of the Sketch Book. The historian is a tall, slenderish gentleman, with hair and beard, like Hamlet's father's, "grizzled." He stoops slightly; moves, sits and gesticulates with that perfect awkwardness rarely attained by any but ploughboys, poets and *littérateurs*. Mr. Bryant, too, who sat on the right of the chairman, is among the elders of the city. His fine forehead is encircled with gray locks. He is tall, slender, and as straight as an arrow. Ranged along the stage, in a double, semicircular row, were other magnates in the republic of letters.

For several minutes the spectators were engaged in pointing out to one another, with eager interest, the men whom all had heard of, but few had seen before.

Mr. Irving was the first speaker. He doubtless spoke to the purpose, but the voice of the man, whose pen had reached to the antipodes, was inaudible to that half of the audience among whom we were sitting. He was evidently "unaccustomed to public speaking," and resumed his seat in about two minutes after he left it.

Mr. Webster rose, and was again received with long and vociferous applause. Certainly, Demosthenes would have smiled, had he heard the address that followed, and learned that its deliverer is styled by his countrymen an Orator. Great men are never great orators. Anything more unoratorical than Mr. Webster's mode of speaking cannot be imagined. His manner was precisely that of a farmer who had been summoned from the plough to the forum. He said "moniment," for monument, and "literetoor," for literature. He jerks out a short sentence in a high, rather nasal tone, and then lets his voice fall and die away into a long, low rumble, inaudible utterly to a large number of tantalized in-auditors. But the matter is solid, safe and well considered. He quotes frequently and most aptly. He never (we hear) read a novel of Cooper's in his life; yet he said what was proper for the occasion and becoming to himself. He dwelt strongly upon the independence, the integrity, the piety, and especially the *nationality* of the departed novelist. His address was listened to with breathless attention, and the mighty *presence* of the man held spell-bound the distant thousand or so who could not hear.

Mr. Bryant's address has been universally read. The Poet showed himself to be no more an Orator than the Statesman who preceded him. His vocal organs are weak, and his throat required frequent wetting from the tumbler of Croton at his side. There was something of sing-song in his tone. He read slowly and without excitement or much emphasis. Weak as are his vocal powers, he was heard better by the audience than Mr. Webster, with all his latent stentorian power. Mr. Bryant's cue, of course, was eulogy, not criticism; and eulogy, *mere* eulogy, is apt to be dull. It is simple fact, however, to state that the eulogist on this occasion was not dull for a moment. The interest, so far from flagging, increased as the winged minutes flew by. Now and then the poet of the woods and winds emerged from the even current of his narrative, and a happy metaphor or a striking simile—in the language of the theatre—"brought down the house." It was pleasing to notice, through the evening, how instantaneously and warmly the audience responded to "a good thing." One incident of Mr. Bryant's speech is worth recording. In alluding to the contemporaries of Cooper, he made pointed mention of the appearance of the Sketch Book. At once, by a universal impulse, every hand in the vast assembly sought its fellow, and a storm of applause broke over the head of its author that must have stunned as much as delighted him. Peal after peal followed. Geoffrey Crayon made a praiseworthy effort to look unconcerned, but a smile at length stole over his countenance, which was the only (and sufficient) visible acknowledgment which he vouchsafed of the pleasure

he must have inwardly enjoyed. This was one of the most delightful events of an evening which was all delight. Mr. Bryant's next sentence contained a modest reference to the publication of his own first volume—when the scene just described was encored with enthusiasm.

It was ten o'clock when Mr. Bryant sat down, but the appetite of the audience was by no means appeased. Mr. Bancroft, who had appeared keenly to enjoy the preceding address, and had joined in, and frequently led, the applause which it had elicited, now rose. He spoke in a high key, and without the elegance which never is wanting to him when he "takes pen in hand." He gesticulates with as much grace as if his arms were dislocated —and no more. He spoke, however, to the purpose, and was warmly applauded. In the course of his speech he paid a magnificent compliment to Mr. Webster, and when he was about to resume his seat, the Secretary of State acknowledged the honour by rising and giving him a prolonged shake of the hand.

The electric speech of the evening was that of Mr. Osgood, the pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, in Broadway. Mr. Osgood is youthful in appearance, under the average height, and no way commanding in presence. He was attired in the clerical uniform of white cravat. Somewhat staggered with the extraordinary character of his audience, he had the art to turn his very embarrassment to excellent account. He wondered, he said, to find himself where he was. He had no right there. Funeral honours were paid, to-night, to a great historical character, by men, whose names and deeds were themselves historical. To their high dignity, he could lay no claim. He expressed in few, but heart-stirring words, his gratitude to men of genius, by whose labours the rugged path of life is cheered, adorned, and blessed. The poems and romances which they write have their effect in producing that grandest of all romances, a noble life! Mr. Osgood spoke for scarcely five minutes, but spoke so simply, and so beautifully as to rouse the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. He sat down amid thunders of applause.

Dr. Bethune alluded, in forcible terms, to the shameful fact, that New-York is the only great metropolis on earth which is destitute of public statues. He hoped that this meeting was but the first of an endless series of similar ones, and that, as the great men around him, one by one, passed away, their services would be commemorated in monuments which would adorn the city, and inspire its citizens to a generous emulation of their deeds.

It was a happy thought in the chairman to invite Mr. G. P. R. James, the English novelist, to take part in the exercises. Mr. James is a remarkably vigorous-looking person, slightly under the ordinary stature, well-formed, of ruddy countenance, which a light mustache well becomes. He may be fifty years of age, or thereabouts. Mr. James spoke in the *English* manner—briefly and pointedly. If he had been announced as Mr. *G. P. R.* James, instead of, simply, Mr. James, he would have been at once recognised as the celebrated author. But he and his initials are so inseparably associated in the public mind, that it was not generally known at first *who* was speaking. In pronouncing the present participle, Mr. James has a curious habit of omitting the final *g*—"*Bein* a romance writer," etc., etc.

Dr. Francis, who is a superb specimen of the fine old American gentleman, followed in a glorious little speech, full of patriotism for New-York and affection for the memory of his deceased friend.

After a short, but admirable address, from Mr. Webster, the meeting, at eleven o'clock, broke up. Our hasty description conveys a most inadequate idea of the absorbing interest and sustained delight of this unique occasion. No one who was present, we venture to say, will ever forget the Cooper Testimonial at the Metropolitan Hall.

Ibid., 3-6-52, p. 2.

THE "UNDERSEA TELEGRAPH."

Over, under, lands or seas,
To the far antipodes.
Now o'er cities thronged with men,
Forest new or lonely glen.
Now where busy Commerce breeds,
Now in wildest solitudes.
Now where Christian temples stand,
Now afar in Pagan land.
Here again as soon as gone,
Making all the earth as one.
Moscow speaks at twelve o'clock,
London reads ere noon the shock :—
Seems it not a feat sublime,
Intellect hath conquered Time!

Ibid., 3-6-52, p. 4.

—— The first thousand of Emerson and Channing's "Life of Margaret Fuller" was sold in twenty-four hours.

Ibid., 3-13-52, p. 3.

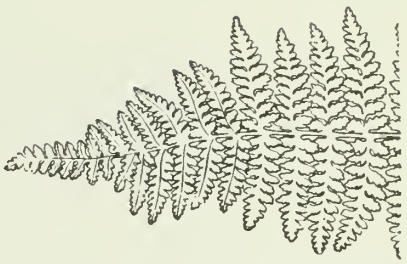
Mr. Brownson's Lecture.

—— One of the hottest audiences of the season assembled in the Tabernacle one evening last week, to hear Mr. Brownson prove that Protestantism is incompatible with liberty. It was labour in vain : first, because nine-tenths of the audience were evidently convinced of his proposition before he began to speak, and, secondly, because the lecture was so weak a performance, that the only word which fitly characterizes it, is the adjective SILLY.

Mr. Brownson enjoys the reputation of a man who has spent the greater part of his life in earnest inquiry after truth. In the course of his search, he has gone the round of the sects. For twenty years he was a Protestant minister. His present religion is the Catholic, of which he is a vehement, if not earnest, advocate. We went to the Tabernacle animated only by a feeling of respect for the man; for sincere inquiry is respectable, no matter what conclusions the inquirer may reach.

The building contained, at its fullest, about fifteen hundred persons, of whom one thousand were apparently fresh from the Emerald Isle. We judged so both from their appearance, and the singular distribution they made of their applause. For example, the lecturer dilated upon the outrages committed by Protestants upon the freedom and the persons of Catholics, and, at the conclusion of every such recital, the *applause* was emphatic! Mingled with the clapping and stamping there was frequently heard the "*hi, hi, hi*" of the Chatham theatre.

In person, Mr. Brownson is large and burly, with a capacious red countenance, features strong and coarse, careless in dress, wearing his large shirt-collar ill-turned down, looking, despite his gold spectacles, more like a farmer than a scholar, and more like a *bon vivant*, than an ascetic. He spoke extempore, with self-possession, fluency and animation; with a straining more after logical than oratorical effects. To those who came prepared to believe everything ill of the ism against



Ibid., 6-26-52, p. 2.

which he made his points, those points must have been telling enough; to all others, mere foolishness. He has the air, not of a man who profoundly and religiously believes what he says, and who thinks it of immortal consequence that others should believe it also, but of a man who takes pleasure and pride in dexterously shutting up opponents, and winning the approbation of his own set.

His most applauded point was the following, which may serve as a specimen brick of the whole edifice. "The Protestant cry," said Mr. Brownson, whom we quote from memory, "is for free inquiry. Nor do I find fault with the principle. It is well for Pro-

testants to inquire and to seek, and why? People do not seek for what they *have*, but for what they have *not*; and Protestants, of course, should be ever seeking for the truth, because they have not yet found it! The Catholic church, on the contrary, is never guilty of the absurdity of calling upon *her* children to inquire for the truth, because they already *have* it." Rapturous applause! The air of innocent self-satisfaction which overspread the countenance of Mr. Brownson, after he had achieved this brilliant stroke, was comical.

Towards the close of his lecture, Mr. Brownson remarked upon the unhappy condition of the Protestant minister, "The poor man," said he, "has no authority. He depends on the people. He does not speak down to them from above, but up to them from below. He must consult their prejudices. He must pander to their wishes. He receives from them his commission; from them he gets his discharge. If he offends their tastes or feelings, it is all over with him, and he must pull up his stakes, with his wife and children, and throw himself on the mercy of a cold world." To this the lecturer added, "I was a Protestant minister myself for twenty years, and I know all about it." We fear there was too much truth in this part of Mr. Brownson's discourse.

We sincerely deplore these religious disputes. They originated in other times and other lands; to other times and other lands they belong. No good *can* come of them, and much evil may come. They tend to deepen sectarian animosities, which, in a country like ours, where every sect has an equal chance to propogate itself, are quite irrational and inexcusable. We trust no clergyman of the Protestant persuasion will be tempted to a rejoinder.

A CONVENTION

Will be held at WORCESTER, Mass., on the [illegible] and 24th of October next, (agreeably to the appointment of a preliminary meeting held at Boston, on the 30th of May last,) to consider the question of Woman's Rights, Duties and Relations; and the Men and Women of our country, who feel sufficient interest in the great subject to give an earnest thought and effective effort to its rightful adjustment, are invited to meet each other in free conference, at the time and place appointed.

The signs are encouraging; the time is opportune. Come, then, to this Convention. It is your duty, if you are worthy of your age and country. Give the help of your best thought to separate the light from the darkness. Wisely give the protection of your name and the benefit of your efforts to the great work of settling the principles, devising the method, and achieving the success of this high and holy movement.

Of the many points now under discussion and demanding a just settlement, the general question of Woman's Rights and Relations comprehends such as: Her Education, *Literary*, *Scientific*, and *Artistic*;—Her Avocations, *Industrial*, *Commercial*, and *Professional*:—Her Interests, *Pecuniary*, *Civil*, and *Political*: in a word—her Rights as an *Individual*, and her Functions as a *Citizen*.

No one will pretend that all these interests, embracing, as they do, all that is not merely animal in a human life, are rightly understood or justly provided for in the existing social order. Nor is it any more true that the constitutional differences of the sexes, which should determine, define and limit the resulting differences of office and duty, are adequately comprehended and practically observed.

Woman has been condemned, from her greater delicacy of physical organization, to inferiority of intellectual and moral culture, and to the forfeiture of great social, civil and religious privileges. In the relation of marriage, she has been ideally annihilated, and actually enslaved in all that concerns her personal and pecuniary rights; and even in widowhood and single life, she is oppressed with such limitation and degradation of labor and avocation as clearly and cruelly mark the condition of a disabled caste. But, by the inspiration of the Almighty, the beneficent spirit of reform is roused to the redress of those wrongs. The tyranny which degrades and crushes wives and mothers, sits no longer lightly on the world's conscience—the heart's home-worship feels the stain of stooping at a dishonored altar—Manhood begins to feel the shame of muddying the springs from which it draws its highest life; and, Womanhood is everywhere awakening to assert its divinely chartered rights, and to fulfill its noblest duties. It is the spirit of reviving truth and righteousness which has moved upon the great deep of the public heart, and aroused the redressing justice; and, through it, the Providence of God is vindicating the order and appointments of his creation.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lucy Stone, Wm. L. Garrison,
Wm. H. Channing, Helen E. Garrison,
Harriet H. Hunt, Charles F. Hovey,
A. Bronson Alcott, Sarah Earle,
Nathaniel Barney, Abby K. Foster,
Eliza Barney, Dr. —— Rogers,
Wendell Phillips, Eliza F. Taft,
Ann Greene Phillips, Dr. A. C. Taft,
Adin Ballou, Charles K. Whipple,
Anna Q. T. Parsons, Mary Bullard,
Mary H. L. Cabot, Emma C. Goodwin,
B. S. Treanor, Abby Price,
Mary M. Brooks, Thankful Southwick,
T. W. Higginson, Eliza J. Kenney,
Mary E. Higginson, Louisa M. Sewall,
Emily Winslow, Sarah Southwick.
Ralph Waldo Emerson,

RHODE ISLAND.

Sarah H. Whitman, George Clarke,
Thomas Davis, Mary Adams,
Paulina W. Davis, George Adams,
Sarah Brown, Joseph A. Barker,
Elizabeth Chase, John L. Clarke.
Mary Clarke,

NEW YORK.

Gerrit Smith, Elizabeth Russell,
Nancy Smith, Stephen Smith,
Elizabeth Stanton. Rosa Smith,
Catharine Wilkinson, Joseph Savage,
Samuel J. May, L. N. Fowler,
Charlotte C. May, Lydia Fowler,
Charlotte G. Coffin, Sarah Smith.
Mary G. Taber, Charles D. Miller,
Elizabeth S. Miller,

PENNSYLVANIA.

William Elder, Lucretia Mott,
Sarah Elder, James Mott,
Sarah Tyndale, W. S. Pierce,
Warner Justice, Myra Townsend,
Huldah Justice, Mary Grew.
William Swisshelm, Sarah Lewis,
Jane G. Swisshelm, Sarah Pugh,
Charlotte Darlington, Hannah Darlington,
Simon Barnard, Sarah D. Barnard.

MARYLAND.

Mrs. Eliza Stewart.

OHIO.

Elizabeth Wilson, Jane Elizabeth Jones,
Mary A. Johnson, Benjamin S. Jones,
Oliver Johnson, Lucius Hine,
Mary Cowles, Sylvia Cornell.
Maria L. Giddings,

..... Ralph Waldo Emerson, it is said, is sometimes struck with an idea in the middle of the night, and immediately rises and records it. Whereupon such a colloquy as the following takes place:—*Mrs. E.*—"Are you unwell, my dear?" *Mr. E.*—"No, love, only an idea"

Home Journal, N.Y., 11-27-52, page 3.

OLD COLONY NURSERIES.

THE subscriber offers for sale, at the Old Colony Nurseries, *Plymouth*,

Dwarf and Standard Fruit Trees, of the best sorts.

Fruit Stocks of all kinds, for nursery men and amateurs.

Pear Seeds, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Rhubarb and Asparagus Roots, of many fine varieties.

Strawberries in 80 varieties, including many American & Foreign varieties, now first offered.

Foreign Grapes in pots for vineries.

Needham's New White Highbush Blackberry. Cultivated Highbush Blackberries, bearing fruit of enormous size.

Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Climbers, &c. one of the best assortments in the country.

Roses, in several hundred varieties, including the best *Prairie*, Boursault, Ayrshire, Hybrid *Perpetual* Moss, Tea, China, Noisette and Bourbon varieties.

For the Green House or Window Culture—50 varieties of Verbena, 50 do. of Fuchsia, 10 do. of Heliotrope, 40 do. of new dwarf daisy flowered Chrysanthemum, Roses, Heaths, Camellias, Azaleas, Salvias, Lantanas, Violets, *Pinks*, &c.

Japan Lilies, Gladiolas, Herbaceous and Tree *Peonies*, *Phloxes*, Iris, Herbaceous *Plants* in great variety.

A priced descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis on application.

B. M. WATSON.

Plymouth, Oct. 23, 1852. 27

Ibid., 11-6-52, p. 2.

Portrait of Washington.

—— We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of a copy of that admirable work of art, Welch's Engraving of Stuart's Washington. Besides praising it ourselves, we will let our readers hear the opinions of others upon its merits. Ralph Waldo Emerson beautifully says: "I have kept the print in full view of my own and all neighbouring eyes, since its arrival, and to the great contentment of all. The engraving appears to me admirably executed, and the face is equal to its fame. It has the serenity, strength, and, I must add, delicacy, which we seek for in the head of Washington, but which we hardly dare expect to find. Here the expression is right, the eye rests securely on it, and all the high traits come out in turn. We must thank the art, or the combined arts, which have given us a portrait which it is a pleasure and an honour to see, and the possession of which is a continuing benefit which one cannot overprize." Chief Justice Taney remarks: "It was my good fortune to have seen Washington in the days of my boyhood, and his whole appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an exact likeness, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of his face." Daniel Webster said: "I consider it a very good likeness, and shall have it handsomely framed and hung up in my parlour." Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd writes to the publisher: "Having been absent from home, I have only just received the *magnificent* print of the great founder of American Independence, which you have honoured me by sending for my acceptance. As a work of art, it is *admirable;* as a vivid representation of one of 'the noblest men who ever lived in the tide of times,' it possesses an undying interest of the deepest kind. I rejoice to know that art has already made such progress in the country of Washington as is signalized by this representation of his lineaments, which it has thus rescued from the grave for the admiration of both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race—which, though he severed in political relation by his wisdom and valour, are, I trust, united by imperishable sympathies—and by none more closely than by that which will preserve for ever the glory of his name." Sir Archibald Alison considers it "a beautiful work of art, and in the highest degree creditable to the artists of America." The price of the engraving is five dollars; proofs, ten dollars. The agent here is Mr. William Terry, 113 Nassau street, who will send copies by mail, if desired.

Home Journal, N.Y., 11-6-52, p. 2, col. 5.

The Lectures, so far.

—— Some one has said, that, after all, the most perfect heaven imaginable by man would be one in which the Blessed might lie for ever upon patent-spring sofas, and read an endless series of Waverley Novels. The man who made that remark had never heard Oliver Wendell Holmes lecture. If he had, he would have pictured his heaven as a brilliant, airy saloon, occupied by an appreciative, responsive audience, listening to a perpetual lecture by the facetious doctor of Boston. Not that Dr. Holmes is facetious *only*. His lecture upon "Lectures," delivered last week, at the Broadway Tabernacle, was, by turns, fanciful, poetical, humorous, eloquent and witty. It was delivered, too, with the utmost grace, and the most telling effect. The serious passages were fine examples of polished, subdued declamation, and the comic points derived additional force from the admirable manner in which they were given. The audience, not as familiar with the lecturer's form and face as with his name and writings, were surprised at the youthfulness of his appearance. Dr. Holmes looks as though he had yet to celebrate his thirtieth birthday; whereas, he discharged that pleasant duty thirteen years ago last August. He is slight in form, but compact and elegant; his somewhat ruddy and very agreeable face was hemmed in on both sides by a shirt-collar, stiff and tall; and his forehead, more high than broad, was partially hidden by his brown hair, carelessly allowed to overflow its proper domain; a brass-buttoned blue coat would have made him "quite the dandy O," but for the lower tone of the rest of his attire. His voice is well adapted to win and move those who hear it.—Doctor Holmes is the bane of reporters. Catch the sparkling foam of the sea, and bottle it—it is mere salt water; and we have not the heart to tap our memory for a single drop.—We regret to add, that the attendance was by no means as large as it would have been, if greater publicity had been given to the announcement. The banquet was lavished upon fifteen hundred, which would have feasted three thousand, and then have been as rich as ever.

—— We had time, last week, only to allude to the lectures of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, at Hope Chapel, though they were abundantly worthy of full report and careful comment. If there were any hearers of those discourses who had before doubted whether ladies may, with propriety, occupy the position of public lecturers, we imagine their doubts must have been dissipated. The elegance of her manner—as far removed from timidity as from boldness—no less than the beauty of her attire, and the unrivalled music of her voice, gave them assurance that they were in the presence of a lady. They perceived, likewise, by the self-possession, serenity, and subdued earnestness of her manner, that they were listening to a thoughtful and accomplished woman—one who had opinions which were the fruit of much consideration, and whose aim was to express those opinions with sincere deference to the sentiments of others. They saw, also, that she possessed power enough to keep her audience in pleased attention, from the first word of her lecture to the last. Why, then, should she *not* lecture?—Women sing in public, act in public, dance in public, to the unqualified gratification of those very papers which have remarked upon Mrs. Smith's lectures, not merely in a disparaging but grossly

indecent manner! Mrs. Smith will probably lecture, this winter, in various cities and towns, and we advise our readers to embrace any opportunity of hearing her which may offer.

— An audience of seven or eight hundred assembled on Friday evening of last week, to hear the lecture from Professor Agassiz, on the "Gradations of Animals," that lecture being the second of the "Tabernacle Course." It seemed to us that both the subject and the manner of this discourse were ill-judged. It was too much of a subject for a single lecture. For a course of thirty lectures, it would have been appropriate enough, though even in that case it may be doubted whether the same knowledge cannot be obtained more easily and more thoroughly from a well-digested treatise than from a course of lectures. The learned professor set about his task in a very direct and professor-like manner. With his chalk in his hand, and a blackboard by his side, he proceeded to give a catalogue—and little more than a catalogue—of the various orders in the animate world, in very much the style of his college lectures at Cambridge. Some gentlemen found it dull, and left; but the majority of the audience listened with praiseworthy attention to the end. Professor Agassiz has a pale, broad countenance, with a forehead well-rounded and fully developed, up to the point where the dome of reverence ought to rise, where there is a marked depression. In person he is little under the average height, stoutish, and slightly stooping. That half of his head which is presented to an audience is bald; but behind, his hair still clusters thick and dark. From top to toe, he was dressed in professional black—his shirt collar hanging over his black stock, as it pleased heaven. He has the look of a student who is quite absorbed in his chosen subjects, and totally regardless of appearances. He speaks with a slighter foreign accent than one would expect, and though he frequently hesitates for a word, and often lapses into a foreign idiom, yet he is perfectly understood at all times.

FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

MANY have read the story of the spectre-bridegroom, and admired the humorous imagination which could narrate in so pleasing a manner such an amusing history. While it takes from the wonder of the reader, it perhaps will add a little to the interest felt in the story, to learn that it was "founded on fact," and really happened in the silly court days of Louis XV., of France.

Besenval, a courtier in the latter part of the reign of this weak monarch, and his good-natured but unfortunate successor, relates the story in this wise.

M. de St. André, an employé of the government, who afterwards rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, on one occasion took passage in one of the public conveyances from Strasburg for Paris. On the way thither he made the acquaintance of a young man, whose name I have forgotten, who was travelling the same road. "I recollect this M. St. André," says Besenval. "He was a tall man, of fine appearance, with an austere manner, never relaxing into a laugh: this demeanour gave a particular zest to an extravagant fondness for fun, in which he continually indulged."

Finding himself in company with this young man, they soon became intimate friends, and were mutually informed of all the family affairs of each other, M. de St. André learned from his new friend that he was then on his way to marry a rich heiress, the only daughter of an especial friend of his father's. The less young people agree upon objects of minor importance, the more they are likely to dwell upon such matters as interest them seriously. M. de St. André thus became intimately acquainted with all that concerned the family of his new friend, and of that of his intended. This young man, being full of one thought, talked continually about it, and omitted none of the details in relation to it, as well past as future.

With this sort of conversation the young friends journeyed on together to Paris. On their arrival there, they went to look for lodgings at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in the rue Richelieu. They had scarcely taken rooms there before M. de St. André's friend was seized with an attack of cholera, which, in spite of all care and attention, brought him to the grave in less than two hours' time.

Deeply distressed at the sad fate of his young companion, M. de St. André turned his attention at once to the duties devolving upon him in consequence. Knowing that the young man was anxiously looked for at his father-in-law's residence, he took possession of all papers found in the pockets and portfolio of the deceased, and directed his steps thither, with the intention of delivering these papers and advising them of the melancholy disaster.

So far, all went very well, and the right order of events would not have been interrupted had it not been for a circumstance which caused M. de St. André to forego his good resolutions. On reaching the house of the intended father-in-law, the servants, who were instructed to expect the arrival of the bridegroom, on seeing this young man, took it for granted that he was the person expected. They accordingly announced him as such to the master of the house, who ran to meet him, welcomed him with a cordial embrace, and, without giving him time to speak, took him to his wife's room, and presented him as her son-in law, and to his daughter as her future husband.

M. de St. André could not resist the idea of passing himself off for the person he was supposed to be, and played his part accordingly to perfection. He handed the letters with which he was provided to the father and mother, and, being fully prepared, answered fully all the questions they addressed to him. He succeeded especially well with the young damsel herself, who, at a glance, was struck with his fine person and address. Dinner was announced. M. de St. André was placed next to his bride; the parties gave themselves up to a full enjoyment of the happy event. The young lady was reserved, spoke little, scarcely answered a word, and blushed continually. M. de St. André was attentive and devoted to her, as well as to her parents, maintaining a very composed demeanour, and yet gay and lively in his conversation.

Dinner over and coffee brought in, the conversation took a more serious turn. They began to talk of the arrangements to be made, and of all the details of the new establishment. In the midst of which, as M. de St. André rose, and took his hat, and was preparing to leave, his father-in-law asked him:

"But why do you leave us?"

"I have business," he replied, "which requires my attention."

"How! What business can you have in a city where you are for the first time, and where you are entirely unacquainted?"

"True, all true; but it is no less true that I must positively take my leave of you."

"Ah, well! I see how it is; you are going to your banker's. If so, in the first place you may rest assured I would not let you be in want, and that what I have is at your service. And then, if you really must have business with your own banker, I can send some one who will attend to it for you."

"No," he said, "that is not it. It is a matter which absolutely requires my personal attention."

So speaking, M. de St. André went towards the door. On reaching the anti-chamber, whither his father-in-law had followed him, "Now that we are alone," he continued, and cannot be overheard by the ladies, I will tell you that an accident happened to me this morning soon after my arrival. I was seized with an attack of cholera, which carried me off. My funeral is fixed for six o'clock; you see I cannot fail to be there, and, being a stranger here, if I failed to be exact in keeping my engagement, I should gain a reputation for carelessness which might injure me."

The astonishment with which the old gentleman listened to this disclosure may be easily imagined. Perhaps he did not find the notion of a burial a particularly pleasant fancy. The whole thing, however, appeared so extravagant, that he came into the room again, laughing immoderately, and with difficulty restraining himself so as to tell the story to his wife and children.

While talking over the joke, it struck six o'clock; then seven: they began to wonder at the young man's absence. At half-past seven, the father-in-law growing impatient, sent to

the Hotel d'Angleterre to inquire after his son-in-law. The servant charged with the message having asked for him under his true name, the people at the hotel told him that the gentleman arrived at nine o'clock in the morning, died at eleven, and was to be buried at six in the evening. It would be difficult to describe the consternation caused by this reply, when it was told to the father-in-law and his wife and daughter.

Here the story ends, and does not inform us whether the family made any further inquiries, nor in what they resulted, nor is it of any importance to the reader.

The story, however, says Besenval, has a moral. If, at the present day—that is to say, in his own time—a young man were to commit such an act, he would lose his reputation for ever; although in those days society, essentially corrupt, wore a rigid mask of hypocrisy and of high respect for prejudices, which only tended to dissimulate vice, and conceal crime and extravagance. But in the reign of Louis XV. the adventure was regarded as very amusing, and the whole world considered it a very good joke.

Home Journal, N.Y., 11-6-52.

——The following is from a letter in the Boston *Post*:—"A friend of mine had lately the honour of being introduced to ALFRED TENNYSON, and describes him as all that his writings would lead us to expect. It may please you to know that the laureate is an admirer of American literature, and deeply read therein; with Edgar Poe he is more especially familiar, and when he learned that my friend was about to visit the United States, he gave him an unlimited order to buy up whatever books of interest he might stumble on in his travels.——GRACE GREENWOOD says:—"Bayard Taylor, the noble young poet-traveller, is now in London, but is soon to leave for a tour in Spain, and a visit to India and China. He is in fine health and spirits since his return from the Orient; seems to have renewed his life from the rich primeval fountains. He goes to 'put a girdle round the world,' hoping to clasp it in his native land some time next year God grant he may' must pray fervently all who know, and knowing, prize his warm, manly heart, and high adventurous spirit."—

Ibid., 12-4-52, p. 3.

PERSONAL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE received from Messrs. Chapman and Hall a thousand dollars for his "Blithedale Romance," which was published in London before its appearance in America.——COVENTRY PATMORE is the euphonious name of the gentleman who wrote that article upon American poetry in the "North British Review," by which, the critic says, "the poetical criticism of the Union has been stirred to its depths."—

Ibid., 1-8-53, p. 3

[Correspondence of the Journal.]

LETTER FROM SAINT LOUIS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SAINT LOUIS, Jan. 5, 1853.

MR. SLEEPER:—Few men are ever correct in their conception of a man, formed in reading his books. A strong predilection for a man may be changed to utter alienation by his manners, while a strong prejudice imbibed from the pages of his book is corrected by the genial character of the man, in the unaffected hours of social converse. The grave, sombre, gloomy looking countenance peering out upon you from every leaf, is not the one you see at the dinner table—and he who seems so ethereal and spiritualized in his essay, can tell you the precise difference between a New York and a Boston oyster, and seizes a turkey drum-stick with mortal fingers, eating it with a most sensual relish like other men, who were lost amid the clouds of his transcendentalism. A short man becomes tall, one with lean and hungry look is fat and ruhicund as the monk of Copmanhurst. But the most remarkable transformations are sometimes witnessed in literary men, whose books create high expectations of entertaining powers of converse, but who are most sterile in the social circle; or from whom one hardly expects anything but monosyllables, no common sympathies, no interest in anything but their own strange and isolated world, out of which they speak to us, but finds them overflowing like a spring stream, at home in common and uncommon paths, and putting at his ease in their society the man of books and the man of leather.

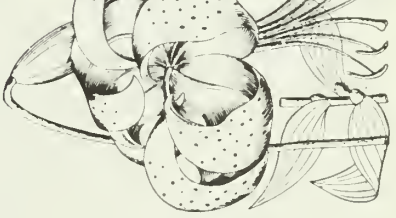
Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, is one of those men whom I expected to see with a dark, lowering face, reserved, unsocial, dwelling in an obscure atmosphere of trinities and unities, and speaking in the hieroglyphics of a language which he says is suited to the expression of his own unorthodox ideas. But he is a man like the common world—gallant, polished, attentive to the ladies, chatty and gossippy when he pleases to be, and contributes largely to the *talk* of a miscellaneous party. He was here six weeks since, and left the impression of a man whom many would like to meet again.—These observations are but a continuation of previous ones made upon Mr. Emerson, and are suggested by some observations of his own, descriptive of the great disappointment he experienced in meeting with many literary men in England. The *writers* were well enough. But the *men*—the same striking peculiarities of humor, grace, deep or fiery thought, poetry, exquisite taste, ideality,—with one or two exceptions, he did not find these and the man together. Is it not often so?—The man who has held me, grasped my soul, entranced me by his marvellous periods, I should love to see.—But the hazard is too great—the charm might be broken, and I should never open his books again. The ideal character with which we clothe men may be false. But it is better so, than to have all the reverence, all the romance dashed in a moment, by the sight of a very disagreeable lump of humanity.

I did not hear Mr. Emerson's fourth lecture, on Economy. It is however well spoken of by those who heard it. His fifth he delivered last night—on Fate. And until that lecture no citizen of St. Louis had seen or heard Emerson. He did not show himself before last night—Emerson the epigrammatic writer, Emerson the mystic, Emerson the German, Emerson the fatalist, Emerson the spiritual chemist, whose analysis disclosed the identity of the elements of good and evil. We saw him in all his phases. I cannot describe this lecture. I cannot report it. I presume no one present could now retrace the path along which that errant man led him.

The lecture was a transcript of an hour of thought, without rigid method, logical consecutiveness, or naturalness to any other mind but his own. It was to my mind destitute of unity, and the attempted reconciliation of fate with liberty was an undeniable piece of Emersonian mystification. He was queer, witty, vigorous, startled by some fierce expression; was grand when he touched upon the power of mind over fate, of thought over necessity; and presented the audience with an exciting medley of brilliant light, filmy, nebulous, hazy islands, illuminated fog, and black clouds. These nebulæ, which Mr. Emerson flings out upon the sky of his discourse, one gazes on with the hope that they will resolve into stars. They seem about to do so at some moments, but they remain floating in the sphere. We believe they *are* stars, and when we get the telescope of sufficient space-penetrating power, may be we shall find they are. Mr. Emerson is evidently no believer in sin or guilt. "Evil is only good in the making," as he told us—just as Ephraim was "a cake not turned"—and the rascalities of the race are the lower rounds of the ladder of loftiest virtue. That Mr. Emerson includes this in the articles of his creed he leaves no room to doubt, since he has repeated it in amplified form in his published writings. To-morrow night he finishes his course by a lecture on Worship. I remember somewhere he says "the last only pray." What his "Worship" will be, Thursday night will determine.

The Mercantile Library Association have dealt more liberally by him than they ever did by any other man. They pay him $500 for his six lectures. If he received the same in Cincinnati, and gathers enough in Cleveland to pay the expenses of his trip, his six or eight weeks absence from Concord in midwinter, will form a very agreeable theme for spring and summer reflection. Well, I'm glad of it. The circle of American scholars would be incomplete without him. He is a bold man—independent and free in all his thoughts, and unembarrassed by the judgment of other men, of him or his sayings. Some call him a dangerous man. He is too frank, undisguised and naked for that. He sugars none of his pills, throws no silver veil over his most repulsive sentiments. Such men are no proselytes. The only regret they occasion in my own mind is, that they throw themselves away—live for no purpose—leave nothing behind them that is real—inspire no soul, and are soon forgotten, save by the limited social circle where they lived as common men, and were loved for virtues of which the public never dreamed they were possessed. That Mr. Emerson possesses these virtues, that he is an amiable, genial spirited, kind-hearted man, of manly feeling, is what all know who know him personally. I have seen no literary man in St. Louis for ten years who has so commended himself to the respect and friendly regard of those fortunate enough to meet him socially, as Mr. Emerson. He has been often sought while here by some of our best people, for dinner, supper, &c., and has every where inspired a feeling which a further acquaintance would deepen into love. And the secret of it all is, that out of the disc of the lecture he is a man like other men, in sympathy with them, interested in what interests them, finds food in what he sees around him, notices the children, has the pleasantest of smiles, is never dogmatical or eccentric, obtrudes none of his incomprehensible, spiritual exotics, and never suffers the conversation to flag. He is a double man. One man lives in the closet and the dark—the other recognizes and feels the bond uniting him to the common herd.

In his Lecture on Culture, I think it was, he spoke of this relation to man. He was commenting on egotism as the vice of certain scholars, those men who spin round and round on one centre of opinions, having a world or sphere of their own, regardless of their relation to humanity and individual man—without geniality etc. And in this connection he remarked, that he who having a work to accomplish, "sacrificed geniality to performance," paid too dear. On this principle he acts in society. His Lecture on



Culture I have heard since commencing this letter, also his concluding Lecture on Worship. The former I think gave greater satisfaction than any other of the course. Designed to follow after Fate, it developed the idea that Culture, training, education, triumphed over human limitations, and that the world was one great school of Culture, where a man soon found out what was *real*. Some thought the Lecture conflicted with the previous one, though perhaps Mr. E. would say he was but presenting two sides of the same truth. He often presents this appearance of contradiction, and leaves his hearers or readers to reconcile matters if they can. It will not be difficult for any one to find what ordinary minds would pronounce irreconcilable contradictions in his writings. I should think he wrote always, what he thought in some hours of reverie, regardless of what he had thought or written before. Logical connection he evidently does not affect.

His lecture on Fate gave less satisfaction than any. It was spiritless, without variety, and disappointed high expectations. Starting out with remarks on skepticism, and his fearlessness of the imputation of it, he "lumped in" all religions, from Oloff and Hengist down, as common superstitions. He then branched off upon an elaborate discussion of the point that what was in a man—what a man is, will come out. Coming back upon religion again, to deprecate the religious training of youth—advocating the national development of the religious idea—asserting that religion cannot be grafted, but must be of the "crab" stock—making some admirable observations upon the value of the moral affections and principles above all things else—he closed. The impression produced was bad. The lecture was indefinite, shadowy and dull, and what was remembered were such points as I have indicated.

These lectures were not, in the estimation of Saint Louis people, equal to what they had read from the same pen. Mr. E. was not popular—his audiences were not large—and the Treasury of the Library Association had to make up a small deficiency in receipts in order to pay him the stipulated sum.

The small audiences may be accounted for in two or three ways. Prof. Mitchell occupied two nights of one week, which with three occupied by Mr. E. was too great a tax on our time. Then the streets were very muddy. But the great reason after all is, that we do not understand Mr. E. We are a mercantile community, more concerned about the "objective" than the "subjective," and a more mystified set, as a whole, than most of the audience were by some of the lectures, you never saw. Some of his thoughts remain—they stick. But most of his sentences are forgotten, remembered as a strange sound, and will bring forth no fruit here. On this account I say, that Mr. E. seems to do nothing *real*. He and his friends may smile at this. He, indeed, without doubt, is indifferent to such comments as these. I never saw a man who in the desk appears less regardful of common opinion—less ambitious for the fame that rewards those who please a popular audience. Yet he cannot escape the responsibility of a public lecturer. And that, I take it, imposes the obligation to say something more than his "own set" will applaud or can understand. Common rights there are; and among them is the right of a popular audience to be addressed in their own vernacular, and with ideas somewhere within range of their own. If this obligation is violated, a lecturer might as well speak in an unknown tongue. He throws his words away. I am well aware of the ready answer to this—that the man who seems to speak in an unknown tongue to one generation will be understood in a future age; that a deeper spiritual insight, a more profound acquaintance with the philosophy of life, will furnish the key to all the utterances of him who now speaks in advance of his age. But people seem to be departing more and more widely from those oracular instructions, whose interpretation shall be taught by a deeper and more philosophical experience. They are going off in an orbit that shall never return on itself, to where those nebulous lights shine. I have had some doubts, and so have others here, about the sincerity of Mr. E. in any special aim. He has no system—or if he has, its parts we here cannot ascertain. His thoughts in any one lecture, or in all together, do not cohere. And he does not falter in the utterance, without explanation, of the thought that flatly contradicts others. He has no *ruling* ideas—none that control him. He is without *polarity*, circles round no centre, and is apparently utterly indifferent where he wanders. He is *passionless* about truth, rallies around his thoughts no affections, no devotion, no love—and never would prove a hero or a martyr.

I trust you are not weary of these observations about Mr. E. He is one of your community, and has been a hundred times accurately measured and adjudged to his fixed place by those among you competent to such work. But it may not be uninteresting to your readers to know the impression made upon us by a man essentially different from any we ever saw before, whom we would welcome again in every social circle, but who speaks not at all to the common consciousness of the mass. He is now lecturing in Springfield, capital of Illinois, and goes thence to Cleveland, where he lectures on the 20th inst. ☞

Boston Journal, 1-26-53

A PSALM OF LIFE.—A PARODY.

What the Heart of the Young Woman said to the Old Maid.

BY HENRY W. SHORTFELLOW.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are now what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to not, that each to-morrow
Find us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
But a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living Present!
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such example, that another
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get!

Home Journal, N.Y., 4-16-53, p. 4

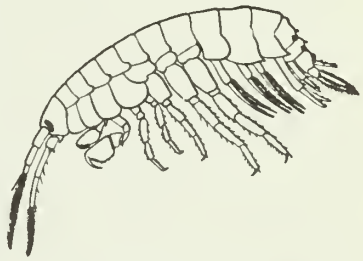
Home Journal, N.Y., 4-23-53

—During the late lecture season, Mr. WHIPPLE lectured seventy-seven times: Dr. HOLMES, seventy-six times; EMERSON, sixty times; THACKERAY, about sixty-five times. The lecture field has also been extensively cultivated by Rev. Samuel Osgood, Rev. Mr. Chapin, Park Benjamin, G. W. Curtis, Horace Greeley, Professor Agassiz, Epes Sargent, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Saxe, Ik Marvel and others. Several of these gentlemen have already retired to summer quarters, to rest from their travels, and conjure up, at their leisure, fresh facts and fancies, rhyme and rhetoric, for the next campaign.—

Home Journal, N.Y., 3-26-53 p. 2, col. 2.

Mr. Consul Hawthorne.

—The admirers of Mr. Hawthorne seem to have expected that the office to which he would be appointed under the new administration would be one of honour more flowing than Consul to Liverpool. Now, it seems to us, that in selecting this lucrative post for his friend, General Pierce has displayed excellent sense. Honour and glory Mr. Hawthorne has already, in abundance. No office whatever could increase his fame, or elevate his position. Money, on the contrary, is the precise commodity of which he stands in need, and money, therefore, has been placed within his reach. To a literary man, pecuniary independence is a blessing beyond estimate. It bestows upon him that leisure in which alone immortal books can be composed, and that freedom from care which he, beyond all other men, requires, for the cheerful elaboration of his works. We congratulate Mr. Hawthorne upon his good fortune, and trust he will be able, during his tenure of office, to make himself an independent man for the rest of his life.



4-9-53, p. 4.

FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

FUTURE LAND—POE-ETIC EFFORT.

BY NILL THE DREAMER.

Once I went a boating, boating, heedlessly and never noting
How I was drifting, on the billows of a rare and dreamy sea,
So, as though the sails were napping, they kept lazily a-flapping
To the waves that rolling, singing, were a rippling music flinging
'Round my fancy bark and me.

Soon, though conscious yet unheeding, away
went the world receding,
Vanishing as I was speeding, fading, fainting, in
the far-off sky,
Still with its immortals muttering, and their
weakly vows a-uttering,
Searching hope and finding trouble following
each his favourite bubble,
Ever, ever, till they die.

Here, said I, is cease of sorrow, and the day is as
the morrow
Hope has tinted with her colours to an ardent,
longing eye,
And unfettered is the awning, not a single cloud-
let dawning,
Quiet flakes of sunlight roaming, vein the blue
and beauteous donning,
Round my fancy bark and me.

So I swept a-drifting, drifting, lulled by song and
by the lifting,
Swelling, sinking of the billows of that rare and
dreamy sea;
And my brain became befitting place for various
fancies flitting,
Who, with tangled footsteps knitting, sweet and
loving thoughts were knitting
Round my heart and memory.

And so fairy and beguiling were those thoughts
that came a-smiling—
Peeping, blinking, laughing, winking, and look-
ing in my mental eye—
That the toil there of linking act and purpose
passed my thinking,
And if so my bark had, drinking, swallowed water
unto sinking,
It would ne'er been known to me.

For the air so gently moving, in its very motion
soothing,
Wafted me o'er waves and billows with a quaint
and quiet glee,
And its wings were incense laden, as with fra-
grance brought from Eden,
Which, my very senses lapping, I—perhaps I
then was napping—
Listless let my helm go free.

Then—but then I cannot tell you, for I have not
words to tell you,
How, like a glorious sunset halo, there stretched
along the sky
An emerald-tufted golden line, the edges of a
shore sublime,
Where there broke in rippling rhyming, sprays
their mellow music chiming,
All across that dreamy sea.

So I drifted, nearing, nearing, with a certain
joyful fearing,
As we feel when we are dreaming, with an open,
trembling eye,
And there shapes grew on my vision—shapes
that surely were Elysian—
For they had no earthly forming, but were such
as in the morning
Of our burning youth we see.

When, with fairy footsteps dashing, there came
o'er the shore a-flashing
Troops of beauties, such as never a poor mortal
eye did see;
Light and lustrous were the glances, from such
eyes as Muslem fancies
Only own an Eden brightening, touched with
quiet, loving lightening,
Eyes that were most heavenly.

Then, as though a gush from heaven on angelic
voices driven,
When a sinner is forgiven, rolled and rushed this
melody—
Welcome to the Future-land, come and touch the
magic sand,
Come where shadows never stand, or rest upon
the sky or strand,
We welcome, welcome thee.

And, bewildered by this meeting, more bewilder-
ed by the greeting
That those sweet and fairy creatures there had
given, then to me,
I, not waiting more of pressing, gave the shore
my foot's caressing,
Joyously my fortune blessing, and those angel
shapes a blessing,
That so warmly welcomed me.

So they showed me all the glory of that land,
and told the story
How every human heart had hopes there, sweet
joys that were to be,
Some in hundreds, some one only, but no living
soul so lonely,
None so all be steeped in sadness, but that there,
there were some gladness
Lighting its futurity.

Then I asked them, so dissembling that they saw
no inward trembling,
If so that it were a custom, would they show *my
hope* to me?
When—ah! how well I knew her—radiant as an
heavenly flower
Plucked within the recent hour, from the rarest
Eden bower,
A fair maiden came to me.

Wavy hair like Lethe laving—black as plumage
of the raven,
And eyes lustrous, of a warm, a deep and soul-
lit gray;
Lips that, like the bow of Cupid, bent in beauty,
coral-loopéd,
Teeth, whose white, transparent edges, lovely
little pearly wedges,
Peeped between her smiles of glee.

"Mannie," so the angels called her, "Mannie,"
and my bosom told her,
Told her of that deep devotion that my heart and
lips would say,
How that all that earth had given, and my very
hopes of heaven,
Would be nothing, could be nothing, unless this,
my ardent loving,
Found some favour in her eye.

Then she smiled a smile upon me, and no more
was my heart lonely,
For I lived with that around me in one ceaseless
ecstasy;
Deeper love than mortals noting, this I gave her
soul devoting,
Playful as a feather floating, firm as mountains
in its rooting,
Endless as eternity.

So, with wayward wills, we wandered where the
loitering rills meandered,
Her step was music, and her voice was sweeter
than rare minstrelsy,
Her look, a joy no thought could measure, her
presence a delicious pleasure,
And life itself hath not a leisure wide enough to
prize the treasure
Mannie's heart then was to me.

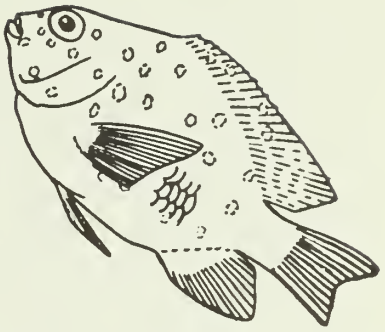
And so, after my returning from that land of
fancy's burning,
O'er the billows my prow turning back, across
that dreamy sea,
That sweet face I ne'er could sever from my soul,
but clinging ever
As a wave that crests a river, heart and loving
thoughts together,
Thoughts of her beat ceaselessly.

Home Journal, N.Y., 4-9-53

Mr. Everett at Tripler Hall.

— To get into the schoolbooks is one of the coveted distinctions of American literature. Mr. Everett's orations have so extensively enjoyed this distinction, that probably most of our readers who have been at school within the last twenty years have learned portions of them by heart, if not "spoken" them from the terrible platform on exhibition days. Let no one think this a slight or unworthy circumstance; for it is high excellence alone which can satisfy the jaded ear of the cultivated man, and charm the fresh and simple soul of youth. Edward Everett is the Orator of American History. American History needed an orator to keep this generation in mind of its obligations to those that went before it. Deriving his own inspiration from the early days and the early men of the republic, Mr. Everett's chosen task has been to draw aside the unimposing veil of the bare narrative, and reveal the great principles which gave rise to, and the sublime consequences which are to flow from, the events of our early history. Most noble is such a task; for the pride which a nation justly takes in its history, is one of the strongest possible incentives to valour, and one of the strongest possible bonds of union;—is, in short, the means by which a nation's later ages are kept worthy of its former.

Mr. Everett's lecture, last week, at Tripler Hall, before the New-York Historical Society, drew together a large and distinguished audience. His subject was, "The Discovery,



Colonization and Progress of America." It was a plain, unambitious sketch of events known to all, interspersed with original reflections, enlivened by several new and well told anecdotes, and warmed by the glow of a liberal and unaffected patriotism. Mr. Everett is an even speaker. He does not make many great points; but the interest does not flag. Without manuscript or notes, he speaks with perfect fluency, with considerable animation, and frequent gesture. His voice is somewhat rough and inflexible, and has a shake in it when reciting poetical or oratorical passages. So has his hand in the accom-

panying gestures. Plainly dressed in a suit of black, from boots to shirt collar, of a compact, erect figure, of medium height, his head gray, except upon its bald crown, his face of a uniform rose colour—he has the air of a prosperous gentleman and solid Bostonian. Both himself and his speech were exceedingly well received by the audience.

A few of Mr. Everett's facts and ideas will interest those of our readers who have not read the report of the lecture in the daily papers. This was a good hit: the island of Manhattan, which contains twenty-four thousand acres, was purchased of the Indians by the Dutch, for the sum of twenty-four dollars; and, said the orator, "though a dollar for a thousand acres seems rather a low figure for choice lots on Manhattan Island, yet had that twenty-four dollars been, on the day of the purchase, invested at compound interest, it would by this time amount to a sum about equal to the present value of the whole real estate of the island." Here is a story which produced a marked sensation: "So little confidence," said Mr. Everett, "was placed in the value of a title to land, even within the limits of the State of New-York, that the enterprising citizens of Massachusetts, Gorham and Phelps, who bought six millions of acres of land on the Genesee River, shortly after the peace, for a few cents the acre, were obliged to abandon the greater part of the purchase, from the difficulty of finding under-purchasers to take enough of it off their hands to enable them to meet the first instalments. On one occasion, when Judge Gorham was musing in a state of mental depression on the failure of this magnificent speculation, he was visited by his friend and townsman who had returned from a journey to Canandaigua, then just laid out. This friend tried to cheer the judge with a bright vision of the future growth of Western New-York, and kindling with his theme, pointed to a son of Judge Gorham, who was in the room, and added, 'You and I will not live to see the day; but that lad, if he reaches three-score years and ten, will see a daily stage coach running as far West as Canandaigua!' That lad is still living."

Canandaigua is now a network of railroads, and the locomotive shrieks through it and across it every hour of the day and night. Mr. Everett mentioned, what we believe is not generally known, that Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, came over to this country after the revolution, and declared, in due form, his intention to become an American citizen. This fact the lecturer learned from Brunel's own lips. Another story was received with an uproar of applause. Mr. Everett said:—"When I was in London, a few years ago, I received a letter from one of the interior counties of England, telling me that they had in their House of Correction an American seaman, (or a person who pretended to be,) who was both pauper and rogue. They were desirous of being rid of him, and kindly offered to place him it my disposal. Although he did not bid fair to be a very valuable acquisition, I wrote back that he might be sent to London, where he could be shipped by the American Consul to the United States. I ventured to add the suggestion, that if her Majesty's minister at Washington were applied to in a similar way by the overseers of the poor and wardens of the prisons in the United States, he would be pretty busily occupied. But I really felt pleased, at a time when my own little State of Massachusetts was assisting from ten to twelve thousand destitute British subjects annually, to be able to relieve the British Empire of the only American pauper quartered upon it."

We were glad to hear so influential a voice as Mr. Everett's lifted against the narrow prejudices entertained by many against the influx of foreigners into this country. "This country," as the lecturer very forcibly observed, "has not only grown great by emigration, but to emigration owes its existence; and to shut the door upon further emigration, would be as unworthy as to break down a bridge over which we ourselves had escaped, while yet it was crowded with fugitives, fleeing from the very calamities which had caused our own flight."

Home Journal, N.Y., 6-11-53

Ibid., 10-15-53, p. 4.

..... A friend who has recently visited the Cooper House, Cooperstown, Otsego county, late the residence of J. Fenimore Cooper, (which we noticed at length in the *Home Journal* of July 30,) describes it as a most agreeable place of resort. The house is elegantly fitted up as a hotel, and already is patronised by the public to an extent unprecedented for a place situated off the great lines of railroad communication, and, therefore, but little known to the travelling community. Our informant left New-York city in the morning, and reached Cooperstown the same evening, by the Hudson River and Central Railroads, to Fort Plain, and thence twenty-four miles by plank-road.

PERSONAL.

Bayard Taylor, who has been for some time in China, watching the progress of the rebellion, has joined the Japan expedition under Commodore Perry. He has been assigned a place in the corps of artists, with the rank of master's mate. Mr. Taylor is expected to return to the United States next March.——

Ibid., 8-27-53

——Most of our touring and ruralizing editors have returned to their posts, and are strong in the resolve to do the brilliant thing, during the present season.——The lecturers are still busy in the work of preparation for the winter campaign. There will be no lack of interesting courses. Now is the time for country Lyceums to secure the services of the best lecturers. Holmes, Whipple, Chapin, Osgood, Emerson, Koeppen, James, Giles, Curtis, are all, we believe, open to negotiation, and most of them have something new upon the anvil.——Of Thackeray's movements we find no indication in the English papers. He left this country with the intention of returning in August; but as he announces a new serial, he may have postponed his second visit.——Prof. Agassiz exults in the fact, that he has discovered a fish without ventral fins, in one of our Southern rivers. Happy is the man to whom so trifling a circumstance affords delight——

.....Miss Bremer upon Theodore Parker.—On Sunday I again heard him preach. He made a full and free confession of his faith, and I was rejoiced to see his honesty and courage, although I could not rejoice at the confession of faith in itself, which was a very imperfect recognition of the Christian revelation, and which acknowledged in Christ merely a human and moral teacher, although a good deal of quiet controversy. I found Parker extremely agreeable to converse with, willing to listen, gentle, earnest and cordial. I stated to him also my objections against the Unitarian point of view in general, because from it many of the greatest and most important questions as regards God, humanity and life, must be left unsolved, and never can be solved. Parker heard me with much kindness and seriousness, and conceded various things—conceded, among others, the reasonableness of miracles, when regarded as produced by a power in nature, but not out of it—the law of nature on a larger scale. As I said before, Parker has a Socratic head; he has a pure and strongly moral mind; he is like Emerson, captivated by the moral ideal; and this he as such the model and the ideal of humanity. Parker belongs to the Unitarian body; and to that section of it which denies miracles, and everything that requires supernatural agency in the sacred history. That which really displeased me was, that Parker asserted that he regarded Christ as standing in no other relationship to God than did all mankind; and that he merely was mentioned in history as "a modest young man from Galilee." In the evening I had a visit from Theodore Parker. I am so great a lover of courage in all forms, and of every unreserved expression of opinion and belief, that I extended my hand to him, thanking him cordially for his candour. But I nevertheless told him frankly my objections to his Christology, and we had

places before his hearers in words full of a strong vitality, and produces by them a higher love for truth and justice in the human breast. Parker, however, as a theologist, is not powerful; nor can he talk well upon the most sublime and most holy doctrines of revelation, because he does not understand them. In his outbursts against the petrified orthodoxy, and the petrified church, he is often happy and true. But I think that people may say of him as somebody said about a greater man, Luther, "*Il a bien critique mais pauvrement doctriné.*" Parker, however, investigates earnestly, and speaks out his thoughts honestly, and that is always a great merit. More we can hardly desire of a man. Beyond this he teaches to be very good, to do much good.

·····NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Despise woman? No! She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice, pronouncing, "It is well done!" All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man nor woman!—if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!

Ibid., 10-15-53, p. 4.

FASHION.

BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

FASHION has lived too long, and exercised an influence too potent for us either to deny or to escape it. I wish to analyse it briefly. The fact that it runs counter to functional requirement oft-times; that it is imperative for its hour, and that it loses all claim even to respect or gratitude after that hour is passed, brings it into the same category with certain British sovereigns, who are stamped as the first gentlemen and ladies of Christendom, as long as they sit upon the throne, and who are found, by subsequent analysis, to require a new definition of decency or propriety to bring them within the class of reputable men.

I regard the fashion as the instinctive effort of the stationary to pass itself off for progress; its embellishment exhibits the rhythm of organization, without the capacity for action; so the fashion boasts the sensuous phenomena of progress without any real advance. The one and the other are, I believe, opiates, intended to quell and lull the wholesome demands of nature, and of the author of nature. I believe both are better than nothing; for a false homage to the good has more hope in it than a conscious adherence to wrong.

Wherever the student of modern life turns his eye, he sees, among other apparently more substantial and serious obstacles to advancement and reform, a phantom-like opponent who, though no man may say whence he comes, or who is his sire, assumes the purple, and rules with a rod of iron. I mean the Fashion. I mean the essential *mode!* I do not mean to reflect upon the victims and subjects of this despot. I believe we all bow the neck to him, more or less; nor do I mean to assert that he has no right of any sort to our regard, for he has might, and might always means something very serious. I wish to put him to the test of analysis, and find an intelligible definition of him, that I may know at least where and how far we may lazily submit, when and how we may rebel with a chance of freedom.

The Fashion is not coeval with the race—he was not a younger brother of the sun and stars, a second-born of heaven. The great civilizations of antiquity never saw him till the epoch of their decline. The Iliad and the Greek tragedies have no trace of him. Even the modern man, in his hour of travail and of wo, wots not of him; he is a flutterer in the sunshine of superfluity. He is protean, elusive, he is here and gone; and when we had believed him dead, is here again in the twinkling of an eye! We had hoped that this change was a search after the good, until we felt that he glorified in the no logic of his shifting. We had hoped that he was seeking a wise folly, and that when the circle of folly was run, he would turn to wisdom in despair. But again and again he flies to the old folly, and gilds with his sanction the exploded silliness of a few years since.

The Fashion is no respecter of persons. He has apparently no preferences of a distinct and reliable nature. He gives no premonitory symptoms of his approach. He expires in full vigour, and, like Tadur, reappears in the form of some other impotent, dumb, and voiceless form.

His essential characteristic is change; he is a dodger, an ever new countersign, a Bramah lock, which, when Mr. Hobbs has made his key, instantly becomes a common padlock, and so puts him to shame.

I understand by the Fashion the instinctive effort of pretension to give, by mere change, the sensuous semblance of progress. I look upon it as a *pis aller* of the stationary to pass itself off for locomotion. I regard it as a uniform, with which thinking humanity cripples its gait, in the vain hope that the unthinking may keep up with itself. It is a result of the desperate effort to make a distinction out of nothing, and is only driven from change to change, because nothing is a fruit that grows within the reach of all.

Still, Fashion denotes a hope of better things. It betrays a lurking want not clearly expressed, and it gives stones and serpents to stop our craving, only because it has neither bread nor fishes to bestow. Fashion is no positive evil, and has been often a relative good. As etiquette, though a poor make-shift, still confesses the existence of propriety, its superstition, with all its darkness, would prove a twilight to the godless; so Fashion may be allowed to protest against finality, and be the symbol of yearning yet impotent aspiration.

Ibid., 10-15-53

Page 1.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

EMERSON, rather a philosopher than poet, yet poetical in his prose philosophical essays, strikes me as a new and peculiar character. He seems to me as an American THOREAU, who, by his own strong, powerful nature, would transform the world, seeking for law and inspiration merely within his own breast. Strong and pure, self-collected and calm, but at the same time fantastical, he puts forth from his transcendental point of view, his aphorisms on nature and history, on God, (whom he does not regard as a personal God, but as a superior soul in harmony with laws,) and on men, criticising men and their works, from the ideal of the highest truth, and the highest beauty. "The world," says Emerson, "has not seen a man," and he looks forward with longing to that man, the man of the New World, in whose advent he believes. The new man regards no laws but those within his own breast; but there he finds the unfalsified wells of truth and beauty. The new man believes in himself alone; he demands everything from himself, and does all for himself, reposes upon himself and in himself. The new man is a stoic, but not stern as such; he is beautiful and very gentle. Wherever he comes life blooms; in the circle of friends it becomes as a holy-day; nectar and ambrosia pour forth at his approach; but he himself needs no friend. He descends down into nature as a restorer, governs and places it under the spell of his influence, and it is his friend. Emerson's language is compressed and strong, simple, but singularly plastic. His turns of thought are original; old ideas are reproduced in so new and brilliant a manner, that one fancies them heard for the first time. The divining-rod of genius is in his hand. He is master in his own domain. His strength seems to me peculiarly to be that of the critic, a certain grand contempt and scorn of the mediocre, of the weak and paltry wherever he sees it, and he sees it in much and in many things. He chastises it

without mercy; but, at the same time, with wonderful address. Emerson's performances in this way are really quite regal. They remind me of our King Gustavus Adolphus the Great, when he took the criminal soldier by the hair, and delivered him over to punishment, with the friendly words, "Come, my lad, it is better that thy body now suffer chastisement, than that thy soul go to hell." Yet there is more in Emerson even than the intention of chastisement. The writings of this scorner of imperfection, of the mean and paltry, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic! I often object to him; I quarrel with him; I see that his stoicism is one-sidedness, his pantheism an imperfection, and I know that which is greater and more perfect, but I am under the influence of his magical power. I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, stronger through his strength, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in his world, which is indescribably refreshing to me. Emerson has more ideality than is common among thinkers of the English race, and one might say that in him the idealism of Germany is wedded to the realism of Britain.

I have, as yet, never gone a step to see a literary lion; but Waldo Emerson, this pioneer in the moral woods of the New World, who sets his axe to the roots of the old trees, to hew them down, and to open the path for new planting, I would go a considerable way to see this man. And see him I will—him who, in a society as strictly evangelical as that of Massachusetts and Boston, (Emerson was the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston,) had the courage openly to resign his ministration, his church, and the Christian faith, when he had come to doubt of its principle doctrines; who was noble enough, nevertheless, to retain universal esteem and old friends; and strong enough, while avoiding all polemical controversy and bitterness of speech, to withdraw into silence, to labour alone for that truth which he fully acknowledged, for those doctrines which the heathen and the Christian alike acknowledge. Emerson has a right to talk about strength and truth, because he lives for these virtues. And it will benefit the world which is slumbering in the Church from the lack of vital Christianity, to be roused up by such fresh winds from the Himalaya of heathenism. But how can Emerson overlook ——? Yet I will not ask about it. Emerson is just and true. Would that many were like him! * * * * * * * Last of all, I come to the poems of Waldo Emerson—small in dimensions, but great in their spirit and tone; and read aloud a little dithyrambic poem, which is characteristic of the individuality of the poet. Other American poets speak to society; Emerson always merely to the individual; but they all are to me as a breeze from the life of the New World, in a certain illimitable vastness of life, in expectation, in demand, in faith and hope—a something which makes me draw a deeper breath, and, as it were, in a larger, freer world. * * * * * * * * * * * *

Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bare-headed, amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal, which he never finds realized on earth; discovering wants, short-comings, imperfections, and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill. Sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs—the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife, after having been married scarcely a year.

Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. He interested me, without warming me. That critical crystalline and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others, who allow themselves to be criticised by it. But—for me—David's heart with David's songs!

I shall return to this home in consequence of a very kind invitation to do so from Emerson and his wife, and in order that I may see more of this sphinx-like individual. From this worshipper of nature, who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptized, because he considers the nature of a child purer than is commonly that of a full-grown, sinful man;—we went to sleep at the house of a stern old Puritan, where we had long prayers, kneeling with our faces to the wall. * * * * * * * *

During the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. I enjoyed the contemplation of him, in his demeanour, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river bearing along, and between flowery shores, large and small vessels—as I love to see the eagle circling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. In this calm elevation Emerson allows nothing to reach him, neither great nor small; neither prosperity nor adversity.

Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgement often keen and merciless, but his demeanour is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgement, but not with himself. That which struck me most as distinguishing him from most other human beings, is *nobility*. He is a born-nobleman. I have seen before two other men born with this stamp upon them. His Excellency, W——r, in Sweden, and ———, is the second, Emerson the third which has it, and perhaps in a yet higher degree. And added thereto that deep intonation of voice, that expression, so mild yet so elevated at the same time. I could not but think of Maria Lowell's words, "If he merely mentions my name I feel myself ennobled."

He read to me one afternoon some portions of his Observations on England, (in manuscript,) and scraps from his conversations with Thomas Carlyle, (the only man of whom I heard Emerson speak with anything like admiration,) about "the Young America," as well as the narrative of his journey with him to Stonehenge. There are some of these things which I can never forget. In proportion as the critical bent of Emerson's mind is strong, and as he finds a great want in human beings, and in things generally—measuring them by his ideal standard, is his faith strong in the power of good, and its ultimate triumph in the arrangement of the world. And he understands perfectly what constitutes noble Republicanism and Americanism, and what a nobly-framed community and social intercourse. But the principle, the vitalizing, the strengthening source—yes, that Emerson sees merely in the pure consciousness of man himself! He believes in the original purity and glory of this source, and will cleanse away everything which impedes or sullies it—all conventionality, untruth and paltriness. * * He seemed to be opposed to blind or hypocritical faith. "I do not wish," said he, "that people should pretend to know or to believe more than they really do know and believe. The resurrection, the continuance of our being is granted," said he, also, "we carry the pledge of this in our own breast; I maintain merely that we cannot say in what form or in what manner our existence will be continued."

If my conversation with Emerson did not lead to anything very satisfactory, it led, nevertheless, to my still more firm conviction of his nobility and love of truth. He is faithful to the law in his own breast, and speaks out the truth which he inwardly recognises. He does right. By this means he will prepare the way for a more true comprehension of religion and of life. For when once this keen glance, seeing into the innermost of everything—once becomes aware of the concealed human form in the tree of life—like Napoleon's in the tree at St. Helena—then will he teach others to see it, too, will point it out by such strong, new and glorious words, that a fresh light will spring up before many, and people will believe because they *see*.

Ibid., 10-15-53, p. 1.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

HAWTHORNE UPON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editors of the Home Journal.

—— Mr. Hawthorne ought not to have said that. He ought not to have spoken of "scourging women back within their proper bounds." He ought not to have done it, because such a threat, hypothetical though it be, only gives the poor, miserable, abortive creatures he speaks of, another argument in support of their false and wicked theories. He ought not to have done it, because, "if there were a chance" that women should come to be competitors and associates with men in public and political life, "physical force" could not prevent it, or could only so prevent it, as to degrade woman, and with her to degrade and dishonour man. It could not prevent it, because, if woman really has the intellectual force to come near attaining the position a few are aiming at, man's physical superiority could hardly triumph over her, any more than the strength of the horse and the lion can conquer the greater sagacity of man. It could not prevent it, because anything which looks like persecution, strengthens, rather than weakens the cause it opposes. He ought not to have said it, because it exposes him to the suspicion, notwithstanding his disclaimer, of feeling some lurking fear, lest such "a chance" might arise. He ought not to have said it, because, if he have no such fear, he has been guilty of making a useless display of his consciousness of "sovereignty," altogether unsuited to a sovereign's dignity. He ought not to have said it, because the unprovoked insult makes the blood to boil in the veins of the faithful subjects of the royal brotherhood. He ought not to have said it, because it is unbecoming in a sovereign to allow his temper to be so ruffled by the impotent demonstrations of a handful of restless agitators, as to wound the feelings of the multitudes of his contented, peaceful, and loyal citizens, by a mortifying threat, held as a terror over their heads. It is even so, that "the heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it." But soon, alas! would womanhood be debased and become false, should the hand of manhood become heavy upon her, or threaten to become heavy.

GERTRUDE MASON.

The Home Journal,
N.Y., 11-12-53, p. 4.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

HAWTHORNE DEFENDED.

—— [We published, a few weeks ago, a paragraph from Mr. Hawthorne's works, in which the writer seemed to intimate, that women who persisted in going beyond their natural sphere, to mingle in political contentions, should, if necessary, be "*scourged*" back to their appointed place. This paragraph we cut from a column of Hawthornian "Spice Islands," in a newspaper published at Honolulu, and we have no doubt the paragraph does occur somewhere in Hawthorne's works. Probably, however, it is spoken by one of the persons in a novel, and ought not to be taken as an expression of the author's own feelings. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of genius, and, *therefore*, a reverer of that sex to which his Mother belonged, from whom he derived both genius and life. We gladly give place, however, to the following defence of his character in this respect, from the pen of a lady who is generously jealous of his honour.]

To the Editors of the Home Journal.

GENTLEMEN:—In a recent number of the *Home Journal*, I observe a paragraph purporting to contain Hawthorne's opinion and feeling upon the subject of the "Woman's Rights Movement." Not only the sentiments expressed in this paragraph, but the terms in which they are conveyed are so harsh, so hard, and so contemptuous of woman, that I feel confident few women of any sensibility could read them (even though they felt not the slightest sympathy with the movement in question) without a feeling of resentment against their author. Now, inasmuch as Hawthorne never expressed any such sentiments, but, on the contrary, the very reverse of these, I take the liberty of pointing out the error, and favouring yourself and your readers with what Hawthorne, in the character of "Miles Coverdale," really does say on this momentous question. I presume no one who has read "The Blythedale Romance," the work in which the paragraph occurs, will fail to recognise the author in this character. He himself admits the identity in his preface, and throughout his work. Coverdale says: "I will give you leave, Zenobine, to fling your utmost scorn upon me, if you ever hear me utter a sentiment unfavourable to the widest liberty which woman has yet dreamed of. I would give her all she asks, and add a great deal more, which she will not be the party to demand, but which men, if they were generous and wise, would grant of their own free motion. For instance, I should love dearly—for the next three thousand years, at least—to have all government devolve into the hands of women. I hate to be ruled by my own sex; it excites my jealousy and wounds my pride. It is the iron sway of bodily force which abases us, in our compelled submission. But how sweet the free, generous courtesy, with which I would kneel before a woman ruler." "Yes, if she were young and beautiful," said Zenobia, laughing. "But how if she were sixty, and a fright?" "Ah! it is you that rate womanhood low," said I. "But let me go on. I have never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest so near my heart and conscience, as to do me any spiritual good. I blush at the very thought! O, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in the charge of women! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with the religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologist—save only one, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it. I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of his awful splendour, but permitting his love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness." Then follows the passage from the mouth of Hollingsworth, with which your readers are already familiar. Hollingsworth, a man whom the author repeatedly stigmatizes as narrow and egotistical, originally a great and good heart, it is true, but hardened, narrowed, and falsified by a fanatical devotion of his life to one idea, proposes to use his physical force, "that unmistakeable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge these petticoated monstrosities," who have dared to dream of any other life than that which man has already assigned them, back to their places. "But it will not be needful," he complacently adds. "The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!" The heart of true womanhood, indeed! The great shaggy monster! I wish one of his four-footed brethren of the polar regions had him in hand, to teach him on which side the "unmistakeable evidence of sovereignty" lay, and that all men of his class would leave such delicate matters as the "heart of true womanhood," to work out their own destiny uncontaminated of their touch. Towards the close of the book, Hawthorne again delivers himself in this wise. "It was a woful thought, that a woman of Zenobia's diversified capacity, should have fancied herself irretrievably defeated on the broad battle-field of life, and with no refuge, save to fall on her own sword, merely because love had gone against her. It is nonsense and a miserable wrong,—the result, like so many others, of masculine egotism,—that the success or failure of woman's existence should be made to depend wholly on the affections, and on one species of affection, while man has such a multitude of other chances, that this seems but an incident. For its own sake, if it will do no more, the world should throw open all its avenues to the passport of a woman's bleeding heart." I have deemed it a right, in Mr. Hawthorne's absence from the country, to call attention to this error—that the weight of so popular a name may not be thrown, even temporarily, into the wrong scale. I trust you will print the foregoing, and oblige A BROOK FARMER.

Ibid., 11-19-53, p. 4.

Acted Charades.

—— Mr. Thackeray, when he was in this country, used to praise the plan of dividing *and* uniting two apartments by folding-doors; which, though here universal, he said was a notion the general English were not "up to." Folding-doors are certainly very convenient for acting charades; as one parlour serves as a theatre, and the other for a stage, and the doors form an excellent curtain. This amusement, since Jane Eyre taught everybody how it is managed, has been a favourite one in this city; and never so much so as this winter. It is easy, and *may* be inexpensive. For example,—we saw, the other evening, three effective scenes, suggested by a simple word, which the reader shall guess. Scene first was from the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," in which Shylock, Portia and Antonio appear, the Jew insisting on his BOND. Scene second represented John Anderson and his loving spouse—a beautiful picture of AGE. Scene third bore a remote resemblance to a cotton-field, with negroes at work under an overseer, which the reader has already concluded was meant to represent BONDAGE. On this occasion, the characters spoke and sung; but, in case the company is weak in histrionic and vocal talent, *tableaux* will answer the

purpose. Nor is a costly wardrobe necessary. The charade just referred to, was performed without any expenditure for dress, except a little time in adapting various articles to their new use. The hoes in the cotton scene were composed of broomsticks and pasteboard, and they looked by gas-light as natural as life. Acted charades, in short, are as good and convenient a winter-evening entertainment as any that has lately come into vogue.

Ibid., 1-21-54, p. 2.

The drama of Faustus has been played recently in San Francisco. "Mr. Bingham's Mephistophiles," remarks one of the papers, in the true Californian style of blunt sincerity, "was badly done. He places too much stress of voice upon certain words, which changes the meaning, or leads to the misinterpretation of the sentence; and it seems almost an impossibility for him to utter a sentence, or much less a single syllable, without giving it the sound of a full note in music." There are actors nearer home who might profitably consider these observations. "To-night," adds the critic, "*Mrs.* Baker appears as Faustus." Goethe would have liked to see Mrs. Baker play Faustus.

Ibid., 1-21-54, p. 2.

.....THE MOTHER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—Fifty years ago, the Reverend William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston, was a prominent man in the religious instruction and the literary enterprises of the town. He was of an active spirit, bent upon doing something considerable in his place and time. But his time was appointed to be short. In the midst of his plans and honourable labours, he died in 1811, at the age of forty-two, leaving in widowhood the excellent lady who has now followed him, at a little more than double that number of years. She was born in Boston, November 9th, 1768, the daughter of Mr. John Haskins, and died in Concord, her husband's birthplace, aged eighty-five years and one week. Mr. Emerson's death left her with the care of six children, five of them sons, of whom the oldest was yet at school. In that year of her bereavement, such a heavy, responsible and precarious charge seemed to the eyes of many persons to cast upon her an increased burden of trial. But she showed herself equal to those anxious circumstances. She knew how to exercise a prudent forethought, economy and self-denial; and her position and personal worth raised around her many friends. Four of her five sons she carried through Harvard College, where they all distinguished themselves. They were the joy and pride of her widowed life. They were more than her jewels. They were evidences to the world of her motherly wisdom and faithfulness. Of these, Edward Bliss and Charles Chauncey not only carried away the first honours of the University, but attracted public admiration as very few such young leaders do. They both gave the highest promise of eminence, and both died young, two years apart from each other. The eyes of the writer fill, as he remembers their faces. It might not seem delicate in us to speak of the other two; and we will add but a word. The elder is a counsellor at New-York, and has been a judge—beloved wherever he is known, and universally confided in. The other has the least of his praises in his fame. We should not know where to find a nobler and gentler spirit. The family was not broken up till 1826. Mrs. Emerson then accepted the pressing invitation of the venerable Doctor Ripley, of Concord, to make his house her home, thus supplying the place of his deceased daughter, who was her husband's half-sister. In 1835, a new home, and her last earthly one, was found in the family of her son, with whom, indeed, she had resided for several years before, though not in the same dwelling. "Never was person more blessed in natural temper," says one who knew, "more calm, amiable, self-respecting, self-helping." She was a woman of great patience and fortitude, of the serenest trust in God, of a discerning spirit, and a most courteous bearing; one who knew how to guide the affairs of her own house, as long as she was responsible for that, with the sweetest authority; and who knew how to give the least trouble and the greatest happiness, after that authority was resigned. Both her mind and her character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as instruction; her smile, though it was ever ready, was a reward. Her dark, liquid eyes, from which old age could not take away the expression, will be among the remembrances of all on whom they ever rested. Her Christian faith, and all the dispositions which it nourishes, were her support to the end of her life. Her death was hastened at last by a calamity that often befalls the aged, the fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone—a part which is apt to become thin and brittle with time. This sad accident confined her long to her bed, and gave large room for the exercise of her meekness and constancy.—*Christian Exam.*

Ibid., 1-21-54, p. 4.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE NEW YORK TABERNACLE.

[Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

NEW YORK, March 8th, 1854.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON delivered a lecture in the Broadway Tabernacle last evening, upon Slavery. One has a curiosity to hear what such a man has to say upon such a subject, and how he says it,—a subject which has been beaten to and fro over and over again, but which yet summons new voices to the chorus of the battle-cry, and new assailants to the field. All grades of verbal warriors now try their strength upon it. The musketry of the newly-fledged Congressman and the cannonade of the Massachusetts Senator have just been levelled against its front. Wendell Phillips pierces it with the delicate rapier of his silvery eloquence. Garrison slashes at it with the big battle-axe of fervid denunciation. Theodore Parker stabs at its heart with the crooked, poisoned dagger of his bitter sarcasm. Now and then we hear a pistol-shot—it is from one of the female allies who ceaselessly harass the enemy's flanks. From them, too, come the tiny, barbed arrows,—like unto those wherewith the Lilliputians wounded the great Gulliver—that sting like insects, and ruffle the giant's temper. And now appears once more in the battle-field the great dreamer; he, who, like Fine-Ear in the fairy tale, lies upon the greensward and listens to the motion of each blade of grass, to the blossoming of flowers, hears the green leaves opening to the sunshine and the whole harmony of Nature's song, and then tells us—but not often in a language which all men comprehend—what he has heard the grass, and flowers, and green leaves say. His weapon is the glittering lance, rather than the battle-axe, or broadsword, or other implement of war. So the battle continues, and will continue to the end—the time of whose coming no man knows.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson stood up in the Tabernacle last night, one could have heard a pin drop. He had entered the hall with that shy, shrinking manner that made Frederika Bremer think him an animated icicle, and looking very much like an elderly divinity student making his *debut*, or a frightened country clergyman in a great city church. A man behind me said, 'I don't expect much of *him!* But when he began to speak, and his voice, rich and musical, to the ultimate degree,' broke the silence with those well-compacted sentences, the vast audience was hushed into a close attention that was the best proof of their interest in the man, and his speech. Of applause there was little, except toward the close; but every eye was on the speaker, and no word fell upon inattentive ears.

It is useless to attempt to report what Emerson says. The types will not give his look or the tone of his voice, any more than the pencil will paint the rippling of a brooklet, or the odor of a flower. And therefore there is the same difference between hearing his spoken words, and reading them in the printed sheet, as exists between the dewy, fragrant landscape, with its singing birds, and hum of bees, and waving grain, seen from a breezy hillside, and the faint counterpart of its beauty, upon the artist's canvass. The outward form and outline are there, but not the summer air, nor the murmuring sounds that are borne upon the breeze. And in like manner, losing the fascination of the glance of his clear eye, of his voice, of his peculiar utterance,—half faltering, half *staccato*,—of that indescribable influence which surrounds the bodily presence of all men, and which the Swedenborgians happily call one's *sphere*, we lose half the charm of his spoken efforts. Frederika Bremer aptly compares Emerson to the Sphinx. He is rather like that statue of Memnon, from whose lips came at intervals so strange a music. Yet it is perhaps better to say that even to those who do not sympathize with his peculiar views, the close of his discourse is like the ending of one of Beethoven's

Symphonies. Though here and there, the hidden sense has been obscure to our dull perceptions, or a false note has been struck which jars upon our ears, yet the strains of music float in our delighted senses with too sweet a tone to sanction a word of censure, We hear in our memories only the grand harmony that has enchanted us—gladly forgetting 'the discord and the straining.'

Mr. Emerson told his hearers that he did not like to speak in public, upon the great questions of the day. Only when those questions seemed to reach the closets of students and scholars, to which his habitual view is confined, did he leave his peculiar track. Yet that class of students in some sort comprises all mankind; comprises every man in the best hours of his life; and in these days, in our own land, not only virtually but actually;—for who are the readers and thinkers of 1854? Look into the moving train, which from every suburb, carries the workman to his toil, and the merchant to his counting-room. With them enters the small newsboy,—the humble priest of philosophy, and literature, and religion, and unfolds his magical sheets. Then instantly the entire rectangular assembly, fresh from their breakfast, are bending as one man for the second breakfast.

Soon Mr. Emerson began to speak of Webster; growing more animated in his manner, and slowly moving his clinched hand to and fro. He said that in what he had to say of that eminent man, he should not confound him with vulgar politicians of his time or since. There are always those who are base enough, and mean enough, to calculate upon the ignorance of the masses. That is their quarry and their farm. The low can best win the low, and all men like to be made much of. There are men, too, who have power and inspiration only to do ill. Not such a man was Daniel Webster. Though he knew very well, when necessary, how to present his personal claims, yet in his argument he generally kept his fact bare of personality; so that his splendid wrath, when his eyes became lamps, was the wrath of the cause he stood for. His power, like that of the Greek masters, was not in excellent parts, but total. He had a great and everywhere equal propriety. He worked with that closeness of adhesion which a joiner uses; and had the same quiet fitness of place that an oak or a mountain might have. The great show their power in nothing more than in their ability to mislead us. In perilous times, men look for some great captain, under the shadow of whose name, inferior men may shelter themselves. He is responsible, and they will not be. It will always suffice to say, 'I will follow *him*.'

From this line of remark, Mr. Emerson passed to a consideration of Mr. Webster's course on the 7th of March; saying that no one doubted, that, with regard to the cause of the South, many good and plausible things might be said. But the great question then, was not a question of ingenuity, nor of syllogisms,—but of *sides*. All know where he was found. *How came he there?* The great question which history will ask in the final hour, is this: In the conflict of forces, when he was forced by the peremptory necessity of closing armies to take sides, did he take the side of great principles, of humanity, of justice, or the side of abuse, oppression and chaos! We are told that he left as a legacy to the State of Massachusetts, his speech of the 7th of March, with its motto, '*Vera pro gratia*'—true things instead of pleasant ones—a motto which is praised as the most felicitous of all. Surely, that speech is a ghastly result of all those years of experience. It was like that doleful lament, falsely attributed to Brutus, 'Virtue, I have followed thee through life; but now I find thee a shadow!'

Then Mr. Emerson discoursed, for a time, upon the Fugitive Slave law, in a manner which would have made a Southerner's hair to stand on end with indignation; and so went on to say, that, in our instruction as a nation, we have not got beyond the simplest lesson. Events roll; millions of men are engaged, and the result is always some of those first commandments which we heard in the nursery. The events of this very month are teaching one thing plain and clear—that papers are of no use, resolutions of public meetings, platforms of conventions, laws, constitutions, are of use no more. They are all declaratory of the will of the moment; and are passed with more levity, and on grounds much less honorable, than ordinary business transactions in the street. You relied upon the Missouri Compromise—that is ridden over. You relied upon State sovereignty to protect its citizens; but they are driven with contempt out of the courts and territories of the Slave States. And now you relied on those dismal guarantees infamously made in 1850; and before the body of Webster is yet crumbled—the eternal monument of his fame and the common Union is gone! These things show that no forms—neither constitutions, nor laws, nor covenants—are of any use of themselves. The Devil nestles comfortably in them all. The only hope is in the life itself of a man.

After saying much about the folly of trusting implicitly to the opinions and authority of others, the speaker came to the conclusion of the whole matter, and it was this: That patience and the efforts of good men will at last be repaid, for nature is not so helpless but that it can rid itself of every wrong. It is the stern edict of progress, that liberty shall be no hasty fruit, but that event on event, age on age, shall cast itself into the opposite scale: and not until liberty has accumulated weight enough to preponderate against these, shall the counterpoise come. The inconsistency of slavery with the principles upon which the world is built, guarantees its downfall. But while we own that the patience it requires to wait is almost too sublime for mortals, and one sees how fast the rot spreads, I think we demand of superior men of the country, that they shall be superior in this: that the mind and virtue of the country shall give their verdict in their day, and help to pull the nuisance down. Liberty is the crusade of all brave and conscientious men—the epic poetry, the new religion, the chivalry of all gentlemen. Now, at last, we are disenchanted, and have no more false hopes. I respect the Anti-Slavery Society. It is the Cassandra that has foretold all that has befallen us; fact after fact, years ago, foretold it all, and no man took it to heart. It seemed, as the Turks say, 'Fate makes that a man should not believe his own eyes.' But the Fugitive Law did much to unglue the eyes of men, and now the Nebraska bill leaves us staring! The Anti-Slavery Society will add many members this year. The Whig party will join it; the Democrats will join it; the population of the Free States will join it; I doubt not, at last, the Slave States will join it. But be that sooner or later, when it pleases God, and whoever comes or stays away, I hope we have come to the end of our unbelief—have come to a belief that there is a Divine Providence in the world, which will not save us but through our own co-operation.

So the speech ended; and those who had entered the hall, thinking that the speaker could find no new form in which to exhibit his hackneyed subject, no felicity of illustration that had not been pressed into service, found that, in the hands of the master, the old theme wears a new beauty when clothed with the graces of his thought.

DELTA.

The Liberator, 3-17-54, p. 4.

From the Boston Bee.

EMERSON'S ATTACK ON WEBSTER.

The New Orleans *Picayune* is very severe at the expense of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, because of his late attack on the name and memory of Mr. Webster, in a lecture delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle. This attack, we venture to say, is considered of more consequence in New Orleans than it is in New York, where it was still-born, and scarcely excited even a passing emotion of contempt or derision, the only sensation that such a thing should excite. Mr. Emerson is not, as the *Picayune* declares, crazy, but is guilty of assailing the great who are dead, from the meanest of all causes—a sordid envy. He has long been the centre of a system, composed of a few hundred ridiculous fools and lazy fellows, who deserve, each, a sound scourging for their impudence in daring to stay in a world where they are just so many nuisances, and of no earthly use whatever,—a parcel of selfish flunkies, (to borrow one of the terms of the chief English object of their admiration.) These fellows believe that every thing is wrong in this world, and hold that it was a great oversight on the part of the Deity, that they were not consulted at the creation, the doing of which would have rendered the universe perfect—in their opinion. Emerson has been made the idol of this collection of human vermin, because he is the most ridiculous and the wealthiest of the entire gang; for they are the greediest set of creatures on the face of the earth, and feel as deep and as thorough a reverence for dollars, as if they were so many pawnbrokers, as nature doubtless intended many of them should be. Bronson Alcott, the childish madman, would have proved a formidable rival to Emerson for the honors of this mad popedom, only that he is poor, while Emerson is very wealthy. Emerson has houses, stocks, and others of those things that are desired by the carnal-minded, while Alcott is

troubled with what has been called 'an unexampled shortness of chips.' Emerson's lectures are highly paid for; it would be difficult to find an audience that could be hired to sit through one of Alcott's lectures at any price. In brief, Emerson is respectable, in the strict worldly sense of the word, while Alcott's respectability, in that sense, may admit of a little doubt. Emerson is effective for mischief; Alcott is as harmless as a rabbit, which can do nothing but devour all it can contrive to get hold of. Is it to be wondered at that Emerson should succeed in a contest for supremacy over Bedlam with such a man as his chief rival? The superior insanity of Alcott was as the handful of thistle-down—as the small dust of the balance—when weighed against the worldly, solid qualifications of Emerson, by men who affect to despise all solid things, except their own heads, and that of their chief.

Emerson has long believed himself to be the greatest man in the world, and is, therefore, jealous of all respect or admiration that is paid to others, be they living or dead. Mr. Webster being a great man, and but recently dead, is naturally an object of strong aversion to the philosopher of Concord, and must be made to pay the penalty of having occasionally stood between him and the sun. Emerson's followers are accustomed to call him 'the modern Plato'; and if being as hopelessly wedded to ridiculous fallacies as ever was the immortal Athenian, can give a man any right to that title, Emerson's right must be beyond all possible dispute. But it seems to us that he resembles rather Diogenes than Plato. He is better at snarling than at reasoning. There is more of the cur in him than of the attic bee. He is more at home in the cask than in the grove. The cynic school would more readily own him than the academy. He has the bull-dog's disposition to tear the remains of the dead, and not that gentle feeling, commended alike by philosophy and sentiment, which ever respects the repose of the grave. That such a man, under the influence of envy, and speaking the sense,—or want of it,—of the sect over which he presides, should assail Mr. Webster, is the most natural of all things. That out of ten thousand subjects for a lecture, he should have hit upon the only one that he ought to have most avoided, is as much in the regular order of things, as it would have been out of order in the case of every other man of equal eminence in the country. The large space that Webster fills in the world's estimation, and which must be increased as the mists and fogs of prejudice shall clear away, and leave the greatest of modern American reputations to stand in the clear light of truth, the medium most proper to set forth its most admirable proportions,—is a personal offence to Emerson, and he resents it accordingly. What business had Daniel Webster to live in the same age with Emerson? Pericles went out of the world about the same time that Plato was born, and Mr. Webster should have done the same thing for the advantage of Emerson. Having neglected so to do, his reputation has become the prey of the (very) 'modern Plato,' and admirers must make up their minds to suffer under the infliction with as much philosophy as they can muster. It may be some consolation for them to bear in mind, that the acts and writings of Webster will remain to guide statesmen, and to instruct the people, and to excite the admiration and applause of scholars, when all that shall be left of Emerson will be of as much use to mankind as a collection of Etruscan inscriptions.

The Liberator, Boston,
Friday, 4-14-54.

From the New Bedford Standard.

R. WALDO EMERSON ON FRANCE.

The following is the report of a lecture recently delivered by Mr Emerson in New Bedford:—Nature, said Mr. Emerson, has not chosen to put the best wine into one jar. It is placed in many vessels. We must search through a city to find all the faculties that constitute a man. A French writer has said that it takes one thousand seven hundred or one thousand eight hundred men to make a complete man. The sea educates one class, the mountain one, Europe one and America another, the whole constituting the symmetry of the race, and the result is a secured soul.

He should observe the different members of this mundane body and see what offices are served by them, and particularly by France. Paris is France. All the rest of the country is but Paris on a smaller scale, an imitation. The English built London for England. France constructed Paris for the world. In Paris the buildings are more grand and national than in London. Every species of amusement exists there. Twelve thousand students resort there annually to attend the public lectures on scientific subjects. The city is filled with the treasures of art. The people are lively and chatting. They are easy in conversation and agreeable in their manners. Paris is to the foreigner what London is to the Londoner. Everything attractive centres there. The people possess a high military character, and on parade it is as difficult to determine their social position, as it is to penetrate their beards. All receive a military education. The dancing-master comes to you from his fencing lessons. The lively tone of the French journals is remarkable. The reading-rooms are extensive and fitted up with great taste and elegance. The mathematical clearness of the language causes it to be universally spoken. The French are a nation that talk more than they think, but there is a proselyting force in their conversation, that captivates and attracts the mind of the listener.

The lecturer gave a description of the Parisian clubs, one of which he attended. A labouring man was declaiming with terrible force. "Why," said he "do the rich fear that we shall destroy their property. We shall do no such thing, for we expect that it will soon be ours!"

All Europe is a park for the popular French romancers, in which they can meet their friends. In any European country they are well known, so extensive is the circulation of their works. The universality of the French language is a capital secret of the power of their books. Said a distinguished statesman, a book written in French is a declaration of war to all Europe. The nation is a vast propagandist. They ignore all things else but themselves. France is always foremost in the race. Those of Teutonic blood assume to consider it a serious misfortune to have been born a Frenchman, and that the latter pays for his winning address by a smaller scale of faculties. He would endeavour to be impartial, and should draw his witnesses concerning the French, from themselves.

They occupy one of the fairest territories in the world, and they have spared no efforts to make it attractive. We visit Italy for its antiquities—France for the present and the new. They have a clear intellect, and make the most of what they have. Everybody has a fine idea of order, and the French mind is clear and excellent in exact sciences. They are great cipherers. Their leading idea is clearness, perspicuity. The word genius has no high significance with them. It means a fine cook, a hair dresser or a dancing master, who is superior in his business. They are less national than other countries. They live for the world and to make Paris attractive to the world. They have had no true idea of poetry until recently, a fair specimen of their poetic genius being well described by the old lines: "A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall." The contributions of the French to the useful arts and the comforts of life are highly creditable. Their taste, equipage, furniture, all are very fine and elegant. In designs, fashions, dress, etc., all nations copy after Paris. There is a law of gradation in fashion, and the skilful milliner can determine what peculiar modifications the next style will bring out, by the last. If we strike a discord, we must prepare the ear for the true note by a few intermediate notes. So in fashion. One style must be only a slight step in advance of its predecessor. A Paris milliner could make the Bloomer costume popular, at last, if she would only approach it by degrees, despite the satire of *Punch*. French Patterns are the models for the world, and all others are collated from them. The French taste, in most instances, is too correct for our people, and our designers are more engaged in corrupting them so as to adjust them to our taste, than in searching out new designs. In a word, the French excel in dress, dancing, cookery, and in police. The latter has no equal anywhere. It is most admirable and excellent in all its parts.

In a word, the French are a nation wise in their pleasures, and most foolish in their business. The opera is the soul of Paris, and Paris is France. In Paris, what cannot be said can be sung, and what cannot be sung can be danced. Give France a good government for twenty-four hours, and no matter what it may be afterwards. In that short space, everything bubbles up, and then gives place to novelty. In two days the most im-

portant affair is forgotten, and the great tide sweeps on unmindful of the past. Madame de Stael says that "Paris must have something new every month, to captivate the nation."

France is the empire of bagatelle. Its idea is amusement. Its pleasures are all refined, and are made the most of. Mirabeau remarked with his last words:—"Oh, light-headed, thrice light-headed nation!" As an illustration of their giddiness, when the allied armies captured Paris, the citizens forgot in a few hours their defeat, in the splendour of the show. The women are graceful and beautiful, but the control of a French Cupid is never longer than a few days at most. The hero is he who invites the spectre that haunts him, to drink wine with him. French life wants veracity; still, underlying all this levity, there is much of good in the French character. Nature has scattered generous and beautiful souls among them—Fenelon, Montesquieu, Pascal, and noble and beautiful women, who have made France the centre of letters. The sense they give to love is a bar to their civilisation. They should cultivate sterner and haughtier virtues. While the English march forward steadily and with severe brows, to freedom, the French run laughingly away.

The Home Journal,
N.Y., Sat., 4-15-54.

THE LIBERATOR

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, July 4th, 1854,

By Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, (Mass.)

I lately attended a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not of Massachusetts, and that what I had to say would be entirely out of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to rescue a slave from her own clutches, not one of the speakers at that meeting expressed regret for it, not one even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some wild lands a thousand miles off, which appeared to concern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not prepared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond the Yellowstone river. Our Buttricks, and Davises, and Hosmers are retreating thither, and I fear that they will have no Lexington Common between them and the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts.

They who have been bred in the school of politics [illegible] and always to face the facts. Their [illegible] measures and make-shifts, merely. [illegible] day of settlement indefinitely, and meanwhile, the debt accumulates. Though the Fugitive Slave Law had not been the subject of discussion on that occasion, it was at length faintly resolved by my townsmen, at an adjourned meeting, as I learn, that the compromise compact of 1820 having been repudiated by one of the parties, 'Therefore, . . . the Fugitive Slave Law must be repealed.' But this is not the reason why an iniquitous law should be repealed. The fact which the politician faces is merely, that there is less honor among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that they are thieves.

As I had no opportunity to express my thoughts at that meeting, will you allow me to do so here?

Again it happens that the Boston Court House is full of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a MAN, to find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this question is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself, and the multitude around, have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it; what novel sta[illegible] he obey[illegible] and what precedents are to him of [illegible] arbiter's very existence is an impo[illegible] [illegible] ask him to make up his mind, but [illegible] [illegible]ck.'

[illegible]ten to hear the voice of a Governor, Com[illegible] of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only the creaking of crickets and the hum of insects which now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to review the troops on muster days. I have seen him on horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's prayer. It chances that is all I have ever seen of a Governor. I think that I could manage to get along without one. If *he* is not of the least use to prevent my being kidnapped, pray of what important use is he likely to be to me? When freedom is most endangered, he dwells in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman, because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a Governor.

Three years ago, also, when the Simm's tragedy was acted, I said to myself, there is such an officer, if not such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts,—what has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake? It seemed to me that no keener satire could have been aimed at, no more cutting insult have been offered to that man, than just what happened—the absence of all inquiry after him in that crisis. The worst and the most I chance to know of him is, that he did not improve that opportunity to make himself known, and worthily known. He could at least have *resigned* himself into fame. It appeared to be forgotten that there was such a man, or such an office. [illegible] doubt he was endeavoring to fill the gubernatorial chair all the while. He was no Governor of [illegible] He did not govern me.

But at last, in the present case, the Governor was heard from. After he and the United States Government had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor innocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory supper!

I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for 'any officer of the Commonwealth' to 'detain, or aid in the . . . detention,' any where within its limits, 'of any person, for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave.' Also, it was a matter of notoriety that a writ of replevin to take the fugitive out of the custody of the United States Marshal could not be served, for want of sufficient force to aid the officer.

I had thought that the Governor was in some sense the executive officer of the State; that it was his business, as a Governor, to see that the laws of the State were executed; while, as a man, he took care that he did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but when there is any special important use for him, he is useless, or worse than useless, and permits the laws of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know what are the duties of a Governor; but if to be a Governor requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy without remedy, if it is to put a restraint upon my manhood, I shall take care never to be Governor of Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They [illegible] not always say what is true; and they do not always [illegible] what they say. What I am concerned to know is, [illegible] that man's influence and authority [illegible] the side [illegible] the slave[illegible] guilty, [illegible] not of the innocent—of injustice, and [illegible] justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I did not know that he was Governor until this event occurred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the same time, and thus, undoubtedly, most will hear of him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do not mean that it was any thing to his discredit that I had not heard of him, only that I heard what I did. The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no better than the majority of his constituents would be likely to prove. In my opinion, he was not equal to the occasion.

The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this *training* has been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

These very nights, I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men *training* still; and for what? I could with an effort pardon the cockerels of Concord for crowing still, for they, perchance, had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rub-a-dub of the 'trainers.' The slave was carried back by exactly such as these, i. e., by the soldier, of whom the best you can say in this connection is, that he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat.

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to celebrate their liberty—and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if *those* three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three millions others. Now-a-days, men wear a fool's cap, and call it a liberty cap. I do not know but there are some, who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could get but one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons, to celebrate *their* liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire; that was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

The joke could be no broader, if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes, and hire the jailors to do the firing and ringing for them, while they enjoyed it through the grating.

This is what I thought about my neighbors.

Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one.

Massachusetts sat waiting Mr. Loring's decision, as it could in any way affect her own criminality. Her crime, the most conspicuous and fatal crime of all, was permitting him to be the umpire in such a case. It was really the trial of Massachusetts. Every moment that she hesitated to set this man free—every moment that she now hesitates to atone for her crime, she is convicted. The Commissioner on her case is God; not Edward G. God, but simple God.

I wish my countrymen to consider, that whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual, without having to pay the penalty for it. A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length ever become the laughing-stock of the world.

Much has been said about American slavery, but I think that we do not even yet realize what slavery is. If I were seriously to propose to Congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most of the members would smile at my proposition, and if any believed me to be in earnest, they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But if any of them will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse,—would be any worse, than to make him into a slave,—than it was to enact the Fugitive Slave Law, I will accuse him of foolishness, of intellectual incapacity, of making a distinction without a difference. The one is just as reasonable a proposition as the other.

I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot. Why, one need not go out of his way to do this. This law rises not to the level of the head or the heart; its natural habitat is in the dirt. Man is born, and has its life only in the dust and dirt; a level with the feet, and he who walks with freedom, and does not with Hindoo mercy avoid treading on every venomous reptile, will inevitably tread on it, and so trample it under foot,—and Webster, its maker, with it, like the dirt-bug and its ball.

Recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst, or, rather, as showing what are the true resources of justice in any community. It has come to this, that the friends of liberty, the friends of the slave, have shuddered when they have understood that his fate was left to the legal tribunals of the country to be decided. Free men have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case; the judge may decide this way or that; it is a kind of accident, at best. It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. It is no time, then, to be judging according to his precedents, but to establish a precedent for the future. I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people. In their vote, you would get something of some value, at least, however small; but, in the other case, only the trammelled judgment of an individual, of no significance, be it which way it might.

It is to some extent fatal to the courts, when the people are compelled to go behind them. I do not wish to believe that the courts were made for fair weather, and for very civil cases merely,—but think of leaving it to any court in the land to decide whether more than three millions of people, in this case, a sixth part of a nation, have a right to be freemen or not! But it has been left to the courts of *justice*, so-called—to the Supreme Court of the land—and, as you all know, having no authority but the Constitution, it has decided that the three millions are, and shall continue to be, slaves. Such judges as these are merely the inspectors of a lock and murderer's tools, to tell him whether they are in working order or not, and there they think that their responsibility ends. There was a prior case on the docket, which they, as judges appointed by God, had no right to skip; which having been justly settled, they would have been saved from this humiliation. It was the case of the murderer himself.

The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order, who observe the law when the government breaks it.

Among human beings, the judge whose words seal the fate of a man furthest into eternity, is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who, from a love of truth, and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or *sentence* concerning him. He it is that *sentences* him. Whoever has discerned truth, has received his commission from a higher source than the chiefest justice in the world, who can discern only law. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge.—Strange that it should be necessary to state such simple truths.

I am more and more convinced that, with reference to any public question, it is more important to know what the country thinks of it, than what the city thinks. The city does not *think* much. On any moral question, I would rather have the opinion of Boxboro' than of Boston and New York put together. When the former speaks, I feel as if somebody *had* spoken, as if humanity was yet, and a reasonable being had asserted its rights, as if some unprejudiced men among the country had at length turned their attention to the question, and by a few sensible words redeemed the reputation of the race. When, in some obscure country town, the farmers come together to a special town meeting, to express their opinion on some subject which is vexing the land, that, I think, is the true Congress, and the most respectable one that is ever assembled in the United States.

It is evident that there are, in this Commonwealth, at least, two parties, becoming more and more distinct—the party of the city, and the party of the country. I know that the country is mean enough, but I am glad to believe that there is a slight difference in her favor. But as yet, she has few, if any organs, through which to express herself. The editorials which she reads, like the news, come from the sea-board. Let us, the inhabitants of the country, cultivate self-respect. Let us not send to the city for aught more essential than our broadcloths and groceries, or, if we read the opinions of the city, let us entertain opinions of our own.

Among measures to be adopted, I would suggest to make as earnest and vigorous an assault on the Press as has already been made, and with effect, on the Church. The Church has much improved within a few years; but the Press is almost, without exception, corrupt. I believe that, in this country, the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the Church did in its worst period. We are not a religious people, but we are a nation of politicians. We do not care for the Bible, but we do care for the newspaper. At any meeting of politicians,—like that at Concord the other evening for instance,—how impertinent it would be to quote from the Bible! how pertinent to quote from a newspaper or from the Constitution! The newspaper

the Bible which we read every morning and every afternoon, standing and sitting, riding and walking. It is the Bible which every man carries in his pocket, which lies on every table and counter, and which the mail, and thousands of missionaries, are continually dispensing. It is, in short, the only book which America has printed, and which America reads. So wide is its influence. The editor is a preacher whom you voluntarily support. Your tax is commonly one cent daily, and it costs nothing for pew hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth? I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent foreigner, as well as my own convictions, when I say, that probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as, with a few noble exceptions, are the editors of the periodical press in *this* country. And as they live and rule only by their servility, and appealing to the worst, and not the better nature of man, the people who read them are in the condition of the dog that returns to his vomit.

The *Liberator* and the *Commonwealth* were the only papers in Boston, as far as I know, which made themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice and meanness of the authorities of that city, as exhibited in '51. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they thought so to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to any extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character they have won.

But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New England have only to refrain from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchell's *Citizen* in the cars, and then threw it out the window. But would not his contempt have been more fatally expressed, if he had not bought it?

Are they Americans? are they New Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington, and Concord, and Framingham, who read and support the Boston *Post*, *Mail*, *Journal*, *Advertiser*, *Courier*, and *Times*? Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper reader, and may omit to name the worst.

Could slavery suggest a more complete servility than some of these journals exhibit? Is there any dust which their conduct does not lick, and make fouler still with its slime? I do not know whether the Boston *Herald* is still in existence, but I remember to have seen it about the streets when Simms was carried off. Did it not act its part well—serve its master faithfully? How could it have gone lower on its belly? How can a man stoop lower than he is low? do more than put his extremities in the place of the head he has? than make his head his lower extremity? When I have taken up this paper with my cuffs turned up, I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column. I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the gutters, a leaf from the gospel of the [illegible]ase, the groggery and the brothel, harm[illegible] the gospel of the Merchants' Exchange.

The majority of the men of the North, and of the [illegible] and East, and West, are not men of principle. [illegible] vote, they do not send men to Congress on errands of humanity, but while their brothers and sisters are being scourged and hung for loving liberty, while ——I might here insert all that slavery implies and is, ——it is the mismanagement of wood and iron and stone and gold which concerns them. Do what you will, O Government! with my wife and children, my mother and brother, my father and sister, I will obey your commands to the letter. It will indeed grieve me if you hurt them, if you deliver them to overseers to be hunted by hounds or to be whipped to death; but nevertheless, I will peaceably pursue my chosen calling on this fair earth, until perchance, one day, when I have put on mourning for them dead, I shall have persuaded you to relent. Such is the attitude, such are the words of Massachusetts.

Rather than do thus, I need not say what match I would touch, what system endeavor to blow up,—but as I love my life, I would side with the light, and let the dark earth roll from under me, calling my mother and my brother to follow.

I would remind my countrymen, that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour. No matter how valuable law may be to protect your property, even to keep soul and body together, if it do not keep you and humanity together.

I am sorry to say, that I doubt if there is a judge in Massachusetts who is prepared to resign his office, and get his living innocently, whenever it is required of him to pass sentence under a law which is merely contrary to the law of God. I am compelled to see that they are themselves, or rather, are by character, in this respect, exactly on a level with the marine who discharges his musket in any direction he is ordered to. They are just as much tools and as little men. Certainly, they are not the more to be respected, because their master enslaves their understandings and consciences, instead of their bodies.

The judges and lawyers,—simply as such, I mean,—and all men of expediency, try this case by a very low and incompetent standard. They consider, not whether the Fugitive Slave Law is right, but whether it is what they call *constitutional*. Is virtue constitutional, or vice? Is equity constitutional, or iniquity? In important moral and vital questions like this, it is just as impertinent to ask whether a law is constitutional or not, as to ask whether it is profitable or not. They persist in being the servants of the worst of men, and not the servants of humanity. The question is not whether you or your grandfather, seventy years ago, did not enter into an agreement to serve the devil, and that service is not accordingly now due; but whether you will not now, for once and at last, serve God,—in spite of your own past recreancy, or that of your ancestor,—by obeying that eternal and only just CONSTITUTION, which He, and not any Jefferson or Adams, has written in your being.

The amount of it is, if the majority vote the devil to be God, the minority will live and behave accordingly, trusting that some time or other, by some Speaker's casting vote, perhaps, they may reinstate God. This is the highest principle I can get out of or invent for my neighbors. These men act as if they believed that they could safely slide down hill a little way—or [illegible] way—and would surely come to a place, by and by, where they could begin to slide up again. This is expediency, or choosing that course which offers the slightest obstacle to the feet, that is, a down-hill one. But there is no such thing as accomplishing a righteous reform by the use of 'expediency.' There is no such thing as sliding up hill. In morals, the only sliders are backsliders.

Thus we steadily worship Mammon, both School, and State, and Church, and the Seventh Day curse God with a tintamar from one end of the Union to the other.

Will mankind never learn that policy is not morality—that it never secures any moral right, but considers merely what is expedient? chooses the available candidate, who is invariably the devil,—and what right have his constituents to be surprised, because the devil does not behave like an angel of light? What is wanted is men, not of policy, but of probity—who recognize a higher law than the Constitution, or the decision of the majority. The fate of the country does not depend on how you vote at the polls—the worst man is as strong as the best at that game; it does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot-box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning.

What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska Bill, nor the Fugitive Slave Bill, but her own slaveholding and servility. Let the State dissolve her union with the slaveholder. She may wiggle and hesitate, and ask leave to read the Constitution once more; but she can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions the continuance of such a Union for an instant.

Let each inhabitant of the State dissolve his union with her, as long as she delays to do her duty.

The events of the past month teach me to distrust Fame. I see that she does not finely discriminate, but coarsely hurrahs. She considers not the simple heroism of an action, but only as it is connected with its apparent consequences. She praises till she is hoarse the easy exploit of the Boston tea party, but will be com-

paratively silent about the braver and more disinterestedly heroic attack on the Boston Court-House, simply because it was unsuccessful!

Covered with disgrace, the State has sat down coolly to try for their lives and liberties the men who attempted to do its duty for it. And this is called *justice!* They who have shown that they can behave particularly well may perchance be put under bonds for *their good behavior*. They whom truth requires at present to plead guilty, are of all the inhabitants of the State, preëminently innocent. While the Governor, and the Mayor, and countless officers of the Commonwealth, are at large, the champions of liberty are imprisoned.

Only they are guiltless, who commit the crime of contempt of such a Court. It behoves every man to see that his influence is on the side of justice, and let the courts make their own characters. My sympathies in this case are wholly with the accused, and wholly against the accusers and their judges. Justice is sweet and musical; but injustice is harsh and discordant. The judge still sits grinding at his organ, but it yields no music, and we hear only the sound of the handle. He believes that all the music resides in the handle, and the crowd toss him their coppers the same as before. [illegible] suppose that that Massachusetts which [illegible] these things,—which hesitates to crow[illegible] men, some of whose lawyers, and even judges, perchance, may be driven to take refuge in some poor quibble, that [illegible] may not wholly outrage their instinctive sense of justice,—do you suppose that she is any thing but base and servile? that she is the champion of liberty?

Show me a free State, and a court truly of justice, and I will fight for them, if need be; but show me Massachusetts, and I refuse her my allegiance, and express contempt for her courts.

The effect of a good government is to make life more valuable,—of a bad one, to make it less valuable. We can afford that railroad, and all other merely material stock, should lose some of its value, for that only compels us to live more simply and economically; but suppose that the value of life itself should be diminished! How can we make a less demand on man and nature, how live more economically in respect to virtue and all noble qualities, than we do? I have lived for the last month,—and I think that every man in Massachusetts capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have had a similar experience,—with the sense of having suffered a vast and indefinite loss. I did not know at first what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country. I had never respected the Government near to which I had lived, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, minding my private affairs, and forget it. For my part, my old and worthiest pursuits have lost I cannot say how much of their attraction, and I feel that my investment in life here is worth many per cent. less since Massachusetts deliberately sent back an innocent man, Anthony Burns, to slavery. I dwelt before, perhaps, in the illusion that my life passed somewhere only *between* heaven and hell, but now I cannot persuade myself that I do not dwell *wholly within* hell. The site of that political organization called Massachusetts is to me morally covered with volcanic scoriæ and cinders, such as Milton describes in the infernal regions. If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers, and we, the ruled, I feel curious to see it. Life itself being worth less, all things with it, which minister to it, are worth less. Suppose you have a small library, with pictures to adorn the walls—a garden laid out around—and contemplate scientific and literary pursuits, &c., and discover all at once that your villa, with all its contents, is located in hell, and that the justice of the peace has a cloven foot and a forked tail—do not these things suddenly lose their value in your eyes?

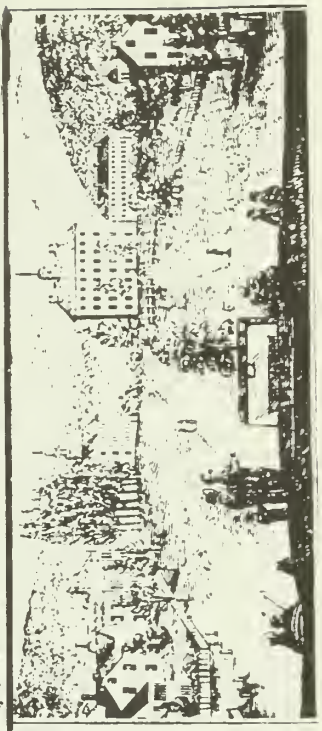
I feel that, to some extent, the State has fatally interfered in my lawful business. It has not only interrupted me in my passage through Court street on errands of trade, but it has interrupted me and every man on his onward and upward path, on which he had trusted soon to leave Court street far behind. What right had it to remind me of Court street? I have found that hollow which even I had relied on for solid.

I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened. I say to myself—Unfortunates! they have not heard the news. I am sure [illegible] that the man whom I just met on horse[illegible] so earnest to overtake his newly-bought [illegible] running away—since all property is insecure—and if they do not run away again, they may be taken away from him when he gets them. Fool! does he not know that his seed-corn is worth less this year—that all beneficent harvests fall as you approach the empire of hell? No prudent man will build a store-house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which requires a long time to accomplish. Art is as long as ever, but life is more interrupted and less available for a man's proper pursuits. It is not an era of repose. We have used up all our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them.

I walk toward one of our ponds, but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them; when we are not serene, we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her.

But it chanced the other day that I secured a white water-lily, and a season I had waited for had arrived. It is the emblem of purity. It bursts up so pure and fair to the eye, and so sweet to the scent, as if to show us what purity and sweetness reside in, and can be extracted from, the slime and muck of earth. I think I have plucked the first one that has opened for a mile. What confirmation of our hopes is in the fragrance of this flower! I shall not so soon despair of the world for it, notwithstanding slavery, and the cowardice and want of principle of Northern men. It suggests what kind of laws have prevailed longest and widest, and still prevail, and that the time may come when man's deeds may smell as sweet. Such is the odor which the plant emits. If Nature can compound this fragrance still annually, I shall believe her still young and full of vigor, her integrity and genius unimpaired, and that there is virtue even in man, too, who is fitted to perceive and love it. It reminds me that Nature has been partner to no Missouri Compromise. I scent no compromise in the fragrance of the water-lily. It is not a *Nymphæa Douglassii*. In it, the sweet, and pure, and innocent, are wholly sundered from the obscene and baleful. I do not scent in this the time-serving irresolution of a Massachusetts Governor, nor of a Boston Mayor. So behave that the odor of your actions may enhance the general sweetness of the atmosphere, that when we behold or scent a flower, we may not be reminded how inconsistent your deeds are with it; for all odor is but one form of advertisement of a moral quality, and if fair actions had not been performed, the lily would not smell sweet. The foul slime stands for the sloth and vice of man, the decay of humanity; the fragrant flower that springs from it, for the purity and courage which are immortal.

Slavery and servility have produced no sweet-scented flower annually, to charm the senses of men, for they have no real life: they are merely a decaying and a death, offensive to all healthy nostrils. We do not complain that they *live*, but that they do not *get buried*. Let the living bury them; even they are good for manure.



Western view of Williams College and other buildings.

ON WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9,

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OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS.

—BY—

HENRY D. THOREAU.

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CONTENTS:

ECONOMY.	THE PONDS.
WHERE I LIVED, AND WHAT I LIVED FOR,	BAKER FARM.
READING,	HIGHER LAWS,
SOUNDS,	BRUTE NEIGHBORS,
SOLITUDE,	HOUSE-WARMING,
VISITORS,	FORMER INHABITANTS,
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THEODORE CLAPP UPON EMERSON. In a letter o the New-Orleans Picayune, Mr. Clapp has the following upon Ralph Waldo Emerson :—

My chief object in visiting Williamstown was to hear Ralph Waldo Emerson's address to the Literary Societies. It was a production of uncommon merit and great originality. Instead of using far-fetched, obscure, affected and transcendental phraseology, his style was wonderfully simple, strong, intense, smooth, perspicuous and elegant. No composition ever displayed a more correct and delicate taste. He understands perfectly the power and beauty of the English language. I expected to hear him enunciate sentences constructed with Ciceronian fullness, and aiming by polysyllabic terms, accumulated epithets, and swelling expressions to soar above the vulgar and excite vague, misty, undetermined ideas of the vast, ethereal, and magnificent. But his periods were short, pithy, sharp, epigrammatic, free from the incumbrance of unmeaning, superfluous words; definite, bold, glowing, and poured forth with the fullness and rapidity of a torrent. Yet his manner of speaking is singularly gentle, placid and calm. The tones of his voice are clear and melodious. The expressions of his countenance are divinely soft, sweet, mild, serene, soothing and benevolent, exciting in the spectator a sensation of delight, resembling that awakened by the contemplation of beautiful objects in the natural world, though of a much more spiritual and exalted nature. No person can hear Mr. Emerson speak or converse without feeling that his soul is replete with wisdom, learning, candor, sensibility, generous sentiments, and a sublime philanthropy.

As to the subject of his discourse, it consisted of easy, natural, unaffected and immethodical ideas on the importance of a more elevated standard of education in our republic. "We have colleges enough," said he, "and considering our youth, well endowed; but our young men generally, as soon as they graduate, bid adieu to the muses, and are swept around in the vortex of American politics and trade, till they sink to be seen no more." He told us that neither in the United States nor in England was any thing so highly prized as the "almighty dollar." Even the "brilliant, though shallow Macaulay" could see no charms, but in the money-making, honor-craving, and utilitarian philosophy. "Let the great and noblest minds among us present to the public the sublimest thoughts, inventions or discoveries, yet they would be entirely unnoticed unless their principles could be connected with the purposes of practical utility. But the moment their glorious deeds are manufactured into some labor-saving, time-annihilating machine, which will pay 20, 50, or an 100 per cent., all the people exclaim it is *the voice of God.* It is not the men of thought who are honored here, but the accumulators of wealth." I never heard before such an impressive description of the value of knowledge. He affirmed that one's power and glory are just in proportion to his clear, true and vivid perception of the real nature of things, physical, intellectual, moral and religious. Also, knowledge, according to his statement, is the only soil in which virtue can germinate and thrive. It is only the knowing part of creation that are capable of real goodness. If men's knowledge were illimitable, they would be invulnerable to the shafts of sin and corruption. Education is the only panacea for the evils of the present life.

The views of this great man on religion have been either grossly misunderstood, or misrepresented, or both, perhaps. He is not an atheist, as many have asserted. I was introduced to him, and favored with a delightful conversation. He holds that there is no finality (to use his own word) to anything with which we are acquainted. We know that there are finite thinkers. They will think on and on forever. There could not be finite thinking without infinite thinking. There could not be finite power, wisdom and love, without infinite power, wisdom and love. So he reasons. "Grant," (said Mr. E.) "that there cannot be mind without a brain, for anything we know to the contrary, the soul after the death of the body has the power of forming for itself another brain, ethereal, refined, and indestructible. There is no abyss of annihilation for anything true, good or beautiful in the boundless universe." Mr. E. is not an atheist, any more than Dr. Channing was. He is simply opposed to hypocrisy, cant, pretence, assumption, bigotry and humbug. How often have the greatest, most enlarged, and sainted philosophers, through ignorance or prejudice, been denounced by their cotemporaries, whom posterity now admire, and will, hereafter, forever admire. "Time," says Cicero, "overthrows the illusions of opinion, and fashion; but establishes upon an immovable, overlasting basis the decisions of reason and nature.

Yours, truly, T. CLAPP.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, who has been sojourning for some time in Massachusetts, writes home to the *Picayune* concerning R. W. Emerson, one of New England's freest thinkers, not to say eccentricities. He says:

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Pennsylvania Patriot,
Harrisburg, 9-30-54.

VEGETARIAN CONVENTION.

Among the oddities of the day may be noticed a Vegetarian Convention, held at Philadelphia on the 30th of August. Gentlemen from various parts of the country were present. The object of the assembly seems to have been to convince the American people that so large an amount of animal food as is now used is neither necessary nor healthful. Some of the members have been practical vegetarians for more than thirty years, though not to the extent of total abstinence from all animal food till within a year past. They rejoice at their emancipation from the thraldom of stimulating food and artificial drinks.

They try to prove that animal food is injurious to health, and that the use of the flesh of animals, intoxicating liquors, tobacco, &c. are among the causes of disease.

The President of the Society, Dr. ALCOTT, of Massachusetts, in his annual address, presents some curious facts bearing upon the subject:

"Vegetarianism is written, as it were, on the face of all things. It does not approach us through some back-yard or climb up some other way, as if half ashamed of itself. It meets us at our front doors, and stares us fully in the face. It brings us, too, welcome intelligence.

"Look at the first page of Revelation? What find we as the appointed food of man? Are we pointed to the corpses of the slain, and to a path thereto reeking with blood? Or are we kindly told of fruits and farinaceous seeds? It is true that Buffon supposes that a diet exclusively vegetable would be insufficient for the perpetuity of the race; but the creator is wiser than the creature.

"Look at the first page, as it were, of nature! What mean these trees of field and forest, loaded with their rich nutrient substances—the apple, pear, peach, orange, olive, date, palm, bread fruit, chestnut, walnut, &c.? What mean these loaded vines and shrubs? Are they intended to tantilize us? Must we deny ourselves their use, (except occasionally or clandestinely, after we have eaten enough of something else,) and glut ourselves, in the first place at least, on mangled carcases? Must there be slaughter and blood before the being who was orginally created in the image of God can eat a meal of victuals?

"Look on the first page in the history of our race, as regards health and disease. Who does not know that, as a whole, diseases multiply, becoming more malignant when acute and more severe when protracted and chronic, just in proportion as oil, blood, and other high-wrought carbonaceous substances are freely used? For what is John Bull, with his beef and beer, but a mass of incipient putrefaction? One-fourth, if not even one-third, of all now born in Great Britain inherit scrofula; and dispepsia and consumption are little more prolific of human suffering and premature death in Brother Jonathan's over-fed domain than in the very realms of John Bull himself. Take France, on the contrary, where 20,000,000 of people get no animal food but once a week, and how different the tendency, physically! For, if they have not John Bull's giant frame, they have not, on the other hand, his thick blood, and swelled glands, and physical deterioration. Light wines and soup, bad as they may be, are more easily got rid of than pork sausages, minocpies, and blood. The one class soon escapes, driven out through the pores of the skin; the other aids the decomposition of the charnel house!

"And so the world over. Look ye for buoyancy, a long life, and a decent death? Look for them in countries essentially vegetarian.

"We find, from the New York Weekly Tribune of July 1st, 1854, that the number of slaughtered animals in that city for the six months next preceding was as follows, viz: Beeves 73,573; calves 48,513; sheep and lambs 162,128; swine 114,766.

"This does not, of course, determine the exact amount of flesh meat consumed in New York during that period, but most certainly does not exceed it. A small part of the pork—though it is thought only a very small part—was salted, and a little, both of flesh and fish, carried to Bermuda and elsewhere. But the fish, poultry, &c. used are not included in the above estimate. Besides, a vast amount of animal food is brought into the city on steamboats and railroads, and some from Jersey city. Much is even fattened in the city. It has been sometimes supposed that what is mentioned in the foregoing table included only about one-half the animal food really consumed in the city for this time. But I will take things for the present just as we find them. If as much animal food should be slaughtered in New York for the passing six months as for the first six of the year, the host of the slain for 1854 would be: beeves, 147,140; calves, 87,026; sheep and lambs, 330,256; swine, 229,532.

This is an aggregate of 793,960 of these larger or principal animals; or, allowing the population of the city at present to be 662,000, more than one animal to each average person. To each family of six persons it would be seven average animals; or, in the ordinary population, one and a half beeves, one calf, two and one-fourth swine, and three and one-fourth sheep and lambs to each family.

"Suppose these inhabitants of New York should continue to use animals for forty-five years—what in this country may be called a generation—at the same rate. Each average person would thus, during his life-time, consume ten beeves, four calves, fifteen and a half swine, and twenty-two sheep and lambs. To each family of six persons it would be quite a battalion of the four-legged race. Besides, there should be, side by side with them, not merely a battalion, but a brigade of fishes, geese, turkeys, hens, ducks, partridges, and I know not what. The battalion of larger animals, as I should have said, all told, would be 300, of whom more than 100 would be hogs.

"Let us just see what the aggregate for the city for forty-five years would be, assuming the population still at 662,000. It would be of beeves, 6,621,580; of calves, 3,926,170; of sheep and lambs, 14,861,520; and of swine 10,328,940. The whole number would be 35,738,200! The beeves alone, while they would give but five and one-third ounces of beef to each individual daily, at the present price of ten cents a pound, would, if exchanged for corn meal, at one dollar for fifty pounds, give five or six times as much corn meal per day, or about twenty-seven ounces. Again, this corn meal contains about twice as much nutriment per pound, according to the chemists and chemico-physiologists, as the flesh; so that the difference is as ten to one. In other words, he who should live exclusively on beef would consume ten times as much

value to obtain the same nutriment as if he lived on corn. And this comparison holds good to nearly the same extent in comparing vegetarian and carniverous articles generally. What a tremendous waste of sustenance, then, taking the world together, does flesh-eating involve!"

The learned Doctor might have appealed to the interests of men, if the prices of meat in his region bear any comparison to the prices here. But our retreat from animal to vegetable subsistence would yield very little advantage in that respect, for the latter is even dearer than the former.

After the discussion and adoption of the resolutions, the banquet took place. There was a bountiful supply of vegetables, cooked in almost every conceivable shape. The bill of fare was as follows:

First course: Vegetable soup, savory omelet, fried egg plant, baked potatoes and mashed do., baked sweet do., Lima beans, green corn, tomatoes, parsley sauce, pickled lemons, pickled beets, pickled martinas. Graham bread, white bread, iced water.

Second course: Peach pies, cocoanut custards, cheese cake, moulded prepared corn, moulded farina, moulded rice, watermelons, cantelopes, peaches, apples, cream fruits.

On the platform were seated Professor WRIGHT, of Camden, (N. J.) aged 55 years, and a vegetarian for thirty-five years; Mr. CHARLTON, aged 88 years, vegetarian for forty years; Dr. MUSSEY, 74 years, vegetarian for twenty-one years; and Rev. Mr. METCALF, 65 years, and a vegetarian for forty-five years.

Among the distinguished guests on the floor we noticed Dr. GRIMES, of Bordentown, N. J., JONATHAN WRIGHT, Profs. WHITTAKER and CLUBB, of Washington.

Among the toasts were the following:

"The Memory of the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Philosophers, Physiologists, and Naturalists who have in past ages of the world advocated, by precept and example, the return to Nature in the adoption by man of purely fruit, farinaceous, and vegetable diet."

"The Vegetarian Principle, the basis of individual, social, and political reform."

Daily Nat'l Intelligencer,
Washington, D.C., 9-8-54.

LECTURING SYSTEM—LYCEUM

How doctors differ, to be sure! We were very much pleased, not long since, with an article in the New-York *Times*, on the value of the *Lecturing System*, and the worth while it would be to have a class of strong minds make it a separate profession—studying the art of condensing knowledge and presenting it to the unfatigued sense of hearing in the shape of an hour lecture. We were about writing on the subject—to express our admiration and appreciation of such men as Giles, Emerson and Whipple, in this line—when out comes the *Independent* with a satire on the whole system! We do not at all agree with what the caustic writer puts forth, but thus he "walks into" it:—

"We have also to inform you that the business of lecturing has advanced with unprecedented rapidity, and now takes rank among our foremost civil, political, and social economic institutions. But, as you are well aware that, out of New-York, you are all what is vulgarly called green-horns, in this, as in some other branches of human sagacity and progress, we are very ready to give you the benefit of our superior facilities and advantages.

"We have the honour to advise you that we can command the services, and furnish the post-office addresses, of the most distinguished gentlemen who can be expected to serve, or are even worthy to appear as lecturers, all over the country; that to our columns, and ours only, all lyceums in swaddling-clothes, and also all prudent and knowing lecture-committees throughout the country, will look for advice, instruction and guidance, not only as to the individuals whom they should select, but likewise as to the course of subjects discussed, and the proper method of treatment. And inasmuch as it is not to be supposed that literary associations out of New-York can have any original resources in the way of lecturers among themselves, we have thought fit to propound, and do herewith publish, a list of such lecturers as are to be had, and upon whom we place our *imprimatur*, as worthy to be heard, together with their post-office addresses, or present lurking-places, or whereabouts, appended. The following gentlemen are to be had, and the list may be relied upon. If any of them have not hitherto been considered 'men of mark,' their reputation as such will be indisputable, now that the literary world behold their names in our columns.

"Hon. Green Goosoberry, Cabbage Farms, Westchester County, New-York.

"Captain Aug. Blowhard, formerly of the Royal Navy, now United States Secret Service, Washington.

"Rev. Transcendental Stubbs, at present at the Gas Factory in Potter's Fields.

"Rev. Obadiah Progressive, first Post-office beyond the last station of the Polar Railroad.

"Rev. Antiphlogistic Flummery, at present with Ammiel Vopslie, at Huppim, Muppim and Arcka.

"Hon. Brobdignag Cucumber, last heard from at his country-seat near Holmes' Hole.

"Professor Twaddle-and-Blatherum, Post-office address at Barnum's Museum.

"Hon. and Rev. Anti-sectarian Grapple-em, office of the Board of Common School Education, No. 9 No-particular-truth street, New-York.

"Professor Crucible Confound-em, No. 10, fourth story, Kantian Laboratory.

"Rev. Roar-and-Astonish-em, Reverberation Gallery, Verbiage Court, 28 Rotunda.

"Rev. Blister-and-Bleed-em, now at the Mountain Water-cure Retreat.

"Rev. Comfort-and-Quiet-em, Theological Seminary at Blindman's Inn Fields.

"Rev. Tickle-and-Titter-em, No. 26 Sanctification street, Amusement Corner.

"Rev. Flourish-and-Flatter-em, at the Soft-soap Factory on Charles River.

"Rev. Nehushtan Hardshell Sledgehammer, first President of the Primordial Granite Iconoclastes Society, Strauss' Buildings, De Wette Place, Hegel street.

"Rev. Jeph. Lodebar Alls-well-that-ends-well, Secretary and Agent of the United Brothers' Everlasting Assurance Society, Amen, corner of Salvation Row.

"Hon. Pumpkin Squash, first Underwriter of the same, Post-office at Wyeth's Lodge, a little off the Celestial Railroad.

"Israel Bombastes Bon-Ammi, Secretary of the Honourable the Board of Underwriters for the same, No. 135 Untempered-Mortar-Daubers' street.

"Rev. Adoniram Jones Greatheart, Inventor of the Modern Myth and Superstition Exterminator. Studio in Parker's Greywacke Block, Gehonna Court.

"Rev. Jedediah Higginbottom, Discoverer of the unity and personal inspiration of the universe, and lecturer on the same. At present on his travels to the planet Venus.

"Brother Naturfreiheit Break-their-bands-from-us, Hermitage of the Pure, the true, and the holy, low in the bosom of nature, No. 77.

"Rev. Mrs. Antoinette Speak-her-mind, Cake-baker to the Queen of Heaven, 26 Jerusalem street, Pathros, Duke's county.

"Hon. Letitia Flintface Wear-the-breeches, Incense-maker to the same; No. 22 Great Herodias street, Migdol and Noph.

"We are also in communication with the Hon. Issachar Thwackaway, whose services can be procured to recite, on successive evenings, the nineteen first chapters of his forthcoming novel of the manners and morals of the lords and ladies of Fotheringay; or, if preferred, his essay, now in preparation, on the form, texture, and temper of the literary productions of the Red Sandstone period. We can also, as a favour, secure the appearance of Doctor Anatomico-Critico Pious Analysis, who will present an entirely new theory of devotional poetry, with ultimate judgments on the so-called devout poets of past ages, illustrated by normal specimens from the treasury of his own poetical genius.

"Among other subjects which may be relied upon as rendering the course of the coming winter a highly-advanced intellectual manifestation of progressive and practical knowledge and activity, the following themes will receive great elucidation:—

"Heaven, as a place of free discovery and disputation on biology and philosophy in general.

"The era of spiritual regeneration by science and art.

"The Crystal Palace as a type of the New Jerusalem.

"Inauguration of the era of newspaper leaders, as the high noon of the age of irresistible popular enfranchisement and destiny.

"The diffusion of knowledge in society by columns at hydrostatic pressure.

"The useful, conservative, and soporific effect of popular platitudes.

"Wooden chairs as a relic of barbarism.

"Ivory seats, ottomans, and purple bottoms, as the throne of the new dispensation of progressive Christianity.

"Railroad Kings, and Fifth Avenue brown-stone builders, as ministers of the beautiful, preparing the way of the Lord.

"How the bit is to be put in the mouth of Nature, and the reins to be laid upon her shoulders, so

Home Journal, N.Y., 10-21-54.

Putnam's Monthly Mag., IV, pp. 443-448 Oct., 1854.

[Charles Frederick Briggs]

A YANKEE DIOGENES.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854.

THE New England character is essentially anti-Diogenic; the Yankee is too shrewd not to comprehend the advantages of living in what we call the world; there are no bargains to be made in the desert, nobody to be taken advantage of in the woods, while the dwellers in tubs and shanties have slender opportunities of bettering their condition by barter. When the New Englander leaves his home, it is not for the pleasure of living by himself; if he is migratory in his habits, it is not from his fondness for solitude, nor from any impatience he feels at living in a crowd. Where there are most men, there is, generally, most money, and there is where the strongest attractions exist for the genuine New Englander. A Yankee Diogenes is a *lusus*, and we feel a peculiar interest in reading the account which an oddity of that kind gives of himself. The name of Thoreau has not a New England sound; but we believe that the author of *Walden* is a genuine New Englander, and of New England antecedents and education. Although he plainly gives the reasons for publishing his book, at the outset, he does not clearly state the causes that led him to live the life of a hermit on the shore of Walden Pond. But we infer from his volume that his aim was the very remarkable one of trying to be something, while he lived upon nothing; in opposition to the general rule of striving to live upon something, while doing nothing. Mr. Thoreau probably tried the experiment long enough to test its success, and then fell back again into his normal condition. But he does not tell us that such was the case. He was happy enough to get back among the good people of Concord, we have no doubt; for although he paints his shanty-life in rose-colored tints, we do not believe he liked it, else why not stick to it? We have a mistrust of the sincerity of the St. Simon Sylites', and suspect that they come down from their pillars in the night-time, when nobody is looking at them. Diogenes placed his tub where Alexander would be sure of seeing it, and Mr. Thoreau ingenuously confesses that he occasionally went out to dine, and when the society of woodchucks and chipping-squirrels were insufficient for his amusement, he liked to go into Concord and listen to the village gossips in the stores and taverns. Mr. Thoreau informs us that he lived alone in the woods, by the shore of Walden Pond, in a shanty built by his own hands, a mile from any neighbor, two years and a half. What he did there besides writing the book before us, cultivating beans, sounding Walden Pond, reading Homer, baking johnny-cakes, studying Brahminical theology, listening to chipping-squirrels, receiving visits, and having high imaginations, we do not know. He gives us the results of his bean cultivation with great particularity, and the cost of his shanty; but the actual results of his two years and a half of hermit life he does not give. But there have been a good many lives spent and a good deal of noise made about them, too, from the sum total of whose results not half so much good could be extracted as may be found in this little volume. Many a man will find pleasure in reading it, and many a one, we hope, will be profited by its counsels. A tour in Europe would have cost a good deal more, and not have produced half as much. As a matter of curiosity, to show how cheaply a gentleman of refined tastes, lofty aspirations and cultivated intellect may live, even in these days of high prices, we copy Mr. Thoreau's account of his first year's operations; he did better, he informs us, the second year. The entire cost of his house, which answered all his purposes, and was as comfortable and showy as he desired, was $28 12½. But one cannot live on a house unless he rents it to somebody else, even though he be a philosopher and a believer in Vishnu. Mr. Thoreau felt the need of a little ready money, one of the most convenient things in the world to have by one, even before his house was finished.

"Wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some agreeable and honest method," he observes, "I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil, chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes and corn, peas and turnips." As he was a squatter, he paid nothing for rent, and as he was making no calculation for future crops, he expended nothing for manure, so that the results of his farming will not be highly instructive to young agriculturists, nor be likely to be held up as excitements to farming

in general. Transcendental and practical discourses of the Æsthetics and Business of Life, are capital stock for lectures."

The last paragraph contains the *gist* of the matter, perhaps—a hit at the clergy for working anywhere out of their own parishes and pulpits—but that comes oddly from an editorial fraternity like that of the *Independent*, the members of which, (Storrs and Beecher) are among the most popular of lecturers. Well—we shall still advocate *lectures*.

ready for the railroad, and good at a pinch. It is equally obvious that the duties of their own profession are so light, their leisure time so abundant, and pecuniary needs so great, besides the care and cure of souls being a minor concern in comparison with the general enlightenment of society on all subjects whatsoever, and the lecture-season promising better pay than usual, they are much to be relied upon, especially those among them of the largest humanity and faith, who, being confident of the final happiness of every individual of mankind in particular, are under a much greater responsibility, and possess more time and capacity for the amusement, refinement, and illumination of the race

that she shall work in harness, and no more kick out of the traces.

"How to drive the chariot of the sun, and not be overturned.

"How to fly in the face of the sun, with wax wings, without melting.

"How to dispense with a Divine Providence, by the attainment of the knowledge of universal law.

"It may seem surprising that our list of lecturers is composed in so great part of the clergy; but it is obvious that, besides their comprehensive theological culture, the lecture-requisitions of the day demand a species of men, *semper parati*, always

pursuits by agricultural periodicals. He says:

"My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, &c., $14 72½. The seed corn was given me. This never costs anything to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans, and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was

	$23 44
Deducting the outgoes, ...	14 72½
There are left, ...	$8 71½

besides produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of $4 50,—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of to-day, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year."

We will not extract the other items which Mr. Thoreau favors us with in the accounts of his *ménage;* according to his figures it cost him twenty-seven cents a week to live, clothes included; and for this sum he lived healthily and happily, received a good many distinguished visitors, who, to humor his style, used to leave their names on a leaf or a chip, when they did not happen to find him at home. But, it strikes us that all the knowledge which the "Hermit of Walden" gained by his singular experiment in living might have been done just as well, and as satisfactorily, without any experiment at all. We know what it costs to feed prisoners, paupers and soldiers; we know what the cheapest and most nutritious food costs, and how little it requires to keep up the bodily health of a full-grown man. A very simple calculation will enable any one to satisfy himself in regard to such points. and those who wish to live upon twenty-seven cents a week, may indulge in that pleasure. The great Abernethy's prescription for the attainment of perfect bodily health was, "live on sixpence a day and earn it." But that would be Sybaritic indulgence compared with Mr. Thoreau's experience, whose daily expenditure hardly amounted to a quarter of that sum. And he lived happily, too, though it don't exactly speak volumes in favor of his system to announce that he only continued his economical mode of life two years. If it was "the thing," why did he not continue it? But, if he did not always live like a hermit, squatting on other people's property, and depending upon chance perch and pickerel for his dinner, he lived long enough by his own labor, and carried his system of economy to such a degree of perfection, that he tells us:

"More than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually afraid that I might by that time be doing what is called a good business. When formerly I was looking about to see what I could do for a living, some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in my mind to tax my ingenuity, I thought often and seriously of picking huckleberries; that surely I could do, and its small profits might suffice,—for my greatest skill has been to want but little,—so little capital it required, so little distraction from my wonted moods, I foolishly thought. While my acquaintances went unhesitatingly into trade or the professions, I contemplated this occupation as most like theirs; ranging the hills all summer to pick the berries which came in my way, and thereafter carelessly dispose of them; so, to keep the flocks of Admetus. I also dreamed that I might gather the wild herbs, or carry evergreens to such villagers as loved to be reminded of the woods, even to the city, by hay-cart loads. But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

"As I preferred some things to others, and especially valued my freedom, as I could fare hard and yet succeed well, I did not wish to spend my time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or delicate cookery, or a house in the Grecian or Gothic style just yet. If there be any to whom it is no interruption to acquire these things, and who know how to use them when acquired, I relinquish to them the pursuit. Some are "industrious," and appear to love labor for its own sake, or perhaps because it keeps them out of worse mischief; to such I have at present nothing to say. Those who would not know what to do with more leisure than they now enjoy, I might advise to work twice as hard as they do,—work till they pay for themselves, and get their free papers. For myself, I found that the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.

"In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do."

There is nothing of the mean or sordid in the economy of Mr. Thoreau,

though to some his simplicity and abstemiousness may appear trivial and affected; he does not live cheaply for the sake of saving, nor idly to avoid labor; but, that he may live independently and enjoy his great thoughts; that he may read the Hindoo scriptures and commune with the visible forms of nature. We must do him the credit to admit that there is no mock sentiment, nor simulation of piety or philanthropy in his volume. He is not much of a cynic, and though we have called him a Yankee Diogenes, the only personage to whom he bears a decided resemblance is that good humored creation of Dickens, Mark Tapley, whose delight was in being jolly under difficulties. The following passage might have been written by Mr. Tapley if that person had ever turned author, for the sake of testing the provocatives to jollity, which may be found in the literary profession:

"Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and a surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest in blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.

'Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
Few are their days in the land of the living,
Beautiful daughter of Toscar.'

"Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rain storms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind the door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thunder shower, the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep, and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, 'I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer folks, rainy and snowy days, and nights especially.' I am tempted to reply to such, —This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disc cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the school-house, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate, but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar. * * I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property,"—though I never got a *fair* view of it,—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton,—or Brighttown,—which place he would reach some time in the morning."

There is a true vagabondish disposition manifested now and then by Mr. Thoreau, which, we imagine, was more powerful in leading him to his eremite way of life, than his love of eastern poetry, and his fondness for observing the ways of snakes and shiners. If there had been a camp of gipsies in the neighborhood of Concord, he would have become a king among them, like Lavengro. It breaks out here with unmistakable distinctness:

"As I came home through the woods with my string of fish, trailing my pole, it being now quite dark, I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness which he represented. Once or twice, however, while I lived at the pond, I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a

higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive, rank, and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good. The wildness and adventure that are in fishing still recommend it to me. I like sometimes to take rank hold on life and spend my day more as the animals do. Perhaps I have owed to this employment and to hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with Nature. They early introduce us to and detain us in scenery with which otherwise, at that age, we should have little acquaintance. Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

"They mistake who assert that the Yankee has few amusements, because he has not so many public holidays, and men and boys do not play so many games as they do in England, for here the more primitive but solitary amusements of hunting, fishing and the like, have not yet given place to the former. Almost every New England boy among my contemporaries shouldered a fowling-piece between the ages of ten and fourteen; and his hunting and fishing grounds were not limited like the preserves of an English nobleman, but were more boundless even than those of a savage. No wonder, then, that he did not oftener stay to play on the common. But already a change is taking place, owing, not to an increased humanity, but to an increased scarcity of game, for perhaps the hunter is the greatest friend to the animals hunted, not excepting the Humane Society."

There is much excellent good sense delivered in a very comprehensive and by no means unpleasant style in Mr. Thoreau's book, and let people think as they may of the wisdom or propriety of living after his fashion, denying oneself all the luxuries which the earth can afford, for the sake of leading a life of lawless vagabondage, and freedom from starched collars, there are but few readers who will fail to find profit and refreshment in his pages. Perhaps some practical people will think that a philosopher like Mr. Thoreau might have done the world a better service by purchasing a piece of land, and showing how much it might be made to produce, instead of squatting on another man's premises, and proving how little will suffice to keep body and soul together. But we must allow philosophers, and all other men, to fulfil their missions in their own way. If Mr. Thoreau had been a practical farmer, we should not have been favored with his volume; his corn and cabbage would have done but little towards profiting us, and we might never have been the better for his labors. As it is, we see how much more valuable to mankind is our philosophical vagabond than a hundred sturdy agriculturists; any plodder may raise beans, but it is only one in a million who can write a readable volume. With the following extract from his volume, and heartily recommending him to the class of readers who exact thoughts as well as words from an author, we must take leave, for the present, of the philosopher of Walden Pond.

"Most men appear never to have considered what a house is, and are actually, though needlessly poor all their lives, because they think that they must have such an one as their neighbors have. As if one were to wear any sort of coat which the tailor might cut out for him; or, gradually leaving off palmleaf hat or cap of woodchuck skin, complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy him a crown! It is possible to invent a house still more convenient and luxurious than we have, which yet all would admit that man could not afford to pay for. Shall we always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be content with less? Shall the respectable citizen thus gravely teach by precept and example, the necessity of the young man's providing a certain number of superfluous glowshoes, and umbrellas, and empty guest chambers for empty guests, before he dies? Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any carload of fashionable furniture. Or what if I were to allow—would it not be singular allowance?—that our furniture should be more complex than the Arab's, in proportion as we are morally and intellectually his superiors! At present our houses are cluttered and defiled with it, and a good housewife would sweep out the greater part into the dust-hole, and not leave her morning's work undone. Morning work! By the blushes of Aurora, and the music of Memnon, what should be a man's *morning work* in this world? I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out of the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.

"It is the luxurious and dissipated who set the fashions which the herd so diligently follow. The traveller who stops at the best houses, so called, soon discovers this, for the publicans presume him to be a Sardanapalus, and if he resigned himself to their tender mercies he would soon be completely emasculated. I think that in the railroad car we are inclined to spend more on luxury than on safety and convenience, and it threatens, without attaining these, to become no better than a modern drawing-room, with its divans, and ottomans, and sunshades,

and a hundred other oriental things, which we are taking west with us, invented for the the ladies of harem and the effeminate natives of the Celestial Empire, which Jonathan should be ashamed to know the names of. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train, and breathe a *malaria* all the way."

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard, 12-16-54, p. 3.

I mark the wailing of the wind,
The frost so clear and bright,
Sparkling upon the crisp brown earth,
In the pale moonbeam's light.

And as thy deep and mellow voice
Dies in the air away,
I seem to see the flowerets droop,
In the cold autumn day.

And I, too, think of dear ones gone,
Gone with the buds of spring,
As the minstrel's deep and solemn words
Over my spirit ring.

Yes, thine is a great—a noble art—
Circling with halo bright
The poet's dream, till it seems to glow,
Radiant with life and light.

Ibid., 11-11-54

·····Religious character of the Hindoo.—The Hindoo is the most religious being in existence. Rising up and sitting down, walking and standing, drinking and eating, waking and sleeping, obeying the precepts of his moral code, and disregarding them, all he does is with the spirit of religion. Not an action he performs, not a step he takes, not a word he utters, not a breath he draws, but he does all agreeably to the institutes of his religion. It is prescribed to a Brahmin which foot he must put out first in getting up; he must then carefully cleanse his teeth; then follows religious ablution of the whole body; next he recites inaudibly certain sacred texts; his hair and nails must be cut round, though he must never cut them himself; his mantle must be white; his staff, made of the canonical wood, must be of such a length as to reach his hair, straight, without fracture, of a handsome appearance, with its bark perfect; he must wear golden ear-rings. He must not eat with his own wife; nor look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease, or setting off her eyes with black powder, or scenting herself.—He must not blow the fire, nor warm his feet in it, nor stride over it; he must not sleep with his feet wet; he must not step over a string to which a calf is tied; he must not pass over the shadow of a red-haired man. He must read the Vedas in various ways; every word singly, or every other word twice, or backwards. He must not look upon the rising or the setting sun, nor when it is clouded over, or upon its image in the water. He must avoid standing upon hair or ashes, or bones, or potsherds, or seeds of cotton, or husks of grain. He must not remain even under the shade of a tree with outcasts, or idiots, or washermen, or other vile persons.—*Princeton Review.*

Home Journal, N.Y., 11-11-54

LINES SUGGESTED BY HEARING PROFESSOR HOWS READ BRYANT'S DEATH OF THE FLOWERS. BY JOHN CROGER MILLS

Oft had I read the verses o'er,
Oft listened to the strain;
But never in my mind before,
Did their full sense remain.

Never, until thy swelling tones
Impressed them on my heart—
Never, until their beauties came
Clothed by thy glorious art.

And now I almost hear the leaves
Rapidly rustle by;
The rabbit's tread o'er the frozen ground,
The robin's plaintive cry.

New Publications.

WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. By Henry D. Thoreau, Author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

These books spring from a depth of thought which will not suffer them to be put by, and are written in a spirit in striking contrast with that which is uppermost in our time and country. Out of the heart of practical, hard-working, progressive New England come these Oriental utterances. The life exhibited in them teaches us, much more impressively than any number of sermons could, that this Western activity of which we are so proud, these material improvements, this commercial enterprise, this rapid accumulation of wealth, even our external, associated philanthropic action, are very easily overrated. The true glory of the human soul is not to be reached by the most rapid travelling in car or steamboat, by the instant transmission of intelligence however far, by the most speedy accumulation of a fortune, and however efficient measures we may adopt for the reform of the intemperate, the emancipation of the enslaved, &c., it will avail little unless we are ourselves essentially noble enough to inspire those whom we would so benefit with nobleness. External bondage is trifling compared with the bondage of an ignoble soul. Such things are often said, doubtless, in pulpits and elsewhere, but the men who say them are too apt to live just with the crowd, and so their words become more and more to ring with a hollow sound.

It is refreshing to find in these books the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to *live*, and not to waste his time upon the externals of living. Educated at Cambridge, in the way called liberal, he seems determined to make a liberal life of it, and not to become the slave of any calling, for the sake of earning a reputable livelihood or of being regarded as a useful member of society. He evidently considers it his first business to become more and more a living, advancing soul, knowing that thus alone (though he desires to think as little as possible about that) can he be, in any proper sense, useful to others. Mr. Thoreau's view of life has been called selfish. His own words, under the head of "Philanthropy" in Walden, are the amplest defence against this charge, to those who can appreciate them. In a deeper sense than we commonly think, charity begins at home. The man who, with any fidelity, obeys his own genius, serves man infinitely more by so doing, becoming an encouragement, a strengthener, a fountain of inspiration to them, than if he were to turn aside from his path and exhaust his energies in striving to meet their superficial needs. As a thing by the way, aside from our proper work, we may seek to remove external obstacles from the path of our neighbours, but no man can help them much who makes that his main business, instead of seeking everymore, with all his energies, to reach the lofiest point which his imagination can paint before him, then addlug to the stock of true nobleness in the world.

But suppose all men should pursue Mr. Thoreau's course, it is asked triumphantly, as though, then, we should be sure to go back to barbarism. Let it be considered, in the first place, that no man could pursue his course who was a mere superficial imitator, any more than it would be a real imitation of Christ if all men were to make it their main business to go about preaching the Gospel to each other. Is it progress toward barbarism to simplify one's outward life for the sake of coming closer to Nature and to the realm of ideas? Is it civilization and refinement to be occupied evermore with adding to our material conveniences, comforts and luxuries, to make ourselves not so much living members as dead tools of society, in some bank, shop, office, pulpit or kitchen? If men were to follow in Mr. Thoreau's steps, by being more obedient to their loftiest instincts, there would, indeed, be a falling off in the splendour of our houses, in the richness of our furniture and dress, in the luxury of our tables, but how poor are these things in comparison with the new grandeur and beauty which would appear in the souls of men. What fresh and inspiring conversation should we have, instead of the wearisome gossip which now meets us at every turn. Men toil on, wearing out body or soul, or both, that they may accumulate a needless amount of the externals of living; that they may win the regard of those no wiser than themselves; their natures become warped and hardened to their pursuits; they get fainter and fainter glimpses of the glory of the world, and, by and by, comes into their richly-adorned parlours some wise and beautiful soul, like the writer of these books, who,

speaking from the fullness of his inward life, makes their luxuries appear vulgar, showing that, in a direct way, he has obtained the essence of that which his entertainers have been vainly seeking for at such a terrible expense.

It seems remarkable that these books have received no more adequate notice in our Literary Journals. But the class of scholars are often as blind as others to any new elevation of soul. In Putnam's Magazine, Mr. Thoreau is spoken of as an oddity, as the Yankee Diogenes, as though the really ridiculous oddity were not in us of the "starched shirt-collar" rather than in this devotee of Nature and Thought. Some have praised the originality and profound sympathy with which he views natural objects. We might as well stop with praising Jesus for the happy use he has made of the lilies of the field. The fact of surpassing interest for us is the simple grandeur of Mr. Thoreau's position—a position open to us all, and of which this sympathy with Nature is but a single result. This is seen in the less descriptive, more purely thoughtful passages, such as that upon Friendship in the "Wednesday" of the "Week," and in those upon "Solitude," "What I lived for," and "Higher Laws," in "Walden," as well as in many others in both books. We do not believe that, in the whole course of literature, ancient and modern, so noble a discourse upon Friendship can be produced as that which Mr. Thoreau has given us. It points to a relation, to be sure, which, from the ordinary level of our lives, may seem remote and dreamy. But it is our thirst for, and glimpses of, such things which indicate the greatness of our nature, which give the purest charm and colouring to our lives. The striking peculiarity of Mr. Thoreau's attitude is, that while he is no religionist, and while he is eminently practical in regard to the material economies of life, he yet manifestly feels, through and through, that the loftiest dreams of the imagination are the solidest realities, and so the only foundation for us to build upon, while the affairs in which men are everywhere busying themselves so intensely are comparatively the merest froth and foam.

[Reported for the Telegraph.]

Independent Anti-Slavery Lectures.

The lecture of last evening, at Tremont Temple, was given by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq. On commencing his address, Mr. Emerson said that one must write with a red hot iron to make an impression on the subject of slavery. He had hoped that some person would be found from the South to come and defend the system. But no one, though the committee had invited many, was found to accept the invitation. Had they done so, it would surprise many to know how little could be said in favor of slavery. We are now here, the third generation since the evil of our fathers, when they made the contract of government. And now, however, strong the tide setting in favor of freedom, the code of slavery is more malignant than ever before. Recent action has brought slavery home to New England. We cannot treat it as a thing by itself, but as it stands in our system. The crying facts are that in a nation which professes to base its laws on the principle of securing the greatest good to the greatest number and in conformity with the doctrines of Christianity, there is allowed in a part of this country to subsist, a system which makes the poor people its victims, and when they dislike this peeling process, a law has been passed to compel us to seize these poor people and tell them they have not been stripped and plundered enough, but they must go back and be plundered again.

But slavery must be considered as an accident of a larger calamity. It consists in a scepticism which is not local but universal. The tone of our press on slavery is only an indication of the moral pulses. The tolerance of slavery is worse in this,—the stupidity it betrays in the heart and head of society, a society without faith.

The young need some ideal before them which is worthy of their nature, "some foeman worthy of their steel," something which would make them greater than they are. Among intellectual men there is a looking round for more satisfying knowledge. Are there intellectual men? Go into the festooned and tempered brilliancy of drawing rooms, and see the fortunate youth of both sexes, the very flower of society for whom every accomplishment has been secured, with genius and courage answering to these fair forms, they are only growing worldly wise.

The Democrats and the Whigs have neither of them addressed themselves to the relief of the country from slavery. They would nail the stars to the sky. With their eyes over their shoulders fixed to the past, they copy their ancestors. Our politics have run so low that gentlemen of character will no longer go into them. It has already become discreditable work. Those who have gone to Congress from us were honest, well meaning men, yet they voted for this criminal measure with the basest of the populace, and did not see the grimaces of the bullies that stimulated them to it.

But what shall we think of this new movement with which all the world rings? We were clear that the old parties could not lead us. But shall we therefore abdicate our reason? I employed false guides and they misled me; shall I therefore put [illegible] in a bag? The late revolution in Massachusetts no man will wonder at who sees how far our politics had departed from the course of simple right. As the old parties inspired no respect they found none, and they were turned out in an immense frolic. But to persist in the joke! It is not safe to play with edge tools, and no knife is so sharp as legislation.

The occultation of this nation took place when Slavery was recognized. In 1787 our fathers entered into a compact which ought never to have been made. They should have refused the ordinance at the risk of no Union. There is always so much ruin for so much crime, and, as one of the results of the crime of Slavery, there is not to be found in the present generation one son at the South to make good the reputation of the fathers.

All writers on law and all jurists have agreed, that a law against morals is void. Yet in the United States of America justice has been poisoned at the fountain, and here in New England, in our ancient Commonwealth, no judge appeared with principle enough to ask, not whether the fugitive law was constitutional, but whether it was right. This giving back a stolen man to his plunderers was most painful. There was law enough in Massachusetts to prevent the crime, but no judge was found to execute it, and no Governor to discharge his duty. The Governor was not worth his cockade. (great applause) and the judge was afraid of the collision of the United States Courts with the local Courts.

What is the effect of this evil government? It is, of course, to discredit all government. This is the compensation that bad governments afford, the theatre they offer for illustrious men; and we have a great duty to the brave and conscientious men, who in the very heart of the evil, acts, made their protests for themselves and for their countrymen. They are justified and the law is condemned. (Applause.)

While the individual independence which is manifested is vastly important, the social action in reference to slavery is not to be underrated. The time was when the American ideas found a lodgement in Washington and Adams, but now we put obscure men into office and get a figure awkward only to office holders. The historical theory of our government is liberty. Liberty is a serious thing—the severest test by which a government can be tried. Through the unity of the South, and the attention there given to politics, the country has been swindled out of liberty.

The "higher law" was then vindicated. "No man," says Lord Nelson "can go wrong who brings his ship alongside of the French," for the great order was "down with the French" in a naval action. So that is the right meaning of the Statute which extirpates crime and gives to every man the largest liberty, compatible with the liberty of every other man. No citizen will go wrong who leans to the side of liberty. (Applause).

Mr. Emerson concluded by bringing forward the proposition to purchase the Slaves, never, however acknowledging the right of the plunderer to own men, but acknowledging the difficulties of his position, and willing on our part to bear a countryman's share in relieving him. No tax would be more cheerfully paid, he thought, though the price to be paid amounts to $2,000,000,000. The monuments to Washington and Franklin can wait for such a work to be done.

Men are at last beginning to suspect that a divine Providence does really exist in the world. While this evil of Slavery exists, the opposition to it will never end. As long as grass grows, or summer and winter succeed each other, as long as there are men, so long will their sentiments condemn Slavery. We do not suffer by defeat. There is longevity in the cause of freedom. It is the course and chemistry of nature, and the thoughts and sentiments of the mind are the emancipators of the Slave.

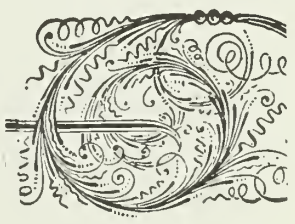
The lecture was just one hour in its delivery and was listened to with intense interest by the immense audience.

[Lecture delivered in Boston, 1-25-55.]

☞ MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—Popular Lectures—MONDAY EVENING SERIES.
The eleventh Lecture of this Series will be delivered in the TREMONT TEMPLE, on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 29th, by
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Doors open at 6½—Lecture commences at 7½ o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents; for sale at the door.
January27 2p EDWIN J. SWETT, Rec. Sec'y.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN. Mr. Emerson's lecture before the Mercantile Library last evening was what might have been expected from one of the most acute observers and quaintest writers of the day. It was sententious and piquant, abounding in humor, and underlaid with a vein of the deepest thought and strongest *Emersonian* sense. The Anglo-American—having passed through Mr. Emerson's alembic—came out divested of nearly every manly, generous impulse, and the blind agent of the materiality of the continent upon which he lives. He was merely fulfilling his destiny—a destiny forced upon him by the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing resources of the country. To find a real specimen of the Anglo-American, one must now proceed to the Western side of the Alleghanies, to the broad prairies of the West. Mr. Emerson's description of the American as he is there seen was unique and picturesque in the extreme. Some of his illustrations were excellent. The wonderful powers of absorption and appropriation of this country were thus alluded to: "The Mississippi swallows the Missouri, the Illinois, the Ohio, and other rivers, and does not widen its channel; so the Anglo-American race absorbed thousands of Germans, French, Irish, and English, and remains unchanged in its characteristics." Americans, he said; would ride in steamers made of lucifer matches, if they could thereby save an hour in crossing the Atlantic.

[Lecture delivered in Boston, 1-29-55.]



Popular Reform.

—— The advocates of Fourier's philosophy of living must feel their confidence in the radical doctrines of this school tempest-shaken, if not annihilated, by the failure which has uniformly attended all attempts to put their theories into practice. The late sale of "Brook Farm," at one time the headquarters of Massachusetts Socialists, and established at great expense, will doubtless have the effect to discourage all experiments of the sort for some time to come. It is to be lamented that so much talent and real power should have been thrown away on such an outlandish scheme of living. Surely there is enough to do in society, to reform evils, in the character of which good men uniformly concur, to employ all the enthusiasm, intellect and opportunity which can be spared from the selfish businesses of life, without resorting to problematical speculations, particularly if the whole moral force of society be arrayed against them. Mayor Wood is doing more, by his decisive measures of practical reform, to rid society of its incubus of crime and misery, than the impractical philosopher in his closet, aided by the intemperate disciple in the field, can ever achieve: and any mayor before might have done the same, had not the will, the energy, the moral courage, been wanting.

While we would not discourage dreamers from indulging their philosophic vagaries, we would offer every possible encouragement to practical philanthropy, which produces its natural fruits not only in the locality to which it is especially applied, but wherever the report of its good work goes. These gigantic reforms reveal to us the magnitude of the moral diseases which corrupt society to the core, and lead the way, like stepping-stones, to other vigorous measures, the need of which would scarcely have otherwise been thought of. Thus is magnified the glory of the real reformer, and in this proportion is he remembered of posterity.

The Home Journal,
N.Y., 4-14-55, p. 2.

TOPICS ASTIR.

Philip Freneau.

—— At the last meeting of the Historical Society, Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck read a discriminating and masterly paper on the poetical works of Philip Freneau, who died on the eighteenth of December, 1832. The circumstances of his death were thus announced in the Monmouth (New Jersey) Inquirer:—"Mr. Freneau was in the village, and started, towards evening, to go home, about two miles. In attempting to go across, he appears to have got lost and mired in a bog-meadow, where his lifeless corpse was discovered yesterday morning. Captain Freneau was a staunch whig in the time of the Revolution, a good soldier and a warm patriot. The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse checred the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom." While the Mirror was under our editorial direction, we published a biographical account of this popular revolutionary poet, from the pen of the late John Pintard, who knew him well and intimately. The Evening Post is mistaken in supposing that there is no portrait of Freneau extant. We saw a striking likeness of him in oil, from the pencil of the late Mr. Jarvis; but what became of it, or in whose possession it remains, we have no means, at present, of ascertaining. Dr. Francis is one of the few remaining friends of Freneau, and he furnished Mr. Duyckinck with the following pleasing reminiscences, which we take great pleasure in presenting to the reader:—

"It were easy," says Dr. Francis, "to record a long list of eminent citizens who ever gave him a cordial welcome. He was received with the warmest greetings by the old soldier, Governor George Clinton. He, also, in the intimacy of kindred feeling, found an agreeable pastime with the learned provost of the American Protestant Episcopate, who himself had shouldered a musket in the Revolution, and hence was sometimes called the fighting bishop. They were allied by classical tastes, a love of natural science, and ardor in the cause of liberty. With Gates he compared the achievements of Monmouth with those at Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the Capture of Yorktown; with Dr Mitchill he rehearsed, from his own sad experience, the physical sufferings and various diseases of the incarcerated patriots of the Jersey prison-ship; and descanted on Italian poetry and the piscatory éclogues of Sannazarius. He doubtless furnished Dr. Benjamin Dewitt with data for his funeral discourse on the remains of the eleven thousand five hundred American martyrs. With Pintard he could laud Horace and talk largely of Paul Jones. With Major Fairlie he discussed the tactics and chivalry of Baron Steuben. With Sylvanus Miller he compared notes on the political clubs of 1795—1810. He shared Paine's visions of an ideal democracy. With De Witt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden he debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation, based on the famous precedent of the Languedoc canal. I had, when very young," continues Dr. Francis, "read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me, in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful—it was now thinned and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New-York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grey."

N.Y. Tribune

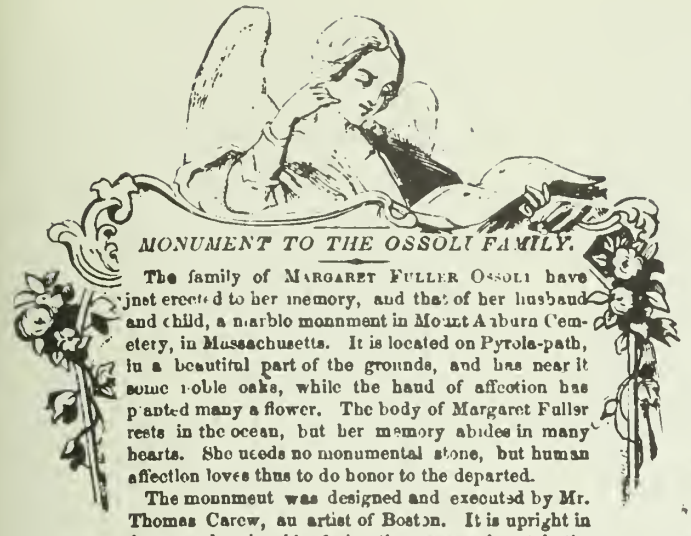
LONDON, Wednesday, July 1855.

London deepens its impression upon me with each visit—nay, I rarely spend a day within its vast circumference without increasing wonder and admiration. It is the capital, if not of the civilized, certainly of the commercial world, civilized and otherwise. To her wharves the raw produce of all climes and countries, to her vaults the gold of California and Australia, to her cabinets the gems of Golconda and Brazil, insensibly gravitate. From this mighty heart radiate the main arteries of the world's trade; a great crash here brings down leading and long-established houses in the South Pacific or the Yellow Sea. I dropped in to-day on an old friend whom I had known ten or fifteen years ago as a philosophic radical and social reformer in America. I found him in a great sugar-house under the shadow of the Bank correcting a Price Current which he edits, having just made up a telegraphic dispatch for his house's correspondents in Bombay. I found him calm and wise as ever; more practical, some would say, but still hopeful of the good time coming; he had been several years with that house, and he told me his income was quite satisfactory, and that his eldest son was doing very well in Australia. [illegible]

—Horace Greeley.

CHARLES LANE.

Ibid., 5-12-55, p. 2.

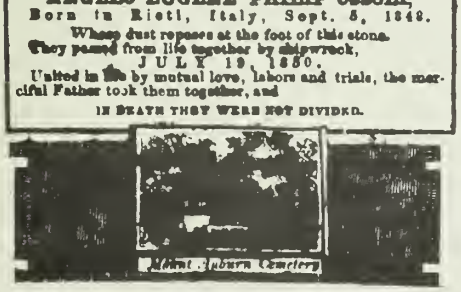


MONUMENT TO THE OSSOLI FAMILY.

The family of MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Pyrola-path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean, but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone, but human affection loves thus to do honor to the departed.

The monument was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of Boston. It is upright in form, and on its side, facing the avenue, is cut in the marble a medallion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli, but requiring the right light and point of view. It is surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. Beneath the medallion is a book, denoting the literary vocation of Margaret Fuller, and near it is seen the hilt of a sword, designating the military profession of the Marquis Ossoli, who was Captain of the Civic Guard during the Roman Revolution of 1848. Above the medallion is a star [*], which was Madame Ossoli's signature in THE N. Y. TRIBUNE, but is designed for the higher purpose of signifying that, even as the stars shine bright in the heavens when earth is dark, so do she and hers live in brightness and joy, though on earth there are many who deeply mourn their departure. The whole is surmounted with the cross, that emblem of the Christian faith—its trials, often its death of agony; but betokening, too, that even as Christ died and rose again and ascended to Heaven, so also shall all who love as He loved, endure faithfully as He endured, and die trustingly even as He died. There is no emblem especially designed for the little child, but near by is a marble slab with an appropriate inscription, beneath which his dust reposes. The following is the inscription on the monument:

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.
Born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810.
By birth, a citizen of New-England; by adoption, a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the World. In youth, an insatiate student, seeking the highest culture; in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art; in maturer age, Companion and Helper of many earnest Reformers in America and Europe.
AND,
IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND,
GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.
He gave up rank, station and home for the Roman Republic, and for his Wife and Child.
AND,
IN MEMORY OF THAT CHILD,
ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,
Born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848.
Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone.
They passed from life together by shipwreck,
JULY 19, 1850.
United in life by mutual love, labors and trials, the merciful Father took them together, and
IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.



MR. EMERSON AND THE LADIES.

From The Boston Traveller, Sept. 21.

The Convention closed last night by a public meeting at the Melodeon, the chief attraction at which consisted in an Address from Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a Poem by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. The place was crowded, many gentlemen being present who had come with the irreverent motive of laughing at the proceedings.

Some preliminaries, in the shape of reading resolutions, having been disposed of,

Mr. Emerson was introduced, and delivered a very fine oration, full of mythic grandeur and nonsense, but redeemed by passages of great beauty and brilliance. On the whole, it told far more against "the cause" than for it. To attempt an abstract, for which alone we should have space at disposal to-day, would be to do injustice alike to the lecturer and his theme. He said that he shared in the belief of the Anglo-Saxon race that woman has a rational nature, that they are more delicate than men, and as the more impressionable, they were the best index of the coming hour. As more delicate Mercuries of imponderable influences, what they say and think were the shadows of future events. Man was will, woman sentiment. In the ship of humanity, will was the rudder, sentiment the sail; and when woman attempts to steer, the rudder was only a masked sail. When women engaged in any trade, it was only as a resource, not a primary object. The life of the affections was primary to them, so that there is really no employment or career that they will not with their own applause, or that of society, quit for a suitable marriage. [Laughter.] They cast all their fortunes on the die, and lose themselves entirely in the glory of their husband's children, while man stood bewildered by a magnanimity which he could not attain to. It was true (said Mr. Emerson) that in painting, poetry and sculpture, women had not yet produced a master; and he then proceeded to point out the respects in which lay their peculiar excellence. The first of these were their powers of conversation. They furnished society with manners. They embellished trifles. An ox ran to the water when thirsty, or to his corn, regardless of obstacles, and said no thanks; but man delays; he paints the desired object all over with forms; he invented majesty, etiquette, courts, drawing rooms, architecture, dress, elegance, privacy; he created dignities, the union of the sexes; and now should we better measure the gulf between the best intercourse of man, in old Athens, London or our American capitals,—between that and the hedge-hog existence of the diggers of worms and eaters of offal, than by signalizing just this department of taste or comeliness: yet herein woman was the prime genius and ordainer. There was no grace taught by the master of manners, no style adopted in the etiquette of courts, but was first the action of some brilliant woman, who charmed the beholders by this new expression, which man copied; and he thought that we should magnify their ritual manners. There was no advantage without compensation. Woman was more vulnerable, more infirm, than man. They could not be such elegant artists in the element of fancy if they did not give themselves to it; they were poets who believed their own poetry; they dwelt more than man in the kingdom of illusion. They admitted into their atmosphere waves over waves of colored light, and they saw all objects through those warm-tinted mists which envelope them. But the crown of woman, the throne of her affection and sentiment, and the infinite enlargement to which they lead, was the passion of love—painter and adorner of new and early life; but none suspected, in its blushes and tremors, what tragedies and immortalities were beyond it. Mr. Emerson then went on to show that as society had progressed, so had the position of woman changed and improved; and concluded by saying that he did not think it yet appeared that women wish an equal share in public affairs. But it was they, and not we, who were to determine it [Applause]. If we refused them a vote, we should refuse to tax them according to our Teutonic principle, no representation no tax. At all events this uprearing of new opinions in many minds was a wonderful fact. Whatever is popular is important, as showing the spontaneous sense of the hour, for the aspiration of this century will be the code of the next. A masculine woman was not strong, but a lady is. The loveliest thought, the poorest prayer, is rushing to be the history of a thousand years. Let us have the true woman, the adorner, the ceremonial, the hospitable, the religious heart; and no lawyer need be called in to write the stipulations with cunning clauses of provision and strong instruments. Then, he ought to say, he thought it impossible to separate the education and interests of the sexes. Improve and refine the man, and you do the same by the woman, whether you will or no. The slavery of woman happened when men were slaves or kings. The anchoration of manners had brought woman amelioration, of course; hence this huge tension of better laws. This new movement (he said in conclusion) he looked at as a tide raised by the spirits of men and women; and they might proceed in faith that whatever woman's heart was prompted to desire, man's mind was simultaneously prompted to accomplish [Applause.]

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith then delivered a poem, full of keen satiric points, and which was listened to with breathless interest.

[Woman's Rights Convention, Boston, 9-20-55.]

A Letter from Mrs. Gove Nichols.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Tuesday, Oct 9, 1855

To the Editor of the New-York Daily Times:

A woman maligned, or charged with heinous crimes, before 200,000 persons, readers of the TIMES and *Tribune*, to say nothing of their echoes all over land, may be allowed to ask the grace extended by law to felons and malefactors

It is true that in your article entitled "A Bad Book Gibbeted," my name does not occur, but I was named as the author of *Mary Lyndon*, in a subsequent number of the TIMES, and hence the charges against the author were nailed to the heart of the women.

Now, Mr Editor, it makes little difference to me what your personal estimate may be of my character, or how exceedingly mad Mr GREELEY may be against me. The injurious consequence of false opinions and bad feelings rests upon you, and not upon me

But there is a great public for you, as journalists, to frighten and abuse "Free Love," "Adultery," "Gross Passions," and "Licentiousness," have been coupled with my name, by yourself and others I might say to the people, read my writings, for they are my defence. But thousands read a newspaper article who seldom read books

I, therefore, ask of you space for a few words of defence. I do not ask this of the *Tribune*, for the Divine Life in Mr. GREELEY seems so far dead, that I would not hope for the poor justice even of an advertisement.

First—I claim to be one with a pure and noble man, who is legally my husband, and who is spiritually and truly another self.

We believe in freedom to do all that is right, and in no other freedom.

By Freedom of Love, we mean an elevation out of a preponderant Sensuality, and a consecration of the whole love nature, or life, to the development of all the faculties of men and women, and to a wise paternity.

Our watchwords are Freedom, Fraternity, Chastity.

As liberty was called licentiousness, in the first days of our Republic, by those who had no idea of order in Freedom, so the sensual and depraved believe that all Freedom in Love is the infernal Liberty of Lust.

Mr. Editor, for eighteen years my food has been grains, roots, fruits, and milk. I have been bathed daily in pure water, and I have been in all that time the apostle of Health and Purity to Women.

Since my union with my husband, we have labored as one in the great work of human redemption.

Such is the true character of those to whom every breeze brings some foul breath of slander, some harsh and vile epithet.

Will men never know good from evil? Will they always "kill the prophets, and stone those who are sent unto them?" MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

Our Exchanges come freighted with announcements of Courses of Lectures for the approaching Winter. In some cases, new phases are presented: Thus in Newark, Ohio, we notice that all the clergymen, with other eminent citizens, have agreed to give one Lecture each—mainly historical—the whole to be free to all comers. This is an excellent plan, and we hope will find many imitators. The expense of weekly lectures, when distinguished speakers are invited from a distance, is beginning to cause murmurs, in many quarters—not always unjust. Thus, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, having been hired to give twelve Lectures, independent of all societies, in Western cities for $125 per night, the speculator in brains has fixed his price for Cleveland at fifty cents per ticket, which is complained of—not without reason. Still those who don't choose to pay it have perfect liberty to stay away. They will then lose nothing by Mr. B.'s visit.

We hear that Mr. Emerson is to lecture in *ten* cities on or near the Mississippi, and that Theodore Parker will also take a long tour westward. Mr. Thackeray opens here with the coming month, and will doubtless accept some further invitations, so we place him on our list—which is as follows:

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.....New York.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.....Concord, Mass.
The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.....Brooklyn, L. I.
The Rev. EDWIN H. CHAPIN.....New-York City.
The Rev. HENRY GILES.....Bucksport, Me.
JOHN G. SAXE.....Burlington, Vt.
BAYARD TAYLOR.....New-York City.
EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.....Boston, Mass.
The Rev. CHARLES BEECHER.....Andover, Mass.
PARK BENJAMIN.....New-York City.
WENDELL PHILLIPS.....Boston, Mass.
GEORGE W. CURTIS.....New-York City.
The Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN.....New-York City.
The Rev. T. STAGE KING.....Boston, Mass.
HORACE MANN.....Yellow Springs, O
WILLIAM ELDER.....Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN THOMPSON.....Poughkeepsie, N.Y
PARKE GODWIN.....New-York City.
Dr. JOHN O. NOYES.....New-York City.
E. L. YOUMANS.....Brooklyn, L. I.
The Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.....Medford, Mass.
The Rev. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.....Worcester, Mass.
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.....New-York City.
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Rt. Rev. ALONZO POTTER.....Philadelphia, Pa
The Rev. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.....New-York City.
JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr.....Boston, Mass.
The Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.....New-York City.
WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.....Avon, N. Y.
HENRY D. THOREAU.....Concord, Mass.
The Rev. JOHN TODD.....Pittsfield, Mass.
Dr. J. V. C. SMITH.....Boston, Mass.
WILLIAM STARR.....Manchester, N. H.
The Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER.....Elmira, N. Y.
CLARENCE COOK.....Newburgh, N. Y.
OSMOND TIFFANY.....Springfield, Mass.
WILLIAM HOLLAND..... do. do.
Prof. EDWARD HITCHCOCK.....Amherst, Mass.
The Rev. JOHN LORD.....Stamford, Conn.
Rt. Rev. Bp. HOPKINS.....Burlington, Vt.
WILLIAM GODDARD.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Dr. J. B. BUCHANAN..... do. do.
T. W. COGGESHALL..... do. do.

The above is a list of the Lectures who have hitherto been most widely invited. We believe most of them will lecture more or less the ensuing Winter, but some of them may not. We know that several will accept fewer invitations than they have done for the past two or three Winters. Others will doubtless step forward to fill their places, so far as a demand shall exist, proffering what may be deemed adequate compensation.

Daily Union, Pittsburgh, 12-20-55, p. 2.

Characteristic.

Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes has been an invalid for the past week, and has been compelled to give up a few of his engagements, to address Lyceum audiences. The following is a characteristic letter from him, which was read at the Cambridge Athenæum.—

BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1855.

My Dear Sir:—You must excuse me to your audience in the politest way you can. I have been ill, as you know, for a fortnight, and have been practising reduction and subtraction until there is a mere trifle left in the way of a remainder. I could stand up before an audience from long habit, but I doubt if I could sit down again without assistance. I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty dollar bill after my lecture, I should not have strength enough left to refuse it. I am unwilling to run the risk, and as you have inspected me, I trust you will give me a certificate of invalidism *not* of the kind called "indisposition."

Yours, very truly
O. W. HOLMES

Hon. ISAAC LIVERMORE,
Pres't Cambridge Athenæum.

PUBLIC FEELING IN ENGLAND. Private letters from abroad report that the great mass of the English people do not look upon peace with much favor, as the wish for another campaign was quite general. At the commencement of the war, the military service was a mere aristocratic appendage to the British crown, and as the evils incident to this system have been revealed by movements in the Crimea, reforms have been suggested that will add to the efficiency and popularity of the service. Another season of war was needed to enable the army to show itself under the new infusion of vital energy and popular strength it has recently received. Young men have joined the army in goodly numbers lately, so that while the French were the best prepared with soldiers at the beginning of the war, the English army is in the highest order at the close of the campaign. That army is in better condition at this time than it has been for many years. The abuses that have been exposed, and the shameful and disastrous losses entailed upon the army by them, have roused the nation, and the good results will be seen in the reforms instituted and the degree of efficiency attained. The English affirm that "in all that constitutes national strength, moral and material, Great Britain stands higher at the signing of Peace than she did at the declaration of War."

Ralph Waldo Emerson. Whether considered as a scholar, as a thinker, as a writer, or as a true and heroic man, those competently acquainted with Mr. Emerson challenge for him a front place among the choicest spirits of any age. During his lifetime those elect judges who make fame, are fast and widely confirming this high estimate, and the great verdict of impartial posterity, will ratify and immortalize it. Indeed a great many transcendent qualities combine to give his books fascination and value, and to promise a perpetuity of growing popularity for them. In Germany he is extensively read, and an accomplished gentleman is now preparing a translation of his complete works for publication there. In England, too, he is already acknowledged to rank, as a profound and brilliant essayist, without a contemporary peer. And here, in spite of the proverb, "A prophet is without honor in his own country," we cannot, even within reach of his threshold, refrain from saying that his audience, which is still "fit," though no longer "few," will enlarge with departing generations, as long as civilization and our language last.

In Mr. Emerson the loftiest style of character, and the most poetic purity of life, a robust common sense, a vestal remoteness from all contaminate scramblings, a singular endowment of genius, and a various perfection of culture meet. And his writings are honest expressions of himself. Every page burns with the concentrated beams of beauty, and is nectareous with hoarded wealth of learning and experience. Scarcely a paragraph which does not contain some aphorism, afterwards to cling in the memory, so full of poetry, tested experience, and valor, as to be equally useful for pleasure, for guidance, and for inspiration. No other author of modern times has written so many quotable things, so many beautiful, condensed, apophthegms, each a marvel of skill in expression, and holding a finded world of wisdom. In this kind his essays and poems are diamond mines, where every Sinbad reader, carried by the eagles of curiosity, may preciously load himself. We cite from recollection three of his thoughts, as specimens of what we mean. "They are not kings who have thrones, but they who know how to govern." "True wisdom is to find the end of the journey in every step of the road." "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it." Maxims like these—any one of which amply repays a whole evening's attention—are accustomed to drop profusely from his vigorous pen.

Mr. Emerson, yielding to the solicitation of several of his friends in Boston, has consented to read six lectures in the Freeman Place Chapel. He commences this evening, and his topics, as we understand, are to be: "English Civilization," "France," "Signs of the Times," "Beauty," "The Poet," "The Scholar." Bostonians should not do themselves the discredit of neglecting the present happy opportunity for hearing their distinguished countryman and former fellow-citizen. A large and cordial greeting undoubtedly awaits him. In a few years, when this great man shall have become wholly historic, to have heard his thoughts on these themes from his living lips, will be matter for pleasant retrospection.

To any who may be ignorant of Mr. Emerson's qualities as a lecturer, we will merely say, that those capable of appreciating the operation of a clear and sinewy reason, the wizard play of a penetrative imagination, the subtlest graces and sincere raciness of composition, the bracing effluence of a fearless and wholesome conscience, the charming music and majesty of an unaffected voice whose tones vary from the silver melody of a bugle horn to the deep emphasis of a battle drum, have a rare treat before them in these lectures. They will find it equally a luxury to listen, and a profit to remember: for while no one oftener helps his auditors

"Mount to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise,"

no one makes them richer contributions of ethical excitement, shrewd observation, and solid truth.

Boston Journal.

☞ MR. R. W. EMERSON having read six Lectures which have not been heard in Boston, will, by request, repeat them on THURSDAY EVENING, March 27, and succeeding Thursday evenings, in the Freeman place Chapel, opposite the Athenæum. Tickets admitting one to the Course $1.50; Single Tickets 25 cents—for sale at the Bookstore of Ticknor & Fields, and [illegible]
mh 14 MWF

An Hawthorne at London. At a dinner recently given by the Lord Mayor of London, His Lordship proposed "The health of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., American Consul at Liverpool, and prosperity to the United States of America." The distinguished individual whose name he had coupled with this toast was not only the representative of America in Liverpool, but had attained for himself an honorable and enviable name in literature. [Cheers.] He should be guilty of a dereliction of duty if he did not express his the Lord Mayor's high estimate of the admirable works he had enabled this country to enjoy. He therefore proposed the health of Mr. Hawthorne and the United States of America. [Cheers.]

Mr Hawthorne, who was received with great cordiality, said he rose to express his deep sense of the compliment which had been paid him, and he assured the company present that there was no American who could feel so deeply as he did the honor of sitting at the festive board of the chief magistrate of the great metropolis of England, and which, in the high and comprehensive sense of the term, they were bold enough to call their metropolis too. [Cheers.] In regard to the kind feeling they had expressed toward him in reference to his literary productions, he could only say that if he could pay but one farthing of the great debt that America owed to the intellect of England, he should be much more satisfied with himself than he had ever yet felt. Even the rich old soil of England—the birthplace of his fathers—might be said to be still inherited by the Americans, and their own expanding territory belonged to England in that sense. If America made additions to her territory on her Indian frontier, and changed barren land to gold, that gold came by ship-loads to these shores; and if he could put any faith in what he had heard of the kind feeling which he everywhere heard Englishmen express toward America, and toward himself as being an American—and he did put perfect faith in them, for he knew full well that the true heart of an Englishman did not feel what the true tongue did not dare to say—then he was indeed assured that the friendly relations between the two countries could never be broken. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Cholmondeley is an English gentleman of much thought and learning, who, after graduating at Oxford (where he studied under that ripe scholar and charming poet, Arthur Hugh Clough) and continuing his studies in Germany, finally went out to New Zealand a few years ago as a colonist. He lived there in a hut on his own farm for a year or two, and some years ago returned to England, where he published this book. It is valuable for the facts and suggestions it contains concerning this promising British colony, but still more so to us, for its speculations on church and state and society. Mr. Cholmondeley writes like a scholar, and theorizes a good deal, but there is great liberality in his philosophy, and a very un-English freedom from prejudice, especially with regard to America. He belongs to that small, but sound party in England, who seek the true interests of that noble state, and abhor alike the Tory conservatism, the Manchester-school vulgarity, and the Radical blindness of English politicians. In men of this sort lies the hope of England in the crisis of her destinies, which seems fast approaching.

ADMIT

TO

MR. ALCOTT'S CONVERSATIONS

ON

SOCIAL LIFE;

ITS ELEMENTS, OPPORTUNITIES, AND INFLUENCES:

Considered under the following heads and aspects, namely,—

Conversation I. Chaos. — II. The Fountains. — III. The Cosmos.

The first Conversation will be given at Mrs. Hildreth's Room, No. 13 — entrance, 228, Washington Street, over Jones, Low, and Co.'s, on Tuesday evening, April 29; and the others on Friday evening, May 2, and Tuesday, May 6, at half past seven o'clock.

Terms for the Course $1.00
" for a single evening 0.50

Boston, April 23, 1856.

·····James Fenimore Cooper.—The recent production, at the Academy of Music, of a lyric drama, founded on one of Cooper's greatest works, renders the following brief sketch of his merits as an author singularly appropriate: "But, the writer who, in this department, has risen to the highest order of greatness, and in a style of narrative entirely his own, exhibited the fullest luxuriance of creative vigor in art, is Cooper. With all that is impressive, and splendid, and peculiar in the condition and character of this continent—with the prairie, the solemn forest, the lake, the wild and boundless ocean—his genius is associated in enduring connection. The influences which, in the silent, mighty regions of the West, act upon the character of man, till they inspire it insensibly with a force and sublimity kindred to their own; the enthusiasm that 'thrills the wanderer of the trackless way' of waters—are subjects of the first magnitude and difficulty in romance; and the pen of Mr. Cooper has been equal to them. If you consider the variety of subjects over which his fancy has cast an illustrative ray, and the novelty of the effects which he has accomplished in fiction; if you follow him through the long range of characters and scenes—the Indian, the Revolutionary soldier, the Western adventurer, the sailor, the pirate, and many others—in all of which he is superior, and in some of which he is supreme—it will be acknowledged that he possesses a copiousness and energy of imagination which few in any day have exceeded. Few have been gifted with a larger share of the idealizing faculty, and none have exercised the faculty with more exquisite taste and judgment."—*Entr'acte.*

The Home Journal,
N.Y., 4-19-56, p. 4.

Lecturers in Massachusetts.

—— A very charming lady correspondent thus glowingly sketches the Lecture Season at Worcester, Massachusetts, and her two admirations, Thackeray and Curtis:—

"We have had a constant source of excitement in our quiet little town this winter, in the shape of a dazzling array of lecturers. As there are ever gradations in all human excellence, the opening and closing lectures were the crowning points of the glittering cycle. If we were not trying so hard to cultivate *nonchalance*, the advent of Thackeray might have been an ovation, or, mayhap, 'agitation,' in the O'Connell sense. As it was, we have certainly had no such excitement here since Charles Dickens, in all the glory of a crimson velvet waistcoat, received the delighted citizens in the house of a gentleman, since received by death. Though Thackeray did not pass through the same ordeal of congratulation, his visit was none the less a triumph—for the people received him with open hands, and something in them. Truly of English novelists it may be said, that they are of the 'race d'Agamemnon *qui ne finit jamais*,' and in this train of time's elect how refulgent is the name of him who has given to the world a character which every man since Samson has felt existed among them, and struggled to express, but in vain, till limned forth by his master hand. As Irving has given us the only legend of later days, so has Thackeray enriched the immense gallery of life portraits, by placing therein peerless, inimitable 'Becky Sharp,' as perfect a creation of her kind as 'Iago.' His lecture was, 'Life and Manners in the Reign of George the Third,' and it was a rich mosaic of history and biography—passing through every gradation of wit and pathos; while his *bon mots* formed a chain of glittering points which memory treasures up as the most laughing earnestness. Even with De Quincey's gorgeous language about 'Sarah Lennox' and the king, I could not but receive his effect, and description, too—as 'different yet the same;' but when he, with fine pathetic touches, spoke of the mournful eclipse of the monarch's last years, I saw Thackeray only with the eyes of my heart shedding tears of manly grief (God bless him for it!) over the sad spectacle of a ruined household, and the downfall of as genial and kind a woman as ever ruled the literary or fashionable world. What better praise—when 'friends, like flies, fled with the sunshine.' Are we not to believe that his satire is as the 'lightning, which holds at heart most rich and blessed rain!'

"The last lecture was by George W. Curtis, who gives one the impression of having been surrounded, from his cradle, by the softest, sweetest influences, till manhood beat a golden measure from the noble metal of his life. All lovers of intellectual brilliancy, and admirers of colloquial sword-play, tempered by an indescribable *gentillesse*, will be gratified in hearing the gifted Howadji. Curtis is the American Charles Lamb, for he possesses, in an eminent degree, the quaint, fanciful conceits, the delicate, fitful pathos, the sparkling cross-lights of humor, and the capricious graces of narrative, which distinguished the gentle 'Elia;' while, through all, the nobilities of heart and mind are detected rather than displayed. The melody of his voice is most touching, and is a study of musical intonation. It would seem as if the 'harps of heaven played round his tongue' to make his speech one 'colloquy divine;' and that alone being the rarest felicity of expression—with an opulence of happy illustration—I hardly wonder that the spell measured itself against years, and caused a lady to remark, 'I never see Curtis, but I think of George Douglas, of Lochleven, in the "Abbot"'—partly from an old habit, of childhood and youth, of assigning ideal characters to the real. The lectures began and ended with kings—for Dickens reigns supreme over the noblest realm under the sun, and his subjects are all of the 'understanding heart.' I cannot describe that triumphant tribute; enough for me to say, that Curtis has given a wealthier radiance to the 'Aureola' now glistening on the gifted head of Charles Dickens"

Ibid., 4-26-56, p. 2.

William Howitt upon Walt Whitman.—Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have been republished in England. William Howitt, in the London *Dispatch*, speaks of the work in high terms of praise:

We have before us one of the most extraordinary specimens of Yankee intelligence and American eccentricity in authorship it is possible to conceive. It is of a *genus* so peculiar as to embarrass us, and has an air at once so novel, so audacious, and so strange, as to verge upon absurdity, and yet it would be an injustice to pronounce it so, as the work is saved from this extreme by a certain mastery over diction not very easy of definition. What Emerson has pronounced to be good must not be lightly treated, and before we pronounce upon the merits of this performance, it is but right to examine them. We have, then, a series of pithy prose sentences strung together—forming twelve grand divisions in all, but which, having a rude rhymical cadence about them, admit of the designation poetical being applied. They are destitute of rhyme, measure of feet, and the like—every condition under which poetry is generally understood to exist, being absent; but in their strength of expression, their fervor, hearty wholesomeness, their originality, mannerism, and freshness, one finds in them a singular harmony and flow, as if by reading they gradually formed themselves into melody, and adopted characteristics peculiar and appropriate to themselves alone. If, however, some sentences be fine, there are others altogether laughable; nevertheless, in the bare strength, the unhesitating frankness of a man who "believes in the flesh and the appetites," and who dares to call simplest things by their plainest names, conveying also a large sense of the beautiful, and with an emphasis which gives a clearer conception of what manly modesty really is, than any thing we have, in all conventional forms of word, deed, or act so far known of, that we rid ourselves, little by little, of the strangeness with which we greet this bluff new-comer, and, beginning to understand him better, appreciate him in proportion as he becomes more known. He will soon make his way into the confidence of his readers, and his poems in time will become a pregnant text-book, out of which quotations as sterling as the minted gold will be taken and applied to every form and phase of the "inner" or the "outer" life, and we express our pleasure in making the acquaintance of Walt Whitman, hoping to know more of him in time to come.

R. W. Emerson's six lectures at Freeman Place Chapel have now closed. Without any special notices in the papers, at the close of the season, without any novelty in the subjects, even on stormy evenings they have been full to overflowing. Each of them has been entirely different from the other, each of them has invited criticism, and each we think has had its special admirers, those which were the most Emersonian the most admirers. No tolerable reports have been nor perhaps can be given of them. His purpose undoubtedly is to give in another volume these fruits of years of quiet thought and profound meditation.

The one on France seemed to give the least satisfaction; while that on Poetry was the most acceptable to those who are in fullest sympathy with him. But he cannot open his mouth in public on any subject without charming a cultivated taste by his keen perception, his racy wit, his poetical fancy, his unaffected eloquence, his spiritual insight. The passage of years, his comparative withdrawal from busy life, the stillness of his tree-girt home, have not chilled his utterance in the least: and judging by the very mixed character of his deeply attentive audiences he has gained in public favor, has convinced the most fastidious and conservative that he has that word to say which they all need to hear, while in the far West he has found troops of admiring, eager and receptive scholars.

Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

At a meeting held in Concord, Mass., on the 26th inst., to consider the outrage upon Mr. SUMNER, Mr. EMERSON made the following remarks:

Mr. Chairman:—I sympathise heartily with the spirit of the resolutions. The events of the last few years and months and days have taught us the lessons of centuries. I do not see how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute one State. I think we must get rid of slavery, or we must get rid of freedom. Life has no parity of value in the Free State and in the Slave State. In one, it is adorned with education, with skillful labor, with arts, with long prospective interests, with sacred family ties, with honor and justice. In the other, life is a fever; man is an animal, given to pleasure, frivolous, irritable, spending his days in hunting and practicing with deadly weapons, to defend himself against his slaves and against his companions brought up in the same idle and dangerous way.

Such people live for the moment; they have properly no future, and readily risk on every passion a life which is of small value to themselves or to others. Many years ago, when Mr. Webster was challenged in Washington to a duel by one of these madcaps, his friends came forward, with prompt good sense, and said, such a thing was not to be thought of; Mr. Webster's life was the property of his friends and of the whole country, and was not to be risked on the turn of a vagabond's ball. Life and life are incommensurate. The whole State of South Carolina does not now offer any one or any number of persons who are to be weighed for a moment in the scale with such a person as the meanest of them all has now struck down. The very conditions of the game must always be,—the worst life staked against the best. It is the best whom they desire to kill. It is only when they cannot answer your reasons, that they wish to knock you down. If, therefore, Massachusetts could send to the Senate a better man than Mr. Sumner, his death would be only so much the more quick and certain. Now, as men's bodily strength, or with knives and guns, is not usually in proportion to their knowledge and mother wit, but oftener in the inverse ratio, it will only do to send foolish persons to Washington, if you wish them to be safe. The outrage is the more shocking from the singularly pure character of its victim. Mr. Sumner's position is exceptional in its honor. He had not taken his degrees in the caucus and in back politics. It is notorious that, in the long time when his election was pending, he refused to take a single step to secure it. He would not so much as go up to the State House to shake hands with this or that person whose good-will was reckoned important by his friends. He was elected. It was a homage to character and talent. In Congress, he did not rush into a party position. He sat silent and studious. His friends, I remember, were told that they would find Sumner a man of the world, like the rest; 'tis quite impossible to be at Washington and not bend; he will bend as the rest have done. Well, he did not bend. He took his position, and kept it. He meekly bore the cold shoulder from some of his New England colleagues, the hatred of his enemies, the pity of the indifferent, cheered by the love and respect of good men with whom he acted, and has stood for the North, a little in advance of all the North, and therefore without adequate support. He has never faltered in his maintenance of justice and freedom. He has gone beyond the large expectations of his friends in his increasing ability and his manlier tone.

I have heard that some of his political friends tax him with indolence or negligence in refusing to make electioneering speeches, or otherwise to bear his part in the labor which party organization requires. I say it to his honor. But more to his honor are the faults which his enemies lay to his charge. I think, sir, if Mr. Sumner had any vices, we should be likely to hear of them. They have fastened their eyes like microscopes now for five years, on every act, word, manner and movement, to find a flaw; and with what result? His opponents accuse him neither of drunkenness, nor debauchery, nor job, nor peculation, nor rapacity, nor personal aims of any kind. No; but with what? Why, beyond this charge, which it is impossible was ever sincerely made, that he broke over the proprieties of debate, I find him accused of publishing his opinion of the Nebraska conspiracy in a letter to the People of the United States, with discourtesy. Then, that he is an abolitionist;—as if every sane human being were not an abolitionist, or a believer that all men should be free. And the third crime he stands charged with, is, that his speeches were written before they were spoken; which of course must be true in Sumner's case, as it was true of Webster, of Adams, of Calhoun, of Burke, of Chatham, of Demosthenes, of every first-rate speaker that ever lived. It is the high compliment he pays to the intelligence of the Senate and the country. When the same reproach was cast on the first orator of ancient times by some caviler of his day, he said, "I should be ashamed to come with one unconsidered word before such an assembly."

Mr. Chairman, when I think of these most small faults as the worst which party hatred could allege, I think I may borrow the language which Bishop Burnet applied to Sir Isaac Newton, and say that Charles Sumner "has the whitest soul I ever knew."

Well, sir, this noble head, so comely and so wise, must be the target for a pair of bullies to beat with clubs! The murderer's brand shall stamp their foreheads wherever they may wander in the earth. But I wish, sir, that the high respects of this meeting shall be expressed to Mr. Sumner; that a copy of the resolutions that have been read may be forwarded to him. I wish that he may know the shudder of horror which ran through all this community on the first tidings of this brutal attack.—Let him hear that every man of worth in New England loves his virtues; that every mother thinks of him as the protector of families; that every friend of freedom thinks him the friend of freedom. And if our arms at this distance cannot defend him from assassins, we confide the defence of a life so precious, to all honorable men and true patriots, and to the Almighty Maker of men.

A SLAVE GIRL PURCHASED IN REV. H. W. BEECHER'S CHURCH.—A remarkable and exciting scene was enacted in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday last, a full account of which we copy from the New York *Tribune* of Monday:

"At the conclusion of the sermon yesterday morning, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announced to his congregation that he was about to perform an action of a most extraordinary nature, which he would preface by reading a portion of the 12th chapter of Matthew. He accordingly read the 10th, 11th and 12th verses of that chapter, after which he proceeded to give a sketch of the later history of a slave girl, Sarah by name, an appeal in whose behalf he had lately received. She was, he said, the daughter of a Southern planter, acknowledged by himself as his own offspring, and reared in his own family until his other daughters growing up had treated her so cruelly that she attempted to escape. She was captured and taken back to her paternal master, who made immediate preparations to sell her to the extreme South, refusing to dispose of her to any one who would permit her to remain in the neighborhood.

Many persons in the vicinity, knowing her to be a most faithful, efficient, and therefore, valuable piece of property, were anxious to purchase her, but her owner utterly refused to sell to them, his object being to have her removed to so great a distance that her near relation to the others of his children could occasion them no further mortification. She was, accordingly, sold to a Southern man who held her at $1500—but who finally consented to part with her for $1200. A slaveholder in Washington, pitying the girl, bought her for the latter sum, immediately, however, setting on foot a subscription to enable her to purchase her freedom, he himself contributing $100, another man, also a slaveholder, gave $100, and $700 were finally obtained. 'At this junction,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I received a letter asking if we could do anything 'towards making up the rest of the money,' to which I replied, that I would promise nothing unless we could see her here.

The reverend gentleman here stepped from his desk, and with an encouraging 'Come up, Sarah,' he led upon the platform a young, intelligent-looking mulatto girl, whom he presented to the crowded audience as the slave girl in question.

She is apparently about twenty-three years old, probably three-quarters white, of very pleasing and modest appearance. Mr. Beecher seated her in a chair by his side, while he continued his remarks. She was here, he said, on her parole of honor. She had promised to go back and she must return, either with or without the five hundred dollars which were yet necessary to make her a free woman. A collection would be taken up, and the result would show their verdict.

By this time there was hardly a dry eye in the whole immense congregation of nearly 3000 people. Men wept, and women sobbed—not shamefacedly, but openly and without any attempt at concealment. All seemed to be touched to the very heart. The like scene has never been witnessed in the world.

One gentleman here rose and announced that the money should be forthcoming to make her free, and that if necessary he would be personally responsible for the entire amount. This announcement was received with hearty and long continued applause, the audience being no longer able to restrain their feelings, and Mr. Beecher expressing his approval of the jubilant demonstrations. Sarah, the slave girl, had, up to this time, preserved a tolerable composure, but when the certainty was

declared that she should not go back to a life of Slavery, she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept aloud. As the collectors passed among the audience, the plates were actually heaped up with the tokens of substantial sympathy; one lady even took the jewelry from her person and cast into the fund. The amount collected on the spot was $784, which, besides completing the sum necessary for the purchase of Sarah, will also rescue her child, a boy of four years, who is now in bondage."

Dedham Gazette, Dedham, Mass., 6-7-56, p. 2.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Monday, July 28, 1856.

English Traits, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the long expected latest work of the great Transcendentalist, will be ready for publication on the first of August. I have had the pleasure of reading an early copy. It is a volume of 300 pages, written in a singularly compact style, in short, sharp, decisive sentences, almost without ornament of any kind, yet betraying throughout every mark of the severest intellectual and literary labor. No other work of Mr. Emerson's approaches it in constructiveness. It is a thorough analysis of English character, which is considered mostly from a highly favorable point of view, and discussed in the tone of a sensible practical man of the world, and not in that of a poet or philosopher, and still less in that of a historian or a statesman. It is not in the least *transcendental*—whatever the phrase may mean.

Land, race, manners, character, wealth, aristocracy, religion, literature, the universities, and *The Times* newspaper, are the chief topics. There is little account of persons in the book. Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle only are described. Landor thus:

"On the 15th of May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures, at his Villa Gherardesca, a fine house, commanding a beautiful landscape. I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation were just or not; but certainly on this May-day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. He praised the beautiful cyclamen which grows all about Florence; he admired Washington; talked of Wordsworth, Byron, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. In art, he loves the Greeks, and in sculpture, them only. He prefers the Venus to everything else, and after that, the head of Alexander in the gallery here. He prefers John of Bologna to Michael Angelo; in painting, Raffaelle; and shares the growing taste for Perugino and the early masters. The Greek histories he thought the only good; and after them, Voltaire's. He pestered me with Southey. But who is Southey?

"He glorified Lord Chesterfield more than was necessary, and undervalued Burke, and undervalued Socrates; designated as three of the greatest of men, Washington, Phocion, and Timoleon, much as our pomologists, in their lists, select the three or the six best pears 'for a small orchard;' and did not even omit to remark the similar termination of their names.

"Mr. Landor carries to its height the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, as if to signalize their commanding freedom. He has a wonderful humor, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes. He is strangely undervalued in England; usually ignored; and sometimes savagely attacked in the reviews. The criticism may be right or wrong, and is quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgettable."

Coleridge Mr. Emerson described as

"A short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine clear complexion, leaning on his cane. He took snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit. He asked whether I knew Alston, and spoke warmly of his merits and doings when he knew him in Rome; what a master of the Titianesque he was, &c. He spoke of Dr. Channing. It was an unspeakable misfortune that he should have turned out a Unitarian after all. On this he burst into a declamation on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism—its high unreasonableness. When he stopped to take breath, I interposed, that 'While I highly valued all his explanations, I was bound to tell him I was born and bred a Unitarian.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I supposed so;' and continued as before. He said he knew all about Unitarianism perfectly well, because he had once been a Unitarian, and knew what quackery it was. He had been called the Rising Star of Unitarianism.

"I was in his company for about an hour, but find it impossible to recall the largest part of his discourse, which was often like so many printed paragraphs in his books—perhaps the same—so readily did he fall into certain commonplaces. As I might have foreseen, the visit was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him."

At the time of Mr. Emerson's first visit to England, Carlyle was living on a farm in the south of Scotland.

"I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth—an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as obscure a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which flooded everything he looked upon. Few were the objects and lovely the man; 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics.

"He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. Blackwood's was the 'sand magazine;' Fraser's nearer approach to possibility of life was the 'mud magazine.' When too much praise of any genius annoyed him, he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one inclosure in his pen; but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him.

"His reading had been multifarious. Tristam Shandy was one of his first books after Robinson Crusoe, and Robertson's America an early favorite. Rousseau's Confessions had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted. He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. 'Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy.'

Mr. Emerson called on Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

"His daughters called in their father, a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles. He sat down, and talked with great simplicity. He had just returned from a journey. His health was good, but he had broken a tooth by a fall, when walking with two lawyers, and had said that he was glad it did not happen forty years ago; whereupon they had praised his philosophy.

"The conversation turned on books. Lucretius he esteemed far higher poet than Virgil. I inquired if he had read Carlyle's critical articles and translations. He said he thought him sometimes insane. He proceeded to abuse Goethe's Wilhelm Meister heartily. It was full of all manner of fornication. It was like the crossing of flies in the air. He had never gone further than the first part; so disgusted was he that he threw the book across the room. I deprecated this wrath, and said what I could for the better parts of the book; and he courteously promised to look at it again. Carlyle, he said, wrote most obscurely. He was clever and deep, but he defied the sympathies of everybody.

"To judge from a single conversation, Wordsworth made the impression of a narrow and very English mind; of one who paid for his rare elevation by general tameness and conformity. Off his own beat, his opinions were of no value. It is not very rare to find persons loving sympathy and ease, who expiate their departure from the common in one direction by their conformity in every other."

N. Y. Tribune.

EAGLESWOOD,
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

For the purpose of saving time and trouble in replying to enquiries in relation to the enterprise started a few years since at this place, under the corporate name of "RARITAN BAY UNION," the following statement is printed:—

The beautiful estate of "Eagleswood"—so designated by its former proprietor, from the fact that it had long been the abode of some venerable eagles, which returned regularly with every coming spring to build their nests in its woods—is situated at the upper end of Raritan Bay, within the limits of Perth Amboy, one mile from the steamboat landing, and has its southern front, for nearly half a mile, on navigable water, open, with rare and brief exceptions, to vessels from all quarters, for the whole year. Its shore is abrupt and picturesque, fringed for most of the distance with woods and shrubbery, indented with green and wooded ravines, from one of which rise on the east side, high hills covered with noble oak, tulip, hickory, chestnut, gum, cedar, and other forest trees, extending back from the ravine, and forming a natural Park of nearly a mile in length,—from the Bay on the south to the New Brunswick turnpike on the north,—diversified with deep shady dells, and steep hills and gentle slopes, susceptible at small cost of very great artistic improvement and embellishment.

The cultivated portion of the estate is gently undulating—rising toward the north, and affording, from the higher points, many fine building sites, with extended and beautiful views. On one side is seen the ancient and quiet city of Perth Amboy—formerly the seat of the old colonial government, and described by the early English settlers, as a "sweet, wholesome and delightful place," having "the finest air to live upon in the universe," the "intended London of America," &c., &c (See Whitehead's History of Perth Amboy, &c.) The venerable gubernatorial mansion (now occupied as a summer boarding house) still stands conspicuous, rising from the midst of lofty trees and a broad green lawn Beyond is seen Staten Island, and still beyond, in the distance, the blue range of the Navesink hills On the south, lies the Raritan Bay, with its busy, changing panorama of steamers and sailing craft, which pass up and down the river at all hours of the day, within a stone's throw of the shore

This estate was purchased a few years since by a few individuals, desirous of making for themselves pleasant country homes, sufficiently accessible to New York and sufficiently near to each other to afford many of the advantages of city life, and at the same time sufficiently distant from the city to secure for themselves and their children the many enjoyments and the healthful influences, moral and physical, of refined country life, without the isolation of ordinary country homes. A good school, combining the most complete appointments and arrangements for thorough education, physical as well as literary, scientific, artistic, social and spiritual—was another primary object

For the convenience of holding the joint property and improving it judiciously, selling and conveying building sites, and erecting a school house and other buildings for public use, a simple business organization was formed, in accordance with the general corporation law of New Jersey, under the name of "RARITAN BAY UNION," the subscriptions of the different owners being represented by shares, and a Board of Directors appointed for the management of the corporate business.

The subscriptions to the stock, amounting to about $70,000, have been paid in in cash and appropriated to the purchase of the property, the improvement of the farm, the park, lawn, &c.—to preparations for an abundant supply of fruit of all descriptions, and the erection of a fine block of brown stone dwellings, 254 feet long, 2 and 3 stories high, of tasteful architecture, arranged for families in flats or suites of apartments on the European plan, heated by steam, supplied throughout with pure spring water, and prepared to be lighted in a few weeks with gas; in short, embracing the conveniences of modern city dwellings. Connected with this block are a Refectory, Bakery and Laundry, enabling families so disposed to banish from their homes many of the cares of housekeeping, without foregoing its comforts and privacy. One end of this block is fitted up in the best manner as a school house, with a public Hall for worship, and for musical and dancing soirées, rustic festivals, dramatic representations, and other recreations fitted to elevate the taste, soften and refine the manners, and gratify, innocently and healthfully, the natural appetite for amusement, which, if either arbitrarily restrained, or left wholly unregulated, is equally injurious to the highest culture. A new and spacious gymnasium will be completed in a few weeks.

The present term of the school, which is under the charge of THEO. D. WELD, will close on the 30th June, and on the day and evening following there will be a public exhibition and some dramatic performances by the pupils Arrangements are now in progress for re-opening the school with greatly improved conditions on the 1st of October next, for the reception of boarding scholars, in addition to the resident children For particulars see Mr. Weld's circulars at the book store of C. SHEPARD & Co., 152 Fulton street, N. Y.

Suites of rooms for families, and rooms for single persons, will be rented for the summer or for a shorter time, with board at a good public table, in an airy and pleasant dining hall Apartments furnished or unfurnished, may be hired by the year, with meals in the dining hall or served at home.

Among other attractions of Eagleswood, as a place of residence, may be mentioned the regular weekly Lyceum meetings, with lectures and discussions; frequent social and festal gatherings, free to all; Sunday meetings for

worship and free exchange of earnest thought: (also, churches of the various religious denominations at Perth Amboy, a mile distant,) a valuable circulating library—opportunities for all—old as well as young—of pursuing in connection with the school classes, or with private teachers, various branches of study, and of observing the agricultural, horticultural, and other improvements going on upon the estate: facilities for salt water bathing, boating, fishing, gymnastic exercises, &c., &c.

A large stone building, 60 by 40 feet, with a good steam engine, fronting on navigable water, is offered to rent, and facilities will be afforded for the establishment of such branches of the useful and fine Arts, and such rural industries as will increase the desirableness of the place for purposes of education and residence.

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The Steamer THOMAS HUNT leaves the foot of Robinson St., N. R., at 3½ P. M., and the PASSAIC leaves the foot of Barclay street, N. R., at 2½ P. M. Fare, 12½ cents. The Philadelphia boat, JOHN POTTER, leaves pier No 1, N. R., at 6 A. M., touching at Perth Amboy. These three boats leave Perth Amboy at 7, 7½ and 9 A. M. for New York.

Travellers North and South can pass an evening and night at EAGLESWOOD, take a salt water bath and a quiet country sleep, and be in Philadelphia or New York early the next morning, with but little loss of time.

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JUST PUBLISHED

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BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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Literary Notices.

English Traits, by R. W. EMERSON. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The fame of Mr. Emerson as a poet and a transcendental philosopher, will naturally attract no small degree of attention to this volume. Readers who have known him only as a thinker of singular boldness and subtlety, if not of a wide and vigorous grasp, will be curious to discover the effect produced on his mind by the study of a people so positive, so practical, and so unimaginative as the English. In the description of their manners, he enters upon a new sphere of thought and illustration. The subject presents a remarkable contrast to his favorite themes of discussion. It brings him from the ideal regions, in which he delights to expatiate, into a world of the most solid realities. But he applies to its treatment the same qualities which characterize his previous compositions. His writings all show a rare power of observation, an unrelenting fidelity in the description of material facts, a sagacious insight into human motives and character, and innumerable felicities of expression, which often operate as a surprise, combined with a love of fanciful analogies, a tendency to rash generalizations, and a total absence of consecutive order and development. His thoughts stand to each other, not in the relation of genesis, but of juxtaposition. They betray no vital, mutual affinities, like the leaves, blossoms, and fruitage of a tree, but are placed side by side, like the brilliant specimens in a cabinet of gems. We are not led onward by a gradual ascent to the sight of new points of beauty in a harmonious landscape, but are transported, as by some strange power, into the midst of magic scenes, each of which has no connection with the preceding, and is often repeated with some slight change of feature, which gives an expression of novelty to the whole aspect.

Mr. Emerson's mind is more disposed to introspection than to the contemplation of external facts. To him, the material universe is merely a type of spiritual being. Events are without significance, except as the exponent of a universal law. His interest in material beauty is derived from the spiritual principle, which it represents. England, with her wonderful developments in the practical order, is an object of curious study, as illustrating the character of her people. His accurate observation of the surface never contents him with the superficial. He values the experience of life as it leads to the discovery of laws. Hence, in this work, the phases of English society are always held strictly subordinate to their illustration of the English mind. It should, therefore, be read less as a descriptive journal of incidents, than as a commentary on character. In this point of view, its value is singularly enhanced by the justice and impartiality which strongly mark the intellect of the author. No man ever wrote with a less degree of prejudice. With a temperament of habitual coldness, his love of truth amounts almost to a passion. We presume that every word in this volume has been weighed with a care and deliberation, as if the destiny of the age depended on its accuracy. One proof of this is the interval which has elapsed between the date of his travels and the publication of his volume. The first visit to England, on which it was founded, was made more than twenty years ago, while it is near-

ly ten years since his return from his latest tour in that country.

The general impression of England here given by Mr. Emerson is favorable to her character for industrial advancement, the possession of solid material comforts, and integrity and honor in the private relations of life; but the picture which he has drawn is by no means flattering to the intellect of the nation, or her sense of probity and justice in public affairs. On the whole, he regards England as the best of actual nations. But it is poor and imperfect, with all her comparative superiority. It can make no pretensions to ideal harmony; it represents no divine or noble thought; it does not approach the integral symmetry of nature; but is a piece of motley patchwork—an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and makeshifts. The mind of the English is in a state of arrested development. They do not occupy themselves on matters of general and lasting import, but on the goods of a corporeal civilization, which perish in the using. Their temperament is offensive from its want of facility, and is not relieved by their external refinement. Their habit of thought is one of sleepy routine. They are cramped within narrow limits, and have no wish to break their fetters. They have the instinct of the tortoise, to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back. As an animal, the Englishman is of the best breed—a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh. He has, to a great degree, the qualities of mettle and bottom, which he most values in his horse. No fighting-cock shows more pluck.

In the field of literature and art the English of the present day occupy a lower plane than that which was held by the greatest names among their ancestors. For two centuries England was philosophical, religious, poetic. The national mind flowered in every faculty. But these heights of genius could not be maintained. They were followed by a meanness and a descent of the mind into lower levels. There were no wings to thought. High speculation died out. Locke, to whom the meaning of ideas was unknown, became the type of philosophy. The later English have no insight of general laws. In the region of pure science they move with timid steps. They accumulate mountains of facts, without the inspiration to search for the pivotal law, around which they revolve, as a bad general demands myriads of men and miles of redoubts to compensate for his want of courage and conduct. Bacon is almost unique among the prose writers of his country in the faculty of generalization. Milton, who formed the table-land for the transition of English genius from the summits of Shakspeare, rarely used this privilege, especially in prose. For a long time afterward, it is not found in English literature. Burke was addicted to a certain mode of generalizing, but his thoughts have neither the depth nor the compass of the earlier school. Hume's abstractions are as little profound as wise. Doctor Johnson's oracular sentences have slight worth, except in their tone of feeling. Among recent writers, Mr. Emerson finds the type of English genius in Hallam. In his history of European literature, he steadily denies the expansive element by which literature is created. His eye does not reach to the ideal standards. His verdicts are all dated from London. He passes in silence the more profound masters, and shows that a lover of ideas is not only uncongenial to his taste, but perplexing to his intellect. The English mind lives on the past. Rich in its capital, it makes no account of future acquisitions. It can not discern the signs of the times. It does not hail the new forms that loom up on the horizon—the new and gigantic thoughts which can not find fit raiment in any old wardrobe.

The poetry and fiction of the day, according to Mr. Emerson, are circumscribed by the same municipal limits. Dickens writes London tracts. Like Hogarth, he is a painter of English details, local and temporary in his tints and style, as well as in his aims. Bulwer appeals to the worldly ambition of the student, and reverences intellect for its temporal uses. Thackeray finds that God has made no place in the universe for the heart, and that we must renounce ideals, and accept London. Macaulay explicitly teaches that good means material commodity—good to eat, good to wear—that the glory of modern philosophy is to yield economical inventions—that its merit is to avoid ideas, and to avoid morals. The triumph of the Baconian philosophy over the old Platonic, he thinks, is the disentangling the intellect from theories of the all-Fair and all-Good, and pinning it down to making a better sick-chair and a better wine-whey for an invalid. The eminent benefit of astronomy is its improvement of navigation, enabling the grocer to bring his wine and lemons to the London market at a cheaper rate. The civility and religion of England for a thousand years thus ends in reducing the intellect to a sauce-pan. The English cant of practical covers a world of skepticism. The doctrine of Macaulay makes reason and conscience a romantic pretension. The fine arts fall to the ground. Beauty, except as a luxurious commodity, does not exist.

Coleridge is one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing the capacity to appreciate what rarest wit the island has produced. But even with his catholic mind and his hunger for ideas, the traditional Englishman in him was too strong for the philosopher—he fell into accommodations with the spirit of the age, and attempted to reconcile the Gothic rule of the Anglican Church with eternal ideas.

Doubtless there are exceptions to the limited tone of English thought, especially in the region of general culture, where there is no end to the graces and amenities, the wit, sensibility, and erudition of the learned class. But the artificial character of all English performance is also visible in letters. Much of their æsthetic production is antiquarian and manufactured. Literary reputations have been achieved by forcible men, whose relation to literature was purely accidental, but who were driven by the arbitrary tastes of the day into their several careers. The bias of Englishmen to practical skill has reacted on the national mind. They worship the five mechanic powers even in their song. The tone of the steam-whistle is heard in the voice of their modern muse. The poem is created as an ornament and finish of their monarchy, and not as the morning-star of a brighter day. Every literary production is mechanical in its structure, as if inspiration and wisdom had ceased among men. No poet dares murmur of beauty out of the precinct of his rhymes. No priest dares hint at a Providence which does not patronize English utility.

Still England is not hopelessly given over to material idolatry. Mr. Emerson recognizes the presence of a redeeming power, and offers some profound comments on the nature of its influence. There is a minority of perceptive minds in the nation that appreciate every soaring of intellect, every whisper of a divine idea. They present a strong counterbalance to the prevailing tendencies of the day. Studious, contemplative, experimenting, they are the teachers of their countrymen in spite of themselves. The two classes, which represent genius and animal force, interact on each other, and produce a salutary counterpoise. Though the first consists only of a dozen souls, and the second of twenty millions, their accord and discord forever yield the power of the English State.

We have given a rapid abstract of some of the chief points in Mr. Emerson's volume. But no one should fail to peruse the work for himself. It will not command universal assent, and its inconsecutive, aphoristic style, makes it liable to misconstruction. Still, where the positions of the author can not be accepted, they are rich in suggestion, and open a fruitful vein of wise reflection. The fresh vitality of the composition, though toned down below the standard of blood-heat, presents a constant attraction to the amateurs of marked idiosyncrasies, and with its seductive beauties of expression, will always insure a succession of charmed readers.

English Traits. This new work, by one of our most distinguished philosophers and scholars, Ralph Waldo Emerson, will disappoint many who read an account of a foreign country and people only to glean from thence the personal adventures of the author, or a description of the appearance, manners, and conversation of individuals of note that he may have met. Instead of this well-worn path that most tourists have trodden, the writer of "English Traits" has given us a philosophical, dispassionate view of England and its inhabitants, tracing the present characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race back to the Phenician, the Celt, and the Goth.

The habits and manners of the people are described, their intellectual capacities, and their unexampled abilities in the creation and accumulation of wealth. Their system of aristocracy, which as the author says, "glares a little in contrast with our democratic tendencies," is freely discussed; although these same "republican nerves" can hardly receive without a shock, the theory that this institution is one step in the progress of society, and that every social guard which our manners can establish to secure us from the intrusion of distasteful people, is to be respected, however delightful such a state of things may appear to a man of refined and fastidious tastes.

A long chapter is devoted to the consideration of the national religion; this part of the subject is indeed handled without gloves. The idea that the Old Testament forms the creed of England, and not a leaf of the New Testament is turned; that their religion is a quotation and their church a doll; that Englishmen, however logical and disputative on other subjects, "shut the valve" when their church is approached, is plain speaking, which, whether or not agreeable to general views, cannot be surprising from Mr. Emerson, when we consider the purity, simplicity and freedom, of thought and action, which marks his own spiritual life. It will be a matter of regret to many that the author has avoided a description of most of those distinguished men whose names are household words to us; for when a man of genius describes his own similitude, he lends additional lustre to the star, whose rays before shone upon us, and we feel that in his intercourse with the brightest constellations of British literature, our own countryman stood as an equal on the vantage-ground of native talent, ability and education.

The style in which English Traits is written is entirely devoid of that obscurity of expression which some of the author's admirers have charged against him. The language is sinewy in its strength, and a sentence is so compressed into a few words of deep meaning, so true, simple, and unornamented that one wonders that an inferior mind never produces what seems so natural to all. The book abounds with felicitous phrases; as, when describing Carlyle he speaks of his cliff-like brow; of England as the Gibralter of propriety, and its islanders each an island in himself, safe, tranquil, and incommunicable. They are also, as the writer expresses it, very much steeped in their temperament, and the police thinks itself bound in duty to respect the pleasures and rare gayety of this *inconsolable* nation.

Apart from the robust and vigorous phraseology of the style, the matter is of absorbing interest. With his earnest-thinking and philosophical mind, Mr. Emerson has carefully studied the political institutions, power, wealth, arts, and commerce, of England, and given to the public a work which will add fresh laurels to his own fame, and impart to the reading world a

fund of information characterized by great clearness of statement, profound discrimination, and unprejudiced judgment in drawing his conclusions.

E. P.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

It is a great relief to ordinary mortals to discover that a philosopher has anything in common with themselves. Mr. Emerson once floated before our fancy as a cloud half-luminous, half-dark, now skimming the earth, now sailing above the mountains, now flashing inexpressible light, then suddenly turning upon us a cold sharp mass of darkness—with perchance a glimmer of stars from its impenetrable depths. Whether in some great cycle of transmigration Plato had taken shape again—but only such dreamy shape as becomes a disembodied spirit—or whether Plato himself was a *nebula* of antiquity now floating within the sphere of our atmosphere, and assuming a more consolidated form—we never could quite determine from anything we heard or saw of "the sage of Concord."

But it fell to us once after listening for an hour—Mr. Emerson always closes with the hour, even if he breaks off in the middle of an aphorism—to one of those rare effusions of the poet-philosopher, that leave one bewildered as to his personal identity, floating upon golden clouds of song—it fell to us to speak the oracle face to face, to be jostled with him for miles in the same carriage, to clamber with him over rocks and fences to the hill-top, to sit down with him at the same hospitable board, to hear him in the chit-chat of the parlor, and again to have a carriage talk in the still night through the woods. This near view of Mr. Emerson surprised us almost as much as the sight of "the immortal Cæsar," under the common conditions of humanity, amazed the sturdy Cassius; but on quite other grounds. We found him not a man of "feeble temper," confounded by familiar things—but that tongue of his, that just now "bade men mark him, and write his speeches in their books," discoursed with the plainest common sense, the largest practical wisdom, and the kindliest affection, upon the things of common life. Not a trace of pedantry or mysticism, not the least air of conscious superiority, could now be detected in him who had just discoursed so loftily of the exclusive *caste* of the scholar. Indeed, if called upon to make confession of the sins that most beset him in society, like the austere and lofty Damiani, he must have written "a contempt of pompous follies, and a disposition to laughter."

He had spoken in his address of the uniformity with which all the disclosures of Spiritualists, from whatever spirit and through whatever medium, come to us by way of Emanuel Swedenborg. Recalling this admirable hit, we provoked him to an eloquent period upon the grandeur of an attested revelation; and then, with that emphatic hesitancy that precedes some apt expression, he added of spirit-rappings, "This r-r-*rat-hole* revelation, I have no patience with." No philosophy could more effectually annihilate the whole system.

We passed a golden orchard. "I love to see the crop of apples looking well. The apple is the *social* fruit of New England;—the winter evenings and the fireside." There was a poem of kindly feeling in that off-hand remark.

A good five-mile walker, none of the party could excel him in climbing; not even the enthusiastic and accomplished lord of the manor—whose guests we were—could point out with a more appreciative eye the beauties of the landscape, its geological features, or its capabilities of production, from the well-eared corn of the interval to the thick-set cranberry bed in the marsh. In fine, we made up our minds that our new-found friend might be erratic, and mystic, and transcendental, and all that, but that he was still "a man *for* a' that."

The reader who has known Mr. Emerson only as a philosopher of mystical and perhaps dangerous tendencies, will find him in this book on England a man of common sense, of practical observation, and of most genial temper. While he cannot quite suppress the tendency to say even the most serious things in a half-comic vein, and sometimes leaves you in doubt whether he is in thorough earnest or in scornful jest, he yet appears in this volume more as a panegyrist than as a satirist; and while he will speak in aphorisms, his most lofty sentences in this book are clear—like "stars that all can see, though very few can measure." He does not appear to have seen England through the mist either of her atmosphere or of his own speculations.

Indeed, from the moment of landing in England, Mr. Emerson was impressed almost to awe with the grand practical *reality* of the English nation. And this he has attempted to seize and to analyze in this book on English traits. He says, "The problem of the traveler landing at Liverpool is, why England is England? What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success. And if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England."

Our traveler seems to have conceived of Englishmen much as did the Constable of France and the Lord Rambures at the camp of Agincourt, "That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustness and rough coming on. And then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils." Perhaps, however, since the charge of the Six Hundred, and the assault of the Great Redan, our admiring author might qualify the eulogy as did the Duke of Orleans. "Foolish curs! that wink into the mouth of a Russian bear, have their heads crushed like rotten apples." Lest our friend *Agricola* should be indignant at this last, as an American criticism upon England, we would remind him that we are speaking in Shakspeare's words of the English in the reign of Henry V., as they seemed to Frenchmen who had not yet proved their valor upon the field!

The key-note to Mr. Emerson's critique of England, is given in these expressive sentences: "England is a huge phalanstery, where all that man wants is provided within the precinct;" "England is finished with a pencil instead of a plough." The idea of completeness impressed itself upon his mind in connection with everything English. This he ascribes in part to the influence of race, in a chapter displaying a good deal of erudition and some profound thinking upon that topic, and still more to the "insular position" of Britain, together with the abundant internal resources of the island. "England is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world."

In treating of the character and manners of the English, our author at once does eminent justice and renders fit homage to the great principles that underlie the development of the true Englishman. Americans may read those chapters with personal benefit. They will teach them to respect the English more highly, and possibly to think less of themselves.

In English literature, Mr. Emerson is of course perfectly at home. His chapter on this topic is in part a keen and labored criticism, in part a satire, in part a poem full of grace and melody. He is not always true, but he aims to be always just.

Mr. Emerson fails just where we should expect him to fail—in treating of the religion of the English. His own notions of religion are not quite such as would constitute him a fit umpire between contending forms and systems, and he seems to lack here the discerning spirit. Yet it will not prove unprofitable to the Christian world to learn precisely how their systems and their religious life present themselves to an outside observer, who has the merit of candor without the taint of malignity.

Upon the whole, this estimate of their traits must be quite acceptable to our English brethren. It

holds the mirror fairly before them. In this country, the reading of such a book from such an authority, must excite a lively interest in those from whose sturdy and indomitable race we too are sprung. The book itself is a fountain of pure English, dealt out to the reader in vessels of amber.

EMERSON ON ENGLISH CHARACTER.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. Emerson. 12mo., pp. 312. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The peculiar qualities of Mr. Emerson's mind are strongly stamped on the contents of this volume. Devoted to widely different themes from those of his previous productions, they everywhere betray the spirit which gives vitality to his poems, and his philosophical, historical and literary essays. They could have come from no other pen than his own. They could never be mistaken for the composition of another writer. In Mr. Emerson, the traveler never takes the place of the sage and the moralist. The genius of contemplation accompanies him into the gayest and the most active scenes. In the spectacle of material greatness which England presents to the eye, he finds ample suggestion for subtle criticism and fruitful analogies. Everything is judged and commented on from an ideal point of view. The facts, which he describes with a life-like minuteness and precision, that afford the strongest presumptive proof of his accuracy, are placed in their relation with individual character and culture. The phenomena of English life play the same part in this volume as the scenery of the material universe in his Sibylline book on "Nature." Like that, it blends a weird vein of mysticism, with the most robust sense of reality. Pervaded by a fine poetic imagination, it is as free from rhapsody or sentimentalism as the hardest prose. It clothes the most ethereal ideas in a style of rare simplicity, often rivalling the downright plainness of Paley or even of Cobbett. The practical shrewdness, the homely common-sense which are strangely tempered in Mr. Emerson's constitution with an exquisite perception of beauty, and a love of refined analysis, are prominent on every page. The same is true of his characteristic inconsequence of thought and expression. It is repeated in this work to such an extent, that the lover of consecutive method will be tempted to despair of mastering its details, or of retaining from its perusal any thing but an indistinct impression of isolated splendors of wisdom and beauty. The aphoristic character of the style produces frequent repetitions. The same thought is presented in a variety of forms, with apparent unconsciousness on the part of the writer. Nor are the views presented by Mr. Emerson marked by striking originality, or perhaps we should say by novelty. They are certainly his own—the result of personal observation and reflection—colored by his peculiar modes of association—but not essentially different from the statements of former intelligent writers on England. But they are set forth with a force and vivacity of illustration, an attractive quaintness of expression, and a constant reference to universal principles, which distinguish his volume from the production of any previous tourist. Neither has any other writer on the subject brought to its discussion the wealth of choice and curious erudition, which Mr. Emerson has gathered from a unique, if not a remarkably extensive, course of reading. The avers on to crude and ill-considered statements, which is idiosyncratic with the author, is betrayed in the composition of this work. Its long delay has again and again disappointed the anticipations of his friends. They have been too impatient with the fastidious reluctance to send out a volume to the press until it had received the most complete finish which time and reflection could impart. The first visit to England, which is described in its pages, was made not less than twenty-three years ago. It is nearly nine years since the author performed the second tour, which has furnished the principal part of the materials for his preparation. In the wide interval which has elapsed since even the last date, the severe elimination and revision to which the work has been subjected will be readily understood by those who can infer the rigid processes of his mind from the austere compression and brevity of the product.

But without indulging in general comments at any greater length, it is our duty to present some of the impressions of "English traits" which Mr. Emerson received from his partial study of life and manners in the homes of his ancestors.

The first point which claimed his attention and wonder, as it does that of every American traveler, was the material prosperity which is visible on the face of the country and the condition of the people. England is a paradise of comfort and plenty. The fields present the appearance of a highly cultivated garden. One would think that they had been finished with a pencil instead of a plow. The towns show a solidity of structure that speaks the industry of ages. Every thing gives the impression of magnificence and endless wealth. The climate constantly brings agricultural production up to the highest point. There is plenty of water, of stone, of potter's clay, of coal, of salt, and of iron. The land naturally abounds with game. Immense heaths and downs are paved with quails, grouse, and woodcock, and the shores are animated by water birds. The rivers and the surrounding seas are rich with fish. The people have great vigor of body and endurance. They are bigger men than the Americans. A hundred Englishmen taken at random out of the street would weigh a fourth more than so many Americans. But the skeleton is not larger. They are round, ruddy and handsome; the whole bust is well formed; and there is a tendency to stout and powerful frames. The beauty of English women is not improved by this circumstance. Their forms are apt to grow stocky, and instead of tall, slender figures, of flowing shape, we find stunted and thick-set persons, and, as the French say, with two left hands. But, in all ages, they are a handsome race. The fair complexion, blue eye and open and florid aspect of the English face indicate a love of truth and fine perceptions. The Saxon man is not the wood out of which cannibal, or inquisitor, or assassin is made. He is moulded for law, civility, marriage, the nurture of children, for colleges, churches, charities and colonies. The English have vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. The old men are as red as roses, and still handsome. A clear skin, a peach-bloom complexion, and good teeth are found all over the island. They live well. Their diet is plentiful and nutritious. They do not work on water-cresses. Beef, mutton, wheatbread, and malt liquors are universal among the first class laborers. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They love all sorts of manly exercises. They box, run, shoot, ride, row and sail from pole to pole. They eat and drink and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, like so many mad dogs. Both men and women walk with infatuation. Hunting is the fine art of every well-bred Englishman. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. The muscles of the men are almost as tough and supple as those of the dogs and horses in which they so much delight. If in every efficient man there is first a fine animal, in the English race it is of the best breed, a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh.

Connected with the high material development of the English nation, is their passion for utility. They love all the mechanical powers, the Flanders draught-horse, the waterfall, and the sea and the wind to bear their freight ships. Their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarser—not good in jewelry and mosaics—but the best iron-masters, cutlers, woolcombers, and tanners in Europe. Their success in agriculture, in resisting the elements, in the manufacture of the indispensable staples, is miraculous. You dine with a gentleman on venison, pheasant, quail, pigeons, poultry, mushrooms, and pine-apples, all the growth of his estate. They study utility in their building, in the order of their dwellings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the truffle, the Englishman added the shirt. He wears a sensible coat outvoted to the chin, of rough but mild and lasting texture. They have diffused the taste for plain substantial hats, shoes, and coats throughout Europe. They look to the essentials in their diet, in their arts and manufactures. In trade, the English believe that nobody breaks who ought not to break. The love of details, the love driving things too finely, concentrate that dispatch of business which makes the

mercantile power of England. In war, they rely on the simplest means. They do not like ponderous and difficult tactics. They adopt every improvement in rig, in motor, in weapons, but after all believe that the best stratagem in naval war, is to lay your ship along side of the enemy's ship, and bring all your guns to bear on him until you or he go to the bottom. They do not usually shed their blood for a point of honor or a religious sentiment, and never for a whim—they have no Indian taste for a tomahawk dance, no French taste for a badge or a proclamation. But if you offer to lay hand on his dog's wager, on his cow, or his right in common, or his shop the Englishman will fight to the crack of doom. He concentrates all political rights in the right to his own dinner. The questions of freedom, of taxation, of privilege are money questions. Incapable of larger views, the indulgence is expensive, costs great crises, or accumulations of mental power. Steeped in beer and flesh pots, they are hard of hearing and dim of sight. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot well read a principle except by the light of fagots and of burning towns.

The English character is founded on a practical, utilitarian basis. Their intellect is essentially logical. They are jealous of minds that have much facility of association. They are impatient of genius and of minds addicted to contemplation. They cannot conceal their contempt for sallies of thought whose steps they cannot count by their wonted rule. They are impious in their skepticism of theory; in high departments they are cramped and sterile; but this practical logic has given them the leadership of the world. Their universal power rests on the national sincerity. Their veracity is innate in their animal structure. They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain dealing in others. They have shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged in the public opinion, on which any paltering can be fixed. An Englishman habitually understates, avoids the superlative, checks himself in compliments, and alleges that in the French language one cannot speak without lying. They love reality in wealth, power, hospitality, and do not easily learn to make a show and take the world as it goes. They are not fond of ornaments, and if they wear them, they must be gems. Plain, rich clothes, plain, rich equipage, plain, rich finish throughout their house and household, mark the English truth. They confide in each other—English believes in English. In the power of saying rude truth, no men surpass them. Their ruling passion in these days is a terror of humbug. In the same proportion they value honesty, sincerity, and adherence to your own.

But their love of truth is connoted with a single want of imagination and sentiment. Their slow temperament makes them less rapid and ready than the people of other countries. English wit comes afterwards. This dulness makes their attachment to home, and their adherence in all foreign lands to their home habits. The Englishman who visits Mount Etna, carries his teaketle to the top. Their eyes seem to be set at the bottom of a tunnel. They affirm the one small fact they know, with the best faith in the world that nothing else exists. As their own belief in quiness is perfect, they readily apply the pecuniary argument as final. Examples of English stoidity are the anecdotes of Europe.

They are good lovers, good haters, and slow, but obstinate admirers. In all things they are very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep, which they enjoy. Their habits and instincts cleave to nature. They are of the earth, earthy, full of coarse strength, fond of exercise, butchers' meat, and sound sleep. Any hint for the conduct of life, which reflects on this animal existence, is look d on with suspicion, as a threat to stop the supplies. A saving stupidity marks and protects their perception as the curtain of the eagle's eye. The Englishman is intensely patriotic, for his country is so small. His confidence in his own nature makes him provokingly mentions about other nations. He dislikes foreigners. When he adds epithets of praise, his climax is "so English." When he wishes to pay you the highest compliment, he says; "I should not know you from an Englishman." He has such a good opinion of England, that the ordinary phrases of disparaging what relates to oneself in talking with a stranger, are mistaken for an impertinent homage to the merits of his nation. The New-Yorker or Pennsylvanian who modestly laments the disadvantage of a new country, log huts and savages, is surprised by the the instant commiseration of the whole company, who plainly account all the world out of England as a heap of rubbish.

The same insular limitation pinches his foreign politics. He sticks to his traditions and usages, and so help him God, he will force his island by-laws down the throat of great countries, like India, China, Canada, Australia, and not only so, but impose Westpreg on the Congress of Vienna, and trample down all nationalities with his taxed boots. English nature is so rash and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other. The world is not wide enough for two. Besides this nationality, the English have a personal self-complacency, through which every man delights in showing himself for what he is and in doing what he can. In all companies, each of them has too good an opinion of himself to imitate anybody. He hides no defect of his form, features, dress, connections, or philosophies, for he thinks every circumstance belonging to him comes recommended to you. If one of them bears a bald, or a red, or a green head, or bow-legs, or a scar, or mark, or a paunch, or a squeaking or a raven voice, he has not the slightest doubt that these is something modish and becoming in it.

In point of manners, the English are a grave and taciturn race. They are proud and private, and even if disposed to recreation, will avoid an open garden. Meat and wine produce no effect on them—they are as cold, quiet and composed at the end, as at the beginning of dinner. In mixed companies, they shut their mouths. Swedenborg, whether by a stroke of humor, or in his pitiless logic, placed the English souls in a heaven by themselves. They do not wear their heart on their sleeve for daws to peck at. They have that phlegm or staidness which it is a compliment to disturb. Still, when they speak, they always speak their mind. They dare to displease. They like the sayers of No, better than the sayers of Yes. They meditate opposition. Each of them has an opinion, which he feels it becomes him to express all the more that it differs from yours.

Of all men, the Englishman stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, muscle and bottom. The one thing which they admire is pluck. The cabmen have it—the merchants have it—the women have it—the journals have it. It requires a good constitution to travel in England, simply on account of the vigor and brawn of the people. If they only order eggs and muffins for breakfast, it is with an energy which it would be in vain to resist. The Englishman speaks with all his body. His elocution is from the stomach, not from the lips. He is petulant about his accommodation at inns and on the roads, and pungent and loud in his expressions of impatience, if his chop or his toast is neglected. His vigor is shown in his respiration. Even the

hint deaf; his eyes never wander from his table and newspaper. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. He does not give his hand. He does not let you meet his eye. A seashell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, a hard enamel varnishes every part. But this japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen which exceeds in wooden dullness, all rivalry with the people of other countries.

The literature of England is distinguished for the strong common sense, which has marked the learnings notes he makes in clearing his throat are significant of burly strength. This is also shown in the stony neglect of each by the other. Every man in this polished country consults only his own convenience as much as a solitary pioneer in Wisconsin. He walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates in his own fashion, without reference to the bystanders. No man gives himself the slightest concern about any personal eccentricity in others. An Englishman carries his closed umbrella like a walking-stick in a pouring rain, wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made. Each of these islanders is an island in himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. In a company of strangers, you would think

English mind for a thousand years. The English have no fancy. They are never surprised into a covert or a witty word, such as pleased the Athenians and the old Italians. They delight in strong earthy expressions, which, though spoken among princes, are equally fit and welcome to the mob. The songs and ballads are refreshed by the smell of earth, and of the breath of cattle. They ask their constitutional utility in verse. The poet nimbly recovers himself from every sally of the imagination. The Englishman loves the farmyard, the field and market. A taste for plain, strong speech, marks the English. The influence of Plato once tinged the British mind, but it fell from the heights of speculation to a low level. Locke, to whom the meaning of ideas was unknown, became the type of philosophy, and the powers of thought fell into neglect. The later English want the faculty of Plato and Aristotle of grouping men in natural classes by an insight of general laws. They shrink from a generalization. Every one of them is a thousand years old, and lives by his memory; and when you say this, they accept it as praise. They have lost all commanding views in literature, philosophy and science. A good Englishman shuts himself out of three-fourths of his mind, and confines himself to one fourth. He has learning, common sense, power of labor and logic, but a faith in universal laws the modern English mind repudiates. The literature which sells consists mainly of politics, trade, statistics, tabulation and engineering. Even what is called philosophy and letters is mechanical in its structure, as if there were no longer any inspiration, as if no vast hope, no religion, no song of joy, no analogy, no wisdom still existed. The tone of colleges and of literary society has this mortal air. One seems to walk on a marble floor, where nothing will grow. No sublime augury cheers the student. A horizon of brass of the diameter of his umbrella shuts down around his senses. He fears the hostility of ideas, of poetry, of religion. The English have trampled on nationalities to reproduce London and Londoners in Europe and Asia, they have attempted to domesticate and dress up the Blessed Soul itself in English broadcloth and gaiters, and hence are tormented with fear that there lurks a force in thought that will sweep away their system.

The view which Mr. Emerson presents of the English character in its most conspicuous manifestations must impress every reader as too broad and unqualified, and must be accepted, if accepted at all, with many limitations. Indeed, he virtually acknowledges this himself, and is clearly anxious to do justice to the more humane and attractive qualities, which are certainly not wanting in the natives of our mother country. The truth is, as Mr Emerson suggests, the English have great range and variety of character: They are contradictorily described as over, splenetic, and stubborn—and as mild, sweet, and sensible. Commerce sends abroad multitudes of different classes. The choleric Welshman, the fervid Scot, the bilious resident in the East or West Indies, are wide of the perfect behavior of the educated and dignified man of family. So is the burly farmer—so is the country squire, with his narrow and violent life—so is the commercial traveler. But these classes are the right English stock, and may fairly show the national qualities, before yet art and education have dealt with them.

In some instances, too, Mr. Emerson has probably exaggerated accidental individual traits into national characteristics. Certainly he combines qualities in his delineation of English manners that are scarcely compatible with each other. Thus he more than once alludes to the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, the personal eccentricity which is tolerated with such wide charity. But this is not easily reconcilable with the passion for routine, which is a part of their nature. They are positive, methodical, cleanly, devoted to conventional ways, and inexorable on points of form. In an Englishman you are sure of neatness and of personal decorum. A certain order and complete propriety is found in his dress and in his belongings. No merit counteracts the want of keeping the proprieties, which is indispensable as clean linen. But we have already seen, according to Mr. Emerson, that an Englishman may "wear a saddle or stand on his head" without causing remark.

Another discrepancy in the English character, as drawn by Mr. Emerson, is more significant, and is commented on, though briefly, in his concluding chapter. Although models of truth in private life, their public system is a tissue of falsities. Their social institutions are in the highest degree artificial. Their law is a net-work of fictions. Their property is a scrip for interest on money that no man ever saw. Their social classes are made by statute. Their ratios of representative power are historical and legal. Purity in the elective Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. The pauper lives better than the free laborer—the thief better than the pauper—and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment. The crimes are factitious, as smuggling, poaching, non-conformity, heresy, and treason. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen. Solvency is maintained by means of a national debt. Their system of education is factitious. The universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life. The Church is artificial. English life does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist. The religion of England is a part of good breeding. The church is the church of the gentry, not the church of the poor. Their faith is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. The Gospel it preaches is "By taste ye are saved." The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. The English, abhorring change in all things, abhorring it most in matters of religion, cling to the last ray of form, and are dreadfully given to cant. The Church at this moment has nothing left but possession. The religion which it preaches is nothing but a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property-man. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman and reads fatal interrogations in his eye, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and even a lower class of mind and character into the clergy, and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, their church has already become no longer a church. Counterfeits prevail equally in material things. England is aghast at the disclosure of fraud in the adulteration of food, of drugs, and of almost every fabric in her mills and shops. She finds that milk will not nourish, nor sugar sweeten, nor bread satisfy, nor pepper bite the tongue, nor glue stick. Thus in truth-loving England everything is false and forged. The manners and customs of society are art facial—made up men with made up manners—the whole is Birmingham red and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art—a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious, and imperial land in the whole earth.

Such are the main features in Mr. Emerson's portraiture of England. It is rarely that a nation is made to sit for its likeness to so severe, so cold blooded, and so impartial an artist. We believe that every line has been drawn, every color bleeded, with a high sense of fidelity to the original. This active conscientiousness is doubtless the secret of the delay of the volume. Mr Emerson's words often have the air of oracles, in their weighty and impressive manner, though free from oracular ambiguity. Whatever professions may be declared against the correctness of his delineations, no one can hesitate to proclaim them the faithful transcripts of his own impressions. He has written without complacent, without dwelling on the fairest aspects of his subject, without delighting or disguising. He thought, but also without passion, without bitterness, without a tincture of natural prejudice, and with the "pad severity" of profound conviction. The style of the work is in the peculiar serenatious manner of all his writings, possibly with a trace of superior mellowness, and a richer aromatic flavor. In matters of mere diction, Mr Emerson is usually a model of idiomatic purity, notwithstanding the racy originality of his illustrations and turns of expression. We therefore wish that he had not lent the authority of his example to such a beggarly phrase as "in this connection," which, though often used by eminent Boston writers, is certainly not English. The mechanical execution of the work is bad, and we wonder that the fastidious author should have

Were willing to appear in so mean a dress.

The N. Y. Times.

PERSONAL.

"ENGLISH TRAITS," the long expected latest work of the great Transcendentalist, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, has gone to press, we understand. A Boston correspondent says:—"It is a volume of three hundred pages, written in a singularly compact style, in short, sharp, decisive sentences, almost without ornament of any kind, yet betraying throughout every mark of the severest intellectual and literary labor. No other work of Mr. EMERSON's approaches it in constructiveness. It is a thorough analysis of English character, which is considered mostly from a highly favorable point of view, and discussed in the tone of a sensible, practical man of the world, and not in that of a poet or philosopher, and still less in that of a historian or a statesman. It is not in the least *transcendental* —whatever the phrase may mean. Land, race, manners, character, wealth, aristocracy, religion, literature, the universities, and the Times newspaper, are the chief topics. There is little account of persons in the book. LANDOR, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and CARLYLE, only, are described."

The Home Journal, N.Y., 8-9-56, p. 3.

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

A "here-and-there" correspondent of the National Intelligencer pens these interesting notes from the city of Concord, New Hampshire:— [Concord, Mass.]

"An hour's ride in the cars brings one from the heat and noise of Boston to this interesting town. Apart from the rich historic associations of the village, where erst

> The embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world,

it is the best specimen (unless Plymouth be better) of an old-fashioned, quiet New England town. Everything has such a quaint old-time look, that one almost expects, entering the court-house, to find some woman with the fatal scarlet letter on her vesture, or perhaps some one on trial for witchcraft. There is nothing much to be seen. The landscape has a quiet beauty. The sluggish Musketoquid (now unfortunately called the Concord) winds around one side of the village, where it joins the Assabeth, more like oil than water, and beyond, the Ponkawtapet hill (I hope I spell the name right) lifts itself in a graceful arc. The river has its dark bed spangled with beautiful water-lilies. The current is scarcely perceptible, and, it is said, the only bridge that was ever destroyed in high flood floated calmly up the stream.

"One spot alone on this river allures the visitor. It is where a simple and tasteful granite shaft arises, telling that there lie the remains of the three men who rushed across the bridge, and died in making the first resistance to British arms in the war of the Revolution. A few feet off two headstones mark where the two men of the English ranks who were slain were buried. The story is old, but the application of it in the thought of him who now stands by it is new. It is a place to feel the full value of the country so dearly purchased, and to dedicate ourselves afresh to the freedom for the love of which our fathers were stricken down.

"But an equally high present interest attaches to this place because of its association with the revolution in New England theology and philosophy, which is now recognised as perhaps the most important element in our land. Of their quality and tendency there are of course conflicting views, and I have no purpose of discussion here; but it will not be doubted that many great minds and hearts were enlisted therein. And of these minds the Athens was Concord. One is readily borne back to the Court of Pericles as its parallel, with Margaret Fuller (afterwards Countess Ossoli) here as Aspasia there. The prince of all was Emerson, in whose quiet and beautiful homestead, embosomed in graceful firs, were often gathered such choice spirits as Margaret Fuller, fresh from the inspiration of her last improvisation; Thoreau, with mind all shelved with New England plants and fishes; Dr. Channing occasionally, but oftener that fine orator, William H. Channing, and Ellery, his cousin, the poet; Alcott, all full of Orphics; Hawthorne,

> A chiel amang 'em takin notes,
> An' faith, he'll preat 'em.

And young Curtis (Howadji) was there, acquiring that standard of life which was afterwards to become the silver lancet which we now recognise in Putnam occasionally. What was elicited from such a company as this may be best collected from orthodox theological pamphlets of that time, which, never very good-humored, appear to have been harassed to death then, and not to have quite recovered since.

"An object of deep interest here is the 'Old Manse.' Most of your readers, one would at least hope, have read Hawthorne's 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' It was in this quaint old building that it was written. The ancestors of Mr. Emerson were its first inhabitants. It is now occupied by Mrs. Ripley, the widow of the former minister of the parish, who is very well known in this State for her great acquirements, and especially her contributions to the study of lichens and algæ generally. The visitor finds her kindness equal to her unusual powers of conversation. The house is reached through a long lawn, with stately old trees arranged on either side. Within, the wainscots, closets, doors, all give one an admirable idea of the houses inhabited by the early New England aristocrats.

• • •

"Near Concord is the beautiful pond called Walden. (If the reader has not read Thoreau's 'Walden' he had best stop reading this letter now, and go and get it.) You can see in its transparent waters to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. It has no visible inlet or outlet. The body in it seems as white as marble. This is just back of Emerson's farm, and if one is there toward sunset he will be apt to see, standing alone on its bank, a tall, slender man, with eyes whose blue reflects the infinite sky: that man is Ralph Waldo Emerson, thinking of whom the scholars of the world say that the rough cactus of America had its hundred-year bloom at last, and it was unfolded at Concord. 'I hear but one voice,' said Carlyle, 'and that comes from Concord.'

"Combining with the earnestness of manhood the simplicity of a child, this greatest of Americans lives kindly amongst his neighbors without seclusion or pride. All love him; if one could be found who did not, how the villagers would instantly notify Barnum. He is just now in his vigor, and still by his magnetism draws around him circles of literary and scientific men of all countries. Though having no official connection with Cambridge, he is a most influential professor, and is always heard by some circle of young seekers, who study there during the week, and try to spend a Saturday or Sunday at his house, which is as hospitable as his thought.

"By the time this letter is in print his new book, for which we have had to wait almost too long, will be published. It is entitled 'English Characteristics,' I believe, and will doubtless be an admirable application of the Emersonian philosophy to a representative nation as before it has been applied to representative men. At any rate, we may look forward to it with a sense of absolute security; for if Emerson has ever written an unimportant word I should like to treasure it up (if one will find it) as a certificate that love sometimes nods. As a lecturer, Mr. Emerson is witty and profound, and his fascination of manner complete. To have him some winter to deliver a course of lectures in Washington has long been a pet project with your friendly correspondent."

Ibid., Sat., 9-6-56, p. 1.

MR. HECKER, a German by birth, who was at one time connected with the Associationists at Brook Farm, but for some years has been a Catholic priest, has lately published a book on Catholicism and Transcendentalism, in which he endeavors to show, first, that there is no middle ground tenable between his present and his former ultra-Transcendental position; and, second, that his present position (in the bosom of the Roman Church) is the only true and safe one.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

LEAVES OF GRASS.—FOWLER & WELLS: New-York.

What Centaur have we here, half man, half beast, neighing shrill defiance to all the world? What conglomerate of thought is this before us, with insolence, philosophy, tenderness, blasphemy, beauty and gross indecency tumbling in drunken confusion through the pages? Who is this arrogant young man who proclaims himself the Poet of the Time, and who roots like a pig among a rotten garbage of licentious thoughts? Who is this flushed and full-blooded lover of Nature who studies her so affectionately, and who sometimes utters her teachings with a lofty tongue? This mass of extraordinary contradictions, this fool and this wise man, this lover of beauty and this sunken sensualist, this original thinker and blind egotist, is Mr. WALT. WHITMAN, author of *Leaves of Grass*, and, according to his own account, "a Kosmos."

Some time since there was left at the office of this paper a thin quarto volume bound in green and gold. On opening the book we first beheld, as a frontispiece, the picture of a man in his shirt sleeves, wearing an expression of settled arrogance upon his countenance. We next arrived at a title page of magnificent proportions, with letter-press at least an inch and a half in length. From this title page we learned that the book was entitled *Leaves of Grass*, and was printed at Brooklyn in the year 1855. This inspected, we passed on to what seemed to be a sort of preface, only that it had no beginning, was remarkable for a singular sparseness in the punctuation, and was broken up in a confusing manner by frequent rows of dots separating the paragraphs. To this succeeded eighty-two pages of what appeared at the first glance to be a number of prose sentences printed somewhat after a biblical fashion. Almost at the first page we opened we lighted upon the confession that the author was

> "WALT. WHITMAN, an American, one of the roughs, a Kosmos.
> Disorderly, fleshy and sensual...."

This was sufficient basis for a theory. We accordingly arrived at the conclusion that the insolent-looking young man on the frontispiece was this same WALT. WHITMAN, and author of the *Leaves of Grass*.

Then returning to the fore-part of the book, we found proof slips of certain review articles written about the *Leaves of Grass*. One of these purported to be extracted from a periodical entitled the *United States Review*, the other was headed "From the *American Phrenological Journal*." These were accompanied by the printed copy of an extravagant letter of praise addressed by Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON to Mr. WALT. WHITMAN, complimenting him on the benefaction conferred on society in the present volume. On subsequently comparing the critiques from the *United States Review* and the *Phrenological Journal* with the preface of the *Leaves of Grass*, we discovered unmistakable internal evidence that Mr. WALT. WHITMAN, true to his character of a Kosmos, was not content with writing a book, but was also determined to review it, so Mr. WALT. WHITMAN had concocted both those criticisms of his own work, treating it we need not say how favorably. This little discovery of our "disorderly" acquaintance's mode of proceeding rather damped any enthusiasm with which Mr. EMERSON's extravagant letter may have inspired us. We reflected, here is a man who sets himself up as the poet and teacher of his time; who professes a scorn of everything mean and dastardly and double-faced, who hisses with scorn as he passes one in the street whom he suspects of the taint, hypocrisy—yet this self-contained teacher, this rough-and-ready scorner of dishonesty, this rowdy knight-errant who tilts against all lies and shams, himself perpetrates a lie and a sham at the very outset of his career. It is a lie to write a review of one's own book, then extract it from the work in which it appeared and send it out to the world as an impartial editorial utterance. It is an act that the most degraded hebt of literature might blush to commit. It is a dishonesty committed against one's own nature, and all the world. Mr. WALT. WHITMAN in one of his candid rhapsodies announces that he is "no more modest than immodest." Perhaps in literary matters he carries the theory further, and is no more honest than dishonest. He likewise says in his preface: "The great poets are so known by the absence in them of tricks, and by the justification of perfect personal candor." Where, then, can we place Mr. WALT. WHITMAN's claims upon immortality?

We confess we turn from Mr. WHITMAN as Critic, to Mr. WHITMAN as Poet, with considerable pleasure. We prefer occupying that independent position which Mr. WHITMAN claims for man, and forming our own opinions, rather than swallowing those ready-made. This gentleman begins his poetic life with a coarse and bitter scorn of the past. We have been living stale and unprofitable lives: we have been surfeited with luxury and high living, and are grown lethargic and dull; the age is fast decaying, when lo! the trump of the Angel Whitman brings the dead to life, and animates the slumbering world. If we obey the dictates of that trumpet, we will do many strange things. We will fling off all moral clothing and walk naked over the earth. We will disembarrass our language of all the proprieties of speech and talk indecency broad-cast. We will act in short as if the Millennium were arrived in this our present day, when the absence of all vice would no longer necessitate a virtuous discretion. We fear much, Mr. WALT. WHITMAN, that the time is not yet come for the nakedness of purity. We are not yet virtuous enough to be able to read your poetry aloud to our children and our wives. What might be pastoral simplicity five hundred years hence, would perhaps be stigmatized as the coarsest indecency now, and—we regret to think that you have spoken too soon.

The adoration of the "Me," the "Ego," the "eternal and universal I," to use the jargon of the Boston *Oracle*, is the prevailing motive of *Leaves of Grass*. Man embraces and comprehends the whole. He is everything and everything is him. All nature ebbs and flows through him in ceaseless tides. He is "his own God and his own Devil," and everything that he does is good. He rejoices with all who rejoice; suffers with all who suffer. This doctrine is exemplified in the book by a panorama as it were of pictures, each of which is shared in by the author, who belongs to the universe, as the universe belongs to him. In detailing these pictures he hangs here and there shreds and tassels of his wild philosophy, till his work, like a maniac's robe, is bedizened with fluttering tags of a thousand colors. With all his follies, insolence and indecency, no modern poet that we know of has presented finer descriptive passages than Mr. WALT. WHITMAN. His phrasing, and the strength and completeness of his epithets, are truly wonderful. He paints in a single line with marvelous power and comprehensiveness. The following rhapsody will illustrate his fullness of epithet:

> "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night;
> I call to the earth and sea, half held by the night.
>
> "Press close bare-bosomed night! Press close magnetic, nourishing night!
> Night of South winds! Night of the large few stars!
> Still nodding night! Mad, naked, Summer night!
>
> "Smile, O voluptuous and cool-breathed earth!
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
> Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the mountains misty-topt!
> *Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!*
> Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
> Earth of the limpid gray, of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
> *Far-swooping elbowed earth!* Rich apple-blossomed earth!
> Smile, for your lover comes!
>
> "You sea! I resign myself to you also....I guess what you mean.
> I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,
> I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me;
> We must have a turn together....I undress....hurry me out of sight of the land.
> Cushion me soft....*rock me in billowy drowse*,
> Dash me with amorous wet....I can repay you."
>
> "Sea of stretched ground-swells!
> Sea, breathing broad and convulsive breaths!
> Sea of the brine of life! *Sea of unshovel'd and always-ready graves!*
> *Howler and scooper of storms!* Capricious and dainty sea!
> I am integral with you....I too am of one phase and of all phases."

Here are fine expressions well placed. Mr. WHITMAN's study of nature has been close and intense. He has expressed certain things better than any other man who has gone before him. He talks well and largely, and tenderly of sea and sky, and men and trees, and women and children. His observation and his imagination are both large and well-developed. Take this picture, how pathetic, how tenderly touched!

> "Agonies are one of my changes of garments;
> I do not ask the wounded person how he feels....I myself become the wounded person,
> My hurt turns livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.
> I am the mashed fireman with breast-bone broken....trembling walls buried me in their debris,
> Heat and smoke I inspired....I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,
> I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels;
> They have cleared the beams away....they tenderly lift me forth.
> I lie in the night air in my red shirt....the pervading hush is for my sake,
> Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy.
> White and beautiful are the faces around me....the heads are bared of their fire-caps.
> The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches."

If it were permitted to us to outrage all precedent and print that which should not be printed, we could cull some passages from the "Leaves of Grass," and place them in strange

contrast with the extracts we have already made. If being a Kosmos is to set no limits to one's imagination; to use coarse epithets when coarseness is not needful, to roam like a drunken satyr, with inflamed blood through every field of lascivious thought; to return time after time with a seemingly exhaustless prurient pleasure to the same licentious phrases and ideas, and to jumble all this up with bits of marvelously beautiful description, exquisite touches of nature, fragments of savagely-uttered truth, shreds of unleavened philosophy, if to do all this is to be a Kosmos, then indeed we cede to Mr. WALT. WHITMAN his arrogated title. Yet it seems to us that one may be profound without being beastly; one may teach philosophy without clothing it in slang; one may be a great poet without using a language which shall outlaw the minstrel from every decent hearth. Mr. WALT. WHITMAN does not think so. He tears the veil from all that society by a well-ordered law shrouds in a decent mystery. He is proud of his nakedness of speech; he glories in his savage scorn of decorum. Like the priests of Belus, he wreathes around his brow the emblems of the Phallic worship.

With all this muck of abomination soiling the pages, there is a wondrous, unaccountable fascination about the *Leaves of Grass*. As we read it again and again, and we will confess that we have returned to it often, a singular order seems to arise out of its chaotic verses. Out of the mire and the slough edged thoughts and keen philosophy start suddenly, as the men of Cadmus sprang from the muddy loam. A lofty purpose still dominates the uncleanness and the ridiculous self-conceit in which the author, led astray by ignorance, indulges. He gives token everywhere that he is a huge uncultivated thinker. No country save this could have given birth to the man. His mind is Western—brawny, rough, and original. Wholly uncultivated, and beyond his associates, he has begotten within him the egotism of intellectual solitude. Had he mingled with scholars and men of intellect, those effete beings whom he so despises, he would have learned much that would have been beneficial. When we have none of our own size to measure ourselves with, we are apt to fancy ourselves broader and taller and stronger than we are. The poet of the little country town, who has reigned for years the Virgil or Anacreon of fifty square miles, finds, when he comes into the great metropolis, that he has not had all the thinking to himself. There he finds hundreds of men who have thought the same things as himself, and uttered them more fully. He is astonished to discover that his intellectual language is limited, when he thought that he had fathomed expression. He finds his verse unpolished, his structure defective, his best thoughts said before. He enters into the strife, clashes with his fellows, measures swords with this one, gives thrust for thrust with the other, until his muscles harden and his frame swells. He looks back upon his provincial intellectual existence with a smile; he laughs at his country arrogance and ignorant faith in himself. Now we gather from Mr. WHITMAN'S own admissions—admissions that assume the form of boasts—that he has mingled but little with intellectual men. The love of the physical—which is the key-note of his entire book—has as yet altogether satisfied him. To mix with large-limbed, clean-skinned men, to look on ruddy, fair-proportioned women, is his highest social gratification. This love of the beautiful is by him largely and superbly expressed in many places, and it does one good to read those passages pulsating with the pure blood of animal life. But those associates, though manly and handsome, help but little to a man's inner appreciation of himself. Perhaps our author among his comrades had no equal in intellectual force. He reigned triumphantly in an unquestioning circle of admirers. How easy, then, to fancy one's self a wonderful being! How easy to look around and say, "There are none like me here. I am the coming man!" It may be said that books will teach such a man the existence of other powerful minds, but this will not do. Such communion is abstract, and has but little force. It is only in the actual combat of mind striving with mind that a man comes properly to estimate himself. Mr. WHITMAN has grown up in an intellectual isolation which has fully developed all the eccentricities of his nature. He has made some foolish theory that to be rough is to be original. Now, external softness of manner is in no degree incompatible with muscularity of intellect; and one thinks no more of a man's brains for his treading on one's toes without an apology, or his swearing in the presence of women. When Mr. WHITMAN shall have learned that a proper worship of the individual man need not be expressed so as to seem insolence, and that men are not to be bullied into receiving as a Messiah every man who sneers at them in his portrait, and disgusts them in his writings, we have no doubt that in some chastened mood of mind he will produce moving and powerful books. We select some passages exhibiting the different phases of Mr. WHITMAN'S character. We do so more readily as, from the many indecencies contained in *Leaves of Grass*, we do not believe it will find its way into many families.

A MODEST PROFESSION OF FAITH.

"Nothing, not God is greater to one than one's-self is,
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy,
walks to his own funeral,
Dressed in his shroud."

A FINE LANDSCAPE.

"The turbid pool that lies in the Autumn forest,
The moon that descends the steeps of the soughing twilight,
Toss, sparkles of day and dusk....toss on the black stems that decay in the muck;
Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs."

A TRUTH.

"I, too, am not a bit tamed....I, too, am untranslatable;
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

A DEATH-BED.

"When the dull nights are over, and the dull days also;
When the soreness of lying so much in bed is over,
When the physician, after long putting off, gives the silent and terrible look for an answer;
When the children come hurried and weeping, and the brothers and sisters have been sent for;
When medicines stand unused on the shelf, and the camphor-smell has pervaded the rooms;
When the faithful hand of the living does not desert the hand of the dying,
When the twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of the dying;
When the breath ceases, and the pulse of the heart ceases;
Then the corpse limbs stretch on the bed, and the living look upon them,
They are palpable as the living are palpable.
The living look upon the corpse with their eye-sight,
But without eye-sight lingers a different living and looks curiously on the corpse."

IMMORTALITY.

"If maggots and rats ended us, then suspicion, and treachery and death.
Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death I should die now.
Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well-suited towards annihilation?"

Polygamy in Utah—The Progress of Mormonism—A New Movement.

The following is published in some of the Utah papers and copied by the *Tribune*, as an extract from a sermon preached by BRIGHAM YOUNG, Sept. 21, 1856:

* * * * It is frequently happening that women say that they are unhappy. Man will say, "My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my second wife." "No, not a happy day for a year," says one; and another has not seen a happy day for five years. It is said that women are tied down and abused; that they are imposed and have not the liberty they ought to have; that many of them are wading through a perfect flood of tears, because of the conduct of some men, together with their own folly.

I wish my own women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women of this community, and then write it back to the States, and do as you please with it. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th day of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husband or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, "Now, go your way my women with the rest;" go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things; either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live for their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into Heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty. "What, first wife, too?" Yes, I will liberate you all.

I know what my women will say; they will say: "You can have as many women as you please, BRIGHAM." But I want to go somewhere and do something to get rid of the whiners: I do not want them to receive a part of the truth and spurn the rest out of doors.

I wish my women, and brother KIMBALL'S, and brother GRANT'S to leave, and every woman in this Territory, or else say in their hearts that they will embrace the Gospel—the whole of it. Tell the Gentiles, that I will free every woman in this Territory at our next conference. "What, the first wife, too?" Yes, there shall not be one held in boudage; all shall be set free. And then let the father be the head of the family, the master of his own household; and let him treat them as an angel would treat them; and let the wives and children say amen to what he says, and be subject to his dictates, instead of their dictating the man—instead of their trying to govern him.

No doubt some are thinking, "I wish brother BRIGHAM would say, what would become of the children." I will tell you what my feelings are; I will let my wives take the children, and I have property enough to support them, and can educate them and then give them a good fortune, and I can take a fresh start.

I do not desire to keep a particle of my property, except enough to protect me from a state of nudity. And I would say, wives you are welcome to my children, only do not teach them iniquity; for if you do I will send an elder, or come myself, to teach them the gospel. You teach them life and salvation, or I will send elders to instruct them.

Let every man thus treat his wives, keeping raiment enough to clothe his body; and say to your wives, "take all that I have and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me you shall comply with the law of God, and that, too, without any murmuring and whining. You must fulfill the law of God in every respect, and round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting."

Now, recollect, that two weeks from to-morrow I am going to set you at liberty. But the first wife will say, "It is hard, for I have lived with my husband twenty years, or thirty, and have raised a family of children for him, and it is a great trial to me for him to have more women;" then I say it is time that you gave him up to other women who will bear children. If my wife had borne me all the children that she ever would bear, the celestial law would reach me to take young women that would have children.

Do you understand this? I have told you many times that there are multitudes of pure and holy spirits waiting to take tabernacles. Now what is our duty? To prepare tabernacles for them; to take a course that will not tend to drive those spirits into the families of the wicked, where they will be trained in wickedness, debauchery and every species of crime.

It is the duty of every righteous man and every woman to prepare tabernacles for all the spirits they can. Hence, if my women leave, I will go and search up others who will obey the celestial law, and let all I have go where they please, though I will send the Gospel to them.

This is the reason why the doctrine of plurality of wives was revealed, that the noble spirits which are waiting for tabernacles might be brought forth.

If the men of the world were right, or if they were anywhere near right, there might not be the necessity which there now is. But they are wholly given up to idolatry, and to all manner of wickedness.

Do I think that my children will be damned? No, I do not, for I am going to fight the devil until I save them all; I have got my sword ready, and it is a two-edged one. I have not a fear about that, for I would almost be ashamed of my body if I would beget a child that would not abide the law of God, though I may have some unruly children.

I am going to ask you a good many things, and to begin with, I will ask what is your prayer? Do you not ask for the righteous to increase, while the unrighteous shall decrease and dwindle away? Yes, that is the prayer of every person that prays at all. The Methodists pray for it, the Baptists pray for it, and the Church of England and all the reformers, the Shaking Quakers not excepted. And if the women belonging to this church will turn Shaking Quakers, I think their sorrows will soon be at an end.

Sisters, I am not joking; I do not throw out my proposition to hunter your feelings, to see whether you will leave your husbands, all or any of you. But I do know that there is no cessation to the everlasting whinings of many of the women in this Territory; I am satisfied that this is the case. And if the women will turn from the commandments of God and continue to despise the order of Heaven, I will pray that the curse of the Almighty may be close to their heels, and that it may be following them all the day long. And those that enter into it and are faithful, I will promise them that they shall be queens in Heaven and rulers to all eternity.

"But," says one, "I want to have my paradise now." And says another, "I did think I should be in paradise if I was sealed to Brother BRIGHAM, and I thought I should be happy when I became his wife, or Brother HEBER'S. I loved you so much that I thought I was going to have a heaven right off, right here on the spot."

What a curious doctrine it is, that we are preparing to enjoy! The only heaven for you is that which you make yourselves. My heaven is here [laying his hand upon his heart.] I carry it with me. When do I expect it in its perfection? When I come up in the resurrection; then I shall have it and not till then.

But the women come and say, "Really Br. JOHN, and Br. WILLIAM, I thought you were going to make a heaven for me," and they get into trouble because a heaven is not made for them by the men, even though agency is upon women as well as upon men. True, there is a curse upon the woman that is not upon the man, namely, that "her whole affections shall be towards her husband," and what is the next? "He shall rule over you."

But how is it now? Your desire is to your husband, but you strive to rule over him, whereas the man should rule over you,

Some may ask whether that is the case with me; go to my house and live, and then you will learn that I am very kind, but know how to rule.

If I had only wise men to talk to there would be no necessity for my saying what I am going to say. Many and many an elder knows no better than to go home and abuse as good a woman as dwells upon this earth, because of what I have said this afternoon. Are you, who act in that way, fit to have a family? No, you are not, and never will be until you get good common sense.

Then you can go to work and magnify your callings; and you can do the best you know how; and on that ground I will promise you salvation, but upon no other principle.

If I were talking to a people that understood themselves and the doctrines of the holy Gospel, there would be no necessity for saying this, because you would understand. But many have been (what shall I say? pardon me, brethren,) hen-pecked so much that they do not know the place of either man or woman: they abuse and rule a good woman with an iron hand. With them it is as Solomon said: "Bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." You may talk to them about their duties, about what is required of them, and still they are fools, and will continue to be.

Prepare yourselves for two weeks from to-morrow; and I will tell you now that if you tarry with your husbands after I have set you free, you must bow down to it and submit yourselves to the celestial law. You may go where you please after two weeks from to-morrow; but remember that I will not hear any more of this whining.

The ladies of the Women's Rights Convention commenced their seventh annual meeting at the Tabernacle, yesterday morning. The advertisements, by newspapers and otherwise, informed the public that Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Mrs. ELIZABETH JONES, Rev. T. W. HIGGINSON, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, Rev. Mr. WASSON, Mrs. C. J. H. NICHOLS of Vermont, Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Mrs. LUCY STONE, and other speakers, would address the Convention during the course of its two days' session. The body of the building was well filled, and there were several persons in the galleries; but we noticed that the audience was composed principally of ladies. Only one Bloomer, as far as we perceived, was present, and she was not on the platform.

Mrs. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, President of the Central Committee, called the meeting to order, and nominated LUCY STONE as President of the meeting, which nomination being ratified by acclamation, LUCY STONE accordingly took the Chair. On rising to make a few preliminary remarks, she said, in effect, that as ladies were not accustomed to speak much in public assemblies, she had to request those present, when called upon to vote on this or that question, the adoption of resolutions, &c., to speak out, so that their wishes might be known, and not to utter their Ayes and Nays in so subdued a tone that they became inaudible on the platform. She desired that the men also—for men had equal rights in Women's Conventions—to signify their preferences by saying Aye or Nay in the usual manner.

The following ladies and gentlemen were then named as the various officers of the meeting:

PRESIDENT—[Mrs.] LUCY STONE [Blackwell.]

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Lucretia Mott, of Pennsylvania.
Elizabeth Jones, of Ohio.
Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Massachusetts.
Cornelia Moore, of New-Jersey.
A. Bronson Alcott, of New-Hampshire.
Sarah H. Hallock, of New-York.
C. J. H. Nichols, of Kansas.

SECRETARIES.

Martha C. Wright, of New-York.
Oliver Johnson, of New-York.
Henrietta Johnson, of New-Jersey.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

Ernestine L. Rose, Susan B. Anthony, Wendell Phillips, James Mott, M. A. Johnson, T. W. Higginson, Wm. Greene, Jr.

TREASURER—Wendell Phillips.

FINANCE—Susan B. Anthony.

The list of officers having been approved of by the vote of the meeting, LUCY STONE continued her remarks. She was sure that all present would join with her in the acknowledgment that this day was a day of congratulation. It was their Seventh Annual Convention, and how much had been done in those past seven years. Their first meeting was held in a small room in Boston, where a handful of women were gathered together, who had learned Woman's Rights by being acquainted with Woman's Wrongs, and a few men, who were superior to men's prejudices. Then there had been associate societies in Ohio, and central New-York, but there was nothing to cheer the workers in the cause, but their own inward light and energy. The laws were against them; custom was against them; prejudice, of course, was against them, and more than all, the women were against them.

So we went on, (continued the speaker,) strong only in our truth, every year increasing in numbers and vitality. And this year we come to the Empire City with renewed hope. Attending a political meeting very lately—since the election—the friends of FREMONT and DAYTON came there without a wound in their faith or a wound in their hope. And LUCY STONE thought that the Woman's Rights' Convention might learn a lesson from their fortitude. They, also, came together without a wound in their faith, or a wound in their hope. Looking over the past seven years, it seemed almost a miracle that so much had been wrought. There were enactments in their way, that an eminent jurist had said, would disgrace the statute book of any heathen country. When they commenced their organization, there was not a wife in the country who could own what she earned, just as it is in New-York State to-day. In Massachusetts she could not make a will, unless her husband indorsed the will with a written acknowledgment that he permitted her to make it. Since that time Massachusetts had adopted a new [illegible] and when it was about being [illegible] the Legislature on the subject, and it was replied to them that only 2,000 women wanted the change, and any alteration was denied. The friends of Woman's Rights were indeed sorry for that; but two years ago the Legislature of Massachusetts said, with respect to woman's right to own what she earned, that what was right for men was also right for women. And thus, so far, the good work, in that regard, was done. Maine had also shared in the good work. New-Hampshire and Rhode Island had also modified their statutes very considerably on these points, and woman's right to hold property was made much more equal than at any previous period.

In the great State of New-York, the Empire State, as it was proudly termed, property rights had been secured to women, except in relation to their right to own their individual earnings. For the last two years there had been a bill before the New-York Legislature, asking that a wife might be permitted to have control of her own property, whether it was hers before marriage, or whether she had earned it by her own industry afterwards, but this was denied her, except in case where her husband was an habitual drunkard, or had abandoned her. Then it was granted her that she might exercise that right. It almost made a woman wish her husband to be a rascal, that she might get under her own control that which was justly due to her.

Besides the States named, Ohio had also very materially modified her laws in the subject of woman's relation to the other sex,—and Wisconsin—God bless these young States,—had granted almost all they asked, except the right of suffrage. And last year there were three noble men in her Legislature,—God bless them,—who argued that the claim that women were making for the right of suffrage, was founded on simple and eternal justice, and a motion was made by one of them, that after two years women in the State of Wisconsin should be voters equally with men.

In Michigan, too, it had been moved that *women should have a right to their own babies*—which none of you, ladies, have here in New-York. The motion caused much discussion in the Legislature, but it would probably have been carried had not a disciple of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S, a Mormon member, defeated the bill. In Nebraska everything was bright for their cause. Mrs. BLOOMER was there, and she had sent petitions round, claiming for women the right to vote. A bill to that effect passed the House of Representatives, and was lost in the Senate, only because of the too early closing of the session. That act of justice to woman would be gained in Nebraska first, and scores of women would go there that they might be made citizens, and be no longer subjects.

Woman suffered other indignities and depredations. If they claimed the advantages of a higher culture—if they asked that the gates of Harvard and Yale should be opened to them, as they were opened to their brothers—they were shut in their faces. But if women were not to be instructed equally with men, why did God give them an equal thirst for knowledge; why did he implant longings in their breasts, strivings after the beautiful, the mysterious, the unexplored, if such desires, such longings, such strivings, were to recoil unsatisfied upon their subjects, who were to be doomed to bitter disappointment? It was true, that little female colleges were springing up. She (the speaker) cursed them for their results, while she blessed them for their motives. They were all superficial and second rate. Their Professors were second rate, and so was their course of study. Yet they were indicative that the claims of women for the full cultivation of their mind, according to their individual capacity, should be granted them. It was acknowledged by the press, and by teachers generally; that when women have required education, they have a right to use it. In HORACE MANN'S college at Antioch, where women were allowed to study, and to share in the examinations as to proficiency equally with the male students, they were not backward in asserting and proving their power to acquire knowledge. HORACE MANN had told her, (LUCY STONE,) that his best pupil was a woman. And there was an instance there, of a young man, the best male mathematical scholar there, who was beaten in mathematics by a female scholar, and who remarked that there was nothing left for him but to take up his carpet bag and go, as he did not like to be beaten by a woman.

In England, the claims of women were making considerable progress. It had been urged in the papers that there should be female physicians, and a petition to Parliament was signed by the HOWITTS, HARRIET MARTINEAU, and Mrs. JAMESON, asking for just such rights as women were asking for here. That petition was presented by Lord BROUGHAM, in the House of Lords, without a sneer, and was respectfully received by Parliament.

The speaker alluded to the fact that in the late Presidential contest a woman's name had been made one of the rallying cries of the Republican Party, and that the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted the mention of "JESSIE," recognized the right of woman to participate in politics.

The following resolutions were then offered to the meeting by the President and unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That the close of a Presidential election affords a peculiarly appropriate occasion to renew the demands of woman for a consistent application of Democratic principles.

2. *Resolved*, That the Republican Party, appealing constantly through its orators, to female sympathies, and using for its most popular rallying cries a female name, is peculiarly pledged by consistency to do justice hereafter in those States where it holds control.

3. *Resolved*, That the Democratic Party must be

utterly false to its name and its proffered principles, or else must extend their application to both halves of the human race.

4. *Resolved*, That the present uncertain and inconsistent position of Woman in our community, not fully recognized either as a slave or as an equal, taxed but not represented, authorized to earn property but not free to control it, permitted to prepare papers for scientific bodies but not to read them, urged to form political opinions but not allowed to vote upon them, all marks a transient period in human history which cannot long endure.

5. *Resolved*, That the vital power of the Woman's Rights' movement lies in this: that while always demanding for Woman better education, better employment, and better laws, it has always kept steadily in view the one cardinal demand for the right of suffrage, asking in a democracy the symbol and the guarantee of all other rights.

6. *Resolved*, That the monopoly of the elective franchise, and thereby all the powers of legislative government by man, solely on the ground of sex, is a usurpation, condemned alike by reason and common sense, subversive of all the principles of justice, oppressive and demoralizing in its operation, and insulting to the dignity of human nature.

7. *Resolved*, That while the constant progress of law, education and industry, prove that our efforts for women in these respects are not wasted, we yet proclaim ourselves unsatisfied, and are only encouraged to renewed efforts, until the whole be gained.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Phillips was introduced by the President, and said: I am told that the Times of to-day warns the women of this Convention that, if they proceed in their crusade, they will forfeit the protection of the men. Perhaps, before it is offered, the question had better be asked whether it is needed. I don't think that I should run the risk of much difference of opinion, if I claim that nine men out of ten would not be able to defend their right to vote as logically as the lady who has just addressed us has defended her right to vote. [Applause.] I question whether one-fourth of what we call the men, educated both in colleges and in active life—the better education of the two—would be able, arrogating to themselves, as they do, a far greater political and civil capacity, to state the grounds of civil right, of civil responsibility—to mark out the limits, to indicate the advantages, to analyze the bases on which they rest, as we have just had it done. If voting, if participation in civil rights, is based on mind—as in this country we claim it to be—then certainly to-night we have no right to deny that the cause is gained, for the friend who has preceded me has left very little for any one to say; she has covered the whole ground. In fact, this question is the question of civilization—nothing else. The position of woman anywhere is the test of civilization. I challenge any doubt as to that statement. We all know that wherever we go in history or in the present, the position of woman is civilization. You need not ask for the statistics of education—you need not ask for the statistics of material wealth or crime—tell me the position of woman, and you answer the question of the nation's progress. Utah is barbarism; we need no evidence; we read it in the simple custom that lowers female society. Now, wherever you go in history, this is true; and step by step as woman rises, civilization ripens. I warn the anxious and the terrified that their first efforts should be to conquer their fears, for the triumph of this crusade is written as certainly in the next leaf that turns in the great history of the race as that the twentieth century will open. [Applause.] You know the time was when the Greek dared not let his wife go out of doors; and in the old comic play of Athens one of the characters says, "where is your wife?" "Death and fury," is the answer, "what does she out?" Doubtless if any "insane fanatic" had claimed the right of women to walk out of doors he would have been deemed crazy in Athens; if he claimed the right of a modest married woman to be seen out of doors it was fanaticism. I don't know but what the *Herald* [Times?] of that day would have branded him as an infidel, but in spite of the coward conservatism of Athens, the country grew; the world turned round, and so modern Europe has progressed. Now the pendulum swung one way and now another, but woman has gained right after right, till with us, to the astonishment of the Greek, could he see it—of the Turk, could he see it—she almost stands side by side with man in his civil rights. The Saxon race has led the van. I trample under foot contemptuously the Jewish—yes, the Jewish—ridicule which laughs at such a Convention as this, for we are the Saxon blood, and the first line of record that he left of the Saxon race is that line of Tacitus, "in all grave questions they consult their women." [Applause.] When the scale of Saxandom is complete—when the Saxon element culminates in modern civilization, another Tacitus will record in the valley of the Mississippi as he did in the valley of the Rhine—"in all grave questions they consult their women." The fact is, there is no use blinking the issue. It is Paul against Saxonism to-day. It is religious prejudices against the blood of the race. The blood of the race accords to women equality. It is religious superstition that stands in the way and balks the effort. Europe has known three phases: the first was the dominion of bullies—the dominion of force I mean; the second has been the dominion of money; the third is coming—the dominion of brains. When it comes, woman will step on the platform side by side with her brother. The old Hindoo dreamed, you know, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune; and the dream says that first he saw men halted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand; then he saw a man load on and on under various changes till the last phase was this: he saw the race led by threads that came from the brain and went back to an invisible hand. The first was the type of despotism—the reign of force—the upper class keeping down the under. The last is ours—the dominion of brains. We live in a Government where the New-York *Herald* and the New-York *Tribune* are more really the Government than Franklin Pierce and Caleb Cushing. [Loud applause.] Ideas reign. I know some men don't appreciate this fact. They are overawed by the iron arm, by the marble capitol, by the wharves of granite,—palpable power, felt, seen. Oh, no, that is dead lumber. Ideas are the living growth. They push this lumber aside as they increase. I have seen the palaces of the Cæsars built of masses that seemed as if giants alone had wielded them and laid them together to last for eternity—as if nothing that did not part the solid globe could move them. But the fine roots of the weeds of Italian Summers had inserted themselves between them, and the palaces of the Cæsars lie a shapeless ruin. So it is with your Government. It may be iron; it may be marble; but the pulses of right and wrong push it aside. Only give them time. [Applause.] I hail the government of ideas. There is another thing I claim. You laugh at Woman's Rights Conventions; you ridicule socialism—I don't accept that; you dislike Anti-Slavery movements. This is true; the only discussion of the great social questions of the age—the questions of the [illegible] wrong that lie at the basis of society—the only voices that have ever stirred the [illegible] those questions alive, have been those of [illegible] reforms. Smothered with gold—smothered [illegible] material prosperity—the vast masses of our countrymen were leading the lives of mere getters of money; but the ideas of this half of the Nineteenth Century have been bruited by despised reforms—kept alive by these ridiculed movements. And whoever in the next generation shall seek for the sources of mental and intellectual change will find them here; and in a progressive people like ours that claim is a most vital and significant one. Now my claim of woman's right to vote—and I claim that, as the very centre and nucleus of the whole case—her right to political recognition is simply on the principle of our institutions, that the ballot and the tax-bill go side by side. If woman is not capable of the ballot, she is not capable of committing crime. If she is not amenable to the ballot she is not capable of being taxed. Now, on American principles there is no answer to that—none whatever. We don't base our ballot on sex. We don't base it on race. We don't base it on physical strength. We don't base it on intellectual capacity. Webster has one ballot, and the man of 21 who can count ten has one ballot. But as for intellectual capacity, why, Charlotte Bronte and Harriet Martineau and Rachel and Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Somerville—you can cut brains enough out of the brains of these women to set up all the editors that ever laughed at us; and these ladies would not miss it. [Loud applause and laughter.] There are more brains among the signers to that petition to Parliament for a recognition of the civil rights of women, headed by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and signed by a dozen of the literary eminences of Great Britain,—I mean of the women,—there are more brains represented in that paper than in all the presses that have ever ridiculed the Woman's Rights movement. And the source of that very petition is the utmost burlesque on this pretension to brains. Mrs. Norton originated it; the daughter of Sheridan, the wife of Mr. Norton, who, you know, attempted to get her divorced on alleged crimes, in which he failed, and who now lives on the yearly produce of the brains of his wife—the mean and degraded brute, who feigned an accusation of his wife which to his own lawyer he confessed he did not believe—feigned an accusation and sent it out to the world, to plant her pathway with thorns, and then lives on the stolen products of her books, which he receives every six months from her publishers. While one such man walks God's earth, the other nine hundred millions ought to be dumb on the subject of brains. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Phillips proceeded at considerable length to advocate the claims of the fair sex to the right of suffrage. He contended that the women of America were, at least, as well fitted to cast a vote as the Irishman or German just landed on our shores, who could not read our language, did not know a line of the Constitution, and could give no reason for the faith that was in him. He claimed for women the production of half the material wealth of the country, and asserted that they did as much to form public opinion as men. Hence he contended for their right to take the public position to which their influence entitled them. All that women asked of us was to let her try the experiment.

[Continued on p. 118.]

Inauguration of a Spiritualistic Church.—For some time past there has been among the Spiritualists who meet at Dodworth's Hall a plentiful lack of harmony between those who believe in the divinity of Christ and those who do not, the organ of the former being *The Christian Spiritualist*, of the latter *The Spiritual Telegraph*. On Sunday week Mr. T. L. Harris, who was speaking at Dodworth's, came out so strongly in his assertion of the divinity of Christ and the authority of the Bible that one of the opposite party protested on the spot. Mr. Harris, who is a great favorite with the Christian Spiritualists, received during the week a call from his friends to preach before them at Academy Hall permanently, and yesterday morning he commenced his ministrations. He maintains the existence of a personal, supernatural God, the Creator of all things, and promulgates the divine authority of the Bible, which he says was given directly from God, differing from the communications of which he (Mr. Harris) is the medium, as they come from angels only. He indorses the Old Testament as fully as the New, declaring that the Old is the mother of the New, and that if it were not legally married to God, the New would be but a surreptitious and illegitimate issue. He condemns "modern rationalism" as strongly as any man, and looks with the greatest reverence to the "monumental past." The Bible he calls "documentary religion" as really conceived in God's mind as ever stars or suns were—a unitary composition by which we are brought into rapport with the very sphere of his intelligence. Mr. Harris stated that he considered that his experience as a medium had fitted him for a Christian teacher of the age. There was a terrific crusade against the Cross of Christ. Here we saw venerable and gray-headed men standing upon the very brink of the grave, communicating with spirits and making use of spiritual communications for the avowed purpose of putting down historical, Christian, revealed religion [Somebody whispered, "Dr. Hare"]. As formerly, an external materialism warred against an external church, so there was now an internal materialism warring against an internal church.

The "internal materialism" may be supposed to signify the congregation which still assembles at Dodworth's Academy, and the "internal church" his own congregation. This movement is of some importance as showing that spiritualists are already numerous enough to divide, and that the old enmity between Christianity and non-Christianity is stronger than the cohering influences of community of belief in spiritual communications. Although Dr. Harris's congregation number several hundreds, the audiences at Dodworth's Academy are as large as ever.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19, 1856.

This has been an exciting week. The politician's life, since Pennsylvania voted, is well sketched in the homely old distich of my favorite poet:

Now we go, up, up;
And now we go, down, down.

But as the Republican end of the plank is pretty well depressed at this present writing, it would perhaps be an unprofitable weariness of the flesh to note down the revulsions of feeling which have taken place since Capt. Rynders' first gun was fired.

Whether the Republican party conquer in November or not, it will have done a good thing in awakening an interest in politics in many minds, whose patriotism has hitherto been of a somewhat impractical nature. Mr. Bronson Alcott, whose conversasiones in Boston are famous, and who is now hard upon seventy, will cast his first vote this fall. He talks about Fremont in quite a human way.

He is holding a series of conversations here with some twenty-five or thirty people at a time, on such subjects as home, health, descent, and the like. It is really refreshing to go in his company into the regions of ideas where he resides. Such pure views of life! Such hearty, hopeful thoughts upon human nature! Such enthusiasm in depicting the relations of private life in their ideal perfection. One does not go with him, to be sure, in many of his notions, but what of that? The spirit of the thing is the great matter. His point of view is the highest; the atmosphere which he breathes the purest. Transcendental he and such as he are sneeringly termed, but if to idealize life is to be transcendental, let us all be so, and deal more than we do with what transcends our common experience.

Mr. Alcott's notion of what conversation should be is more correct than his practice. He courts interruption, but treats it as a stream treats the stones and logs which chance to fall into its channel. We were not sorry that he did so the other night, however; for there were ministers present who feared some of his sentiments might not be orthodox, and were bent on an argument, and other people who persisted in translating his finest sentences into the language of the world. Really not a choice soul, if any were present, opened his or her lips.

I am told that this man was saying these same things fourteen years ago. If so, they keep well, for they are as young and fresh as if newly born, and his face often lights up as with a revelation. It is not an old story to him, and hence is new to those who hang on his lips. But you Bostonians know more about Mr. Alcott than I can tell you.

Have you seen the new edition of Walt. Whitman's Leaves of Grass? I have not, but am strangely drawn towards it, from what I hear. Though containing expressions which render the buyer or borrower careful to stow it in the darkest corner of his library, whence it may by no chance stray into the parlor, it is said to be genuine and true as old Mother Earth herself. It is the record of a whim, if you please; but a verbatim record and a valuable biography of a queer phase in human nature.

I heard some particulars about the author the other day. Walter Whitman--for that is his real name--lives in the middle house of a three-house block on the outskirts of Brooklyn. He is over forty years of age, but unmarried and living with his mother. His trade is house building; but his life, he said, was in his poems. A broad-shouldered, brown-faced, brawyn-necked man, collarless, his hair uncombed, he appears indeed "one of the roughs," but on closer inspection his hands turn out to be white and delicate as a lady's; so is his skin wherever unexposed to the air. He spends days in riding up and down Broadway on an omnibus box, and is hail fellow well met with all the "roughs" that he knows. My informant was struck with the breadth and brawn of his talk, and predicts for him a future. He proposes to visit Mr. Emerson--who, you know, early saw the diamond that was in him--at Concord, I understand--when he will very likely brush up his person and manners a little. It were not surprising if intercourse with the first gentleman and thinker in America should work a change in Walt. and knead up the elements of his nature a little more kindly.

Mr. Emerson is said, by the Boston correspondent of *The Providence Press*, to have not exactly approved Walt Whitman's action in printing in a second work the Concord sage's praise of "Leaves of Grass." The correspondent adds: "When Whitman was told of this disrelish he made this noble remark: 'I used it because I thought it was the chart of an Emperor.'"

THE LECTURE SEASON.

According to promise, we present a fuller list of popular Lecturers than that given in our issue of the 10th inst. Long as it is, it must be understood that it does not contain the names of one-fourth of the actual Lecturers, being mainly confined to those residing in this and the New-England States. There are of course many more in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and farther West, but their names have not been sent us. Having mislaid a list nearly prepared, we have probably lost some names that ought to appear; and, on the other hand, there are probably some names below of persons who would wish to be engaged as Lecturers, but have not yet been to any considerable extent. It is, of course, understood that we only give the names as they reach us, and do not assume to vouch for the merits of any. We have had some difficulty in deciding not to include Lecturers to a definite end, like the Messrs. Fowlers on Phrenology, &c., or like Dr. Boynton on the Laws of Health, while we have given the names of Mr. Youmans, who lectures mainly on Chemistry and the related sciences, and Mr. Vail, who devotes himself to Agriculture. We trust lecturers of the practical, scientific cast, are destined to increase and multiply. Here is our extended list:

ABBOTT, Rev. JOHN S. C., Brunswick, Me.
ALCOTT, A. BRONSON, Walpole, N. H.
ALGER, Rev WM. R., Boston, Mass.
ANDERSON, M. B., LL. D., Rochester, N. Y.
ANDERSON, S. B., Roxbury, Mass.
BADGER, WILLIAM W., New-York City.
BALCH, Rev. WM. S., New-York City.
BENTON, Col. THOMAS H., Washington, D. C.
BEECHER, Rev. HENRY WARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BEECHER, Rev. CHARLES, Andover, Mass.
BEECHER, Rev. THOMAS K., Elmira, N. Y.
BENJAMIN, PARK, New-York City.
BRIGHAM, Rev. C. H., Taunton, Mass.
BUCHANAN, Dr. J. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.
CHAPIN, Rev. E. H., New-York City
CLARK, Rev. THOMAS M., Providence, R. I.
CLARK, Rev JAMES FREEMAN, Boston, Mass.
CURTIS, GEORGE W., New-York City.
COOK, CLARENCE, Newburgh, N. Y.
CLAPP, HENRY, jr., New York City.
COGGESHALL, WM. T., Columbus, Ohio.
DEWEY, Rev ORVILLE, D. D., Sheffield, Mass.
DEAN, Prof. AMOS, Albany, N. Y.
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, Concord, Mass.
FARNHAM, Mrs. ELIZA W., New-York City.
FELTON, C. C., LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
FROTHINGHAM, Rev. O. B., Jersey City, N. J.
FLETCHER, Rev. J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
GILES, Rev. HENRY, Boston, Mass.
GODWIN, PARKE, New York City.
GARNETT, Rev HENRY S., Boston, Mass.
GODDARD, WILLIAM, Cincinnati, Ohio.
HOSMER, W. H. C., Avon, N. Y.
HOLLAND, Rev. F. W., East Cambridge, Mass
HOLMES, Dr. OLIVER WENDELL, Boston, Mass.
HILLARD, GEO. S., Boston, Mass.
Hudson, Rev. FRED. H., Brookline, Mass
HUNTINGDON, F. D., D.D., Cambridge, Mass.
HIGGINSON, Rev. THOS. W., Worcester, Mass.
HOPKINS, Right Rev. Bishop, Burlington, Vt.
HOLLAND, WILLIAM, Springfield, Mass.
HITCHCOCK, Prof. EDWARD, Amherst, Mass.
JACKSON, Dr. CHAS. T., Boston, Mass.
KENDRICK, A. C., D.D., Rochester, N. Y
KING, Rev. THOS. STARR, Boston, Mass.
LORD, Rev. JOHN, Stamford, Ct.
MAURY, Lieut M. F., Washington, D. C.
MAYO, Rev. A. D., Albany, N. Y.
MILBURN, Rev WM. H., New-York City.
MINER, Rev. A. A., Boston, Mass.
MITCHEL, Prof. O. M., Albany, N. Y
MITCHEL, DONALD G. ("Ik Marvel"), New-Haven, Ct
MANN, Prest. HORACE, Yellow Springs, Ohio
NOYES, Dr. JAMES O., New-York City.
OSGOOD Rev. SAMUEL, New York City
PARKER, Rev. THEODORE, Boston, Mass.
PARKER, EDWARD G., Boston, Mass.
PARK, Hon JOHN C., Boston Mass
PIERPONT, Rev JOHN, Williamsburgh, N. Y.
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, Boston Mass
PEABODY, Rev. ANDREW P., Portsmouth, N. H
QUINCY, JOSIAH, Jr., Boston, Mass
ROCK, Dr. J. S., Boston, Mass.
SIMMS, WM. GILMORE New-York City
SOLGER, Dr. N., Boston, Mass.
SMITH, Mrs. ELIZ. OAKES, New-York City.
SHILLABER, BENJ. P., Boston, Mass
STONE, LUCY (Blackwell), New-York City.
STARK, WILLIAM, Manchester, N. H
SMITHET, Rev. WM. T., Boston, Mass
SUMNER, GEORGE, Boston, Mass.
STORRS, Rev. RICHARD S., Brooklyn, N. Y.
THOREAU, HENRY D., Concord, Mass
THOMPSON JOHN, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
THOMPSON, Rev J. P., New-York City.
TREMAIN, OSMOND, Springfield, Mass
TODD, Rev. JOHN, Pittsfield, Mass
THOMPSON, Rev. J. W., Salem, Mass.
VAIL, HENRY C., Mount Vernon, N. Y
WAYLAND, Rev FRANCIS, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y
WALKER, GEO. L., North Brookfield, Mass.
WHIPPLE EDWIN P., Boston, Mass
WAINWRIGHT, J. HOWARD, New-York City.
YOUMANS, EDWARD L., New York City.

[Cont'd from p. 116.]

LUCY STONE then read the following letter from

Horace Greeley.

NEW-YORK, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1856.

MY FRIEND: You are promised to be present and speak at the approaching "Woman's Rights Convention:" I, too, mean to attend its deliberations, or some portion thereof, but not to take part in them. For I find this evil apparently inseparable from all radical gatherings; a very large and influential portion of the Press, including, I grieve to say, religious as well as secular journals, are prone and eager to expose to odium those whom they would undermine and destroy, by attributing to them, not the sentiments they have personally expressed, but those of others with whom they are or have been associated in some reformatory movement. He, then, who appears as a speaker at a Woman's Rights Convention is made responsible for whatever may be uttered at such Convention—no matter by whom—which is most likely to excite popular prejudice and arouse popular hostility. I have borne a good share of this unfairly excited and unjust odium, with regard to the Dietetic, Anti-Slavery, and Social Reforms suggested in our day, and shall bear on as patiently as I may; but I grow older, and do not confront the world on a fresh issue with so light a heart, so careless a defiance, as I might have done twenty years ago. Allow me, then, through you, to say what I think of the Women's Rights movement, its objects, incitements, and limitations. If I may thus attain perspicuity, I can bear the imputation of egotism.

I. I deem the intellectual, like the physical, capacities of women unequal in the average to those of men; but I perceive no reason in this natural diversity for a factitious and superinduced legal inequality. On the contrary, it seems to me that the fact of a natural and marked discrepancy in the average mental as well as muscular powers of men and women ought to allay any apprehensions that the latter, in the absence of legal interdicts and circumscription would usurp the functions and privileges of the former.

II. I believe the range of employment for woman in our age and country far too restricted, and the average recompense of their labor consequently far less than it should be. In saying this, I do not intimate a doubt that the best possible employment for most women is to be found in the care and management of their own households respectively, with the rearing and training of their children. But many women, including some of the most noble and estimable, are never called to preside over households; while some of the called are impelled to decline the invitation. In point of fact, then, there is and always will be a large proportion of the gentler sex who are, at least temporarily, required to earn their own subsistence and vindicate their own usefulness in some other capacity than that of the loved and honored wife and mother. The maiden or widow blessed with opulence ought to be insured against the worse calamities of a reverse of fortune by the mastery of some handicraft or industrial vocation; she ought to lead a life of persistent and efficient industry as the fulfillment of a universal duty; while her unportioned sister *must* do this or grovel in degrading idleness and dependence on a father's or brother's over-taxed energies, looking to marriage as her only chance of escape therefrom. For Man's sake no less than Woman's, it is eminently desirable that that large portion of our women who are not absorbed in domestic cares should be attracted and stimulated to industry by a wider range of pursuits and a consequent increase of recompense. I deem it at once unjust and—like all injustice—impolitic, that a brother and sister hired by the same farmer, the one to aid him in his own round of labor, the other to assist his wife in hers, should be paid, the one twelve to twenty, the other but four to six dollars per month. The difference in their wages should be no greater than that in their physical and mental ability. Still more glaring is this discrepancy when the two are employed as teachers, and, though of equal efficiency, the one is paid $600 per annum, the other but two, or in that proportion, merely because the former is a man and the latter a woman. While such disparities exist, right here in this metropolis of American civilization and Christianity, it is in vain that Conservatism stops its ears and raises its eyebrows at the announcement of a Woman's Rights Convention.

III. Regarding marriage as the most important, most sacred and tender of human relations, and deeming it irrevocable save by death, it seems to me essential that Woman should be proffered such a range of employments, with such adequate recompense, as to enable her at all times to support herself in honored and virtuous independence, so that marriage shall be accepted by her at the dictate of Love and not of Hunger. Much might be urged on this point, but I choose simply to commend it to the reflection and recollections of others.

IV. As to Woman's voting or holding office, I defer implicitly to herself. If the women of this or any other country believe their rights would be better secured and their happiness promoted by the assumption on their part of the political franchise and responsibilities of men, I, a Republican in principle from conviction, shall certainly interpose no objection. I perceive what seem to be serious practical difficulties in the way of realizing such assumption; but these are difficulties not for me but for them. I deem it unjust that men should be so constantly and unqualifiedly as denying Rights to Woman which the great majority of women seem quite as reluctant to claim as men are to concede. I apprehend that whenever women shall generally and earnestly desire an equality of political franchises with men, they will meet with little impediment from the latter.

V. I cannot share at all in the apprehensions of those who are alarmed at the Woman's Rights agitation lest it should result in the unsexing of Woman or her general deflection from her proper sphere. On the contrary, I feel sure that the freest inquiry and discussion will only result in a clearer and truer appreciation of Woman's proper position, and a more general and rigid adherence thereto. "Let there be light!" for that is an indispensible condition of all true and healthy growth. Let all convictions find free utterance—all grievances be stated and considered. In the range of my observation I have found those women who were conscious of defects in the present legal and social position of their sex among the most zealous, faithful and efficient in the discharge of their household and parental duties. I feel confident that a general discussion of the subject of Woman's Rights will result in a more general recognition and cheerful performance of Woman's appropriate duties.

Very truly yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY.

English Traits.

—— A London journal, speaking of Emerson's new work, says:— "This book will attract considerable attention, from the position and experience of the author, and from that natural desire which Englishmen, as well as any other mortals feel, to know what the world thinks of them, and how far the opinion is flattering; though some of the critics of this work advance the very odd theory, that it is perfectly immaterial to us what the world asserts. Upon the whole, Mr. Emerson's summing up is flattering, although he seems to look upon us as very fine animals, and to respect the physicals more than the intellectual. He says:—'I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses—mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival at Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say, 'Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies;' and what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is pluck. The cabmen have it, the merchants have it, the bishops have it, the women have it, the journals have it. The *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England: and Sydney Smith had made it a proverb that little John Russell, the Minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot in affairs answer directly yes or no. They dare to displease, nay, they will let you break all the commandments, if you do it natively, and with spirit. You must be somebody, then you may do this or that as you will.' Mr. Emerson is disinclined to allow that the English are men of genius—'mere copyists,' he says; but how he gets over the list of honored names in every branch of literature, from the great bard downwards, with this assertion, he does not deign to inform us."

The Home Journal,
N.Y., 10-11-56, p. 3.

SAMUEL HOAR.

CONCORD, MASS., *4th Nov.*, 1856.

HERE is a day on which more public good or evil is to be done than was ever done on any day. And this is the pregnant season, when our old Roman, Samuel Hoar, has chosen to quit this world. *Ab iniquo certamine in dignabundus recessit.*

He was born under a Christian and humane star, full of mansuetude and nobleness, honor and charity; and, whilst he was willing to face every disagreeable duty, whilst he dared do all that might beseem a man, his self-respect restrained him from any fool-hardiness. The Homeric heroes, when they saw the gods mingling in the fray, sheathed their swords. So did not he feel any call to make it a contest of personal strength with mobs or nations; but when he saw the day and the gods went against him, he withdrew, but with an unaltered belief. All was conquered *præter atrocem animum Catonis.*

At the time when he went to South Carolina as the Commissioner of Massachusetts, in 1844, whilst staying in Charleston, pending his correspondence with the governor and the legal officers, he was repeatedly warned that it was not safe for him to appear in public, or to take his daily walk, as he had done, unattended by friends, in the streets of the city. He was advised to withdraw to private lodgings, which were eagerly offered him by friends. He rejected the advice, and refused the offers, saying that "he was old, and his life was not worth much, but he had rather the boys should troll his old head like a foot-ball in their streets, than that he should hide it." And he continued the uniform practice of his daily walk into all parts of the city. But when the mob of Charleston was assembled in the streets before his hotel, and a deputation of gentlemen waited upon him in the hall, to say they had come with the unanimous voice of the state to remove him by force, and the carriage was at the door, he considered his duty discharged to the last point of possibility. The force was apparent and irresistible; the legal officer's part was up; it was now time for the military officer to be sent; and he said, "Well, gentlemen, since it is your pleasure to use force, I must go." But his opinion was unchanged.

In like manner, now, when the votes of the free states, as shown in the recent election in the state of Pennsylvania, had disappointed the hopes of mankind, and betrayed the cause of freedom, he considered the question of justice and liberty, for his age, lost, and had no longer the will to drag his days through the dishonors of the long defeat, and promptly withdrew, but with unaltered belief.

He was a very natural, but a very high character—a man of simple tastes, plain and true in speech, with a clear perception of justice, and a perfect obedience thereto in his action—of a strong understanding, precise and methodical, which gave him great eminence in the legal profession. It was rather his reputation for severe method in his intellect, than any special direction in his studies, that caused him to be offered the mathematical chair in Harvard University, when vacant, in 1806. The severity of his logic might have inspired fear, had it not been restrained by his natural reverence, which made him modest and courteous, though his courtesy had a grave and almost military air.

He combined a uniform self-respect with a natural reverence for every other man; so that it was perfectly easy for him to associate with farmers, and with plain, uneducated, poor men, and he had a strong unaffected interest in farms, and crops, and weathers, and the common incidents of rural life. It was just as easy for him to meet, on the same floor, and with the same plain courtesy, men of distinction and large ability. He was fond of farms and trees, fond of birds, and attentive to their manners and habits; addicted to long and retired walks; temperate to asceticism, for no lesson of his experience was lost on him, and his self-command was perfect. Though rich, of a plainness and almost poverty of personal expenditure, yet liberal of his money to any worthy use, readily lending it to young men, and industrious men, and by no means eager to reclaim of them either the interest or the principal. He was open-handed to every charity, and every public claim that had any show of reason in it. When I talked with him one day of some inequality of taxes in the town, he said, "it was his practice to pay whatever was demanded; for, though he might think the taxation large, and very unequally apportioned, yet he thought the money might as well go in this way as in any other."

The strength and the beauty of the man lay in the natural goodness and justice of his mind, which, in manhood and in old age, after dealing all his life with weighty private and public interests, left an infantile innocence, of which we have no second or third example—the strength of a chief united to the modesty of a child. He returned from courts or congresses to sit down, with unaltered humility, in the church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench, where honor came and sat down beside him.

He was a man in whom so rare a spirit of justice visibly dwelt, that, if one had met him in a cabin, or in a forest, he must still seem a public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state; and might easily suggest Milton's picture of John Bradshaw, that, "he was a consul from whom the fasces did not depart with the year, but in private seemed ever sitting in judgment on kings." Everybody knew where to find him. What he said, that would he do. But he disdained any arts in his speech: he was not adorned with any graces of rhetoric;

"But simple truth his utmost skill."

So cautious was he, and tender of the truth, that he sometimes wearied his audience with the pains he took to qualify and verify his statements, adding clause on clause to do justice to all his conviction. He had little or no power of generalization. But a plain way he had of putting his statement with all his might, and, now and then, borrowing the aid of a good story, or a farmer's phrase, whose force had imprinted it on his memory, and, by the same token, his hearers were bound to remember his point.

The impression he made on juries was honorable to him and them. For a long term of years, he was at the head of the bar in Middlesex, practicing, also, in the adjoining counties. He had one side or the other of every important case, and his influence was reckoned despotic, and sometimes complained of as a bar to public justice. Many good stories are still told of the perplexity of jurors, who found the law and the evidence on one side, and yet Squire Hoar had said, that he believed, on his conscience, his client entitled to a verdict. And what Middlesex jury, containing any God-fearing men in it, would hazard an opinion in flat contradiction to what Squire Hoar believed to be just? He was entitled to this respect; for he discriminated in the business that was

Putnam's Mag., VIII, 645-646 (Dec., 1856).

brought to him, and would not argue a rotten cause, and he refused very large sums offered him to undertake the defense of criminal persons.

His character made him the conscience of the community in which he lived. And in many a town it was asked, "what does Squire Hoar think of this?" and he was, in political crises, entreated to write a few lines to make known to good men in Chelmsford, or Marlborough, or Shirley, what that opinion was. I used to feel that his conscience was a kind of meter of the degree of honesty in the country, by which on each occasion it was tried, and sometimes found wanting. I am sorry to say, he could not be elected to Congress a second time from Middlesex.

And in his own town, if some important end was to be gained—as, for instance, when the county commissioners refused to rebuild the burned court-house, on the belief that the courts would be transferred from Concord to Lowell—all parties combined to send Mr. Hoar to the Legislature, where his presence and speech, of course, secured the rebuilding; and, of course, also, having answered our end, we passed him by, and elected somebody else at the next term.

His head, with singular grace in its lines, had a resemblance to the bust of Dante. He retained to the last the erectness of his tall but slender form, and not less the full strength of his mind. Such was, in old age, the beauty of his person and carriage, as if the mind radiated, and made the same impression of probity on all beholders.

His beauty was pathetic and touching in these latest days, and, as now appears, it awakened a certain tender fear in all who saw him, that the costly ornament of our homes, and halls, and streets was speedily to be removed. Yet how solitary he looked, day by day, in the world—this man so revered, this man of public life, of large acquaintance, and wide family connection! Was it some reserve of constitution, or was it only the lot of excellence, that, with aims so pure and single, he seemed to pass out of life alone, and, as it were, unknown to those who were his contemporaries and familiars?

EMERSON

The Home Journal,
N.Y., 11-1-56, p. 2.

A BREATH FROM THE ORIENT.

THE true poetry of a country is pervaded by its climate. We know at a thought that the strange old Northern legends, with their frigid roughness, grew up among the icebergs. The Scandinavian deities would be flying in the face of God were they to build a Valhalla in the Tropics; while the Afrites and Ghouls of Eastern mythology are as much "to the manner born" as the lotus and mimosa. In Tennyson's poetry we smell the new-mown hay, the breezy downs and the harebells of merrie England. The delicious bits of scenery scattered through "In Memoriam," and other of Tennyson's poems, could not have been written in America; nor could an English poet have produced the fantasies of "The Culprit Fay" on the Isle of Wight.

It would be something more than strange if the poetry of the East were not flecked with the sun and shade, and impregnated with the dews and perfumes of its skies and flowers. The poetry which is true to Nature is true poetry, and as such Mr. Alger's volume of Orientalisms should be hailed.* It is a breath from the Orient—full of odor and warmth, and color.

One can almost hear the ringing of myrtle-bells in the book. Velvet tiger-lilies, and imperial tulips, and roses blossom all over the pages, and "tawny-throated" nightingales are warbling everywhere! So it seems to us, who have spent half the night in wandering through this pleasant world of "honey-linked words." And if we write extravagantly, be sure, gentle reader, that we have not wholly passed out of the sunny domain—that we have not unwound the invisible turban from our head, nor taken the imaginary sandals from our feet.

The prose essay which precedes the poems, is not the least interesting portion of the volume. It is scholarly and curious, and gives one a fair idea of the ground which Mr. Alger traversed in his researches. It must have been pleasant work to him, since it is so pleasantly done. He says:—"The whole field of Oriental literature, so far as accessible through English, Latin, and German translations, has long been with me a favorite province for excursions in such leisure hours as I could command. And during that time I have been in the habit of versifying the brief passages which struck me most forcibly. From the enjoyment these peculiar fragments of meditation and imagery gave me; from the conviction that others, too, would enjoy them; from the difficulty of finding them where they now lie, dispersed and buried amidst repelling masses of dry detail; and from the expressed desire of several friends, arose the resolve to venture the present publication.

"The larger proportion of the specimens given here are faithful representations of Hindu, Persian, and Arab thoughts, sentiments, and fancies, which I have met with in the voluminous records of the different Asiatic societies, in prose versions of the Vedas and Puránas, and in a thousand scattered sources. Of the rest, the originating hint and impulse alone, or merely the character and style, are Oriental."

We could have told without this that the book was written *con amore*.

A striking peculiarity of the Oriental muse, as the author remarks, is a singular copiousness of comparison—conceits not less beautiful than strange.—"The sun at dawn, rushing over the mountains, is a lion chasing the black gazelle, night. A hideous object is ugly as a peacock's foot. A starless night is black as the book of sins in the judgment-day. The lapwing waves its pinions towards the earth even as the Magi bow before the sacred fire. In the heart of a bereaved unfortunate the vestiges of departed happiness are left as the ashes are left where a departed caravan once encamped.

Almost every thought is clothed in a metaphor. Is greatness calm?

> 'A stone makes not great rivers turbid grow:
> When saints are vexed, their shallowness they show'

Has rarity a charm?

> 'Could every hailstone to a pearl be turned,
> Pearls in the mart like oyster-shells were spurned!'

When an avaricious man is to be described, we read:

> 'If the sun on his tablecloth instead of dry bread lay,
> In all the world none would behold again the light of day!'

And when it is to be said that uncleanness or disease is remediless repulsive, we have this:

> 'Ne'er will the orange, from the Sultan's hand
> Once on the dunghill fallen, more there rest;
> Though thirsty, none will water e'er demand,
> When ulcerated lips the jar have pressed!'"

Before transplanting a few of these plants in our own ground, we will quote from Mr. Alger's introduction an unique poem, the style and shape of which we fancy will be rather new to the generality of our readers:—"A noticeable feature in Eastern poetry is the quirks, conceits, puns, alliterations, with which much of it abounds. Many of these are wrought up in forms of such exceeding difficulty, that their elaboration must have cost immense pains, as well as ingenuity. The construction and solution of riddles is a favorite exercise with them. These patient authors have composed acrostics, whose lines read the same forwards, backwards, upwards and downwards, at each end, and through the centre. They have written poems in lines of different lengths, and so arranged as to constitute the shapes of drums, crosses, circles, swords, trees. The Alexandrian rhetoricians afterwards amused themselves in a similar manner—writing cutting satires and piercing invectives in the form of an axe or a spear. The Christian monks of the Middle Age also did the same thing; composing, for instance, hymns in the form of the cross. I have seen an erotic triplet composed by a Hindu poet, the first line representing a bow, the second its string, the third an arrow aimed at the heart of the object of his passion.

> 'O lovely maid, thou art the fairest slave in all God's mart!
> Those charms to win, with all my empire I would gladly part.
> One kiss I send, to pierce like fire thy too reluctant heart.'"

What maiden would object to having such

* POETRY OF THE EAST. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Whittemore, Niles and Hall.

a *beau* and arrow?

One more selection, and we have done with this part of the work. The reader will not, we think, protest against having a glimpse at

The Pioneers of Oriental Literature.

"Sir William Jones was the Vasco de Gama who first piloted the thought of Europe to these Oriental shores. It was on one of his earliest expeditions into Sanscritland, that the divining-rod of his sensitive genius, fluttering in response to an irresistible attraction towards the veiled and unimaginable mines of Indian poetry, fastened, at last, by magnetic instinct, upon *Sakúntala*, the masterpiece of Kálidása, the happiest production of the Hindu drama, the 'As You Like It' of the Eastern Shakspeare. The publication by him of this beautiful play, also of some miscellaneous Persian odes and Brahminic hymns, and of his famous pioneer essay on the 'Poetry of the Eastern Nations,' attracted the attention and stimulated the labors of many scholars, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, and led to extensive consequences. He was the first President of the Royal Asiatic Society, which, by its roots at home and its branches abroad, has since done so much to fructify our Western literature with Oriental sap and grafts. Scattered notices and fragments in the numerous volumes of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and of the 'Asiatic Journal,' furnish a great variety of translated specimens of the poetry of the East, and a valuable fund of general information on the whole subject. Wilkins early published a prose version of the 'Bhágvat Gita,' a long metaphysical episode from the stupendous Indian epic, of which also a new translation by Thompson has just issued from the press. Milman has given us, in most faithful and felicitous verse, another episode from that vast and ancient poem; namely, the story of Nala and Damayanta, a tale of the rarest interest, sweetness, and simplicity. Professor H. H. Wilson, the distinguished President of the Royal Asiatic Society of England, whose profound lore and magnificent published achievements have long since won for him the admiring reverence of scholars throughout the world, gave the public, twenty years since, three volumes of Hindu plays. He has also printed a few small poems from the Sanscrit, together with a happy metrical version of Kálidása's 'Megha-Duta, or Cloud-Messenger.' The title of the latter production partly indicates its subject, which is the story of a Yaksha, or mountain demi-god, who loves and marries an Apsarasa, or heavenly nymph, and resides with her in the celestial regions. But, having offended Indra, he is banished from her to the earth. Disconsolate and pining, he stands on a lofty peak, gazing towards his lost paradise. A cloud floats over him in the direction of the home of the Apsarasas. He sends a message by it to his beloved spouse: and so the plot proceeds to the desired sequel.

"There is a volume of 'Specimens of Old Indian Poetry' by Griffiths; he has also translated Kálidása's 'Birth of the War-God.' Eastwick has presented us with a beautiful prose version of the Prem Ságar, or 'The Ocean of Love,' a history of Krishna, recounting the adventures of Vishnu during his incarnation as a cowherd-boy in the meadows of Gopala. A most curious allegorical drama, called 'The Rising of the Moon of Intellect,' likewise exists in an English dress, by Dr. Taylor. The Gulistán or 'Rose-Garden' of Saadi has appeared successively in the English versions of Gladwin, Dumoulin, Ross, and Eastwick. Gladwin translated, in addition, Saadi's Pund-Nâmeh, or 'Compendium of Ethics;' and a philological poem entitled 'Resemblance Linear and Verbal.' Firdousi's Shâh-Nâmeh, the great Iranian epic, has been admirably brought into our tongue, in a form of mingled prose and verse, by Atkinson. Episodes from this famous 'Book of Heroes' had been previously rendered by Champion, Weston, and Robertson. Selections of the lyrics of Hafiz were published in English verse successively by Richarson, Nott, and Hindley. Professor Falconer has enriched our literature with a small volume of characteristic and exquisite odes and fragments from the Persian. 'The Rose-Garden of Persia,' a volume by Miss Costello, contains a large collection of interesting metrical pieces from different Persian bards. Milnes has embodied a few delightful specimens of Oriental thought in his book of 'Palm Leaves.' And in Trench's 'Poems from Eastern Sources' are many which possess remarkable beauty, truth, and power. Several pieces in Bayard Taylor's 'Poems of the Orient' scarcely fall below any in our language as representative expressions of the real passion, imagery, and form of the Eastern Muse. There is a notice in the fifty-fourth volume of the Westminster Review of Preston's translation of an interesting Arabian poem, called Makamât. A hundred years ago, Professor Chappelow published Tograi, or 'The Traveller,' an Arabic poem. There is, too, a volume by Professor Carlyle, entitled 'Specimens of Arabian Poetry, from the Earliest Time to the Extinction of the Khaliphat.'

"Sonthey excited interest in the myths of India by 'Thalaba' and 'The Curse of Kehama'—justly among the most popular of his publications. Their mythology and their descriptions of natural scenery are quite true to the Hindu belief and clime; but, as poetry, they are utterly remote from all the native tones of the Sanscrit lyre. Moore's famous and favorite tale of Lalla Rookh is far more successful, every way, in reproducing the breath and raiment of Asiatic poesy. The Moslem and Gheber traditions and associations, the current imagery, local form and color of the Orient, are here preserved and wrought up by a fancy wholly Persian in its revelling profuseness and felicity. Not the very genius itself of Iran's own soil can outvie, in exhaustless wealth of splendors and sweets, the cloying witchery of beauty and melody that crowds the pages of the Irish bard's 'Lalla Rookh,' and of his 'Loves of the Angels.' The lines dissolve in voluptuous languor of music; Oriental superstitions impregnate the thoughts; and as we read, or listen, visions of snowy Peris, red wine-fountains in gushing spouts, porphyry palaces, golden domes, and birds of Paradise, float before us, and a breeze laden with perfumes from 'the gardens of Gul in their bloom' is wafted to our nostrils.

"The Germans have transplanted much more extensively than the English from this wide and winsome field. More than a score of her heroic scholars, toiling devotedly in this long-neglected department, have enriched the mother tongue of Germany with copious contributions of choice-culled flowers from the Eastern Muses, and made the names of Valmíki, Vyása, and Kálidása, Firdousi, Hafiz, and Saadi, well-nigh as familiar on the banks of the Rhine, and beneath the lindens of Vienna, as they are along the shores of the Ganges and amidst the kiosks of Shiraz. Large portions of the two great cycles of Indian epic poetry have been brought into their own vernacular by the Schlegels, by Holtzmann, by Wilmans, and by Bopp. The elder Humboldt also published an important critical essay on this subject, which attracted much attention at the time. An entire version of Firdousi has appeared in German, by Schack, besides various portions of his work rendered, by different hands. Tholuck translated and edited a 'Collection of Fragments from the Oriental Mysticism,' comprising many gems of rare light and wonderful setting. Herder early became quite a proficient in this province of world-literature, and his works contain an extremely large number of short, select pieces of Hindu wit, wisdom, and imagination. Rosenzweig printed three volumes of important Persian poems by different authors of eminence. Joseph von Hammer, known later as Hammer Purgstall, has given to the press—besides a Turkish romantic poem by Fasli, called 'The Rose and the Nightingale,' and a volume of precious 'Fragments by an Unknown Persian Poet,' and 'The Divan of Baki,' the greatest Turkish lyrist, and Schebisteri's 'Rose-Field of Mystery,' and the works of Motanebbi, the greatest Arabic poet—a general history of Arabic literature, filling six huge volumes, and yet unfinished; a large folio history of Persian poetry, with extracts from two hundred celebrated poets; and a voluminous history of Turkish poetry, with extracts from twenty-two hundred poets. Hammer Purgstall's contributions are unrivalled in quantity, and in quality their merits are very high, notwithstanding the somewhat damaging assaults upon his philological pretensions by Von Diez, Fleischer, and Weil. Rückert likewise has added greatly to the wealth of German literature by his innumerable translations from various Oriental tongues—translations which for literal and metrical closeness to their originals, and for singular felicity and fire, hold supreme rank. His versions of small miscellaneous poems are too many to be recounted; but among the chief of his works are his 'Metamorphoses of Abu-Seid,' his 'Wisdom of a Brahmin,' his 'Contemplation and Edification from the East,' and his 'Brahminical Tales.' There is a fine rhymed version of the best lyrics of Hafiz by Daumer. A vast mass of valuable examples of Oriental poetry—reflection, fancy, feeling, metaphor, and description—has been deposited in German speech by the hands of Hartmann, Kosegarten, Arnold, Platen, Hoefer, Wolff, Graf, Bohlen, Peiper, Ewald, Müller, and Heine. The titles of their works may be found under their names in the Oriental sections of the various German bibliographies. Two splendid volumes of Persian poems, 'The Fruit-Garden of Saadi,' and the Fragments of Ibn Jemin, translated by a learned German lady, Ottokar Maria, were published at Vienna three years since. And a version, by Dursch, of a Sanscrit poem, called 'The Shattered Goblet,' has just appeared in thin quarto form. Bodenstedt not long ago published a charming little volume of the 'Songs of Mirtsa Schaffy,' a living poet, under whose instruction the translator studied Persian literature, at Tiflis. In 1850 Bodenstedt issued an account of his travels in the East, of his studies with Mirtsa Schaffy, and his observations of Asiatic character and life. It is called 'A Thousand and One Days in the Orient,' and is one of the most charming books of the kind ever written. Especially entertaining and peculiar are the details given in it of the mutual criticisms and squibs which passed between Mirtsa Schaffy and Mirtsa Jussûf, who were rival teachers of Persian at Tiflis, and both of whom were anxious to secure the patronage of the young student from the West. Dr. Jolowicz also has recently issued a noticeable collection of well-chosen specimens of the best poetry of twenty Eastern nations, executed by a large number of distinguished persons, and constituting a great quarto of six hundred and fifty pages, called 'Polyglot of Oriental Poetry.'

"In this hasty survey the name of Goethe should not be omitted; for he has done much to acquaint the Western world with some peculiar traits of the poetry of the East. His 'Westoestlicher Divan' is a series, not of translations, but of original poems, written by him, in the spirit and method of the East, after he was past sixty years of age."

Luxurious imagery and rich words are not the sole fascination of Eastern Poetry. A deep current of religious feeling courses, under its gorgeousness, as in this, for instance:—

"THE GRASS.

"I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, 'What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?'

"Then wept the grass, and said: 'Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew!'"

"THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY.

"Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

"Hassan says, 'Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure.'
Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience:
'He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice.'

"Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, 'O man of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all.'"

Some of the love songs are exquisitely quaint. This couplet, for instance, is perfectly charming:—

"*So beautiful thy cheek, that from it goes*
A wound into the mind of the red rose."

These two poems are neatly turned:—

"MIRTSA SCHAFFY TO HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

"Where rose aloft old Mount Elborz,
His top the cloud-world reached:
Spring blushed upon his flowery floors,
While snows his forehead bleached.

"So I, as ancient Mount Elborz,
Have frost upon my brow;
While, blushing at my summer doors,
A beauteous spring art thou."

"MIRTSA SCHAFFY TO HIS WIFE.

"Of Joseph in the Egyptian land,
The handsomest of mortals brave,
'Twas said, to him Jehoveh's hand
One-half of all earth's beauty gave.

"But when this prince at last was dead,
His thrown-off beauty wandered forth;
From year to year she roamed and sped
From land to land through all the earth.

"For this command had been decreed:
'Thou shalt thyself nowhere enthrone,
Except where thou shalt find, indeed,
Kind love and wisdom both in one.'

"At many doors she faintly knocked
Of huts and temples costliest:
Each one for her was quick unlocked—
In none of them she stayed, a guest.

"But when she came, Hafiz fair!
To thee, a final home she found,
Where sweetness and discretion rare
Were, once for all, together bound."

The following is a wonderful truth in literature:—

"LAW ALONE RELIABLE.

"One lucky hit affords no rule;
Who thinks it does, he is a fool.
The king of Persia once set up
His costliest ring upon a cup,
And unto all his archers cries,
'Who hits that ring, it is his prize.'
In vain the most expert of all
Essay to shoot it off the ball.
An inexperienced stripling tries:
His chance-sped arrow strikes the prize.
Before he never had bent bow.
He wisely said, 'Twas luck, I know;
And that my fame may still remain,
I never will bend bow again.'"

If a writer could only be content when he has done one good thing, the world would have fewer indifferent books. Here are some pearls strung at random:—

"EVERY ILL ALLEVIATED.

"Unmitigated evil is as rare
As wings upon a cat, or flowers of air,
As rabbits' horns, or ropes of tortoise hair."

"IMAGINATION'S POWER.

"Where but a single ray of Mahmoud's genius strikes and stops,
The common granite crumbles into rubies, like pure drops."

"HAFIZ REPUDIATES MEDIATORS.

"Take an example from the roses,
Who live direct on sun and dew:
They never question after Moses,
And why, in Heaven's name, should you?"

"THE BRIGHT-HOOFED CHARGER.

"The new moon is a horseshoe of gold wrought by God,
And therewith shall the steed of Abdallah be shod."

"HUMAN EVANESCENCE.

"Our life endures—such is its brevity—
But while a rain-drop falls from cloud to sea."

"UNDISHEARTENED ASPIRATION.

"From torch reversed the flame still streameth, rising straight:
So struggleth up the brave man stricken down by fate."

"SELF-SUFFICING WORTH.

"Will sparkling diamonds in the sunshine raised,
Grow dark and worthless if they be not praised?"

"THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

"Creative thought and passion in a cup
The meditating Brahm once hurled;
And when the seething foam had all dried up,
The sediment was this bright world."

"NATURE AND THE MYSTIC.

"Transfusing Allah's beauties how shall I compare?
The day is his sweet face, the night his streaming hair."

"INVERSION OF TRUTH.

"What use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation?
The hearer makes thereof inverted application.

"A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,
The habit of unstinted charity approving.

"He said, 'I never was before so much affected:
How beautiful is charity, when well directed!

"'So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living.'"

"THE UNWALLED HOUSE OF GOD.

"The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
Reclining, with his feet towards Mecca, lay.
A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And, flaming for the honor of his law,
Exclaimed, 'Base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
Towards Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet?'
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
'And turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot
Wherein the awful House of God is *not*.'"

"PROLIFIC SILENCE.

"In silence wise men oft great things have to perfection brought;
And fools as oft have made a most tremendous noise for naught.

"The mighty sky-wheel rolls about its axis without sound:
The weaver's rickety spool rattles its clattering course around.

"This wooden bobbin only a small piece of linen yields:
That azure one with starry veil o'erspreads heaven's boundless fields."

"GOD ALONE IS GREAT.

"A king, who by the public mouth was named the Great,
Was on his station's frailty wont to meditate.

"Against all arrogance as a protecting gate,
This phrase he oft repeated—Only God is great.

"Those words he bade them on the palace wall ingrain,
Whose fragment columns, crumbling, to this day remain.

"City and realm are sunk, but travellers relate
You still may read that motto—Only God is great."

Roses blossom through the songs of the Persian poets as if their hearts were forever flushed with summer:—

"A FRESH MIRACLE.

"Punil, genuine wisdom learn.
Yonder, see that bush of roses:
How before thee it doth burn,
Like the burning bush of Moses!
Hearken, and thou now shalt hear,
If thy soul's not deaf nor flighty,
How from out it, soft and clear,
Speaks to thee the Lord Almighty!"

Here are some dainty "mouth-pieces:"—

"THE DOUBLE RUBY.

"A double ruby is my fascinating rain;
Long time ago their fatal charm my bosom flew in.
Whate'er resisting reason says, quite vanquished mine is:
One ruby is thy luring mouth, the other wine is."

"THE CHARMING MOUTH.

"The world is bitter as the juice from aloes beaten;
Yet know I lips which all its bitterness can sweeten!"

"SCHERIF ETH-THALIK'S WINE-ORB.

"The sun of wine sank in thy mouth, where still its glory reeks,
And left the flushes of its evening-red upon thy cheeks."

"THE SWEETEST MOUTH.

"Let no bard, from the North to the South,
My Zuleika compare with a bud:
Because ne'er such a dainty sweet mouth
Had a bud, since subsided the flood!"

This enigma and its answer are curiously arranged:—

"A RIDDLE.

"Between a thick-set hedge of bones
A small red dog now barks, now moans.

"[illegible]
—[illegible]

The wisdom embodied in this pair of legends should not be lost:—

"THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Between a wise magician, whom fair Maia knew,
And one of earth's poor sons, there once a friendship grew.

"That friend his ear with protestations plied:
At length their truth the enchanter by his magic tried.

"Within a meadow sits the friend in mild repose,
Sees how each flower, each blade of grass, in silence grows.

"At once in order rise the grass-blades, and appear
A host of helmed warriors, armed with pike and spear.

"They throng around the friend, and greet him as a king,
And pearls and rubies at his feet profusely fling.

"His heart beats strong with bliss: like a vast tent unfurl'd,
The sky is pitched; and he is lord of all the world.

"A breathless man then through the crowding courtiers pressed,
And straight the king as a familiar friend addressed.

"The monarch, with a look surprised, to him replied,
'My friend, I know you not,' and turned away in pride.

"Thrice waved his Maia-staff that grieved magician's hand,
And all the incantation faded from the land.

"The friend, now disenchanted, bitterly repeats,
Till thus the conjuror comforts him for his offence:—

"'It is the world's low lusts that do our senses bind;
Let Maia's veil but fall, we leave those snares behind.

"'The splendid courtiers shrink to grass blades in the field
The pearls and rubies are but drops of dew congealed.

"'Just now my art made shapes to you from out this mist:
And yet I never would your friendship have dismissed.

"'The worst of the illusion was that it turned friend
From friend, and therefore have I brought it to an end.

"'But doubtless, friend! had me the same proud spell possessed,
You would have seen me fall as badly stand the test.'"

"THE BEGGAR'S MIRROR.

"A beggar of Shiraz once had a looking-glass
That by this magic power did all others surpass—

"Which many dames would wish their mirrors too could share—
To show an ugly face as if it were most fair!

"The begger held this glass in front of every one
From whom he begged; and copious guerdons thus he won.

"For each with gladness gave who saw himself so fair;
The gay young lord, the foul old hag, both looking there.

"At last the beggar, lying sick, gave to his son
The glass, and said, 'Make use of it as I have done.'

"But with the glass at night all empty came he back;
For he had made a different use of it, alack!

"He held not up the glass before each passing wight,
But saw his own face there, and lingered on the sight.

"The father said: 'The foolish fruit of idle pride,
My son, no human heart has ever satisfied.

"'Who shows the world in flattery's glass, is one shrewd elf;
He is a fool who looks therein to see himself.'"

English poetry is more indebted to arabesque fantasy than one may suppose. The passion and extravagance of our bards are often little more than echoes of the East. The song so much admired in Tennyson's last volume, commencing,

"Come into the garden, Maud!"

is wholly Persian in its conception. Indeed, the last verse is very like a theft—or "call it by some better name." But the reader shall see. The eastern lover tells his mistress, *that had he been dead a thousand years, if she should walk over his grave his ashes would thrill as she passed, and his heart instantly blossom through the sod into roses beneath her tread.* Mr. Tennyson says:

"She is coming my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed.
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red!"

The thought and expression of both writers are the same. This couplet,

"Young and enterprising is the *West;*
Old and meditative is the *East,*"

might have suggested these two lines in the Princess:—

"Bright, and fierce, and fickle is the *South;*
And dark, and true, and tender is the *North.*"

We have somewhere seen a Spanish story, called "*Los Tres Viajantes,*" which must have been taken, body and soul, from the poem on page 194. And there are a hundred such instances.

Mr. Alger seems to have but little acquaintance with Chinese literature, or it has proven a sterile field to him; for he gives only a few specimens, and those are not worth quoting. In conclusion we have an objection to urge. The versification throughout the book is harsh and inartistic: the poems continually remind one of badly cut diamonds that might have been superb. Many of them do not pay for the reading. However, the volume has given us pleasure, and we do not wish to look the gift-horse too closely in the mouth.

THE STATE OF THINGS IN UTAH.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 3, 1856.

After reading the discourses of Brigham Young respecting the discontent among the women, which you probably received in last month's mail, it may not be uninteresting to know the more immediate cause of these passionate declarations and threats of the Mormon Prophet, although you will find that no allusion has since been made to the promised manumission of Utah's white slaves.

Brigham resides in a large two-story house some fifty feet square, built in a neat style, and furnished as sumptuously as the country can afford. In this house lives with him his *wife* (for although he has more than sixty concubines, she alone is recognized as a wife, the others are called "spirituals") and her four children, two girls and two boys. She is not, however, his first wife, for when she married Brigham he was a widower with three children—two girls and a boy—who are now all married. His "spirituals," or, as they are sometimes called, "fixins," occupied small houses in the neighborhood of the gubernatorial mansion, living generally two or three in a house; but Brigham found that as the population of the city increased this plan did not suit—his *fixins* had too much liberty; in fact, they would, as he expressed it, allow brethren to "get between their sheets." He therefore had a large establishment built adjoining his residence, containing sixty small rooms, then surrounded the whole premises with a stone wall twenty feet in hight. Into this harem he proposed to put the majority of his spirituals, make them take turns in cooking, washing, &c., and thus have them under his own immediate supervision. The females, however, with unpardonable obstinacy, refused to enter into this arrangement; and, although finally compelled to, did so not without much grumbling and "whining." This circumstance called forth the sympathy of their sisters in misery, and the Prophet found it necessary to thunder his anathemas upon their unprotected heads. They say no more; the fire is smothered, not quenched.

I am told by an eye-witness of the scene that Brigham, walking down the street a few days since, met a little boy returning from the mountain side with a few cows which he had been herding. Struck with something in his appearance, the prophet stopped and called out, "Here, sonny! tell me, now, whose son you are." The little curly-headed urchin answered, "Ma tells me I'm brother Young's son, but you ought to know who I am." The seer knew not his own child!

Brigham Young and his associates seem determined to drive all the Gentiles out of the Territory. They have made an attempt during the past month to forcibly take possession of a tannery owned by a Gentile now in the States. Resistance being made by the gentleman's agent and some of his friends, they were arrested and fined $300 a piece, the Mormon Judge going even to the length of fining the agent's lawyer the same amount for giving legal advice in the matter. This is not, however, surprising to us, when we see cases in which a person arrested on the complaint of some good Mormon, who may have a spite against him, is compelled to pay one-half of the costs, although *no cause of action* is found against him, and the good Mormon is never made to pay the other half.

A more serious charge against the Mormon leaders than this, however, more fully illustrates the ends desired by them. The Surveyor-General and the Indian Agent, the only remaining Gentile officers in this Territory, while on an excursion to the valleys south, visited the Pah-vant tribe of Indians. (This is the tribe charged with the massacre of Capt. Gunnison and his party). They were accompanied by the chief of the Peteetacet tribe, who rode to the village some distance ahead of the party, and much to his astonishment found the Indians arming themselves, evidently bent on some hostile undertaking. On inquiring the reason, they told him that an express had just been there from Fillmore City, stating that the party was coming down to arrest them for the murder of Gunnison, and advising them to anticipate such an approach and resist it; and the Peteetneet chief had the greatest difficulty in disabusing their minds before the party arrived. Ka-nosh, the chief of the Pah-vants, is a Mormon, having been baptized by Brigham himself.

Brigham Young, accompanied by his counselors and several of the principal men of the church, left here on the 13th to visit the Shoshonee or Snake Indians—a powerful tribe occupying the country north and east of Salt Lake Valley, who resisted all the attempts made to introduce Mormonism among them. The party, however, returned on the 15th, in consequence of the illness of Brigham. He has since entirely recovered.

In connection with this, I will give you a little circumstance which came to my notice. Comment upon it is unnecessary. A party of emigrants on their way to California found it convenient to pass through this place. A day or two before reaching the city, the small-pox broke out among them, and they accordingly camped in the suburbs of the city, to rest and procure the necessary medical assistance. The physicians attending them naturally sought to find out the origin of this disease, which seemed to have generated in the party. Upon investigation, they found that a few days previous to the breaking out of the malady the little boy who was first seized with it had picked up on the road, near a camp of the Shoshonee Indians, a large and unusually fine head. This head he still had in his possession, and on examination the physicians found it to be filled with *small pox virus*; the ends being stopped with cotton. Whence came this head? Not from the Indian camp, for they hate the small-pox more than anything else on earth—so many of them having been swept off by its ravages; and it is very improbable that emigrants should carry such a thing put up in such a manner. The theory is that it must have been placed there by Mormons, in the hope that they would thus implant the seeds of that dreadful disease among these Indians, whom they have been unable to make tools of.

Alice Young, Brigham's eldest daughter by his first wife, was sealed a short time since to Hyrum Clawson, a pimp or spy of the Governor, as his third wife. Miss Alice was first engaged to a young sergeant in the army, who came to the Valley with Capt. Beckwith, and joined the Mormons in order to secure her. As soon as his term expired he returned to Salt Lake, to be rejected. She, in the meanwhile, had engaged to marry a young Mormon named Wright, upon the condition that he would go on a mission to Australia and serve faithfully for three years. He accordingly started last Spring, but will be doomed to disappointment, for Brigham has found it necessary to practice as well as preach.

Has "Apostle of the Lord" cast another man's wife, or "spiritual", and she refuses his advances, or if the husband is likely to be troublesome, 1st course is had to a system which has been smothered

and practiced by the authorities of the Church. The husband will be sent on a mission, and, of course, *dies or disappears!* The sainted Apostle then reveals to the woman that her late husband committed some enormity which has sent him to the infernal regions, but if she will marry him she will be sure to go to heaven, and also secure the salvation of her late husband. But if (as is generally the case) she favors his advances, they go and get Brigham's consent, and their secret meetings are considered perfectly lawful, provided they stand high in the Church and are firm in the faith!

We have had some very cold weather during the past month, snow having fallen to the depth of a foot in the valleys and from three to eight feet deep in the mountains. By the latest accounts from the Third Hand-cart Company which is now between Green and Bear Rivers we hear that they are suffering dreadfully from cold and hunger. The train contained 370 adults and a large number have perished. This news has created some excitement among the people and a great many teams with provisions have been sent out to their assistance. Of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Hand-cart Companies we have heard nothing. They are far in the rear, and if they have not stopped at Fort Laramie will all perish. Beside these there are several wagon companies, and the number of emigrants yet on the Plains is estimated at 1,200. You will perhaps have later news from them through the carrier of the Eastern mail which left here the 1st, as he will pass them on his route.

I have noticed articles in Mormon papers from the States denying the existence of Slavery in this Territory, but their mendacity in this as in all cases where their institutions are concerned is notorious. There are many slaves now owned here both Negroes and Indians, and they are as much an article of sale as any other property.

It is true that the number of negro slaves is comparatively small, probably less than one hundred; but this scarcity arises more from the poverty of the people than from any aversion they have to Slavery. Their laws sanction it, and their religion inculcates the idea that they (the Africans) are an inferior race of being, and that this inferiority will continue in the next world.

I suppose that not less than four hundred Indian children are held in bondage under the pretense of apprenticeship! These children are purchased from the Indians (who steal them from the neighboring tribes) for sums varying from $20 to $40 apiece. This traffic is thus encouraged by Mormons, and in fact sanctioned by their laws.

In regard to the Mormon children, they appear like a neglected, uncared-for set, generally dirty and ill-clad. The majority of them are girls, and this troubles the women very much, *for they know that a female is doomed to slavery and a life of misery.* It is also a singular fact that a large proportion of them are white-headed. These children are suffered to grow up in ignorance and vice. Without the hallowed influence of home to restrain them they are vicious, profane and obscene. Some of the worst language I ever heard fell from the lips of urchins in the street; but, when the most profane and indecent language is heard in their Tabernacle, and all other public meetings, no one can expect any other result. The Mormons boast or exult in calling things, as they say, by their right names; all parts of the human body are spoken of familiarly, in terms that would make anybody but a Mormon blush, and they say it is a part of their duty, if not of their religion, to teach their children a knowledge of the "issues of life," as they term it.

As to education, there is none here. You may have heard of the "University of Deseret," with its Chancellor and Professors, and I know not how many high-sounding offices, and also of the proposed donation of Congress* to it; but it is all a sham. There is no such University here except in name. They boast abroad of their common schools. They consist of edifices built in each Ward called school-houses; but these are in nearly every instance used for the sole purpose of holding what they term "Ward meetings;" and yet heavy taxes are collected throughout the Territory ostensibly for school purposes. It is the settled policy of the priesthood to keep the people in ignorance and poverty, for it is then easier to rule them.

These facts show the importance of the immediate attention of the American Government and people to the affairs of this Territory. What can be expected of this people, even if they should throw off the abominable Mormon despotism under which they are now groaning. They are nearly all foreigners of the lowest class—an ignorant, but industrious, hard-working people. Accustomed from their youth to be guided and ruled in all political matters, they are ignorant of the first principles of self-government.

Uninstructed in respect to our institutions and the workings of our system of government, they are daily counseled to hate and despise it. These principles taught to the parents are by them instilled in the minds of their children, who, brought up without even a common education, are ready adepts in learning anything vicious or demoralizing. Moreover it is to be remembered that they are completely isolated, and that there is no external influence to modify these circumstances; all the news they receive from the world is through the medium of the Church newspaper, which is the only one in the Territory.

What then is to be expected from them if as some writers propose they are left to themselves to work out their own ends?

We want here the Bible, a Free Press, faithful Missionaries, and a complete system of education, so that old and young may receive instruction. But these things cannot be had without a complete change in the administration of the laws, and the entire separation of Church and State.

* That donation has been granted by Congress.

MR. ALCOTT AND MR. EMERSON.

To the Editor of The Traveller:

Mr. Alcott finished a series of Conversations upon Human Life, last week, at the house of one of his friends in Boston. His theme was disposed thus:—Human life, considered—1, as a destiny; 2, as a calling; 3, as an art. Those who recognize experience in these topics will know how high a way thought must take, thus guided. The family was insisted on as the first divine institution, itself the only possible source of a clean social state, and fair public order. Mr. Alcott's idea is this: a human pair must stand at the head of every new creation; truth is to be *born*, good is to be *born*, society is to be *born*, institutions are to be *born*; see to it, parents; the church, the school, the state, the national morals, the national character are in the house, in bed and board, in bath, in discipline, in dress, in manners, in exercises. Home is the centre of the world. When the child is born, institutions are born.

During one of the evenings Mr. Emerson was present, and thus the company found themselves sitting with two of the most impressive persons of their time, persons whose presence relates us to the beauty of ideals, and to the calmness of eternity. What Mr. Emerson is distinctively to the intellect, Mr. Alcott is to the moral sentiment.

Mr. Alcott has not the literary gift as Mr. Emerson, and hence is less widely known, for now types must carry an author everywhere. Mr. Alcott's fame (as also the impression of his presence), is more like the old philosophers, which was propagated by contact, went from disciple to disciple, travelled from land to land, a personal tradition. Mr. Alcott has thus a less public reputation, having a more private genius. This takes to discourse, being coy with the pen. His language is peculiar, and of striking expressiveness and beauty his own, as real as his own experience. Though no scholar by early culture, born the son of a New England farmer, and reading the few books that had any meaning for him in the intervals of hard labor, no language of books seems so fine as his. You come to it as to a new literature. Itself is classic.

He has not been known to lecture, it is believed, except by the "Record of a School," and "Conversations on the Gospels," and these were reported by others. The first is the record of his school, kept in the Temple, in Boston, more than twenty years ago; the second is a record of conversations on the Gospels, held there with his scholars. Of this school, Dr. Julius, the commissioner from the Prussian government to examine the American school system, said, that it was the only school in the United States; and next to it he placed the school of Mr. Wells, at South Boston. Of course he meant, the only original schools, with a character of their own, essentially different from all others in motive, and above all others. The "Record" justifies the Prussian commissioner's discrimination.

But though he has not tried print, and believes in speech, rather than in type, it may happen some day, perhaps when he is gone from us, that the publication of the private records of his thoughts, and grand poetic fragments of his life, that he is as much on paper as in discourse.

He has been a provider of audiences for the truth now spoken and heard in many lecture-rooms, in many pulpits, in many legislatures, by orators, down to whom from him the truth comes interpreted, and they speak it, some knowing, but more not knowing from whom it came down.

Mr. Alcott has, the last winter, held similar conversations in New York, and in other places. One of the New Bedford papers of 21st April, has a notice of his conversations there, written with the freshness of enthusiasm. To one who remembers the effect of Mr. Alcott's conversations, when first heard, many years ago, as a kindly power, passing into the source of motive, and replacing the finite with the infinite, it is pleasant to find in this notice of his conversations in New Bedford, the sign of like effects.

Traveller

John W. Brownie

For the Liberator.

SONNET—TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Out from the arched centuries, great man,
Thou hangest, as some planet from a sky;
And pigmy men are dazed to look so high.
Here comes a drizzling, weak-eyed priest, I ken,
And there, a fool conformist with his ban;
Foul curs in Plato's shadow! Are they nigh?
I'll name them what I like, and pass them by!
* * * * * *
Just where the thunderbolts of Saturn whir
Between his shining rings, I look for thee,
Great-souled Apollo, with a strength to stir
The gulfy chaos of Eternity;
Thou shouldst have been a Greek in the old time!
For us thou art too noble, too sublime.

A.

NOW READY.

THE NEW MAGAZINE,

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

THE AIM OF THE PERIODICAL WILL BE,

FIRST: In Literature, to leave no province unrepresented, so that, while each number will contain articles of an abstract and permanent value, it will also be found that the healthy appetite of the mind for entertainment in its various forms of Narrative, Wit, and Humor, will not go uncared for. The publishers wish to say, also, that while native writers will receive the most solid encouragement, and will be mainly relied on to fill the pages of the ATLANTIC, they will not hesitate to draw from the foreign sources at their command, as occasion may require, relying rather on the competency of an author to treat a particular subject, than on any other claim whatever. In this way they hope to make their Periodical welcome wherever the English language is spoken or read.

SECOND: In the term ART, it is intended to include the whole domain of æsthetics, and they hope gradually to make this critical department a true and fearless representative of Art, in all its various branches, without any regard to prejudice, whether personal or national, or to private considerations of what kind soever.

THIRD: In Politics, the ATLANTIC will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American Idea. It will deal frankly with persons and with parties, endeavoring always to keep in view that moral element which transcends all persons and parties, and which alone makes the basis of a true and lasting national prosperity. It will not rank itself with any sect of *ismes*, but with that body of men which is in favor of Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private.

As an earnest of the material at their command, they subjoin the following list of literary persons interested in their enterprise; wishing it, however, to be distinctly understood, that they shall hope for support from every kind of ability which desires the avenue of their columns, and in the remuneration of which they shall be guided purely by their sense of intrinsic merit:

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT,
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.,
NATHL HAWTHORNE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
JAMES R. LOWELL,
J. LOTHROP MOTLEY,
GEO. WM. CURTIS,
HERMAN MELVILLE,
Prof. C. C. FELTON,
Prof. F. J. CHILD,
E. P. WHIPPLE,
EDMUND QUINCY,
Author of "Wensley,"
J. T. TROWBRIDGE,
Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," etc.
C. W. PHILLIO,
Author of "Twice Married."

Mrs. H. BEECHER STOWE,
Mrs. GASKELL,
Author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton," "North and South," etc.
Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD,
Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND,
Mrs. PIKE,
Author of "Ida May," "Caste," etc.
Mrs ROSE TERRY,
WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of the "Dead Secret," etc.
G. RUFFINI,
Author of "Doctor Antonio," etc.
SHIRLEY BROOKS,
Author of "Aspen Court," etc.
E. M. WHITTY,
Author of "Political Portraits," etc.
JAMES HANNAY,
Author of "Singleton Fontenoy,"
THOS. W. PARSONS.

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year, or Twenty-five Cents a Number, and may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or of the Publishers.

[May 7, 1857]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN THE PULPIT.—Mr. Theodore Parker has not yet recovered from the indisposition which has deprived his society of his ministrations for several weeks, and for that reason Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed the "28th Congregational Society" at the Music Hall yesterday morning.

Mr. Emerson said, twenty years it had been since he had addressed the churches with which in his youth he had been connected, and in that time he had spoken mostly upon the simplest of all platforms—that of the Lyceum; but now, when he was invited by one who had made all his debtors by his labors in behalf of humanity and freedom, he could not refuse.

The speaker then spoke of various views of American character. We seemed, he said, to reckon every thing by dollars, praise ourselves and our times, and point to the evidences of our prosperity, and never ask—how much are we benefitting humanity? We seem to have yielded to the sovereignty of the abdomen. We seem to think that the best use we can make of a fine person is to drown him to save his board. Insincerity was another trait—the great want, as it seemed to him, of the American character. It was seen in every walk of life; in religion and in politics. It would never do in politics

to speak out the thought; there must be professions of loyalty, even while plotting against the government. We would all agree, if a pickpocket came among us, not to associate with him; but if the pickpocket, by the use of the same means which he daily exercises in committing his crimes, and for the same purpose—that of picking the public pocket—gets elected to an honorable office, like that of a Senator or President, we honor him with public dinners and public receptions. We dont dare speak out boldly and plainly, but forget that the wise mechanic uses the sharpest of tools.

Skepticism was another trait. We wished to see every proposition proved like a sum in arithmetic, which gives the same result, though calculated a thousand times over. The speaker dwelt on this subject at some length, arguing that our insincerity justified in some degree skepticism, which should not be too harshly dealt with. The speaker closed by a glance at the desire of mankind for immortality, finding therein one of the strongest proofs of the truth of the theory of future existence.

There was a large attendance on the occasion. Neither prayer nor singing constituted any part of the services conducted by Mr. Emerson.—*Boston Traveller, 27th inst.*

SPEECH BY MR. HAWTHORNE AT LIVERPOOL.

On April 13th, the corner-stone of a building for a public library and museum was laid in Liverpool by Mr. William Brown, who designs to defray himself the cost of its erection, nearly $150,000. A dinner followed this ceremony, at which the principal speeches were delivered by the Bishop of Chester, Lord Stanley, Messrs. Horsfall and Ewart, M. P.'s from Liverpool, Sir John Pickington, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. Monckton Milnes. The latter concluded his remarks as follows:—

"Gentlemen, we must remember that this celebration has a meaning. There is a large population far away over the Atlantic—our brothers in another hemisphere. I would call Mr. Brown a citizen of both worlds, and in many a crowded city of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will the celebration of this day be read. It is he and such as he who have brought together the two great countries of England and America. It is he and such as he, before the electric wire had been laid down underneath the surface of the great Atlantic, lying on a rock which Providence seems to have raised for the special purpose of uniting the two great empires—it is he and such as he who have brought together these two nations by the electricity of common sympathy and feeling. It is my object to bring before you and to drink the health of a citizen of the great republic of the United States.

That connexion which Mr. Brown has established between the material interests of England and America, Nathaniel Hawthorne has done much to cement. His 'Scarlet Letter' has struck to the heart of every man with whom it came into contact. He has built his house of 'Seven Gables' in every town in England, and as for his 'Twice-told Tales,' we well wish they had been told ten times. Gentlemen, therefore, in giving you the health of that distinguished citizen of the United States, and that distinguished citizen of the literature of the world, I believe you will join with me, and that you will feel you are in no degree deviating from the special purpose for which we have met together. And those two great nations, speaking the same great speech, carrying out in the main the same great institutions, are the hope and the blessing of mankind—the hope of the future world, and, under Providence, a blessing to the nations. I give you 'The United States of America.'"

Mr. Hawthorne replied:—"Mr. Mayor, my lords, and gentlemen, I appear in this hall before you, not in any individual capacity of my own, but as the representative of my country, and especially of the literature of America; and I heartily wish the literary men of America had a better representative—one who has done more for the cause of literature than I have done, and one who could have acknowledged better than I possibly can the honor that has been conferred upon them. The honorable gentleman who has alluded to me has made allusions also to some productions of my own. That praise, gentlemen, is the more valuable, coming as it does from one who is so eminently qualified to express an opinion when a thing is well done. His praise is very gratifying, for there is nothing in literary reputation so dear to an American as a knowledge that he is considered worthy of commendation in the land of his ancestors. But, gentlemen, I must not forget that I am not speaking here in my own behalf, but on behalf of the literature of my country, and on behalf of the literary men of America—the poets, the historians, the novelists of America. I thank you, for I have no right to decline any applause which you may be pleased to award to them, how much soever I might feel inclined to decline that honor to myself individually.

The circumstances of our country have directed much of our attention to the rough side of life, instead of to those softening influences which are favorable to literary productions; but it is something to me to think that we have accomplished an act of gratitude—of heartfelt gratitude—to England. It is something to my countrymen to know that they have yet maintained the old Anglo-Saxon spirit, and that it has some hold upon them now in their literary pursuits. It gives me happiness to believe this, because the more we return to you for the great measure of enjoyment that we have received from you, the more we shall aid you in promoting peace and good will, in which I hope the two nations will ever continue, because every American who has written books which England is content to receive into her literature, has contributed something to that excellent result.

Having responded to the toast which has been proposed, I might sit down, but I cannot do so, and you will pardon me; for, as has been justly observed, had the lines been drawn but a little closer, America would have called Mr. Brown her son. At all events, he has the connection by blood, by friendship, by affection in all the interests of life, which we shall not certainly forget, neither will he. It is good for our country that there should be such men—men connected with one country and with another, and yet not the less true to their own beloved land. It was proved, and not very long ago, either, that it was good for both countries that he was here—that he grasped one in his right hand and the other in his left. Sir, I assure him, on behalf of my fellow-countrymen, that we are always as proud of him as if he were one of us; we are proud of his good deeds, of his illustrious life, and of his great acts of noble and enlightened benevolence. This last is the deed conceived in the very spirit and done in the very spirit in which an enlightened benefactor should seek to benefit his country—by considering the means by which he might best promote human happiness throughout the world."

Mr. Brown, who is of the house of Brown Brothers & Co., is not a native of Liverpool, although he has resided in that city forty years. He was born in Ireland. From there he came to the United States early in life, and formed commercial connections, which have continued and strengthened ever since. From the United States he went to Liverpool, and founded the distinguished mercantile firm which bears his name. Mr. Brown is a member of Parliament from South Lancashire.

Among the other proceedings at the dinner, a letter was read from the Earl of Derby, expressing his respect for Mr. Brown, the personal interest he felt in the occasion, and his regret at being unable to attend.

R. W. EMERSON.—A large lithographic portrait of Mr. Emerson, from the matchless crayon of Grozelier, will shortly be added to the extensive collection of pictures of eminent men already issued by Mr. C. H. Brainard. The difficulty of getting a good likeness of the Seer of Concord has been proverbial, but Mr. Grozelier achieved a complete success in his picture of the Herald of Freedom, which he will doubtless repeat in the larger portrait.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Theodore Parker's Pulpit.

Mr. Theodore Parker has not yet recovered from the indisposition which has deprived his society of his ministrations for several weeks, and for that reason Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON addressed the "28th Congregational Society" at the Music Hall yesterday morning.

Mr. EMERSON said, twenty years it had been since he had addressed the churches with which in his youth he had been connected, and in that time he had spoken mostly upon the simplest of all platforms—that of the Lyceum; but now, when he was invited by one who had made all his debtors by his labors in behalf of humanity and freedom, he could not refuse. Then he expressed his regrets for the illness of his friend, and hoped he might soon recover his vigor, and resume his charge.

The speaker then commenced his discourse, and held undivided sway over the minds of his audience, for—perhaps an hour, but we cannot say with certainty as to that, for while listening to such a discourse, it was not easy to take note of time. He spoke of various views of American character, and every word he uttered seemed over-burdened with weight of thought. We seemed, he said, to reckon every thing by dollars, praise ourselves and our times, and point to the evidences of our prosperity, and never ask—how much we are benefitting humanity. We seem to have yielded to the sovereignty of the abdomen. We seem to think that the best use we can make of a fine person is to drown him to save his board. Insincerity was another trait,—the great want, as it seemed to him, of the American character. It was seen in every walk of life; in religion and in politics. It would never do in politics to speak out the thought; there must be professions of loyalty, even while plotting against the government. We would all agree, if a pickpocket came among us, not to associate with him; but if the pickpocket, by the use of the same means which he daily exercises in committing his crimes, and for the same purpose,—that of picking the public pocket,—gets elected to an honorable office, like that of a Senator or President, we honor him with public dinners and public receptions. We dont dare speak out boldly and plainly, but forget that the wise mechanic uses the sharpest of tools.

Skepticism was another trait. We wished to see every proposition proved like a sum in arithmetic which gives the same result, though calculated a thousand times over. The speaker dwelt on this subject in some length, arguing that our insincerity justified in some degree skepticism, which should not be too harshly dealt with. The speaker closed by a glance at the desire of mankind for immortality, finding therein one of the strongest proofs of the truth of the theory of future existence.

There was a large attendance on the occasion. Neither prayer nor singing constituted any part of the services conducted by Mr. Emerson. April 27, '57

The Fourth in Concord.

The day was celebrated in this quiet old town in a tranquil and sensible way, which we wish might be imitated or improved upon by some of our noisy neighbors. At half-past seven A. M. a delicious breakfast was spread in the Town Hall, and the citizens with their wives, children and guests, sat down when they chose, from that time until ten, waited upon by the maidens of the town, as fresh and pretty as the roses on the tables.

At half-past eleven a race between two four oared boats, the Cramps, S. B. C., and the Concord, C. B. C., came off at the usual course, near Flint's Bridge.

At one P. M. the company again assembled in the Hall for dinner, after which the following, one, with ten by R. W. Emerson, was sung:—

O foundérly the haughty day
Fills his bitterness with fire.
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses are not less;
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

And henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur thro' the main
Sweet songs of LIBERTY.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And river, thro' the cable wove,
Her glory errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

For he that flung the broad blue fold
O'er-mantling land and sea,
One-third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state;
To take the statute from the mind.
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—
Present and Past, in undertone,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies, without a frown,
Rights for which the one land fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then reach beyond
Your charter o'er the sea,
And make the broad Atlantic pond
A ferry of the free.

The speeches on the occasion were brief.

At four o'clock the Hall was again opened for a floral exhibition, which continued until sunset—with dancing for the last two hours, making a sort of cyclopedia of amusements for the whole day. The celebration was for the benefit of the new cemetery, and about $150 was collected.

CIRCULAR.

The undersigned would invite your attention to a plan for a School, in some respects new, which he proposes to open at Concord, Mass., early in September of the present year.

It has long been felt that the old system of Education at schools in which every thing is taught by recitations, does not answer the wants of even young pupils; and lectures have been introduced, with the best results, into many of our high schools. It is intended in the Concord School to combine the two methods of instruction systematically and under competent direction, so as to offer to pupils of both sexes a course of study which will fit them for any college, or indeed, may take the place of a collegiate course. At the same time it is hoped that a familiar personal intercourse between teacher and pupil will make the office of the teacher rather a guidance and pleasant stimulus than a method of dictation.

For the present, the list of studies will include the common English branches, the higher English studies and the physical sciences, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Drawing and Music.

The permanent Teachers conducting recitations will be—

F. B. SANBORN, ... *Teacher of Greek, Latin and Mathematics:*
CHARLES H. SANBORN, M. D., " *Physiology, Chemistry and Botany;*
JOSEPH WALL, ... " *French, Italian, Spanish and Drawing:*
MISS SARAH E. SANBORN, ... " *General English Studies:*
MISS P. B. RIPLEY, ... " *Music.*

The permanent Lecturers are—

R. W. EMERSON, *English Literature and Intellectual Philosophy:*
DR. REINHOLD SOLGER, *History.*

There will also be a permanent lecturer on Physical Science, and courses of lectures on special subjects so as to furnish five lectures a week during the school year of forty weeks. One of the special lecturers is Prof. W. B. ROGERS, and others of well known ability will be added to the list.

It is expected that Mr. Emerson will lecture once a week during the school year, and Dr. Solger twice a week for twenty weeks in the months of September, October, November, May and June.

There will be but one term of forty weeks in the year; commencing the first Wednesday in September, and closing early in July, with the following vacations:

A week at Thanksgiving; two weeks at Christmas; a week in April or May; eight weeks in July and August.

Pupils to the number of one hundred will be admitted, from the age of eight years upward, and it is desirable to have an equal number of both sexes.

The School will consist of two departments, a Preparatory and a High School; but persons not connected with either can attend the lectures and special classes by paying the prescribed fees.

It is thought that Concord possesses peculiar advantages for such a school in its convenient distance from Boston and Cambridge, the beauty of its scenery, and the character of its people; while the names of those engaged in the enterprise will be a guarantee to the public of a faithful effort for a generous and truly liberal education.

F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, MASS., June 1st, 1857

The Terms of Tuition for a year of forty weeks are annexed. Fractions of the year will be estimated at the same rate—

Lower English Studies, (Reading, Writing, Geography, &c.,)	$40 00
Higher English Studies,	40 00
Any Two Languages alone,	40 00
Either English Course with one Language,	50 00
" " " " two Languages,	60 00
Any three Languages,	60 00
Either English Course with three Languages,	70 00
Any four Languages,	70 00
Each Course of Lectures, forty weeks,	6 00
Drawing,	20 00

The price of board in town varies from $3 to $6 per week.

Heralds of Freedom.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
THEODORE PARKER,
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
GERRIT SMITH,
JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS,
SAMUEL J. MAY.

These Portraits have been drawn in the highest style of the art by that unrivalled French artist, L. Grozelier, from daguerreotypes taken expressly for the purpose, and are the most faithful likenesses of the distinguished originals ever presented to the public.

PRICE, $1 50.

Address C. H. BRAINARD, 124 Washington street, or W. C. NELL, office of *The Liberator*.

December 26. 1mois

FITCHBURG RAILROAD

On and after Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1857, trains will run as follows:

For Fitchburg and Upper Roads, 7.30, 11 AM, 4 PM.

From Fitchburg, 7.10 AM, 12 M, 6 PM, or on arrival of upper roads.

From Concord, 7, 8.20 AM, 1.30, 3.22 PM.

From Waltham, 6, 7.20, 8.57 AM, 1.57, 4.00, 7.40 PM.

WM. H. STEARNS, Sup't.

Boston, Aug. 26, 1857. tf

SONNETS.

I.—Samuel Hoar.

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

A year ago how often did I meet
Under these elms, once more in sober bloom,
Thy tall, and figure pacing down the street,—
But now the robin sings above thy tomb.
Thy name on other shores may ne'er be known,
Though austere Rome no graver Consul knew;
But Massachusetts her true son doth own,—
Out of her soil thy hardy virtues grew.
She loves the man who chose the conquere cause,
The upright soul that bowed to God alone,
The clean hand that upheld her equal laws,
The old religion, never yet outgrown,
The cold demeanor and warm heart beneath,
The simple grandeur of thy life and death.

John Brown of Ossawattomie.

In thee still sternly lives our fathers' heart,
Brave Puritan. Stout Standish had praised God
For such as thou,—of Mayflower blood thou art,
And worthier feet on Plymouth Rock ne'er trod
Deep in thy pious soul devoutly burns
The Hebrew fire with Saxon feel fed;
Thy honest heart all fear and cunning spurns,
Swift hand for action best than and wise head;
O good old man! the vigor of thy age
Shames into nobleness unmanly youth—
Honor shall write thy name on her fair page
Ere thou art dead, and ancient Faith and Truth,
Valor and Constancy thy fame uphold,
When our sons' sons shall hear thy story told

Concord, April 27th, 1857.

[By F. B. Sanborn]

THE LECTURE SEASON.

The following is a much fuller and more complete list of Lectures before Lyceums, &c., than we were able to present in a previous issue. It embraces the names of many only known to me by report:

ALGER, the Rev. WM. R., Boston, Mass.
ALCOTT, Dr. WILLIAM A., Auburndale, Mass.
ALCOTT, A. BRONSON, Walpole, N. H.
ANDERSON, T. D., Roxbury, Mass.
BEECHER, the Rev. HENRY WARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BEECHER, the Rev. CHARLES, Galesburg, Ill.
BEECHER, the Rev. THOMAS K., Elmira, N. Y.
BELLOWS, the Rev. HENRY W., D. D., New-York City.
BENJAMIN, PARK, New-York City.
BROWN, the Rev. ANTOINETTE L. (Blackwell), Newark, N. J.
BROWN, BROWNELL, Newburgh, N. Y.
BALCH, the Rev. WILLIAM S., New-York City.
BURLEIGH, WILLIAM H., New-York City.
BUCHANAN, Dr. J. R., Cincinnati, O.
BROWN, Prof. WM. SYMINGTON, Boston, Mass.
BOUTWELL, the Hon. GEORGE S., Groton, Mass.
BIRNEY, WILLIAM, Cincinnati, O.
BLOGGET, LORIN, Philadelphia, Pa.
BUNGAY, GEORGE W., Ilion, Herkimer County, N. Y.
BURCHARD, the Rev. J., Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y.
BOOTH, HENRY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
CHAPIN, the Rev. E. H., New-York City.
COOK, CLARENCE, Newburgh, N. Y.
COGGESHALL, W. T., Cincinnati, O.
CURTIS, GEORGE W., New-York City.
CLARK, BENJAMIN C., Boston, Mass.
CLAPP, WILLIAM W., jr., Boston, Mass.
CLARK, the Rev. THOMAS M., Providence, R. I.
CLARK, the Rev. RUFUS W., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CUSHING, the Hon. CALEB, Newburyport, Mass.
CHESTER, ANSON G., Syracuse, N. Y.
COX, S. HANSON, D. D., Attica, N. Y.
DOUGLASS, FREDERICK, Rochester, N. Y.
DIX, WILLIAM G., Boston, Mass.
DREWRY, the Rev. ORVILLE, Sheffield, Mass.
DEXTER, the Rev. HENRY M., Boston, Mass.
DENISON, the Rev. C. W., Buffalo, N. Y.
ELORR, Dr. WILLIAM, Philadelphia, Penn.
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, Concord, Mass.
FROTHINGHAM, the Rev. O. B., Jersey City, N. J.
FARNHAM, Mrs. ELIRA W., New-York City.
FOWLER, Prof. JOHN W., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
FOWLER, Prof. HENRY, Rochester, N. Y.
FERNALD, WOODBURY M., Boston, Mass.
FONTANA, Sig. G. B., Boston, Mass.
GODDARD, WILLIAM, Cincinnati, O.
GODWIN, PARKE, Roslyn, Long Island.
HILES, the Rev. HENRY, Bucksport, Maine.
GANNETT, the Rev. EZRA S., D. D., Boston, Mass.
GILMAR, ARTHUR, Boston, Mass.
HIGGINSON, the Rev. THOMAS W., Worcester, Mass.
HOPKINS, the Rt. Rev. Bp. JOHN H., Burlington, Vt.
HOLLARD, Dr. WILLIAM, Springfield, Mass.
HOSMER, WILLIAM H. C., Lewiston, N. Y.
HITCHCOCK, Prof. EDWARD, Amherst, Mass.
HOPKINS, the Rev. Prest. MARK, Williamstown, Mass.
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, Boston, Mass.
HASKELL, DANIEL N., Boston, Mass.
HOLLAND, the Rev. F. W., East Cambridge, Mass.
HEDGE, the Rev. F. H., D. D., Brookline, Mass.
HERSHAW, J. SIDNEY, Utica, N. Y.
KING, the Rev. T. STARR, Boston, Mass.
KNEELAND, Dr. SAMUEL, jr., Boston, Mass.
LORD, the Rev. JOHN, Stamford, Conn.
LORING, JAMES S., Boston, Mass.
MAYO, the Rev. A. D., Albany, N. Y.
MAY, the Rev. SAMUEL J., Syracuse, N. Y.
MINER, the Rev. A. M., Boston, Mass.
MANBLE, M. M., Boston, Mass.
MONTI, Prof. LUIGI, Boston, Mass.
MELVILLE, HERMAN, Pittsfield, Mass.
MANN, Prest. HORACE, Yellow Springs, O.
MITCHELL, DONALD G., New-Haven, Conn.
NEAL, the Rev. ROLLIN H., D. D., Boston, Mass.
NEAL, JOHN, Portland, Maine.
NOYES, Dr. JOHN O., New-York City.
OSGOOD, the Rev. SAMUEL S., New-York City.
PARKER, the Rev. THEODORE, Boston, Mass.
PIERPONT, the Rev. JOHN, Medford, Mass.
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, Boston, Mass.
PARKER, EDWARD G., jr., Boston, Mass.
PHILLIPS, C. W., Hartford, Conn.
PRABODY, the Rev. Dr. A. P., Portsmouth, N. H.
QUINCY, JOSIAH, jr., Boston, Mass.
REYNOLDS, the Rev. E. W., Buffalo, N. Y.
ROCE, Dr. J. S. (colored), Boston, Mass.
ROSE, Mrs. ERNESTINE L., New-York City.
SHERB, EMARUEL V., Boston, Mass.
SMITH, Dr. J. V. C., Boston, Mass.
SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES, New-York City.
STARK, WILLIAM, Manchester, N. H.
SAXE, JOHN G., Burlington, Vt.
SEELYE, J. H., Schenectady, N. Y.
SOLGER, Dr. R., Boston, Mass.
SUMNER, GEORGE, Boston, Mass.
STORR, the Rev. A. L., Boston, Mass.
SHILLABER, B. P. (Mrs. Partington), Boston, Mass.
STORE, the Rev. THOMAS T., Bolton, Mass.
SHACKFORD, the Rev. CHARLES C., Lynn, Mass.
THOMPSON, the Rev. JOSEPH P., D. D., New-York City.
TIFFANY, OSMORD, Springfield, Mass.
THOMPSON, JOHN, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
THOREAU, HENRY D., Concord, Mass.
TODD, the Rev. JOHN, D. D., Pittsfield, Mass.
THOMPSON, the Rev. JAMES W., D. D., Salem, Mass.
TILTON, WARREN, Boston, Mass.
UNDERWOOD, F. U., Cambridge, Mass.
VIRTON, the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS, New-York City.
VAN SANTVORD, C., D. D., Greenwich, N. Y.
WINTER, WILLIAM, Cambridgeport, Mass.
WILLARD, the Rev. JOHN B., Still River, Mass.
WILDER, GEORGE D., Brookline, Mass.
WALKER, the Rev. JASON F., New-York City.
WAINWRIGHT, J. HOWARD, New-York City.
WHIPPLE, EDWIN P., Boston, Mass.
WARDNER, the Rev. N., Plainfield, N. J.
YOUMANS, EDWARD L., New-York City.

Old Concord—Historical Associations—Noteworthy Objects.

The early settlers of this town, with an eye to comfort, erected their dwellings under the brow of a line of hills extending from the old burying ground, near the Town Hall, about a mile to the eastward. Here they were secure from the North winds, and here still stands one of the original habitations, the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., who will occupy it on his return from Europe. Further on is a snug and unpretentious cottage, a perfect gem of rural architecture—the residence of R. W. Emerson, who has won an enviable distinction by the production and cultivation of the celebrated "Concord grape."

The jail erected in this town in 1789 is a curious relic of olden time, with its huge oaken doors, and grated with massive bars of iron so near together that a rat could hardly escape. This jail was the first regular place of confinement erected in Middlesex County, and for the House of Correction, until the present one, at East Cambridge was erected. It now contains but four lunatics.

The old Tavern House, in which Major Pitcairn, calling for a "glass of grog," stirred the compound with his wounded finger, and so the blood mingled with the draught exclaimed, "This is the way I stir the Yankee's heart's blood before daylight!" the house of Col. Daniel Shattuck, in which stores and ammunition were lodged at the time of the "Concord Fight," the "Battle Monument," and the "Old Manse" near by, where is said the scene of Hawthorne's popular romance, the home and alas! the grave of Hoar; the homes of Emerson and of the author of the "Scarlet Letter;" these and other equally attractive points, present rare material for reflection.

There are four burial grounds in Concord, the more recently established being the New Cemetery, situated just north of the village, and comprising a portion of the estate of Reuben Brown, known as "Sleepy Hollow." This beautiful spot was consecrated September 29, 1855, and is already tenanted by many a "breathless sleeper." Avenues and paths have been laid out, several lots inclosed with iron fences, and a number of monuments erected, including a massive memorial in Quincy granite, placed over the grave of the late Samuel Hoar, at a cost of $600. An artificial lake is contemplated which, with other improvements, planned promises to make this a delightful and interesting locality, adapted as it is by nature to the intended purpose.

The student of antiquity will find among the inscriptions on the old tombstones in the burial ground near the Town Hall, some curious epitaphs. One of these, placed on the headstone at the request of the deceased, is as significant as it is brief:

"JOHN MERRICK
Died 15 August, 1756, aged 33.
And here, here he lies."

From which the inference is clear that he disbelieved in a future state. Another, which is variously ascribed to Daniel Bliss, Esq., and to the father of Rev. D. Ripley and of R. W. Emerson, reads as follows:

"God wills us free, man wills us slaves
I will as God wills, God's will be done.
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK,
A native of Africa, who died March, 1773, aged about 60 years.
Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.

Tho' he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave,
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labors,
He acquited the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death, the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practiced those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves."

This town maintains a public library, containing about twenty-five hundred volumes of standard works, which are eagerly sought after by the citizens. The library embraces fifteen hundred volumes of books donated to the town by the proprietors of the Social Library, on condition that more books should be added to them. The library has been increased by the addition of one hundred and fifty volumes annually, and promises to become a valuable adjunct to the cause of education.

Middlesex County Fair.

Address of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The annual Agricultural Fair of the Middlesex Society, one of the oldest in the State, occurred yesterday at Concord. The weather favoring, a very large assemblage of farmers with their wives and children, gathered at the grounds. The exhibition was worthy of the very general attendance from all parts of the county; for on no previous occasion has the Society's exhibition excelled the present one in any particular. The practice which is here maintained, and as is believed, advantageously, of devoting but one day to all the displays and ceremonies of the annual festival, makes punctuality in the early part of the day a virtue of necessity, and it was yesterday put in practice to a commendable degree. The ploughing, spading and drawing matches took place between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock, and excellent skill displayed in all of these branches of work; the names of the competitors for premiums appear below. The exhibition of horses on the short circular track brought out a large number of handsome animals, the few very excellent receiving not only the greatest show of popular attention but the award of the Committee, as noted below. The double team requires a particular mention, viz: a pair of small black ponies, attached to a little buggy built to match them, and driven by a son of Gen. B. F. Butler of Lowell. The little fellow is hardly more than seven or eight years of age, yet he handled the ribbons with great skill, and drove through the maze of teams that filled the exhibition space at full speed, with as much intrepidity as would be expected of the driver of a Dock Square omnibus.

The pairs of working cattle on the ground were not so numerous as would be reasonably expected from the great numbers of milch cows and young heifers and steers which filled their allotted places, but they presented an excellent appearance. The swine and sheep pens were quite full, and the poultry family were largely represented.

Within the hall, where the fruit, vegetables and ladies' work were arrayed, the display was full and attractive, particularly as to the fruits. Two of the five long tables were devoted entirely to apples. Mr. Winthrop Arnold of Marlboro', presented the largest number of varieties—about thirty. Asa Clement of Dracut had twenty-six; Mr. E. T. Chandler of Lexington, twenty-five; John Gordon of Brighton, twelve; Frederick Rouillard of Acton, ten; Micajah Rice of Concord, twelve; Wm. S. Rice of Concord and James Kustis of South Reading, nine each; and there were some twenty-five other contributions. Of pears Mr. John Gordon of Brighton had fifteen varieties, Mr. Walter M. Allen of North Cambridge fourteen varieties, Jacob Eaton of Cambridgeport twelve varieties, R. W. Emerson of Concord nine varieties, Jesse Haley of Cambridgeport twelve varieties, and a large number of other contributions in lesser quantities. The peaches were very fine, mostly late Crawfords. These were exhibited by F. Rouillard, E. H. Pierce, E. H. Warren, Asa Clement, and others. There were a few good quinces sent in by George Hartwell, Henry E. Jones and B. W. Gleason. The grapes were also fine, consisting mostly, however, of the Concord Grape, which is a very luscious and much approved fruit. Mr. E. W. Bull, the originator of this grape, had the finest lot (they were raised from second blooms, the first blooms being killed by frost on the 30th of May) on exhibition. Mr. John Ware of Weston and Mr. A. F. Page of Billerica had some good ones of the same variety. Mr. Bull and Mr. Cummings of Woburn had some large clusters of Black Hamburgs. A dish of Sage Grapes, presented by R. W. Emerson, were much praised. There were three baskets of fruit, prepared by Asa Clement, Mrs. M. R. Prescott, and Mrs. Mary R. Wheeler, the latter being much the handsomest. Samuel Bennett of Concord exhibited some large watermelons, and Mr. John Gordon of Brighton some splendid musk and green-flesh melons.

The vegetable department was likewise exceedingly complete, the display of Mr. John B. Moore being especially full and excellent. Among the varieties exhibited was a peanut plant, grown in Waltham by Mr. Edward C. Johnson. The leaves of the bush, which grows to the height of about one foot, were quite green and fresh, and the nuts were of full size and quite ripe.

In the ladies' department the display was not very full. There were few or no articles deserving of special mention. A large assortment of fine wool carpets were exhibited by Amory Maynard, of Stowe.

The programme of the morning having been duly carried out, at one o'clock the Society and its guests proceeded to the Town Hall to dine. About four hundred persons sat at the tables, and there were many applicants for tickets after they were all sold. A blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Ward, of Cambridge, and the time, until two o'clock, was occupied in discussing the material feast set before the company. At the latter hour, Mr. John S. Keyes, President of the Society, and presiding officer of the occasion, introduced the orator of the day, the "poet, philosopher, and sage of Concord," Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MR. EMERSON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Emerson said:—Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from all parties a more entire good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trade and manufactures, church and laymen, sailor and soldier, men and women, all have an equal good will, because an equal stake in the prosperity of the farmer. It is well with all when it is well with him. He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise state has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. Cato, said when it was said that such or such a man was a good husbandman, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the dependence, not of the whole army, but of the whole State rests on the tiller of the ground who grows the grass, the crown should be more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us then look at the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opens before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; obtains from the earth bread; the food which was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives the farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct it for a time to other hands. If he had not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient charm of standing close to God, He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquility, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of beast, of poultry, of sheep, of fruits, of trees, and its reaction on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide their poverty and their solitude, if they do not succeed in society. Who knows how many remorseful glances are turned thus away from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cushing of courts and senates. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to attempt active labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by cooks, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves—"Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose-color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and therefore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bent to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants, and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom, by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drought, patience with the slowness of our feet and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful spender. His spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do. Here in this town farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the county. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by scheming speculators, not by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great line, and a great appetitite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn great fires. He has plenty of plain food. His milk at least is not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are in his solidly connected with abundance, or as Burke said—"Man breeds at the mouth." The farmer is the board of Quarantine. He has not only the life but the health of others in his keeping. He is the capital of health as his farm is the capital of wealth. And it is from him and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities comes. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in the cities who are the centres of energy, the driving wheels in trade or politics, or arts or letters; the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers, and are spending the energies which their hard, silent life accumulated in frosty farrow, in poverty in darkness, and in necessity, in the summer's heat and winter's cold. Then he has a universal factory. He who digs and builds a well and makes a stone fountain, who plants a grove of trees by the roadside, who plants an orchard and builds a durable house, or even puts a stone seat by the way side, makes the land lovely and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which he leaves useful to his country and mankind long afterwards. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. If it be true that no by the hat of political parties but upon eternal laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who needless of laws and constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the land and making a product with which no forced labor can in the long run contend. The rich man, we say, can speak the truth. It is the boast that was ever claimed for wealth, that it could speak the truth, could afford honesty, could afford independence of opinion and action, and that is the theory of mobility. But understand this: it is only the rich man in the true sense who can do this,—the man who keeps his estate within his income.

The boys who watch the spindles in the English factories, to see that no thread breaks or gets entangled, are called "minders." And in this great factory of our Copernican Globe, shifting its slides of constellations, tides and times, bringing now the day of planting, now the day of watering, now the day of reaping, now the day of curing and storing, the farmer is the "minder." His machine is of colossal proportions; the diameter of the water wheel, the arms of the lever, the power of the battery, out of all proportion; and it takes him long to understand its abilities and its working. The pump never sucks. These screws are never loose. This machine is never out of order. The piston and wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing. Let me show you these what are his aids.

Who are the farmer's servants? Not the Irish, God help him. No, but chemistry; the pure air; the water-breaks; the lightning cloud; the winds that have blown in the intermitable succession of years before he was born; the sun which has for aces soaked the rocks and covered them with forests, and accumulated the staymen which makes the heat of the meadow. The students of all nations have in past years been dedicating their education to universal science, and they have re formed our school-books, and our old terminology. The four quarters of the globe are no longer Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen and Nitrogen. The four seasons of the year are now Gravitation, Light, Heat and Electricity. Science has been showing how nature works in regard to the support of marine animals by marine plants. So nature works on the land,—on a plan of all or each, and each for all. You cannot detach any portion of its forces and retain a perfect nature. The flame of fire that oozes out of the cubic foot of wood or coal is exactly the same in amount as the light and heat which was taken in in the sunshine in the form of leaves and rays,

and now is given out after a hundred thousand years. Thus lie in the farm inexhaustible magazines. The eternal rocks have held their oxygen and lime undiminished, and entire as they were. No particle of oxygen can run away or wear out, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The great rocks seem to say, "patient waiters are no losers." We have not lost so much as a spasm of the power we received.

The earth works for man. It is a machine which yields new service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufactory of soil. In the stem of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, or the whole earth, or the rolling main. The tree is all suction pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs, with all its might. The atmosphere is an immense distillery, drinking in the oxygen and the carbon from plants, and absorbing the essence of every solid on the globe. It is the receptacle from which all things spring and into which all return. The invisible air takes form and solid mass. Our senses are sceptics, and only believe the impressions of the moment. They do not believe what is demonstrated to them—that these vast mountain chains are made of gases and rolling wind. They do not believe, what is true, that one-half the rocks which compose the great globe, every solid substance, the soils we cultivate, are made up of animals and plants, and invisible oxygen. Nature is as subtle as she is strong. Her processes of decomposition and reconstruction might be followed out in higher grades of existence, rank into rank, to sentient beings. They burn with internal fire which wastes while it works. The great agencies work in man as in all.

There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight which you cannot carry, and if he wants and, he knows where to find his fellow laborers. Water works in masses, and gets his irresistible shoulder to your mills and your shops, or transports vast boulders of rock a thousand miles. But its far greater power lies in its capacity to enter the smallest holes and pores. By its agency the vegetable world exists, carrying in solution the elements needful to every plant. Water! that daily miracle; a substance as explosive as gunpowder. The electric force contained in a drop of water being equal in amount to that which is discharged from a thunder-cloud. I quote from the exact Farraday.

Whilst the farmer has these grand fellow-laborers to assist him, and these majestic tools to work with, it must be owned that he is not quite competent to their direction. His servants are sometimes too strong for him. His tools are too sharp. But this inequality finds its remedy in practice. Experience gradually teaches him, and he is thoughful. The farmer hates innovation; he hates the hoe till he tries it, preferring to scratch with a stick; he will walk till he has tried the railway car; but the oldest fogies among us, now that the Atlantic Cable is laid, would hardly set out to despatch a letter across the ocean by swimming with it in his own mouth. Whilst such great energies are working for the farmer, he is also to recollect the great power that is in small things. It is very little that is required. Its internal force consists in a few simple arrangements. Look, for instance at the powers of a chestnut rail. Look at that prairie! hundreds of miles off, not a stick or a stone upon it, except at rare intervals. Well, the farmer manages to put up a rail fence, and at once seeds sprout and crops rise. It was only the brows and fire that kept them down. Plant a fruit tree by the roadside and it will not produce, although it receives many hints from projected stones and sticks that fruit is desired to come down, and though fruit has gone crude into the bowels of small boys. But put a fence around it, the boys will let it alone and you will have fruit so large and luscious as to seem almost inviting you to take its picture before being sent to the Horticultural Fair.

Nature drope a pine cone in Mariposa, and it grows three or four centuries, producing trees thirty feet in circumference. How was it done? They did not grow on a ridge, but in a basin, where they found a deep and dry soil, and where they could protect themselves from the sun by growing in groves, and from the winds by the mountain shelter. The planter who saw them remembered his orchard at home, where every year a destroying wind made his pears and peaches look as bleak as suffering virtue, not better than Abolitionists, while the fat Democrats, that had got their tap roots into the National Treasury, grew stout and hearty. So he went home and built a high wall on the exposed side of his orchard, and after that his peaches grew to the size of onions, and his vines ran out of all control.

I have heard a man say that he could have a whole farm in a box a rod square. He would take his roots into his library and feed them with the food they like. If they have a fancy for dead dog he would let them have it, being sure that the fruits would never reveal the secrets of their table. Such men we need to bring out a greater degree of cultivation of our soil, which is capable of as great an increased productiveness as that which England has achieved. Concord is one of the oldest towns in the country,—far on now in its third century. The Selectmen have once in five years perambulated its bounds, and yet in this year a very large quantity of land has been discovered and added to the agricultural land, and without a murmur of complaint. By drainage we have gone to the subsoil, and we have a Concord under Concord, a Middlesex under Middlesex, and a basement story of Massachusetts more valuable than all the superstructure. Files are political economists. They are so many young Americans announcing a better era, and a day of fat things. There has been a nightmare brought up in England, under the indigestion of the late suppers of overgrown Lords, that while the population increases in a geometrical ratio, the crops increase only in an arithmetical ratio. The theory is that the best land is cultivated first. This is not so, for the poorest land is the first cultivated, and the last lands are the best lands. It needs science to cultivate the best lands in the best manner. Every day a new plan, a new theory, and this political economy is in the hands of these teachers. It is true, however, that population increases in the ratio of morality, and the crops will increase in a like ratio.

I congratulate the farmer of Massachusetts on his advantages. I congratulate him that he is set down in a good place, where the soil and climate is so good. We plant more than in any Northern or Southern latitude. We are here on the Northern boundary of the tropics, on the Southern boundary of the arctic regions. We can raise almost all crops, and if we lack the orange and palm, we have the apple and peach and pear. In Illinois, it is often said, although it is more the voice of their score than of their pity, that they reckon it a singular leading of Divine Providence that Massachusetts was settled before the prairie was known, else unproductive soils would never have been settled. But the Massachusetts farmer may console himself that if he has not as rich a soil, he has the advantage of a market at his own door, the manufactory in the same town. I congratulate you, then, on this advantage of your position. Next, I congratulate you on the new territory which you have discovered, and not annexed, but sub-nexed to Middlesex and to Massachusetts. And then I congratulate you at being born at a happy time, when the sharp stick must go out with the arrow; when the steam engine is in full use, and new plants and new culture are daily brought forward. I congratulate you on the fact that the year that has just witnessed successful employment in the mill room, and on the plains and prairies, has also witnessed the laying of the Atlantic cable. The cable is laid, and the courage of man is confirmed. The cable is a smiting hand. All that used to look like vagary and castle-building is to be solid sense henceforth. Who shall ever dare to say impossible again. Henceforth, if a thing is really desirable it is in that degree really practicable, and the farm you have dreams of—go instantly and begin to make it. I congratulate you lastly on the new political economy which takes off the crape and lets in the sunlight on us, and which teaches that what is good for one human body is good and useful for mankind.

Mr. Emerson was much applauded as he took his seat.

The regular toasts of the day were then read, and eloquent and forcible responses were made in almost every instance. We have notes of all the speeches, but we are obliged to forego their use.

To the toast, "The State of Massachusetts," Hon. Joseph White, of Lowell, responded; to "The State Board of Agriculture," Hon. George Marston, of Barnstable, responded; to "The Atlantic Cable," Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston; to "The British Provinces," Hon. Joseph Howe, of Halifax; to "Uncle Sam," Hon. C. L. Knapp of Lowell; to the "Orator of the Day," Mr Emerson. Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham of Cambridge, a former president of the Society, and Mr. E. P. Whipple of Boston, were called out by complimentary toasts, to which they spoke. Mr. Buckingham took occasion to observe that he thought the late article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Farm Life in New England," a gross libel on the farmers of Massachusetts, certainly on those of Middlesex county, for he had seen as much intellect and refinement in the houses of Middlesex farmers as he should expect to see anywhere.

The company at the table broke up, shortly after four o'clock, when the Society adjourned to the Court House to hold its annual meeting. The only business then transacted was the election of the old Board of officers, and the passage of a vote authorizing the principal officers to inquire into the expediency of purchasing additional ground and enlarging the Society's building, to report to the Trustees.

The list of premiums was announced, and we annex a few of the principal ones:—

Premiums.

Matched Horses—First, $6 to Chas. Norton of Groton; second, $4 to H. C. Merriam, North Tewksbury. Farm Horses, best pair, $6 to Daniel Wetherbee of Acton. Best single farm horse, $6 to Augustus Tuttle of Concord. Best family horse, $6 to Charles H. Wilber of Lowell; second, $4 to B. W. Gleason of Rock Bottom.

Plowing—Double teams, first of $8 to Thomas J. Daman of Wayland; second, $6 to Elijah Wood, Jr., of Concord; third, $5 to John W. Rice of Sudbury. Single horse teams, first, $8 to H. A. Sheldon of Wilmington; second, $6 to Benj. Derby of Concord; third, $4 to Joseph Smith, Concord. Double horse teams, first, $8 to Samuel M. Thomas of Wayland; second, $6 to John B. Morse of Concord.

Working Oxen.—Over six years old, first, $6 to Nathan Pratt of Sudbury; under six years, first, $6 to Augustus Tuttle of Concord; second, $4 to S. M. Thomas of Wayland.

Steers.—Three years old, $5 to Nathan Pratt of Sudbury; $3 to Nathan Brooks of Acton.

Bulls.—First, $7 to M. N. Brown of Littleton; second, $5 to Elijah Wood, Jr., of Concord. Ayrshires, first, $7 to Elbridge W. Giles, Wayland; second, $5 to Leonard Hoar of Lincoln. Devons, first, $7 to Wm. Hastings of Framingham; second, $5 to J. S. Hartwell of Littleton. Alderneys, first, $7 to John M. Hartwell of Littleton; second, $5 to A. S. Lewis of Framingham. Durhams, first, $7 to M. W. Marsh of West Cambridge; second $5 to Alpheus Wellington of Wayland.

Fat Cattle.—First, $8 to Ezekiel S. Brown of Stowe; second, $6 to Simon Tuttle of Acton.

Swine.—Best boar, $6 to John B. Moore of Concord; second best, $4 to Leonard Hoar of Lincoln. Best breeding sow, $6 to Joseph Derby, Jr.; second, $4 to A. S. Lewis of Framingham. Pigs, first, $5 to Augustus Tuttle of Concord; second, $3 to John B. Moore.

Peaches.—First, $4, to L. Holton, of Littleton; 2d, $3, to E. Tuttle, Jr., of Acton.

Grapes.—First, for Concord grapes, $5, to E. W. Bull; 2d, for Isabella, $4, to Geo. B. Curtis, of Weston; 3d, for sage grapes, $3, to R. W. Emerson, of Concord. First, for Black Hamburg, $5, to J. Cummings, Jr., of Woburn; 3d, of $4, to E. W. Bull, of Concord. Assorted fruit, 1st, $3, to Asa Clement, of Dracut.

Apples.—First, $10 to Asa Clement, of Dracut, second, of $8, to John Gordon, of Brighton; 3d, $5 to Wm. D. Tuttle, of Boston. Best five varieties, $6 to James Eustis. Best single dish, $4 to George S. Prescott, of Concord.

Butter—First, $6 to Maria D. Moore of Framingham; second, $5 to Mrs. Nahum Smith of Weston; third, $4 to Mrs E. K. Kimball of Littleton.

Bread—best Wheat, by Martial Lawlin, $4 to Mary Sweetser of Concord; second best, $3 to Mrs. H. P. Proctor of Chelmsford; best, by Girls, $4 to Harriet A. Hoar of Concord; second, $3 to Catherine Hagar of Concord.

Vegetables—First, $6 to John B. Moore of Concord; second, $5 to Abel H. Wheeler of Concord; third, $4 to E. H. Marcus of Chelmsford.

ANTI-SLAVERY ORATORY.

We make the following extract from the leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, on 'Eloquence,'—which is attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson:—

'The resistance to slavery in this country has been a fruitful nursery of orators. The natural connection by which it drew to itself a train of moral reforms, and the slight yet sufficient party organization it offered, reinforced the city with new blood from the woods and mountains. Wild men, John the Baptists, Hermit Peters, John Knoxes, utter the savage sentiment of Nature in the heart of commercial capitals. They send us every year some piece of aboriginal strength, some tough oak-stick of a man, who is not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they,—one who mobs the mob,—some sturdy countryman, on whom neither money, nor politeness, nor hard words, nor eggs, nor blows, nor brickbats, make any impression. He is fit to meet the bar-room wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself, and something more; he is a graduate of the plough, and stub-hoe, and the bush-whacker; knows all the secrets of swamp and snowbank, and has nothing to learn of labor or poverty or the rough of farming. His hand had went through in childhood the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any, and things his sarcasms right and left. He has not only the documents in his pocket to answer all cavils and to prove all his positions, but he has the eternal reason in his head. This man scornfully renounces your civil organizations,—county, or city, or governor, or army,—is his own navy and artillery, judge and jury, legislature and executive. He has learned his lessons in a bitter school. Yet, if the pupil be of a texture to bear it, the best university that can be recommended to a man of ideas is the gauntlet of the mobs.'

TRIBUTE TO MR. GARRISON.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec., 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE enclosed lines, addressed to Mr. Garrison, were found among the papers of a most excellent young lady who recently died in Manchester, England. I am sorry they did not arrive in season for the "Liberty Bell," the pages of which they would have so richly graced. They were sent to me by the only surviving sister, also a most excellent young person, earnestly devoted to every work of humanity, and gifted with accomplishments to render her an honour as well as a blessing to whatever enterprise she makes the object of her regard.

The number of our devoted co-workers in the cause of Freedom is fast diminishing in Great Britain, and I fear there is little hope that the places of most of them can ever be filled again. Several, whose acquaintance I made, and whose fidelity to our movement I had every reason to admire, have gone to their reward within the past year. Among them was the writer of the enclosed lines, which I hope you will give a place in your columns.

Most truly yours, PARKER PILLSBURY.

LINES
TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I.

THOU standest on a height sublime,
Brave champion of the True and Right!
O' worthily, in words of Purest Light,
Thy name shall stand and glow thro' Future Time!

II.

Strong Friend of the oppress'd and trampled Slave,
Thy toiling for him is a holy strife!
Thy work of Love lights up thy Earnest Life
With radiant beauty: thou art pledg'd to save.

III.

Though some with foolish scorn may speak thy name,
And heap upon thee contumely and wrong,
Yet know we too that some true Poet's song
Will shrine in loving words thy stainless fame.

IV.

Brave man and true! we greet thee o'er the Main,
With earnest hopes that thou mayest live to see
The fair and crowned brows of Liberty
Smiling in triumph o'er the broken chain. H. E. H.

The *Springfield Republican*, sketching the peculiar features of certain popular lecturers, gives us this picture of Emerson:

"Ralph Waldo Emerson is—Ralph Waldo Emerson—a kind of cross between Carlyle and Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper; and we mean by this only to shade down Carlyle's genius to Mr. Emerson's standard, without burdening him with any of Mr. Tupper's piety. To many minds he is an angelic junk-dealer in philosophy. He operates his mind as he does his revolver, discharging barrel after barrel by abrupt concussions, scattering bulls all over a target, with no special relation between the perforations to show that they came from the same pistol, or were intended for the same bull's eye. He is not always thus, nor even commonly, in these latter years. It is possible now for other minds than his own to see the silk by which he chains his beads. It is very common for people to compare him with Carlyle, but he lacks the great purpose of Carlyle, and, of course, all the inspirations which springs from a great purpose; and yet Emerson in his own way is great. He is a scholar, and all his ways are scholarlike. He occupies his own stand-point, thinks his own thoughts, finds his own premises in out-of-the-way places, and reasons in his own way. But he is not a great lecturer. He only talks, and he does not talk as well as he writes. His lecturing capital is all won in other fields of labour, yet he is always in request, and occupies his audiences in seeing what they can make of him. If they are pretty thoroughly stirred up to this effort, they always carry away something worth having."

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard,
N.Y., 1-2-58, p. 3.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 26, 1859.

BURNS FESTIVAL!

Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Burns.

Dinner at the Parker House

—AND—

Speeches by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gov. Banks, George S. Hillard, N. P. Willis, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. Joseph Howe, and Josiah Quincy, Jr. Poems by Dr. O. W. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and John G. Whittier.

The Boston Burns Club, yesterday, celebrated the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Burns, by a festival at the Parker House. Extensive preparations had been in progress for a considerable time, and the success of the celebration was commensurate with the assiduousness of the Committee of Arrangements.

The holders of tickets and the invited guests assembled in the parlors of the Parker House, and soon after five o'clock proceeded to the dining room, under the lead of the President, and the music, "The Campbells are coming." Before being seated, a Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Lawrie. The large dining hall was quite full, nearly three hundred gentlemen being present. The hall was only decorated at the upper end, where evergreens were hung, and a bust of Burns, enwreathed with flowers, was placed.

Gen. John S. Tyler, President of the Club, occupied the chair, and at either side of him sat Governor Banks, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. Joseph Howe of Halifax, Lord Radstock, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Geo. S Hillard, N. P. Willis, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Col. Edward G. Parker, Hon. Charles H. Phelps, and J. Putnam Bradlee, Esq.

The President then announced the toast-master of the evening, Gen. Wm. Schouler, who read the first toast as follows:—

1. *The Memory of Burns.*

Song—"Land o' the Leal."

Drank standing and in silence.

The President—We have with us one who once in his life chose to make an apology, and among the stanzas I find some words so aptly descriptive of what we all know, that I cannot forbear citing them on this occasion:—

"Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought,
Every eater in my hand
Comes home loaded with a thought."

Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Thus introduced, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson rose and was received with loud cheers, and he said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced,—and I forbear to inquire,—that, in this accomplished circle, it should fall to me, the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspirations of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist.

Yet, sir I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies and States, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the middle ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness, and better singers than we,—though that is yet to be known,—but they could not have better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself,—by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the mind of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities,—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in government, so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible.

Not Luther, not Luther, struck more telling blows against False Theology than did this brave singer.—The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air.

He is so substantially a reformer, that I find his grand plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakspeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent,—they thought who saw him,—whether he wrote verse or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a Poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of grey hodden, and the guernsey coat, and the blouse. He has given voice to all the expe-

riences of common life; he has endeared the farm-house and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity, in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature. Not great, Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely ladscape which the poor see around them,—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles, and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my joes," and "Auld lang Synes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm work, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of the poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes: he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypseys, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns,—I am afraid, heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

The wildest cheering followed the conclusion of Mr. Emerson's remarks, a large part of the company rising. There were loud calls of "More," "Go on," "Go on," and a gentlemen rose from one of the tables and said:

"Here are four hundred orators crying out—More!"

The President—Mr. Emerson begs to be excused; not because the well of gushing waters is exhausted, but because in the kindness of his heart he thinks that he ought to leave room for gentlemen who are to succeed him.

Lectures Tonight. Mr. R. W. Emerson will read the second of his course of six lectures at the Freemen place Chapel, in Beacon street, this evening, at half-past 7 o'clock. Subject: "Originality."

3-30-59

Mr. Emerson's Lecture on Originality. The theme of Mr. Emerson's second lecture was "Originality." As one of the audience who heard it remarked, it was an able elucidation of the old Scripture proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." The leading ideas of the production might be condensed into a paragraph something like the following:

"Scholars suck the life out of old books; every soul has conduits leading from other souls; great authors but enunciate truths which preceding authors have perceived and often embodied in speech. Yet it is not true that literature is altogether a quotation. When an author seizes a truth, not too potential for his mastery, it is as much his as though he was the sole and only person who had ever recognized it."

The lecturer gave some pertinent illustrations of the manner in which familiar stories, and apt sayings, which have been imputed to comparatively recent authorship, had their origin in earlier times. We quote one of the best of his examples. The remark which Lord Eldon is supposed to have made of Brougham, when he ascended the woolsack, "that if he knew a little law, he would know a little of every thing," Emerson carried back to the reign of Louis Sixteenth of France, who once remarked, after hearing a discourse from the distinguished prelate, Abbe Maury, "that if he had preached a little religion, he would have preached about everything."

There were many swelling and sonorous passages in Mr. Emerson's lecture, such as, for instance, "we are thinking and walking out of an enormous antiquity." Others different in kind and of a felicitous and happy turn. He defined talent as the faculty of saying that which has been said once before, while genius had the power of expressing what had never been said. Genius simply meant newness. Emerson remarked that, in his experience, he had met with one profound man, who instantly detected truth, and whose keen-eyed perception never was deceived by borrowed plumage. This man always received the eternal verity proffered him, without regarding in a very great degree the individual who was its medium. The number of such men in the community is exceedingly limited. The lecture, though not one of the most striking productions of Mr. Emerson, was of a very entertaining character.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hartford Weekly Times,

4-9-59, p. 4.

10-8-59

Emerson.—Speaking of Emerson, (says N. P. Willis,) it was my good fortune to sit very near him at the Burns' festival, and I could not but study the problem of his wonderful magnetism over his audience. Finely as his speech reads in the newspaper report (and never were more good things put into the same number of words,) the presentment of it in print, as compared with its effect in delivery, is poor. Why, in that large and convivially excited audience, there was not, while he spoke, a wandering eye—not a pulse or a breath that was not held absolutely captive. Wherein lies the wonderful spell? Between me and Emerson sat ten times as handsome a fellow—the young Englishman, Lord Radstock, with every pore and muscle in absolute health and development—yet, the excellent speech he, in his turn, delivered, was not a twentieth part as well attended to. Emerson has prodigiously strong will, for one thing—his lower jaw, as he grows older, betraying, by the hardening of the lines, what a lever of mental energy is there at work; and perhaps his voice, in partaking of this, has a natural emphasis of authority. But, in his whole personal presence, there is a charm—something more than the strong meaning of his words can well account for—a seignory of magnetism over other men's blood and nerve, the secret of which, it seems to me, might well be a study for the ambitious. How vague and unreal is any literary fame to such tangible sovereignty of presence.

Boston Semi-Weekly Advertiser

3-12-59, p. 2.

Mr. Emerson's Lecture on Originality.—The theme of Mr. Emerson's second lecture was "Originality." As one of the audience who heard it remarked, it was an able elucidation of the old Scripture proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." Scholars suck the life out of old books; every soul has conduits leading from other souls; great authors but enunciate truths which preceding authors have perceived and often embodied in speech. Yet it is not true that literature is altogether a quotation. When an author seizes a truth, not too potential for his mastery, it is as much his as though he was the sole and only person who had ever recognized it.

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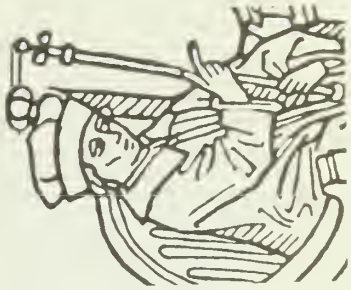

Thoreau's Talk. Henry D. Thoreau of Concord, the hermit of Walden Pond, and the model cynic of modern times, occupied the Music Hall platform on Sunday, and for an hour and a half discoursed upon what he considers to be "Misspent Lives." Mr. Thoreau has a fine voice, and a prompt, effective style of oratory that fixes the attention of the hearer. The following are a few of his characteristic thoughts, selected at random: If a man walk in the woods half a day for the love of them, he is looked upon by the world as a loafer. If you would get money as a lecturer you must be popular; and if you would be popular you must go down perpendicularly.

The speaker several times alluded to his occupation of surveying. He found that men generally were in favor of a system of surveying which would give them the most land, rather than of a just system. He had once proposed a system of measuring wood in Hay-

Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, will speak in the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, to-morrow forenoon, at Music Hall, "Misspent Lives."

market square, which was rejected for being quite accurate. Business men advertised for *active* young men, as though activity was the sole requisite. A man might be very industrious, and not spend his life well. To be born to a fortune was to be still-born. Some men were forever talking about the fall of man, and never making an effort to get up. Neither the New Testament or Poor Richard spoke of getting a living honorably, and at the same time making it inviting and glorious. Cold and hunger, said the speaker, is more friendly to my nature, than the modes adopted by men of getting a living. There was no wisdom not applicable to life. The way of most men was to make believe, and shirk the real business of life. This was called enterprise. The morality of such men was not worth the dust of a puff-ball. It made God a moneyed gentleman, scattering pennies to see men scramble after them. And yet pulpits were silent—some of them because the preacher had gone to California. Satan took them up into a high mountain and showed them the kingdom of California. Did they say "Get thee behind me, Satan!" No; but "Go ahead;" and Satan had to hurry to get there first. The prophets of to-day were employed in excusing the ways of men. It would make men sick to know how their bread was buttered. We quarter our grass bodies upon our weak souls till the former eat up our substance. We do not worship truth, but the reflection of truth. Much of our boasted commerce was no better than juniper berries and bitter almonds. If land was found where carrots grew so long that they reached the other side of the earth, such land must be assiduously devoted to carrots, though we manikins that raise them tumble into the holes whence the carrots are extracted. The Chaplain of the House was only a wooden gun to scare the devil with, and was probably suggested by the devil himself. The speaker would not blunt his sense of right by reading political articles in the newspapers. He had not yet to answer for reading a single President's message. Newspapers were the ruling power. The President trying to be popular, and to do his duty, was bewildered. Government bent its knees to the man that refused to read the *Times*. Politics was the gizzard of society, and full of grit. The parties were its two sides which ground together to rid society of dyspepsia. The speaker once attempted before an audience to give an exposition of religion, but the audience never knew what he was saying. It was all moonshine to them. But if he had read the biographies of some of the greatest scamps in history, they would have thought he was reading the lives of the deacons of their church. The Kossuth hat was the only fruit of all the stir occasioned by the presence of the great Magyar in this country. They had had a sort of military pic nic out to Concord. It was heralded by many trumpets; but the only impression left by it upon the mind of the speaker, was that the town was fuller of dust than ever before. It covered the fences, and bushes, and pads upon the river. He looked hard, but he could see nothing else. In conversation surface met surface. Men could tell nothing that had not been told them, or that they had not seen in the newspapers. As the inner life failed one, he went more and more constantly and desperately to the post office. Conventionalisms were as bad as impurities. A man had better starve at once, than lose his innocence in getting bread.

LYCEUM LECTURERS.

The following list includes, we presume, the names of all those persons who are ready for engagements as public lecturers the present season:

Alger, the Rev. Wm. R., Boston, Mass.
Alcott, A. Bronson, Concord, Mass.
Anderson, T. D., Roxbury, Mass.
Anthony, Susan B., Rochester, New-York.
Arpin, P., New-York.
Bacon, George B., New-Haven, Conn.
Balch, the Rev. William S., Ludlow, Vt.
Beecher, the Rev. Henry Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Beecher, the Rev. Charles, Galesburg, Ill.
Beecher, the Rev. Thomas K., Elmira, N. Y.
Bellows, the Rev. Henry W., D. D., New-York.
Benjamin, Park, New-York.
Bentley, Henry, New-York.
Birnan, L. B., Newark, N. J.
Birney, William, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Blackwell, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, New-York
Blodget, Lorin, Philadelphia, Pa.
Boyd, Geo. William, New York.
Booth, Henry, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Boutwell, the Hon. George S., Groton, Mass.
Brown, Brownlee, Newburgh, N. Y.
Brown, Ira D., Utica, N. Y.
Brown, J. B., New-York.
Brown, Prof. Wm. Symington, Boston, Mass.
Brown, Wm. W., Boston, Mass.
Burleigh, C. C., Plainfield, Conn.
Burleigh, William H., New-York.
Buchanan, Dr. J. R., Cincinnati, O.
Bungay, George W., Utica, N. Y.
Burchard, the Rev. J., Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y.
Buckingham, the Rev. A. H., Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y
Chapin, the Rev. E. H., New-York.
Chesyre, Anson G., Syracuse, N. Y.
Cheever, the Rev. Henry T., Jewett City, Conn.
Clark, Benjamin C., Boston, Mass.
Clark, the Rev. Thomas M., Providence, R. I.
Clark, the Rev. Rufus W., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clapp, William W. N., Boston, Mass.
Clapp, Henry W., New-York.
Cook, Clarence, Newburgh, N. Y.
Coggeshall, W. T., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cosant, C. B., New-York.
Corcoon, Charles T., Lynn, Mass.
Cox, the Rev. S. Hanson, D. D., Attica, Wyoming Co., N. Y.
Crosby, Frank, Philadelphia, Pa.
Crozier, the Rev. H. P., Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.
Curtis, George William, New-York.
Cushing, the Hon. Caleb, Newburyport, Mass.
Cutting, the Rev. S. C., Rochester, N. Y.
Cuyler, the Rev. Theodore L., New-York.
Dall, Mrs. C. H., Boston, Mass.
De Cordova, R. J., New-York.
Deming, Henry C., Hartford, Conn.
Dewey, the Rev. Orville, Boston, Mass.
Dexter, the Rev. Henry M., Boston, Mass.
Denison, the Rev. C. W., Buffalo, N. Y.
Dix, William G., Boston, Mass.
Doane, the Rev. Hiram, Norwich, N. Y.
Douglass, Frederick, Rochester, N. Y.
Dresser, Miss Helen M., Boston, Mass.
Dunn, Nathaniel, Yorkville, N. Y.
Eulz, George L., New-York.
Elder, Dr. William, Philadelphia, Pa.
Elliott, C. W., New-York.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Concord, Mass.
English, Thomas Dunn, New-York.
Ewing, W. Pinkney, Elton, Md.
Farnald, Woodbury M., Boston, Mass.
Fletcher, the Rev. J. C., Newburyport, Mass.
Fontana, Sig. G. B., Boston, Mass.
Forrest, Col. Hugh, New-York.
Fowler, Prof. John W., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fowler, Prof. Henry, Rochester, N. Y.
Fox, Henry J., Ashland, Greene Co., N. Y.
Frothingham, the Rev. O. B., New-York
Fry, William Henry, New York.
Gage, Mrs. E. G., Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.
Gage, Mrs. Frances D., St. Louis, Mo.
Garnett, the Rev. Ezra S., D. D., Boston, Mass.
Garrison, Wm. Lloyd, Boston, Mass.
Gay, S. H., New-York.
Giles, the Rev. Henry, Bucksport, Me.
Giddings, the Hon. Joshua R., Jefferson, Ohio.
Gilman, Arthur, Boston, Mass.
Goddard, William, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Godwin, Parke, New-York.
Haskell, Daniel N., Boston, Mass.
Hatch, the Rev. J. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hedge, the Rev. F. H., D. D., Brookline, Mass.
Heywood, E. H., Worcester, Mass.
Henry, the Rev. C. S., D. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Hanshaw, J. Sydney, Utica, N. Y.
Higginson, the Rev. Thomas W., Worcester, Mass.
Hitchcock, Prof. Edward, Amherst, Mass.
Holland, Dr. J. G., Springfield, Mass.
Holland, the Rev. F. W., East Cambridge, Mass.
Holland, the Rev. E. G., New-York.
Hopkins, the Rt. Rev. Bishop John H., Burlington, Vt.
Hopkins, the Rev. Prest. Mark, Williamstown, Mass.
Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, Boston, Mass.
Hosmer, Wm. H. C., Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.
Howe, Wm. W., New-York.
Hunt, the Hon. Washington, Lockport, N. Y.
Hyatt, James, Stanfordville, Dutchess Co., N. Y.
Jones, Philip Boilrau, New-York.
Kimberly, Miss, Mt. Carmel, Conn.
Kelly, E. G., New-York.
King, the Rev. T. Starr, Boston, Mass.
Kneeland, Dr. Samuel, jr., Boston, Mass.
Lancey, the Rev. S. Herbert, New-York.
Lee, the Rev. David K., Auburn, N. Y.
Livermore, the Rev. A. A., Yonkers, N. Y.
Lord the Rev. John, Stamford, Conn.
Loring, James S., Boston, Mass.
Lowell, Prof. James Russell, Cambridge, Mass.
Ludlow, Fitzhugh, New York.
Lyon, the Hon. Caleb, Lyonsdale, N. Y.
Mac Farland, C., Philadelphia, Pa
MacKenzie, Dr. Shelton, Philadelphia, Penn.
Mandell, the Rev. Albert, Skaneateles, N. Y.
Mayo, the Rev. A. D., Albany, N. Y.
May, the Rev Samuel J., Syracuse, N. Y.
Marble, M. M., Boston, Mass.
Melville, Herman, Pittsfield, Mass.
Miner, the Rev. A. M., Boston, Mass.
Mitchell, Donald G., New-Haven, Conn.
Monti, Prof. Luigi, Boston, Mass.
Murdock, the Rev. David jr., New-Milford, Conn.
Neal, the Rev. Rollin H., D. D., Boston, Mass.
Neal, John, Portland, Maine.
North Edward Prof., Clinton, N. Y.
Noyes, Dr. John O., New-York.
Osgood, the Rev. Samuel S., New-York.
Ossanyan, C., New-York.
Olcott, Henry S., New-York.
Palmer, Dr. J. W., New-York.
Parmenter, Frederick A., Owego, N. Y.
Parke, Thomas D., New-York.
Parker, Col. Edward G. jr., Boston, Mass.
Peabody, the Rev. A. P., D. D., Portsmouth, N. H.
Pillsbury, Parker, Concord, N. H.
Pierpont, the Rev. John, Medford, Mass.
Phillips, Geo. S., Boston, Mass.
Phillips, Wendell, Boston, Mass.
Powell, A. M., Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y.
Prince, the Rev. N. A., Bethel, Conn.
Quincy, Josiah jr., Boston.
Ray, William Porter, New-York.
Reuben, Levi, M. D., New-York.
Reynolds, the Rev. E. W., Newburgh, N. Y.
Rock, Dr. J. S., Boston, Mass.
Rose, Mrs. Ernestine L., New-York.
Sanford, the Hon. Mitchell, New-York.
Saxe, John G., Burlington, Vt.
Schers, Emanuel V., Boston, Mass.
Sedgwick, Stephen J., New-York.
Seelye, J. H., Schenectady, N. Y.
Shillaber, B. P. (Mrs. Partington), Boston, Mass
Shackford, the Rev Chas. C., Lynn, Mass.
Smith, Dr. J. V. C., Boston, Mass.
Smith, Elizabeth Oakes, New-York.
Smith, the Rev. C. Billings, D.D., Iowa City, Iowa.
Solger, Dr R., Boston, Mass.
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Starr, Wm., Manchester, N. H.
Stone, the Rev. A. L., Boston, Mass.
Stone, the Rev. Thos. T., Bolton, Mass.
Stuart, William, New-York.
Sumner, Geo., Boston, Mass.
Sweet, Samuel N., Florence, Oneida Co., N. Y.
Swett, Stephen R., Utica, N. Y.
Taverner, Prof. J. W., New-York.
Taylor, Bayard, New-York.
Thompson, the Hon. John, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Thompson, the Rev. Joseph P., D. D., New-York.
Thompson, the Rev. James W., D. D., Salem, Mass.
Thompson, John R., Richmond, Va.
Thomson, Mortimer (Doesticks), New-York.
Thoreau, Henry D., Concord, Mass.
Tiffany, Osmond, Springfield, Mass.
Tiffany, the Rev. Charles C., Derby, Conn.
Tilton, Theodore, New-York.
Tilton, Warren, Boston, Mass.
Todd, the Rev. John, D. D., Pittsfield, Mass.
Underwood, F. U., Cambridge, Mass.
Vail, Henry C., Sing Sing, N. Y.
Van Benthuysen, H. B., Oramel, N. Y.
Van Santvord, C., D. D., Greenwich, N. Y.
Van Schaack, Mrs. Eliza T., Coxsackie, Greene Co., N. Y.
Vinton, the Rev. Dr. Francis, New-York.
Wadleigh, Dr. N. B., Glen Haven, Cortland Co., N. Y.
Warren, Ira D., New-York.
Walker, the Rev. Jason F., Glen's Falls, N. Y.
Wainwright, J. Howard, New-York.
Warder, the Rev. N., Plainfield, N. J.
Whipple, Edwin P., Boston, Mass.
Wilson, James Grant, Chicago, Ill.
Willard, the Rev. John B., Still River, Mass.
Wilder, George D., Brookline, Mass.
Winter, William, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Youmans, Edward L., New-York.
Youmans, Eliza, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

[Reported for The Boston Journal.]

THE FRATERNITY LECTURES.

"Capt. John Brown of Ossawottomie." A Lecture by Henry D. Thoreau.

11-1-59

The fifth lecture of the Fraternity Course was delivered to a crowded audience last evening, in Tremont Temple.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq., said that the Lecture Committee shared the disappointment of the audience in the absence of the speaker announced for this evening—Frederick Douglass. At a late hour on Monday the Lecture Committee had received a communication from Mr. Douglass, written at a point not necessary to state, and the letter contained information which he was not permitted to disclose. But the reason that the lecturer did not appear was that he, a free man by his original right as well as by purchase, would not be safe this night in Boston.

Whatever different political opinions were entertained by the persons in the audience, he believed all had admired the courage and firmness of John Brown under his present trying circumstances. (Applause.)

Douglass would not be safe here because he was suspected of being connected with that enterprise, of which the brave John Brown was the leader. But if they did not have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Douglass, they had one present who had a keen appreciation of the character of Capt. Brown—Henry D. Thoreau of Concord, who had volunteered to supply the vacant place before the society.

Mr. Thoreau was then introduced to the audience.

He said in commencing the reason why Douglass is not here is the reason of my being here. He would then do his part to correct the tone of the statements made in the press and by the people of the country, about the portions of the subject of his lecture. First, as to his history—and he would endeavor to omit what had been read in the newspapers. His grandfather, John Brown, was an officer in the Revolution. The subject of the lecture was born in Connecticut, about the close of the last century, and went with his father to Ohio in his youth. His father was a contractor, and supplied the army with provisions, and he frequently accompanied his father to the camps of of the army, and learned much of the art of war—more, perhaps, than he would have learned had he been a soldier, as he was present at the councils of the officers. Especially he learned the art by which large armies are supplied and maintained for a length of time in the field, which is often the greatest part of generalship. He saw enough of war to disgust him with a military life—so much so that he declined some petty office tendered him in the army when he was eighteen years of age. He absolutely abhorred a military life, and refused to train when warned, and was fined for it. At that time he resolved to have nothing to do with war, except war for liberty. When the sounds of the first struggles came from Kansas, he sent his sons there to strengthen the hosts of freedom, and told them that he would follow them when it was necessary. When the trouble there increased, he followed them as he had promised, and it was through his agency more than that of any other man that Kansas was made free.

A part of his life he was a surveyor, and some time a wool grower. He went to Mexico at one time on business connected with that branch of industry.

He was an old fashioned man in regard to his ideas of the Constitution and the perpetuity of the Union. He was the determined foe of slavery. By birth he was a solid New England farmer, and sound, stable and practical as such men usually are, only more so. His sentiments were born with him, and were deep seated. No abolition lecturer converted him to humanity. He should be placed far above the position of Putnam and Allen. Those men had the courage to brave the foes of their country; but Brown had the courage to brave his country herself when she was in the wrong. He was not a learned man, as the term was generally understood. He did not go to the college called Harvard University, good old *alma mater* as she is. To use his own words, "I know no more of grammar than one of your calves." But he went to the university of the Great West, where he sedulously pursued the study of liberty, and having taken several degrees, he went to Kansas to practise in humanity. He was one of that ancient class, often spoken of but seldom known in this age—the Puritans. It would be hard to kill the Puritan. He died once in the time of one Cromwell, but he appeared again in New England, and here in Virginia. Brown permitted no profanity in his army in Kansas. He would have no man of loose morals in his camp, except such as he had as prisoners of war. He denied the general belief that bullies and rowdies made the best fighting men, and he declared that he would have no such men in his band.

When he was here some years ago, he showed to a few, among them the speaker, a little book, which he called his "orderly," and which contained the names of his company in Kansas, some of whom had since sealed their fidality with their blood. This contained, also, the rules which governed his band, and which were evidence of his character. He was a man of Spartan nature. He was a man who would be sparing in his diet when at your table, excusing himself by saying that he must prepare himself for his difficult mission by becoming accustomed to hardships. He was a man of rare common sense and directness of speech—a transcendentalist—of fixed principles—of tact and prudence, as was shown by his management in Kansas, where he was able to penetrate further into the territory of the enemy than any other man. In regard to the management of this last enterprise, the facts were not known. Politicians might prove that but seventeen white men and five negroes were engaged in the affair. But at least a million free citizens of the United States, who were not privy to this attempt, would have been glad if it had succeeded.

The speaker had been enraged at the remarks of his neighbors, occasioned by this affair. One of his neighbors said, "He dieth as the fool dieth"—an expression which suggested to him a similarity between Capt. Brown dying and his neighbor living. Another said he threw his life away, because he opposed the laws of the land. How were such men throwing their lives away?

The speaker then referred to the American Tract Society and the American Board of Foreign Missions, and other corporations of the kind, in terms more plain than complimentary; and then to the newspaper publishers who had hesitated, he said, about publishing of Brown's remarks in this case, leaving it out for matter to which it would compare in merit about as the New Testament would to Gen. Wilson's last speech. Even the *Liberator* called it an ill-judged, wild, and apparently insane effort. He did not complain alone of what the newspapers omitted, but also of what they printed. He had read every newspaper he could get for a week after the affair, and he had not found a line expressing sympathy with Brown. He didn't know one newspaper or magazine that would print a thing which would decrease the number of its patrons. How then could they publish the truth! Who would not like a part in the magnanimity of Brown? Editors would have to enlarge themselves to begin to conceive him. He was a man of faith and religious principles, and not a politician. All the speeches of all the *sane* representatives of Massachusetts who had been sent to Washington boiled down into one, could not equal the words of *crazy* John Brown upon the platform of the engine house at Harper's Ferry.

Capt. Brown didn't value life in comparison with the principles he asserted. He didn't recognize inhuman laws, but resisted them out of principle. In this respect he was the most American of us all. He needed no babbling lawyer, making false issues, to defend him. He could not have been tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist. When a man stood up, bravely rising above his fellows, literally, by a whole body, though he were a murderer, if that were settled with his own conscience, the spectacle was a sublime one. Didn't you know it, said the *Liberators* and *Tribunes*? He needs none of your respect. I am aware that at the date of our last news from him he was living in the hands of his enemies. But I speak of him as if he were dead.

As for the Democratic journals, they were not human enough to affect the speaker at all. He didn't believe in erecting statues, but he would rather see the statue of Capt. John Brown in the Massachusetts State House yard than that of any other man he knew. (Applause.) He rejoiced that he was a contemporary of such a man.

The speaker again scouted the idea of Brown's insanity. He and his six sons, and a son-in-law, and others, at least twelve disciples in all, stricken with insanity all at once! Did the people of Kansas, for whom he did so much, think him insane? The New York *Herald* did not know what immortal words it was made the vehicle of, when it published a verbatim report of Brown's conversation with those who questioned him.

The speaker referred to the testimony of Gov. Wise and Mr. Vallandigham, in regard to Brown's character. The former, in the language of the cock-pit, said he was the "gamest man he ever saw."

This government was becoming despotic, allied to France and Austria. It was called a representative government, but what a government it was, where the noblest traits of the mind and the whole heart were not represented! The position of Brown affected him as a sublime spectacle. He spoke for the African, when he said he preferred the liberality which shot him to that which allowed him to be doomed to a hopeless slavery.

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‡ The Ministers of the Second, or Old North, succeeded in the following order: Samuel Mather; John Mayo, 1655 to 1672; Increase Mather, 1669 to 1723; Cotton Mather, 1685 to 1728; Rev. Joshua Gee, 1723 to 1748; Samuel Mather (son of Cotton) 1732 to 1741; Samuel Checkley, Jr., 1747 to 1768; John Lathrop, 1768 to 1816; Henry Ware, Jr., 1817 to 1830; R. W. Emerson, 1829 to 1832; Chandler Robbins, 1833 ——.

Mr. Emerson left a widow and five or six children. One, a daughter, died soon after the death of her father. William, the eldest son, is a lawyer of respectable standing in New York. Edward Bliss and Charles Chauncy, both men of fine talents, anticipating an honorable career of usefulness and fame, died not long after finishing their course of collegiate and professional studies. Of Ralph Waldo nothing can be said that is not in his praise. Wherever his writings are known they are admired, and they are known wherever in America or in England, scholarship and philosophy reckon up their disciples. As a lecturer or public speaker, the announcement of his name will, at any time, and at all times, draw together an enlightened and applauding audience. A portrait of Mr. Emerson, bearing a striking resemblance to his father, has recently been taken by Boston's promising young artist, T. M. Johnston.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE MUSIC HALL.

Sunday, November 13, 1859.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the lecture before the congregation at the Music Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 13th. His topic was "Domestic Life."

In proportion to the intelligence of the inquirer, the objects of inquiry are near and familiar. Usual things are strangest of all to the wise man. Can any topic take precedence, in a reasonable mind, of domestic life? Man is born into a home. The same care which covers the seed of the tree with husks and stones, provides the mother's breast and the father's arms. The child has persuasion such as Pericles nor Chatham had in their manhood. His body is all animated by soul. From morning to night he is all alive. When he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. As he grows older, his activity only takes on more intelligent and more charming forms. He builds houses out of blocks; but, with the genius of his countrymen, he chiefly studies means of conveyance. He must seek to ride on the shoulders of all his acquaintances. He is supreme. He pulls the hair of lauded

heads. The child enables us to live over again, consciously, the unconscious life of childhood. Fast—almost too fast for his parents' wish—he grows up to a boy. He walks daily among wonders. The blowing rose is new; the garden full of flowers is Eden over again, to the young Adam. The first frost, the first grass, the first snow, make holidays in life. What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the baubles of childhood? Saint Peter's cannot have the magic power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-books possess.

But the lecturer would not follow the picture further. He designed to suggest, only, the matrix of the gem, the soil where virtue grows; he would not insist that the child is alone wise, and all our after-life mis-learning. The household is the life of the man as well as of the child. The things that take place there affect us more than those which take place in Senates and Academies. If a man wishes to acquaint himself with the history of the world, the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the State House or the court room. It is what is seen in the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us. Fact is better than fiction, if we could only get pure fact. Could any romance get your ear from the wise Gipsey who could tell straight home the real fortunes of man, who could explain your misfortunes, your habits? It is, indeed, easier to count the census or to compute the square extent of a territory, to criticize its books and arts, than to go to persons and dwellings and read men's characters. Yet we are always hovering around this better knowledge. The interest felt in Phrenology, in Physiognomy, betrays our instinctive conviction of the deep significance of the form of man. These systems of to-day are rash and mechanical systems enough; but they rest upon everlasting foundations. We are sure that the real character of man is not hid in these miserable masks that we meet in the thoroughfares. We live ruins amidst ruins. The form of the body has its origin in the mind. The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Let us, then, come out of the public square and enter the domestic precinct. Does the household obey an idea? In economy there should be the genius of the living man so conspicuously seen in all his estate that a man who knew him should see his character in his every expense. A man's money should represent the things he would willingliest do with it. We ask the price of many things, but some things each man buys without hesitation; as letters at the post-office, means of conveyance, *etc.* Let him never buy anything else than what he wants. Never give unwillingly. Do not ask the scholar to help, with his savings, young grocers to set up their shops, or eager agents to lobby in the Legislature. These are also things to be done, but not by such as he. How could such a book as Plato's Dialogue have come down to us, but for the savings of scholars, and their fantastic—if you please—appropriation of them? Another has another foundation—and another, another; and the same rule holds alike for all.

So considered, our domestic life would not bear looking into. Our ways of living are not homogeneous. What character predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. The progress of domestic life has been in cleanliness and convenience. Our homes are arranged for low benefits. Those of the rich are confectioners' shops; those of the poor, imitations of these. With these ends, housekeeping is not beautiful. It cheers and raises neither husband, wife, nor child. A house kept for prudence is without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible but to a few women, and their success is dearly bought. Either something in our houses is neglected, or the master and mistress must be careful of particulars at the expense of better things. This difficulty can be overcome only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our houses are usually built and furnished. What sadder than to go from chamber to chamber and find no beauty, to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no reception for what is wise? This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—to be deprived of affinity, of culture, and of the inmost presence of Beauty. Our idea of domestic welfare, now, needs wealth to execute it. The love of wealth, indeed, seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts; we desire the elegancy of munificence. But this is a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore not a solution. Few have wealth, but all must have a home. Men are not born rich, and in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed. Generosity does not consist in giving money. These so-called goods are only shadowy goods. The man should be visited in his prison with love; what he asks of you is good sense, heroism, purity, and faith. To offer a man money in lieu of these, is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed a sum of money to release him from his engagement. The best natures are like gold and gems, plain-set. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with Socrates, Epaminondas, and Aristides—how with Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul, and John, by Milton, and Marvel, by Johnson, and Richter? I see not, said Mr. Emerson, how labor is to be avoided; but many things of opinion and practice in regard to manual toil, may go far to furnish the answer to our problem. Another age may divide labor more equally, and so make the labor of a few hours minister to the wants and add to the vigor of the race.

But the reform of the household must not be partial. It must come with plain living and high thinking.

We must put our domestic lives on another foundation. It must come with the hearty acceptance on the part of each man of his avocation, not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius. Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. If we begin with reforming particulars, we shall soon give up in despair. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree, is to raise our aim. Let us understand that human culture is the end to which the house is built and garnished. It stands there, under the sun and moon, to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountain to uphold the roof of men as strong as themselves, to be a shelter to the true, and good, and brave, with faces which shine with sincerity, with brow ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert. Its tenants have their own aim. Character, life and action yield so much enjoyment, that the refectory is an inferior consideration. With the change of aim has come a change of the whole scale by which things are measured. It begins to be seen that the poor are only those who feel poor—in which poverty consists. The great make us feel the indifferency of circumstances. Let a man, then, say, "My house is here for the culture of the neighborhood. It shall be an eating and sleeping-house for travelers, but much more." There was never a country in which this plan was so easy as it may be in ours. The poor are educated. The lecturer described the intellectual life of the boys of a poor family. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron hand of poverty—the necessity which excludes them from the sensual enjoyments that make other boys too early old—and has attracted their activity into other channels, and made them, spite of themselves, lovers of what is grand, and beautiful, and true. The common law says, "Every man's house is his castle." The progress of Truth will make every man's house a shrine. Let the man stand on his feet. The pulses of thought, that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the household. These better ends are the ends to which the household is created, and the roof-tree stands. If these are sought in any good degree, the labor of many for one will cease. Let these be our aims, and Society is weak, and the State is an intrusion. Friendship is secret; she hides in the crowd, and under the half-brute forms of institutions.

But this is no theme for description, but for action. The heroism which at this day would make upon us the impression of an Epaminondas, or of a Confucius, must be that of a domestic hero who will show us how to live a clean, handsome, and heroic life. He who does this will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to the world.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON JOHN BROWN. The noted abolition orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a lecture in the Pilgrim Church at Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, in which he expressed at length his opinions of John Brown's exploit in Virginia. His remarks were, if possible, more outrageous than anything that has heretofore fallen from his lips. We make an extract to show the temper of this production:

"Connecticut has sent out many a schoolmaster to the other thirty States; but she never has sent one out before as she has sent that Litchfield-born schoolmaster to Harper's Ferry, to write upon the Natural Bridge in the face of nations, his copy-book 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.' (Loud cheers.)

I said that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to John Brown of Ossawatomie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It was a great mistake to call him an insurgent. This principle, that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong, states what? 'Commonwealth of Virginia.' There is no such thing. There is no civil society, there is no government, that can exist, except on the basis of impartial, equal submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice to man and man. Everything that calls itself a government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no government. It is only a pirate ship. Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say! I am weighing my words now. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with letters of marque and reprisal against every pirate that he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. (Cheers and applause.) I mean literally and exactly what I say.

In God's world there are no majorities, no minorities; one is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you the ground of morals. The rights of that one man are as sacred as those of the Commonwealth of Virginia. John Brown has twice as much right to hang Gov. Wise as Gov. Wise has to hang him. (Cheers and hisses.) You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite, not

as men judge it in the cribbed morals of the nineteenth century, and the herd of States that calls itself an empire to traffic in cotton and sell slaves. What I say is this: Harper's Ferry was the government Men erred not respecting the trial. Virginia, true to herself, has shown exactly the same haste that the pirate does when he ties a man on the deck and runs him up to the yard-arm. Unconsciously she is consistent. Now you do not think this to-day, some of you, perhaps. But I tell you that absolute history shall judge of these forms and phantoms of ours.

And God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and say to the American people, that whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac—history will visit that river more kindly because he has gilded it with the eternal brightness of his glorious deed, than because the dust of Washington rests upon one side of it. And if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two Washingtons, at least, to make the name of the river anything but abominable to the ages that come after it. [Applause and hisses.] Well, I say what I really think. [Cheers, cries of 'Good,' 'Good.'] George Washington was a great man. Yet I say what I really think."

No more than a dozen men had died since the world began. Men did not have the life to die. They didn't live. It required ages to make such a character as that of John Brown, and ages to understand it. He was a man such as might not rise again in this benighted land. When a government took the life of a man without the assent of his own conscience, it was an outrage, and a step towards its dissolution.

I am here, he said, to plead for him. I plead not for his life, but for his character—his immortal life. It is your business, and not his. Eighteen hundred years ago, Christ was crucified. Perhaps this morning John Brown was hung. There was a chain between these two links. It seemed as if the noblest and best man of the age must die; and the speaker feared that he should hear that Brown's execution was prevented, doubting if any life could do as much good as his death.

The lecturer read from Brown's declaration at Harper's Ferry: "No man sent me here," said he. "I acknowledge no master in human form."

He looked forward to the time when that scene would be painted by artists, needing no longer to go to Rome for subjects, and embellish the galleries of our country, having no longer at least this form of slavery. We should then be at liberty to weep for Captain Brown. "Then," said he, "and not till then, we will take our revenge!"

The lecture occupied an hour and a half, and was well received.

EMERSON ON COURAGE.

Extract from the lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson at the Tremont Temple, Boston, Tuesday evening, 8th instant:— 11-8-59

Courage is of many kinds—Scientific, Temperamental, Ideal. It consists in the conviction that they with whom you contend are no more than you. It is said courage is common, but the immense esteem in which it is held proves this to be an error. Animal resistance, the instinct of the male when cornered, is no doubt common; but the pure article, courage with conduct, self-possession at the cannon's mouth, cheerfulness in lonely adherence to the right, is the endowment of elevated characters. 'Mankind,' said Franklin, 'are dastardly when they meet with opposition.' It is said that generals are seldom found eager to give battle.

Lord Wellington said uniforms were often masks; and again he said, 'When my journal appears, many statues must come down.' Voltaire said, 'One of the chief misfortunes of honest people is that they are cowardly;' and we notice in our politics and social alliances, that their tactics are simply defensive. Our political parties—how infirm and ignoble! See what white lips they have! Always on the defensive! As if the lead were entrusted to the journals, written often by women and boys! The journals, which wish to keep up only the appearance of strength without strength,—they can do the hurrahs, and the pleading, and the voting, if it is a fair day; but the aggressive, advancing attitude of people who will have right done, and no more be bothered with burglars, and counterfeiters, and ruffians, in the streets and public offices,—the part of leader and soul of Vigilance Committees, must be taken by honest, sincere men, who are really indignant and determined. We have, from year to year, in the politics of Massachusetts, criticism which watches and contradicts the opposite party, but we want a leader that advances and dictates. When we get an advantage in Congress, it is usually because our adversary has made a fault, and not that we have made a thrust. Why do we not say, since that is the honest sentiment of the people—why do we not say, in reference to the evil of the times, that we are Abolitionists of the most absolute abolition?—as every man must be; only the Hottentots, only the barbarians, or semi-barbarians, are not. 'We do not try to alter your laws in Alabama, or in Japan, or in the Fejee Islands, but we shall not suffer you to carry your Thugism North, South, East, or West, into any Territory that we can control!'

I think badly of cowardice. It shuts the eyes until the sky is no bigger than a calf-skin. Fear is cowardly and mean, until at last we do not know virtue when we see it. There is a total perversion of things; society is upside down, and its best men are thought too bad to live. I wish we might have health enough to know virtue when we see it, and not cry with the fools, '*Madman!*' when a hero passes. (Prolonged applause.)

Understand, there is no separate essence called courage; no cell in the brain, no vessel in the heart, containing the drops or atoms that make or give this virtue; but it is the right, healthy state of every man when he is free to do that which is constitutional to him to do. Bonaparte said, 'My hand is instantly connected with my head, and what I say, that I do, or I die.' So is it with the hero. A vulgar man is embarrassed by petty considerations; he does not penetrate to the end of his action, but stops short at the surface. He sees the enmities he provokes, the loss of day wages, wounds and injury, a bad name, and danger to life. The brave man believes in his thought and obeys it, nothing doubting that it will bring him out well.

There is also a temperamental courage—a warlike blood, which loves a fight. This sort of courage, the lecturer said, was found in wasps, hornets and ants, and appeared in individual men, and in certain individuals in every race; and, as represented in some men, it was 'Poss in Boots,' taught to say, 'How do you do?' or, rather, 'No you don't!' and how to swear; but for all the rest, a poor Grimalkin,—small brain, and runs to claws and spitting! (Loud laughter and applause.) With a nation of men of this complexion, war is the safest terms. That marks them, and if they cross the lines, they can be dealt with as fanged animals.

This courage of the blood is ostentatious; the best courage is not ostentatious. Men who wish to inspire terror seem thereby to confess themselves cowards. Why do they rely on it, but because they know how potent it is with themselves? There is no tyrant like fear. A curious example is the recent history of the Southern States. The Southerners reckon the New Englanders to be less brave than they; yet the 'Reign of Terror' was in the South. It is not to be believed that there was no minority in the South during the year 1856; yet never was mutter or peep heard, with the exception of the explicit declaration of Mr. Botts of Virginia and Mr. Davis of Maryland. Every gentleman in Carolina was mute as the grave during all that exciting period. Is it to be believed that Cassius M. Clay is the only gentleman in Kentucky who holds his opinions? But there is a 'Reign of Terror' also, in the North, and we have no right to boast, so long as love of trade, a preference of peace to justice, or the love of comfort at any cost, withholds men from vote and voice. It is perfectly plain, that when a million, or half a million of voters in good earnest wish a thing done, they will fast find governors, judges and members of Congress to put it through all the forms. And if the laws of Massachusetts are not now just and heroic, it is not the fault of the United States, but of ourselves.

But far above the courage of blood is the courage of character—the Will. There are many books on the Will. There is Edwards, and Hopkins, and Kant, and Hegel, but it remains a mystery and a miracle, and when it appears in a man, he is a hero, and all the metaphysics in the world is dumb before him, and shares the astonishment. As soon as we rise to the heights of courage, we come to the grand models of mankind. We have come to the secret of the Will, which is the antagonist of Fate, which is the presence always of spiritual power, the presence of God in man—always miraculous, and 'past finding out.' We are embosomed in a spiritual world, yet none ever saw an angel or spirit. Whence does our knowledge of it come? Only from man. The only revealer of the divine mind is the thoughts of men. The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men.

On this division of his subject, Mr. Emerson was peculiarly forcible and eloquent. One illustration we cannot pass by. After alluding to the heroes of other times and other lands, who, 'as soon as they are born, take a bee line to the rack of the Inquisition or the axe of the tyrant,' he said—'Look nearer, at the ungathered records of those who have gone to languish in prison or to die in rescuing others, or in rescuing themselves from the chains of the slave: or look at that new saint, than whom none purer or more brave was ever fed by love of man into conflict and death; a new saint, waiting yet his martyrdom; and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross. (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.)

But 'wisdom is justified of her children.' Valor pays rents as well as lands. A noble cause begets love and confidence, and has a sure reward. High courage, a power of will superior to events, makes a band of union between enemies. If Gov. Wise be a superior man, and inasmuch as he is a superior man, he distinguishes his captive John Brown.

As they confer, they understand each other swiftly; each respects the other, and if opportunity allowed, they would prefer each other's society to that of their former companions. Enemies become affectionate; become aware that they are nearer alike than any other two, and if circumstances did not keep them apart, they would fly into each other's arms. Poets and orators and painters catch the hint, and every thing feels the new breath, excepting the dead and doting politicians whom the trump of resurrection could not reach.

The subject is great, said Mr. Emerson in conclusion, the time is short. I may say that he has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount his fears. I do not wish to put myself or any man into the theatrical position of urging you to ape the courage of another man. Have the courage not to ape another's courage. There is scope and trial and battle-field enough for you in your own work, and home and circumstance, and there is no belief of any man which does not equally preach this courage.

If I speak to any man who has not faith in a beneficent power above us, but sees only an adamantine fate coiling its inevitable folds about men, to him I say, the best use of fate is to teach us courage, like the Turk. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in a friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or whatever danger lies in the way of duty, knowing that you are guarded by Destiny.

If you believe in fate to your harm, believe in it at least for your good. Or if, on the other hand, you accept your thoughts as inspiration from a Supreme Intelligence, obey them when they prescribe difficult duties, because they come only so long as they are used. Or if your skepticism reaches to the lowest verge, and you have no confidence in any foreign mind, then be brave, because there is one good opinion which must always be of the highest consequence to you—namely, your own. (Loud applause.)

Meeting to Aid John Brown's Family.

TREMONT TEMPLE CROWDED.

11-19-59

SPEECHES BY

John A. Andrew,

Rev. Jacob M. Manning,

Ralph Waldo Emerson, and

Wendell Phillips.

A meeting was held Saturday evening at Tremont Temple, for the purpose of expressing sympathy and extending material aid to the family of JOHN BROWN, in their poverty and distress. Although the weather was stormy and forbidding, the spacious Temple was thronged. A fee of 25 cents for admittance was asked, and the sum taken was large. These facts indicate a deep and wide-spread sympathy for the old hero and his family.

The platform was occupied by a large number of well-known citizens, as well as ladies. John A. Andrew, Esq., presided.

Mr. Andrew, on assuming the duties of the chair, said that before proceeding to the other exercises of the evening, it was specially proper on the occasion to unite in religious service. To that end he invited Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale to offer prayer, which that Rev. divine proceeded to perform with solemn impressiveness. In his invocation he alluded to the heroism displayed by John Brown, and to the general sympathy which existed so widely in this and other communities in his behalf.

Mr. Andrew then arose to address the audience, and was received with hearty and prolonged applause. At its conclusion he said he would offer but a few remarks as chairman of the evening. The duty of addressing them at length would devolve upon other and abler gentlemen. He then read the following extract from a letter of John Brown to Lydia Maria Child:

"I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thomson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could do to earn a living. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably."

In continuation Mr. Andrew said that John Brown and his companions fell martyrs to an idea, and to one that was great and noble. There was, he said, an "irrepressible conflict," (applause) going on, and which it was quite sure, could not be suppressed. He sympathised with John Brown, and believed his principles were right. The speaker further believed in Brown and his objects, because he represented what was eternally right. But they could all, he well knew, sympathize with John Brown and his family, whether they thought him in the right or wrong. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Andrew then read a letter from Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, who had been announced to speak, excusing himself from attending the meeting, on the ground that in accepting the invitation he did not apprehend its precise design.

Mr. Andrew said that the committee had endeavored to make the purpose of the meeting explicit, and were not aware that there could be any difference of opinion as to whether they should or should not, at this juncture, assist Mr. Brown's starving family. (Prolonged applause.) He was glad that other gentlemen invited to speak, had not taken so extreme views upon this matter as to prevent their attendance.

They were, continued Mr. Andrew, in the presence, to-night, of an awful sorrow. They were present to aid the suffering and grief of John Brown's family. After stating that a committee would take collections in behalf of Mr. Brown, he closed by introducing Rev. J. M. Manning, of the Old South Church, Boston.

Mr. Manning was received with much applause. After alluding to the misconception of the objects of the meeting, as made by the reverend gentlemen above alluded to, he said he could not conceive of a negative side of the question—sympathy for the family of John Brown. Mr. Manning said he felt, perhaps, more than some for John Brown, now confined in prison at Charlestown. The act Brown had committed he, Mr. M., would not by any means have advised him to. It might have been an unlawful act—a foolhardy one—and yet he could point as a parallel to the fillibuster expeditions with which our government has been somewhat connected. The speaker believed Brown to be a good man, and well meaning. In this act of his at Harper's Ferry, perhaps there was a providence of God. In it there might be a sword of the Almighty to smite the slave power; a finger of God writing on the wall the destiny and doom of the slave tyrant. The Boston massacre was cited as an illustration of a parallel outbreak, except that in the one case a black man—Crispus Attucks—was acting in behalf of whites; and in the other of a white man seeking to aid the blacks.

After giving an interesting account of the massacre, and relating reminiscences of meetings which followed it at the Old South Church, in which the renowned Gen. Warren, who afterwards fell at Bunker Hill, took part, showing that the anniversaries of this event led to our present Fourth of July orations, he proceeded to say, as he had of Brown in his insurrectionary movement, that he could not have advised Attucks to the course he pursued; but nevertheless it had proved, in its results, a blessing. Passing from this, he proceeded to speak of the contemplated execution of Brown, which already filled Virginia with double fears, he suggested that it might be the precursor of the downfall of slavery. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. Manning again went back to the Boston massacre, controverting the assertion which had more than once been put forth that the clergy had caused it, whereas it was chiefly the presence of the British soldiery. So, too, in this Harper's Ferry insurrection, the cause lay not with us, but with the slave power. Like Brown, we too could but sympathize with the oppressed. In relation to the removal of American slavery from the country, he thought we had not sufficiently manifested the spirit of love. Could we not, he asked, be loving at the same time we are manful,—put less malignity into our philanthropy? They had an opportunity now, he thought, to exercise this love towards our citizens at the South. Now that they were in jeopardy and trouble, and their lives in danger, could they not reason together over this great evil of slavery? This done, and we should be far towards the accomplishment of that purpose which they all had so much at heart. "They never fail who die in a great cause."

Mr. Manning took his seat amid great applause.

Mr. Andrew thought they had heard to-night an echo of the sacred voice of Warren in the speaker who had just taken his seat, a remark that elicited applause.

The chairman then introduced, in a highly complimentary and merited manner, with patriotic allusions to his town, Ralph Waldo Emerson of Concord. Mr. Emerson, on rising, was greeted with the most enthusiastic and prolonged applause. At its conclusion he spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—I share the sympathy and the sorrow which has brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. This commanding event which has brought us together,—the sequel of which has brought us together—eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in this hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the Republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American Republic. Capt. John Brown is a farmer, the fifth to descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the

Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the year 1812, and our Capt. John Brown, then a boy, with his father, was present and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He cherishes a great respect for his father as a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed (Applause);—the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage.

He joins that perfect puritan faith which brought his ancestor to Plymouth Rock, with his grandfather's in the Revolution. He believes in two articles, two sacraments, shall I say—The Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence; (applause;) and he used this occasion in conversation here, "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away in violent death, than that one word of either should be violated in this country." There is a Unionist—there is a strict constructionist for you. (Applause and laughter.) He believes in the union of the United States, he believes in the union of America, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the union is slavery and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the Court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood. You remember his words—"If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives or children, it would all here been right. No man in this court would have thought it a crime. But I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, for the despised poor, I have done no wrong, but right."

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays mad pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown, and through them the whole civilised world; and, if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. (Applause.) Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of slavery, when the Governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness, and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of men the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is not within that broad Commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner.

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow sufferers in the Charlestown Jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathisers with him in all the States; and, I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's thirst threatens him in the malignity of public sentiment in the Southern States. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him. I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent, that he but existed to put them all into action. He did not believe in moral suasion. He believed in putting the thing through. (Applause.) He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the Government is quite unreliable. Great wealth,—great population,—men of talent in the executive, on the Bench,—all the forms right,—and yet, life and freedom are not safe. Why? Because the judges rely on the forms, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the facts behind the forms.

They assume that the United States can protect its witness or its prisoner. And, in Massachusetts, that is true; but the moment he is carried out of the bounds of Massachusetts, the United States, it is notorious, afford no protection at all; the Government, the Judges are an envenomed party, and give such protection as they give in Utah to honest citizens; or in Kansas; such protection as they gave to their own Commodore Paulding, when he was simple enough to mistake the formal instructions of his Government for their real meaning. (Applause.) The judges fear collision between their two allegiances. But there are worse evils than collision, namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's weal is imperilled by abuse of the Federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz: the local government. Had that been done, on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again by the ill-timed formalism of a venerable Bench. If judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is fine to compliment them as learned and venerable,—what avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch they are of no more use than idiots. After the mischance, they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born.

A Vermont Judge Hutchinson who has a Declaration of Independence in his heart, a Wisconsin Judge who knows that laws are for the protection of citizens against kidnappers is worth a court house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. [illegible] man in Massachusetts so simple as to believe the United States Court in Virginia, now, in its [illegible] of terror, sends to Connecticut, or New York [illegible] setts for a witness, it wants him for a [illegible] wants him for a party; it wants him for [illegible] and eat. And your *habeas corpus* is, in [illegible] it has been, or, I fear, is likely to be [illegible] and not a protection; for it takes away [illegible] en himself, and the natural assistance [illegible] fellow citizens, by offering him a form [illegible] paper. But I am detaining the meeting [illegible] others understand better. I hope, then, [illegible] istering relief to John Brown's family, we [illegible] all those whom his fate concerns, all who are [illegible] with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way [illegible] securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

The chairman here announced (that gentleman had left the hall) that Mr. Emerson, in addition to his excellent speech, had contributed the sum of $50 in behalf of the Brown family. The announcement was received with great applause.

A Finance Committee was here announced.

Wendell Phillips was then introduced. His rising was the signal of long-continued applause.

In commencing he said that he hardly knew what to say after the ground had been so well covered by the previous speakers. The gentleman who represented the Old South (Mr. Manning) had robbed him of what might have proved the best part of his speech. In relation to those who took part in the Boston massacre, he remarked, the parallel had not been quite carried out. Those who were tried for that act were acquitted by the courts. In those days the people went to the Old South Church to rejoice in that act. To night, he was glad to say, the Old South comes here. (Applause.) He rather liked the "South" side view of the matter presented to them. (Laughter.)

To him it seemed that John Brown was a model of a christian and martyr. There did not appear to be a trait in him they could not honor. He was the old Mayflower cropping out—Plymouth Rock grown into a grand personality. Some of the leading characteristics of Brown were next mentioned, and fitly eulogised. Look at him, said Mr. Phillips, in that Armory at Harper's Ferry—not an act of unnecessary violence did he commit. He thought the picture of Brown with a musket in one hand, and with the other feeling the pulse of his dying son, was without a parallel in interest and grandeur. Illustrations of the "chivalry" of Virginia were next given, in contrast to the conduct of Brown.

So much for Brown. They were here, said Mr. P., to remember his family. Let us send word to him to-night that they are sheltered in our hearts. At Plymouth, he said, it was lately in dispute where to put the Forefathers' Monument, but he would tell them to put one corner at Harper's Ferry, and another at Alton.

Ten years hence, continued the speaker, no one will say John Brown's act was a failure. The whole world will yet ring with his heroism. (Applause.)

What had John Brown done? This: Given a strong blow to tyranny. Government takes its muskets in Missouri and bathes them in the blood of the free citizens of Kansas, and nothing is said or done; John Brown takes possession of an arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and yet what do we see? Men said that Brown was throwing his life away. That remained to be seen. Channing would give the sword to the white man, and speech to the black; Brown gave the sword to the black man, and words to the white. John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, has taught the slave that there is hope for him at the North. He had sent a message to the slave that help was coming. He had taught us the sacredness of impulses. Perhaps, continued Mr. P., he may die. That indictment, upon which he was tried and convicted, is a rag, with every thread broken. Mr. Hunter, the State Attorney of Virginia, had put on record an indictment with rents in it so large that all the frightened citizens in Charlestown could run through it. (Laughter.) There was not a lawyer in all Virginia, worthy of the name, who would not look upon that indictment as a shame and disgrace. Virginia, he said, had no excuse for hanging Brown, but her fears. If Brown should be hung, he remarked, Washington will be glad to make room for his ashes on the banks of the Potomac. (Applause.)

Mr. Phillips took his seat amid prolonged applause.

Mr. Andrew said the defects in the indictment alluded to by the previous speaker, had been argued before the Virginia Court of Appeals, the present week, by able lawyers, but as yet no decision had been made. Were it not for the prejudice that surrounded the matter, there would, he thought, be some little hope. He did not himself, yet despair.

This closed the exercise of the evening. The Finance Committee were engaged during the evening in collecting funds, but no report was made as to the sum obtained. We presume the result of the meeting, in this particular, will not be less than $1500. The meeting was characterized by great earnestness and enthusiasm. There was both talking and giving—*deeds* as well as words.

Concord, Mass.

At 2 o'clock, a meeting was held at the Town House to keep the day appropriately. The meeting was opened by prayer, after which selections from Brown's writings, and others, were offered by R. W. Emerson, H. D. Thoreau, I. S. Keyes, Charles Bowers, and A. B. Alcott. After singing a dirge, by the choir, the meeting dissolved.

It was intended to toll the bells, but as there was considerable opposition, it was omitted.

Brown Meeting at Concord.

(Concord, Dec. 2, 1859.

Correspondence of The Atlas and Daily Bee.

The meeting here today at the time of the Execution of John Brown, was pretty fully attended by most of the earnest thinking men and women of the town. The services was peculiarly impressive and solemn, consisting of a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hurd, reading by different persons of pertinent passages of prose and poetry; among them The Scots Lament of Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution, Collins' ode on the death of the righteous man, Tweetus's description of the death of Antigo, extracts from Jefferson's letter on slavery, and "The Execution of Montrose," from Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, which is so strikingly appropriate that it ought to be published now. This picture of the scene then being enacted in Virginia, was followed by selections from Brown's last words, read in his most touching and impressive manner by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Church service for the dead or a martyr was then read by A. B. Alcott, and the exercises concluded by singing the following, written by one of John Brown's trust and best friends:

Dirge.

Today beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim fathers' earnest creed,
Virginia's ancient faith,
Inspired this hero's noblest deed,
And his reward is—Death!

Great Washington indignant shade
Forever urged him on—
He heard from Monticello's glade
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page
He read Jehovah's law,
And this from youth to hoary age
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand,
No passion aimed his blow;
How loyally he loved his land
Impartial Time shall show.

But now the faithful martyr dies,
His brave heart beats no more,
His soul ascends the equal skies,
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him.
Like him in God we trust;
And though our eyes with tears are dim.
We know that God is just.

Martyrdom of John Brown.

EXERCISES

— AT THE —

TOWN, HALL, IN CONCORD,

On FRIDAY, December 2nd, 1859,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

HYMN,

"Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime"

READING OF PERTINENT PASSAGES.

SELECTIONS FROM BROWN'S LAST WORDS.

SERVICE FOR THE DEATH OF A MARTYR.

DIRGE;

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Beneath Virginia's sky,
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We know that God is just.

Concord, Dec. ~~30~~ 2nd, 1859.

BROWN IN THE BOSTON CHURCHES, ON SUNDAY.

Brown Sermon by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
[From the Atlas and Daily Bee.]

The desk at Music Hall, on Sunday, was filled by Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord. The hall, notwithstanding the storm, was nearly full. The services were commenced with the singing of the congregation of the following hymn, from the pen of a young gentleman of Concord, supposed to be Mr. Thoreau, which was effectively read by John R. Manly, the Secretary of the Society. It was sung to the tune of "Arlington." It is as follows:

To-day beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim fathers' earnest creed,
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His soul ascends the equal skies,
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him,
Like him in God we trust;
And though our eyes with tears are dim,
We know that God is just.

The congregation joined in the singing with no little unction.

Mr. Emerson then took the desk and delivered an address on "Morals." The tenor of thought running through the discourse was that a high standard of morality faithfully adhered to, gives to man his noblest thoughts and inspires his grandest and best deeds "Morals" he characterized as "A science of substance and not of shows." In treating of the power which devotion to a great idea or principle will accomplish in the individual, and out in society and the world, he alluded to the recent events in the life of John Brown. The desire of giving freedom to those who were in bondage—of establishing a moral, intellectual, governmental equality—such had lifted an obscure Connecticut farmer into the regions of the great man; and made all others appear as inferior men.—It was hard, he said, to find in all history so noble a man as this who dared to sacrifice life to principle. A few such men, the speaker asserted, had done more for the world than all the tribe of merely intellectual men mankind has ever seen.

In this connection Mr. Emerson recited the following very appropriate poem:

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
The golden crown he did not share,
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far,
Our goods suffice us as they are,
We will not have them tried."

But since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him trying, "let him taste
How real's our jail."
But though they slew him with the sword,
And in the fire the touchstone buried,
Its shining could not be overtured,
Its unalloyed restored.
And when, to stop all further harm,
They slowed its ashes to the brews,
"They little thought each grain of these,
Conveyed the perfect charm.

Those were the only allusions made to Brown.
Geo. W. Curtis will give an address next Sunday on "The Present aspects of American Slavery."

N.Y. Evening Express,
Tues., 12-6-59, p. 1.

THE EXECUTION OF CAPT. BROWN. The New York *Tribune* has several letters giving descriptions of the execution of Capt. Brown and his interview with his wife, but they furnish little additional information. One of the letters says that throughout the whole sad proceeding on Friday the utmost order and decorum reigned, and that there was no blenching, nor the remotest approach to cowardice or nervousness, on the part of Brown. Another correspondent narrates the circumstances of the execution as follows:

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friend or foe, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic hearts petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring; and some day when, over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginia liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

But to return to my narrative. The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, enclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailer, whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's stanchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Capt. Brown to Capt. Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the more beautiful to behold because I have so long been shut from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Capt. Brown," said Mr. Sadler.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I see no citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—none but the soldiers," was the reply.

"That ought not to be," said the old man, "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

The scaffold is approached. He alights from the wagon and ascends to the platform, which last sustains Old John Brown alone. There is no faltering in his step, but firmly and erect he stands amid the almost breathless lines of soldiery that surround him. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm he takes his slouched hat from his head and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. The cap is drawn over his eyes, and the rope adjusted about his neck. John Brown is ready to meet his God.

But what next? The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Taliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia troops are arranged *a la mode*.

"Capt. Brown, you are not standing on the drop—will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see, gentlemen," was the reply; "you must lead me."

The Sheriff led the prisoner forward to the centre of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No; I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

A moment after the Sheriff springs the latch—the drop falls—and the body of John Brown is suspended between heaven and earth. A few convulsive twitchings of the arms are observed. These cease after a moment.

John Brown is dead.

The feeling at Charlestown, after the execution, is referred to as follows:

"Like a string that snaps after great tension, the public mind at Charlestown seemed relieved the moment that the body had been returned to the jail. The extra sentries were called in, and people were suffered once more to pass in and out of town with tolerable freedom. The dread is not all removed yet, however, for every night mysterious lights are seen to shoot up in the direction of Harper's Ferry, which are answered elsewhere. Despite all vigilance and search, no cause can be assigned, and it is therefore believed that parties of rescuers are patiently biding their time to take revenge, when fancied security once more prevails. It is said that there can be no shadow of doubt that large bodies of armed men have been hovering very near to Charlestown, and the remaining prisoners are guarded with the most jealous vigilance. Yesterday morning orders were issued that no more visitors shall be admitted to the prisoners, they having implored the authorities to give them their little remaining time for reflection."

The excitement immediately after the execution, caused by the report that Mr Turner's residence had just been destroyed by fire, was entirely groundless, as the story was fabulous

Mrs. C. H. Dall writes to *The Buffalo Courier* that once having gone to Concord to lecture, she took tea with Mr. Emerson, and there was a little question at table as to who of the Concord people would come out to hear. Mention being made of Thoreau, Emerson said: "I saw him this morning. He says women never have anything to say." But when Mrs. Dall was about a third through she saw a person enter who looked like a working-man. He had on a greenbaize jacket, and seated himself on the end of the very last bench by the door. "At the close of the lecture," she adds, "I came down to grasp the hands of waiting friends and found myself directly behind the green jacket. Emerson was in front, and my ears caught the words: 'Why, Thoreau, I thought you was not coming'; and the reply: 'But *this* woman had something to say.' Before I left he showed a superb set of Hindu classics, fitted into a polished box, which had been sent him by an English gentleman, to whom he made Walden waters sweet. His eyes sparkled as they looked at his treasure, and I asked him if he could read them. 'Oh, no!' he said. 'And will you not learn?' I asked. 'For what good?' he answered. 'Now this box holds everything; then I might find it very empty.' It was that same week, I think, that I asked Emerson if he had read something new in German, and he said that he 'did not care to read anything that was not written in English.'"

[Caroline H. Dall spoke before the Concord Lyceum on Dec. 14, 1859, on "Lives of Noted Women."]

For the Liberator.

The following lines, with the accompanying note, as the date shows, were written some time ago, and during the life of the good and noble man they attempt, in part, to illustrate. They are now offered, for the first time, for publication to the *Liberator*, a journal which the deceased highly valued for its untiring devotion to the cause of the slave, and the oppressed everywhere.

HENRY D. THOREAU died at his home in Concord, Mass., May 6th, 1862, in the 45th year of his age.

New Bedford, May 11, 1862.

WALDEN.

Here, once a poet most serenely lived,
A poet and philosopher, forsooth,
For in him both have joined, and greatly thrived,
And found content before the God of Truth.

A plain set man, a man of culture rare,
Who left an honor on old Harvard's walls;
An honest man, in search of Nature's fate,
The spot more rich where'er his shadow falls.

Near by the shore his cabin reared its head,
With his own hands he built the simple dome,
And here, alone, to thought and study wed,
He found a genial, though a humble home.

* Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass., author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden, or Life in the Woods," works where titles give but little indication of the fresh and vigorous thought and rare learning contained within them; besides of various papers, scientific and literary—and, withal, a good abolitionist. Walden pond lies about one mile south of Concord.

From the scant produce of a neighboring field,
Tilled by his hands, he got his honest bread;
But Nature, for him, greater crops did yield,
In rich abundance daily for him spread.

The woods, the fields, the lake, and all around,
Both man, and beast, and bird, and insect small,
In his keen mind a shrewd expression found—
For truth and beauty he discerned in all.

A jurist learned in Nature's court supreme,
A wise physician, priest, and teacher too,
For whom each sphere reveals a ready theme,
And wisdom is exhaled, both old and new.

While others unto foreign lands have gone,
And in old footsteps travelled far and wide,
This man at home a richer prize hath won,
From fresher fields, unknown to wealth and pride.

His own good limbs have borne him well about,
Whose constant use hath made him stanch and strong
As many a luckless wight hath proven out;
And Concord soil in him hath found a tongue.

Henceforth her hills, her gently flowing stream,
Her woods and fields, shall classic ground become,
And e'en the village street with interest beam,
Where one so nobly true hath found a home.

To Walden pond th' ingenuous youth shall flo,
And mark the spot where stood the hermitage;
But ye who seek, 'mid glittering scenes to vie,
Let other haunts your vanity engage.

Go on, brave man! in thy own chosen way—
How many ills of life thou dost escape!
Thy brave example others shall essay,
And from thy lessons happier lives may shape—

Shall learn from thee to find a ready store
Of choicest treasures spread before their eyes;
For Nature ever keeps an open door,
And bids a welcome to the good and wise.

New Bedford, Jan. 17, 1860. D. R.

MR. SANBORN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN ARREST.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Some account of the events attending my seizure on the night of April 3, having appeared in your paper, I wish to furnish you with a fuller and more correct statement, which you may use at your discretion. I have already published brief accounts in the Boston papers, and have sent a memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature, and to the U. S. Senate, setting forth the facts. Here, perhaps, I can be more detailed in what I say, and writing more at leisure, will try to insert all the important particulars. My previous position is known to your readers from my memorial to the Senate, printed in THE TRIBUNE of Feb. 23. I deny utterly the power of the Senate to compel my attendance in any such way as they propose; but when I wrote that memorial, I had no conception that an attempt so illegitimate would be made to enforce the tyrannical mandate of the Senate. I supposed Mr. McNair would come in person, would put me under a nominal arrest, and then wait and see the question tried in our Supreme Court. This, I had understood, was his wish and purpose, though I had had no communication with him. Nor do I now believe that either he or Mr. Mason, or Mr. Breckenridge knew of Carlton's intentions, or will sanction his proceedings. My impression is that a conspiracy was formed in the Marshal's office at Boston, to which my kidnappers and some others were partners, and that the motives for my seizure were two-fold—a wish to serve the despotism of the Slave Power and to divide among a half dozen confederates the fees for my arrest and transportation to Washington. My reasons for this belief are these: The warrant in the ruffians' hands bears date the 16th of February; ever since which time Holbrook and two or three other men of his kidney, living here, have intimated that I was to be seized by some persons in Boston, to whom I have reason to believe Holbrook communicated all he knew of my habits and mode of life, which he might easily do, being a near neighbor, and passing my house every day on his way to the cars, which take him to his Custom House duties in Boston. On Friday, the 16th of March, the fellow Carlton was lurking about the Post-Office, and viewing my house and premises, though then his name was unknown to me or my neighbors, and, as he asserts, to the Postmaster. On another day, as I believe, the same fellow was seen by myself, walking past my house and eyeing me and the premises, though at that time I had no knowledge of his name or business.

On the night of the kidnapping, there is good evidence to show that some of the ruffians were concealed in an old barn near my house, and that Holbrook was there with them. I cannot vouch for this, and should be sorry to do injustice to any man; but my fixed belief is that this last statement is true. All these facts go to show a conspiracy to seize me at a favorable time, which they supposed they had chosen. The fees for my arrest, if delivered in Washington, I am told would have been $400 or $500, and perhaps much more; a sufficient inducement to most of my kidnappers, who were merely bailiffs and discharged policemen, so far as I can learn. They may have supposed that they had authority to justify them, but what I shall now relate does not look as if they thought so.

They prowled about my house for more than an hour, while I was making calls about the village, and, as I am informed, had their carriage stationed in a place where it would not excite attention. Freeman came to my door when no one was in but Julia Leary, my faithful domestic, who hearing a noise down stairs, went and found a man in the entry, the door being unlocked, who said he had a letter for me, and wished for a situation. She offered to give me the letter when I came in, but the man told her he must see me, and would call again. This was before I came in, and I was told of it, but it made no impression on my mind, except that I supposed some parent wished to see me about a scholar, or some poor person in want of aid. A little past 9 o'clock I came in, and having to arrange my classes for the several teachers in my school, pulled off my boots and sat down to my desk to write. Very soon I heard a knock, and supposing that the same person had again called, I went down to the door, unlocked and opened it. A small man, since known to me as Freeman, son of the U. S. Marshal, entered, and gave me a letter, saying, "Does Mr. Sanborn live here?" "That is my name," said I, taking the letter; "walk up stairs, and I will attend to you," or something like that. The words were not fairly out of my mouth, when the gray-haired ruffian, now known to be Carlton, entered, and coming behind me, as I stood half turned away from the door, laid his hand on me, and said, "Mr. Sanborn, I arrest you." "By what authority," said I, facing him, "what is your name?" He gave no name, but said, "we are from the Marshal's office," or something of the sort. I think one or two more men appeared at the door, and when I called for their warrant, one of the party said, "We have a warrant." "Show it to me—read it!" said I. There was some demur at this, but one man said, "Let him hear it." By this time my sister had brought a light to the head of the stairs, and saw what was doing. By the light, Freeman, standing at the foot of the stairs, and stooping over to catch the light, began to read a paper which, I believe, he took from his own pocket. I stooped over to see what it was, but he would not let me see it. My sister came down the stairs and spoke to them, and then ran to the door and cried "murder!" I said to her, "No, don't cry that, but run to Col. Whiting's, and tell him I am in the hands of men who will not give their names or show me their warrant." Freeman began to read again, but had got only through a few lines, when Carlton, hearing my sister still shouting on the piazza, drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and put them on my wrists, I remonstrating and resisting as I could. Here the reading stopped, and I know neither the names nor authority of the ruffians. I think the name of the Senate was not mentioned as yet, and it was less than two minutes from my first opening the door to the putting on of the handcuffs. I then said, "I will never go with you in this condition if I can help it." A whistle was given, and I was dragged out by four, and, as I think, five men. My sister had gone to rouse the neighbors, and I was alone in their hands. As soon as I saw their carriage in the street, as they dragged me down the stone steps, I cried "Murder!" at the top of my voice, which never sounded so loud to me before. I think I was heard a mile. I was bareheaded, and in thin slippers and cotton stockings. I asked to have my hat and boots brought down. "No," said some one; "we will give you a hat and boots. Come along." It is about forty feet from my house to the road, and I think I could not have made much resistance till they tried to lift me into the carriage. My hands were fast, but with my feet I braced myself against the side of the carriage, and held them back till that gave way. Then I caught my left foot on the other side of the carriage door, and that gave way; but still they could not get me in. I think it was then that my sister came back and seized Coolidge by his beard. He dropped me and turned upon her, but did not strike her. They lifted me again and were about to put me in, when my sister caught the whip and struck the horses, who jumped forward, and left me and my kidnappers behind. They brought me on again, and again my sister whipped up the horses. The driver (Foss) came at her as if to strike her, but did not. She threw back the whip, and the next moment, catching up a strip of wood, returned to the horses.

Just then, as I believe, my near neighbor, Mr. Francis E. Bigelow, a blacksmith, came running up and seized my handcuffs. He was dragged about by the three men who then had me in their power, but kept

his hold. They tried again to put me in the carriage, but again they failed, and I was pushed into the middle of the street, without my slippers, which had been lost in the scuffle. Mr. George Whittemore, my assistant teacher, now ran up, and soon other neighbors appeared, both men and women, amongst hem Col. Whiting, who is an old gentleman, upward of 70, and Miss Ann Whiting, his daughter. The Colonel beat the horses with his cane, and Miss Whiting sprang into the carriage, which she refused to leave, although the driver caught her by the throat and tried to drag her out. My neighbors now collected fast, and my kidnappers soon saw they could do no more toward their original plan of taking me away unbeknown. I kept calling or them to give their names read their warrant, but it was not till some thirty or forty had collected about them and compelled them to read it, that the same Freeman took a paper from his own pocket, and by the light of a lantern read it. I was not allowed to examine it, nor did I see any signatures nor seals so as to identify them. It purported to be an order of the United States Senate for my arrest, directed to McNair, the Sergeant-at-Arms Annexed was a clause bearing even date with the order (Feb. 16, 1860), purporting to be signed by McNair, and empowering Silas Carlton to act as his deputy. "Which of you is Carlton?" said I; but none would answer. At last the gray-headed ruffian at my right shoulder avowed that he was the man. Freeman had already given his name, and about this time, which was full fifteen minutes after their first appearance, Coolidge and Tarlton gave their names.

Soon after, among the crowd of neighbors, friends, and pupils, appeared my counsel, the Hon. John S. Keyes, who demanded to see the warrant and to have it read again. This was refused, but he was allowed to see the clause in which Carlton's name appeared. He proposed instantly a writ of habeas corpus, and asked them to take me into the house and guard me there till one could be taken out. They refused, and kept me still in the street in my thin stockings. Some one had put Mr. Bigelow's hat on my head, and others now brought me a pair of shoes, which I tried to put on, without success. My boots were brought, and I succeeded in drawing them on with my manacled hands. About this time appeared my neighbor, the Hon. Nathan Brooks, a white-haired gentleman of more than seventy; Mr. R. W. Emerson, Mr. George Heywood, the Town Clerk; and Mr. E. W. Bull, Chairman of the Selectmen, with other well-known citizens, old and young. Mr. Brooks put his hand on one of the ruffians, who threw it off, crying "Take care what you do!" "I warn you to take care what you do," replied my venerable friend. Mr. Emerson rushed up to Carlton and said, "Who are you, Sir? By what right do you hold this man?" Carlton muttered something about the Sergeant-at-Arms. "Are you the Sergeant-at-Arms?" said Mr. Emerson. "No." "Is he here?" "No," reluctantly answered Carlton, or some one else of the band. Everything now began to look badly for the ruffians. The bells were ringing, the people rushing up faster and faster, and it was declared that no officer of the Senate was present. Threats of violence were made, and I felt one of my guard tremble violently as he held my arm.

In the mean time, Mr. Keyes had applied to Judge Hoar, who lives but about thirty rods from me, for a writ of habeas corpus. This was instantly granted, and an officer sent for to serve it. This was Mr. John B. Moore, a Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex County, a tall, stout, and resolute townsman of mine. He soon arrived, and read his writ. Carlton listened, but refused to give me up, saying he must have a copy, and that he would himself take me before the Court. "No," said Sheriff Moore, "I shall take him there." When the writ was read, the crowd cheered, and now they began to grow dangerous to the kidnappers. I urged them to spare Freeman, especially, and not to abuse any; but, at the same time, I turned on Carlton, and said, "You miserable gray-haired scoundrel, take off these irons." Coolidge and Tarlton still held my arms. Then the Sheriff, throwing himself back, cried, "I command all good citizens here assembled, in the name of the Commonwealth, to assist me in serving this process." He laid his hands on Carlton, and in a moment he was forced away from my shoulder, and carried a rod or two by the crowd. Others fell upon Coolidge and Tarlton, who still held me, and I was for some seconds in danger of having my wrists broken; but I soon saw one of them down in the gutter, and Freeman, a little way beyond him, in the same plight, while I was free, except my hands. I went back to my house; Mr. Keyes brought Carlton's key and unlocked the handcuffs, and I prepared to go to bed.

But the crowd, which now numbered 200 or 300, including most of the people of the village, pursued the ruffians as they drove off their shattered carriage toward Lexington, and could hardly be restrained from killing them. They waited for a while at the Middlesex Hotel, and then drove out of town, followed by many of the people. This was about 10½ o'clock. Soon after I swore a complaint against them before Justice Ball, and Sheriff Moore was sent to arrest them, but when he reached Lexington about midnight, they had just gone. The next day he arrested them in Boston.

In my own house I was surrounded by friends, who asked, "Where will you sleep to-night?" a question in which Sheriff Moore joined, for I was his prisoner. I said, "If some one will lend me a pistol, I will sleep here; I have no arms in the house." This was true; and it is also true that I have never owned a pistol, or other weapon, more dangerous than a jackknife. Last October, when *The N. Y. Herald* was spreading all sorts of absurd falsehoods about myself and others, my brother, alarmed for my safety in a house with two women, and no weapons, borrowed a revolver, and brought it to me. Respecting the fears of my sister and the domestic, I kept it in the house, or about my person, till March 28, when, happening to see the owner, I returned it, and do not now possess any weapon. My family has usually consisted of but three persons, and, for several reasons, my doors have usually been locked at night; but it is not true that I have avoided going to the door when at home. My sister wished me to do so, but I had no fears of such an outrage as has really happened, and disregarded her wishes

I think my escape from whatever fate these ruffians meant for me, is owing to her quick wit and courage. But for her I should have been thrust into the carriage, then, perhaps, into a revenue cutter, and conveyed to Washington or Virginia by sea. I hope before a Massachusetts Jury to find out more fully the plans of Carlton, and his fellow-conspirators.

I was persuaded to sleep that night in a friend's house, half a mile off, and one of our town magistrates lent me a pistol, which I cocked and laid by my bedside; but I have since slept every night at home, and mean to do so for the future, when I am in Concord. Nor do I apprehend a renewal of this outrage, or that the Senate will insist on its usurped power.

To my neighbors and townsmen generally I owe my thanks, for their sympathy and assistance; and to all my friends elsewhere who have aided or offered to aid me. One casualty connected with the affair I profoundly lament; the death of Mr. Hosmer. He was a good friend of mine, and would have died, I doubt not, in my defence. His death was occasioned by the excitement, and lies at the door of Carlton and his fellow conspirators. He was far from wealthy, though an ingenious mechanic; and his widow and children will miss his industrious care for their support and comfort, while they mourn the loss of a husband and father.

My story has already been so much prolonged that I will add nothing further. People of the United States I make what application you may of my experience.

Concord, Mass., April 7, 1860. F. B. SANBORN.

SECOND CHURCH.

LITERATURE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

It is very curious to observe how the mind of man repeats itself from age to age, and from century to century. We suppose there is no new truth, either in philosophy or morals, and that what we deem to be such, was already organic and a fossil long before the time of Plato or of Veiss. For everywhere, in all climes and epochs, man is the same old burrower, discoverer, and revealer, with one and the same complement of faculties; and the universe has always been pretty much the same old Sphynx to him.

And because all truth is given in the human soul to start with, and is developed by the intuition, or the understanding, or by both combined, through the external symbolism of nature, it follows that in proportion to the original faculty of a people and the breadth and depth of their culture will be the amount and kind of truth which they evolve—as the net result of their civilization. For there is a wide and vast difference both in kind of power and degree of culture between different peoples, even the most civilized; between the ancient Hindoos for example, and the Greeks and Romans, although the great underlying aboriginal nature was the same in all of them, and they all stood upon the same *basis* of religious, moral, and intellectual truth, although the structure was varied enough in its architecture and ornaments according to the mental *fundus* and mission of each.

For history teaches the doctrine of national missions, and is very absolute about it; al-

though we have no space to illustrate the fact. Nations are also marked by what we might call sexual differences. They are male and female, and some are hermophrodate. That is to say some are originative, some receptive, and some are both united. The former lie afar off immeasureably back in the twilight of time, upon the mysterious platforms of Asia and Egypt—the latter stood and stand thick in Europe, and America is their offspring.

It is the same with men as with nations. We are male masculines, and female masculines, mostly the latter. The great originating minds are few in all the history of the past; and we can readily sum them up. One greatest man in five centuries; one great man in one century—this is the crop of such.

We owe an immense debt, therefore, to the past, and more than we are likely to pay back We cannot help it that we live so late in time, and that we are obliged to receive so large a legacy of thoughts from our ancestors; that we are compelled to be receptive--feminines--whether we will or no. Nor, indeed, ought we to grumble, but to be thankful rather, that we have such a capital to begin with—that we were born, as the English say, "with a silver spoon in our mouths." The debt is fortunately so great that we don't know either the sum or the particulars. We only know the fact, and agree by common consent to consider it common property.

This is, perhaps, the best thing we can do, and the wisest. For seeing that all thought and truth comes from the common soul, we have a right to our share of the stock, without being called purloiners and plagiarists.

After this same soul has been thinking its best for six thousand years—and how many thousands more we know not—it would go hard, indeed, to find anything new to think about, beyond the sphere of the Physical Sciences. Morals and metaphysics ended with Plato. He said all that could be said on those subjects. Religion has lived and died since then, and has now to be resuscitated in a new form—and America is to be the theater of its incarnation.

All this has been suggested by the reading of an essay in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Culture," written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord. We have great respect for Mr. Emerson, and reverence the integrity which marks every page of his writings, and which, indeed, is his, and every man's chief value. He has done much for his age and generation—more, perhaps, for Englishmen than for Americans, for he is better known in England than he is here, and his words have struck deep in the English heart and brain, and have largely helped to make the sacred Images of the old theology *effete* and contemptible. His doctrine of self-reliance—of the authority and supreme right of the Individual over all creeds, laws, religions and institutions—is the base of all democracy, and of American democracy more than of any other, although we have not yet grown upon it to the full hight of grandeur which it is capable of raising us to. It is the revolutionary doctrine of the age, and is good to preach. Emerson has preached it to England and America, and put it into such an organic form, that there is no possibility henceforth of ignoring it.

For this and many more things we are grateful to Mr. Emerson; and the question of his historical position as a thinker, which the essay on "Culture," already alluded to, suggests to our mind, must be settled on its merits, and can in no wise invalidate his usefulness and great literary integrity.

What we thought a while ago so curious in reference to man repeating himself from age to age, we think also curious in reference to Mr. Emerson, who, for a long time past, repeats and re-repeats himself until one is sorry that so costly and artistic a style as his should have so little new and weighty material to employ it. At the best, Mr. Emerson is not a great originative thinker, but rather a great receiver and reproducer. He deals with thoughts, and is cosmopolitan enough to take all that come to him, from whatever source. He is learned in the antique lore of the most antique peoples, and gladly hears what the primordial Sanscrit has to say to him, what Zoroaster, Hafiz, Menu, and Confucius. He absorbs Plutarch, Plato, Plotinus, and Porphory, and all the Latin and Greek authors. He reads the Fathers of the Church—the Christian Platonists—the Divines of the English Commonwealth;—Bacon also, the Elizabethan grandees, and old Michael Montaigne. Nothing comes amiss to him, and all are welcome.

We see the effect of his reading in his writtings—and a critical eye could readily discover when Montaigne took possession of him; for the old Gascon has him fast, from if not before, the appearance of the "Representative Men," at all events.

The fusion of orientalism—of the dreamy spiritualism of Asia, with the practical common sense of New England—which characterises his books, is attributable to his singularly wide and deep oriental reading, and to the natural mystic cast of his mind. His pages are full of good things which are no more his than the sun is his. He does not hide his authority however, but parades it—and he always gives fresh value to what he takes by his incomparable settling of it—and by placing it in new and modern connections.

Emerson is a legitimate birth of his time and has grown with the growth of modern culture. He began life as an Unitarian minister, but finding that Unitarianism was an old worn-out stump without life or capability of expansion, he gave it up as a corpse, and became a Priest of the Intellect and conscience—a noble Free Thinker; in other words, a philosopher. The progress of his mind is very distinctly marked in his books. His orations, and some of the essays in the first series which he published, have a strong religions, and even Hebrew character; we see that Christianity is fast losing, if it has not already lost, its influence over him, although his reverence for the Maker and Sustainer—for the moral law, and for spiritual truth remains as strong as ever. These were the magnetic essays which shook the youth of England and America, and took them captive into a new, free, and boundless life. The man's whole force was there—his whole earnestness and eloquence. Hence their seminal character and power. He is the only man who ever got for infidelity a respectful hearing in England, and made it respectable.

In his second series of essays he drops his high Hebraic tone, and becomes more secular, and purely intellectual. He has made a vast stride between these two publications, and for the first time in his history he stands before us a free and unshackled man. He has given us his best thoughts and thinkings in these volumes. His "Representative Men," are efforts in a new direction; and are admirable history and analysis of character. His book on "England" is the best which has yet been written, concerning that country, and the genius of its people and institutions.

As a poet Mr. Emerson ranks with the mystics—and is a sort of Seer who speaks in symbols. He is not and does not care to be popular; he only asks to be recognized by the right men.

In spite, however, of what some of his admirers may consider the *disparaging* words which we have uttered about Mr. Emerson, we rank him as the highest man in America—the most richly and rarely endowed yet born in the States A man of genius, whose stately intellect is not to be confounded with the petty minds of his contemporaries. He is the spokesman of many thoughts, however, not the organiser of a philosophy. Neither is he a complete epical man, but a fragmentary Sybilline and lyric man rather. Not a great originator, but a receptive and reproductive man.

And although, as we said, he is a true birth of his time, he is not representative of his time, or at least only so to a limited extent He is not a democrat—has no sympathy with democracy, either by nature or inclination—but is an aristocrat and wraps himself up in his imperial purple. His intellect is proud and haughty, and spoils his human sympathies. He looks and hopes ahead; he gives hints, too, here and there, that he is not ignorant of the mission of democracy on this continent, nor of the great social and moral questions which have to be tried here, and doomed here, so that democracy may be free of the traditions, customs and usages of Europe, and start on a new and altogether unprecedented career of civilization But Europe still overshadows him, not with its cowl, but with its social and moral code. Otherwise he would be in the van.

An American possessed by the genius of American democracy will yet arise, greater than Emerson, who will show us some new things, and brave prospects of life. No disparagement to Mr. Emerson, who holds the world so large a debtor to his brain.

In conclusion, touching this essay on "Culture," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has set us on all this talk—we have to say of it that it is

not what we looked for from Mr. Emerson. He has taught us to look for much, and we do not like to be disappointed. But we are disappointed and vexed at this essay. It is hash; the very deb is of his former writings; and excellent as it is, as a composition, and in itself also, if we ignore what has gone before it -- it is not the kind of thing to add to his reputation. Very clearly, from this writing, Mr. Emerson has written himself out, as an essayist, and has no more to say.

N.Y. Illustrated News,
9-8-60, p. 282.

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164 Broadway, New York.

Ibid., 9-8-60, p. 288.

Hon. Charles Sumner on the Result of the Election. 11-7-60

We learn from our correspondent in Concord that the Hon. Charles Sumner lectured in that town on Wednesday evening on the "Life, Character and Public Services of General Lafayette."

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, teacher of a private school in Concord, was summoned some time since to appear before a Committee of the United States Senate, which is charged with the investigation of the hostile demonstration in Virginia by John Brown and his followers. Mr. Sanborn has refused to obey the summons from the first, and last evening Marshal Freeman sent a couple of officers to Concord to arrest the recusant. Watson Freeman, Jr., Deputy United States Marshal, and Silas Carlton, Constable, were charged with the duty of making the arrest. They arrived at Mr. Sanborn's house, which stands near the centre of the village, about nine o'clock. On entering they informed Mr. Sanborn of the object of their visit, and asked him if he would accompany them. He refused positively, and they at length placed handcuffs upon him and took him out to their carriage which was standing at the door.

At this moment a scene of excitement began such as has never been witnessed previously in the quiet town of Concord since the famous Concord Fight. A sister of Mr. Sanborn made furious attempts to drive away the team before the prisoner could be placed in the carriage.—Other members of the family ran out screaming "Murder!" and soon a large number of people, men women and children, were collected in the streets, rushing hither and thither in the most frantic manner. Some with bare heads and bare feet ran wildly about, crying "Murder!" "fire!" etc., making a confusion indescribable.

Several hundred persons were soon on the ground, and before the officers could carry off their prisoner he was torn from them by violence and kept out of their power until a writ of habeas corpus could be obtained. Ex-Sheriff John S. Keyes rushed to Judge Hoar, who resides in Concord, and who issued a writ of habeas corpus. We understand that this writ had been prepared for several days, with the exception of date, signature, etc., in anticipation of the arrest. Deputy Sheriff John B Moore of Concord, arrived with the writ of habeas corpus and proceeded to arrest Mr Sanborn, and this put an end to the mission of the U. S. Marshal's posse, and they returned to Boston.—There was a tremendous feeling against the officers, and many of the excited mob manifested a disposition to commit violence upon them before they got clear of the town.

The excitement of one of the John Brown sympathizer, who was in the midst of the crowd, Mr. Rufus Hosmer, aged about fifty, proved fatal to him. He died about three o'clock this morning from the effects of the excitement upon his nervous system.

Since the above was written we learn that Constable Carlton was acting as Deputy U. S. Sergeant-at-Arms, assisted by others.

The following is the substance of the writ of Habeas Corpus, by virtue of which Sanborn is brought before the Supreme Court:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Sheriffs of our several Counties, &c.:

We command you that the body of Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, in the county of Middlesex, by Silas Carlton imprisoned and restrained of his liberty, as it is said, you take and have before a Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, immediately after the receipt of this writ, to do and receive what our said Justice shall then and there consider concerning him in this behalf; and summon the said Silas Carleton then and there to appear before our said Justice, to show the cause of the taking and detaining of the said Frank B. Sanborn,

And have you then this writ with the doings thereon.

Dated April 3d, and signed by EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR, Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court.

After the lecture, the Concord Wide Awakes, deeming it is a fitting time to call upon our distinguished Senator, formed, and with a drum corps marched to the residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., and after cheers had been given for Hon. Charles Sumner, he appeared and was addressed by Hon. J. S. Keyes in behalf of the Wide Awakes. We give below reports of the remarks of Mr Keyes and the reply of Mr. Sumner, which were phonographically reported for *The Journal* by H. W. Parmenter:

ADDRESS OF MR. KEYES.

Honored Sir: In behalf of the Republican Wide Aide Awakes of Concord, and of numerous other Republicans, part of that gallant army whose victory was yesterday achieved, I have the honor to tender to you our respectful greeting on this occasion of your first visit, after many year of pain and suffering, enlisted in the cause of Republicanism, to the old battleground of Concord. We could not permit it to pass without at least offering to you a warm and earnest welcome, especially on the day following that glorious victory, whose brightness no cloud obscures and whose lustre is owing more perhaps to your earnest efforts in the cause of freedom, than to any other man. Permit me, sir, in the name of these Wide Awakes, to say to you that we trust with renewed health upon this soil you may bear forward the glorious cause of freedom upon which our country has just entered

REPLY OF MR SUMNER

Captain and Wide Awakes You take me entirely by surprise. I came here to night to perform an agreeable service, not of a political character. I had not anticipated any such opportunity as this with which you now honor me, nor did I anticipate any such welcome. Let me thank you most sincerely for the kind and good words that have fallen from your captain. They are to me a reward for what little service I may have been able to render in the past. They will encourage me to what I hope to do in the future. I join with you in gladness at what has occurred, at the victory which we are now to celebrate. Victories are sometimes won by the cartridge box, sometimes by the ballot box, but I doubt whether any victory won by the cartridge box involves higher principles or more important results than that which has now been won by the ballot box. A poet has said that the shot fired here was heard around the world, and I doubt not that the victory which we have achieved in our country will cause a reverberation that will be heard throughout the civilized globe. Persons everywhere who are struggling for rights, who are vindicating liberal ideas, who are seeking human improvement, will be encouraged when they hear of yesterday. It will be good news to Garibaldi in Italy, it will be good news to the French, who are now suffering under despotic power, and it will be, my friends, good news to all of us, for it tells a great change has occurred Every four years we choose a new President, but it very rarely happens that we choose a new government. But yesterday we not only chose a new President but a new government. A new order of things was inaugurated by the vote of yesterday, which will put our country under a new direction and lift it up to the platform of principles on which it was originally placed by the fathers.

Several things may be considered to be fairly established by the vote of yesterday, if we look at it in a practical light. First, the American people have declared, according to the very words of Madison, that it is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there can be property in man. They have declared that slavery, if it exists anywhere, is sectional, and must derive all sanction as it has from local laws, not from the Constitution; in other words, that slavery is sectional and freedom national, in opposition to the idea which has been put forward so often, that freedom was sectional and slavery national. In the second place, the American people have declared by this vote that all the outlying territories of the government, so enormous in extent and destined to be inhabited by an immense population, shall be consecrated to freedom; that the soil shall never be pressed by the footstep of the slave. In the third place, they have declared that the old, original policy of the fathers of the administration of the national government shall be adopted in opposition to the slave policy which has been especially pursued for the last twelve years, and more or less during the last forty years. They have declared that the slave trade, which it is now proposed to open with increased activity, shall be in reality suppressed, and that all the force of the government shall be directed to that way. These things has been declared by that vote so emphatically and in a way from which there can be no appeal. Surely this is a great action for our country, and forms a land mark in its history.

It now remains that, having obtained this great victory, we should know how to use it with moderation, with prudence, with wisdom. I believe that Abraham Lincoln (prolonged cheers) has those elements of character that will enable him to carry us through this crisis; that he is prudent, wise, discreet, and also brave. I believe that bravery is necessary in directing the affairs of government, as much as in action. I believe he is the man especially to see that we are not in any way checked or set back by the clamors of opinion which sometimes come to us from the South, and are here reported in Massachusetts. In these instances we deem it necessary to make no other reply than to proceed with our work in the spirit of the Constitution, wisely, prudently, answering their threats with, "the Union shall be preserved," and made more precious by its close ration to human freedom. (Three cheers for the Union.)

Accept my thanks, gentlemen of the citizens, Wide Awakes, for this welcome; pardon me for the few desultory words I have said, and allow me to bid you most sincerely good night.

Mr. Emerson then invited the company into the house, where a bountiful collation had been spread; after discussing which, and giving repeated cheers for Mr. Sumner, Mr Emerson and the ladies, they marched back to their hall and were dismissed.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

George Ripley and the Brook Farm Association.

[From the N. Y. Leader—"People we Meet up and Down the Plaza."]

Of a little more than middle height—say about five feet nine inches—and endowed with that soberly habited plumpness of good condition which literature holds in reserve for the very few who manage to escape early out of that rugged and starved apprenticeship in which so many thousands of her votaries die, into the blest full pay and high auriferous prerogatives of fellow-craftship in the inner mysteries of her most mysterious workshop—this handsome and smiling gentleman, who might pass to the eye as only forty-five years of age, did not knowledge, otherwise derived, add ten years to that figure—this man of pleasant though grave visage, is one of those famous critic authorities before whose Olympian nod even hard-faced publishers bow acquiescent heads, while all the acolytes of authordom are expected to fall down and worship. It is a large, benevolent head, thickly fringed with hair of a gray-russet tinge, curling closely inward. A thick and straight but not lengthy beard of the same color envelopes all that part of the face on which such wool ought to grow, this capillary production only opening in the centre at times to reveal teeth remarkably white, large and regular, disclosed by a smile of singular softness and benignity. To this picture add a nose which is a sort of compromise or fusion nose between the aquiline and Grecian orders; large and rather sparkling hazel eyes, only half seen behind the crystal discs of gold-rimmed spectacles; bushy and sharply-arched eyebrows which have retained the hue of their youth better than hair or beard; large perceptive, analytical and imaginative faculties, developed at the base and on the temples of a forehead indicating more than common benevolence in its height; small ears almost concealed in a brushwood of gray curls, and to these ingredients add a complexion which is healthy without ruddiness, a manner sedate without stiffness. Now jumble all these features up into the best sort of orderly human picture your fancy can afford to furnish on reasonable terms and at such short notice, and we guaranty that you will be possessed of a portrait enabling you to know Mr. George Ripley, literary critic in general, and special critic of the *Tribune* in this line, wherever you may chance to meet him. Mr. Ripley, as we have heard, was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, about five years after the commencement of the present century. His family was of old New England stock, but to the credit of our subject be it said that he has not in the front parlor or any other room of his house a brass-bound mahogany bureau, eight feet high, six wide and four deep, "brought over in the Mayflower on her immortal voyage." We deem it due to Mr. Ripley to mention the laudable absence of this or any such piece of furniture—the statement that he comes of "old New England stock" naturally laying him open to distressing suspicions of being one of the eighteen thousand inheritors of the eighteen thousand brass-bound mahogany articles of the size and origin described. Carefully nurtured and educated in his boyhood, he entered Harvard College in the usual course, quickly distinguishing himself both as a student and tutor of mathematics, and graduating with very decided distinction at the age of eighteen years. Soon after this the religious spirit which seems, either in the form of affirmation or denial, to be an inherent necessity of New England blood, diverted our young student from the certain pursuits and results of mathematics to an investigation of those higher but less demonstrable problems which are involved in religious belief. He passed from Harvard to Cambridge as a student of divinity, again winning collegiate laurels, but more by the dangerous acuteness of his analytical talent than from any confidence felt by his pastors and masters in the obedient orthodoxy of his views. Not to put too fine a point upon it, our geometry-loving divinity student could not be made orthodox in any degree whatever, viewing orthodoxy from the Trinitarian stand-point. His mind was so painfully involved by previous study in the methods and sure progressive steps of scientific logic, that nowhere could he find himself able to close a trinitarian argument with the "Q. E. D." of Euclidistic certainty and triumph. Wandering off, therefore, into Unitarianism, he became settled as pastor of the Purchase street Unitarian Church, in the city of Boston, about the year 1827, remaining a minister of this faith and a preacher to this congregation for about fourteen years. While in this capacity, having much learned leisure on hand—his fluency and varied erudition making the composition of his weekly sermons a thing of but light trouble—our mathematical Unitarian preacher next took a hold plunge, a long plunge, and a deep dive into the innermost mystical mysteries of psychological theology, as variously developed in the writings of Spinoza, Swedenborg, Klopstock, together with a large array of reverend Germans, whose names we must respectfully decline any effort to spell—this being the week preceding a Presidential contest, and all our unwasted energies being required by our country for the great task of saving her from ruin, anarchy and spoliation. These German and other theologico-mystical studies had their natural polemic outcrop in a controversy very celebrated at the time—this was about 1839—Professor Andrew Norton, of Cambridge University, taking up the cudgels of orthodox divinity against the unpurchaseable young pastor of the temple with a lucre-hinting name. This discussion attracted wide and eager attention during all the period of its pendency, the views of Ripley arresting attention by their startling novelty and force, while also commanding, by the erudition brought to support them, as well as by their wit and sarcasm, the interest of readers belonging to every creed. This controversy, giving the arguments on both sides, was printed in book-form and obtained a very wide circulation—the volume still lingering on many divinity shelves as a work of ready and accurate reference for all points embraced in the advanced formulas of the Unitarian creed. But the studies and discussions named, were not by any means the measure of our subject's mental activity and labors during the fourteen years of his combative and eloquent ministry. He published various writings of other kinds upon every sort of topic, the most important and valuable being a series of translations from the French and German entitled, "Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature"—in translating many volumes of which, however, he was of necessity assisted by literary friends. But the plan of the work was his own, and the fact that this series holds rank to the present day as one of the best American compilations, may be cited as evidence of the editor's judgment, and that his selections were made, not only with scholarly care, but also in happy accord with popular passions and emotions. Coming down now to the year 1841, by which time this mathematico-religious *littérateur* had served as long in the church as Jacob served to obtain the embraces of Rachel—we are suddenly brought to a dead pause before another and very decisive development of a character fertile in all the resources and suggestions which mark the enthusiastic progressionist of this and other countries. Mr. Ripley had not been studying French and German literature—the poetry, philosophy, political economy and religion of those countries—without having awakened in his breast an earnest and overmastering desire to apply to practical test in the freedom of the United States those democratic-social theories which could only be indulged as mental visions by their less happy authors, subsisting under the censorship and powerful repressive systems of European governments. Benevolent by nature and democratic in all his convictions, Mr. Ripley dropped the reverend prefix to his name, in 1841, assuming the axe of the politico-social reformer as he laid aside the ponderous gravity of the priest, and organizing in a company or phalanx of choice male and female spirits, called the "Brook Farm Association," the elements (as he and they then believed) of a moral and political revolution, which was destined not to pause till it had abolished all poverty, misery and lawyers, all pride, envy and property-holders, all slander, lust and stock-brokers, all crime, prisons and paid clericals. Had this experiment, commenced at Roxbury, about eight miles from Boston, proved successful, the Ten Commandments would have had an easy time of it through all future ages, and the Recording Angel's magnum bonum pen would not have stood its present distressing chance of being worn out before the prayed-for expiration of James Buchanan's term. The association embraced within its ranks many men and some few women who have since achieved eminence in various walks of literature and mental cultivation. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world had so many brilliant enthusiasts surrendered their whole existence to the tyranny of one idea. This was a Fourieristic, democratic-social or rod republican experiment—all members of the phalanx, without distinction of sex, having to labor an allotted period each day for the common good, either on the farm or in the workshops attached to the main institution. All shared the same food at the same table; all owned a like portion of the property belonging to the establishment; all had equal access to the educational and literary advantages devised by Mr. Ripley. There were no servants on the premises, or rather no hired servants—all the male members being their own valets, and every feminine female member having to act as *femme de chambre* to herself. Before the association could sit down to breakfast any morning, the people composing it had to earn both appetites and their food by several hours of labor either on the farm or attending to domestic duties. Let it be remembered, moreover, that these devotees of social reform were persons of delicate breeding and education, of scholarly tastes and refinement—persons who probably had never tried manual labor before in their lives, and who had nothing to sustain them under its sudden rigor save only the divine entuzzymuzzy to make the world better and happier than it had ever been before. Such was the glorious dream into which Ripley and many others plunged in the early spring of nineteen years ago—the only, or, at least, the best record of their aims, experience and existence, being now preserved in that very curious and fantastic volume, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, called "The Blythedale Romance"—this future biographer of Franklin Pierce and future consul to Liverpool having been, at the time of which we treat, a social reformer on a grand scale, and in full practice, carrying on business about eight miles from Boston, on the Roxbury road. Rapid was the progress, in all aspects save the pecuniary one, made by the Brook Farm Philosophers.

In the third year of their existence, the political stomach of the body became so indurated that the full theories of Fourier, previously diluted with much conservative water, became more palatable in the radical "neatness" of dram drinks. From 1844 to 1846, George Ripley, as the zealous and conscientious founder of the experiment, appeared almost constantly in public as the advocate and great exemplar of his faith. Gallantly did he and all those who were enlisted under his banner, combat against and struggle with the growing tide of troubles which beset this ill-starred though deserving enterprise. Chronic impecuniosity was one of the least evils the members had to encounter; hunger at times approached unpleasantly near to them; cold was often their companion as they sat at poorly furnished tables, or lay down to rest after days of harassing fatigue. Finally, in 1846, when matters had reached the very worst, Providence interposed in the shape of a grand conflagration, to save the pride of the many who were desirous to be free, but ashamed to be the first in demanding their release. The buildings of Brook Farm were burned to the ground one fine evening, and to this lucky incident we are indebted for the residence of Mr. Ripley in our city as one of its permanent celebrities and most successful critics. The length to which this sketch has already run will compel us to glance very briefly at the remaining facts of his curious, instructive and romantic life. In 1847, George Ripley removed permanently to New York, first making his appearance as editor of the *Harbinger*, a brilliant, though erratic, organ of the Fourierite socialistic faith. In 1849, the journal named having died the death, he became associated with the proprietorship and editorial duties of the *Tribune*, that paper at the time being itself a socialistic experiment, all who contributed to work it having shares of some kind in the profits assigned to them. This connection Mr. Ripley still holds, being now a man of wealth and one of the principal editors of the New American Cyclopædia, commenced in 1857, and of which ten volumes are already published. His judgment is also retained, we believe, by one or more large publishing houses as the critic or "reader," who is to pronounce the fate of all ambitious manuscripts submitted for publication. As a critic he is of the mild type, always inclined to favor youth, and predisposed to judge kindly of any work not offensively pretentious while lacking any compensating merit. The sceptre of literary judgment in his hands is recognised as the symbol betokening a limited monarchy, bedged round with constitutional tendencies in favor of mercy, rather than as that skull-splitting, brain-scattering intellectual South-Sea-Island war-club of which certain other critics, not possessing one tithe

of Ripey's genuine ability to judge, would appear so perishly enamored. In conclusion—the subject being still fertile, but our space exhausted—we have only room to say that Mr. Ripley is married to a daughter of Judge Dana, of Massachusetts, formerly Minister to Russia; and we may also add (with a little pardonable pride to ourselves) that this is the only biography now in existence of a man whose history has been intellectually as remarkabe and suggestive as that of any man in the presentcentury.

Evening Post, N.Y.,
Wed., 11-7-60, p. 4.

From The Saturday Review.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.* 9 c9

MR. EMERSON is remarkable as one of the few men who have persuaded the Americans in general to look upon him as a philosopher. He occupies in the United States the same sort of position which Mr. Carlyle holds in England, and would no doubt be described by any one who had occasion to enumerate the principal American contemporary authors as a leading man amongst them. It is not impossible, though it is certainly difficult, to understand how this should be. For reasons too long to be stated on the present occasion, the taste for writings at once mystical and popular was very strong some fifteen years ago on both sides of the Atlantic; and though of late it seems to have declined to some extent in this country, it is not improbable that it may have retained more vigor in the United States. Mr. Emerson unquestionably succeeded in gratifying this taste. He managed to write what the crowds which throng American lecture-rooms appear, for some strange reason, to relish; and he contrived to put it in an unintelligible form. By these two feats he secured a popularity which there is no other way of explaining. That an American audience likes to hear the dreariest of all dreary platitudes, when they are strung together in what is called an oration, is a fact attested by credible proof, and must be believed, like any other strange circumstance which rests on that authority. That, being in that state of mind, mystical language should please them is what experience would suggest—if, indeed, experience applies to people who like orations. It is inconceivable that Mr. Emerson should be supposed to have any claims to any higher reputation than this. It was once said to a well-known writer in our own country, "His works are nothing, mean nothing, and say nothing; but they go down like bottled velvet." Mr. Emerson's books are very unlike bottled velvet. The present volume is an average specimen of the sort of remarks which he has been making for a considerable number of years; and taking into account the fact that it will probably extend the reputation which he undoubtedly has acquired by similar publications, it deserves some attention. It is curious to know what the Americans like, but there can be no other reason for reading it. It is a collection of nine essays on Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Behavior, Worship, Considerations by the Way (the only appropriate title of the whole number, especially as it omits to specify any particular way), Beauty, and Illusions. Each of the essays has a little bit of verse put at the beginning of it, which generally has the advantage of rhyming, and of which, on an average, one-half is not worth the trouble of reading, and the other not worth the trouble of understanding. The essays themselves have nothing in them, with the exception of occasional jets of nonsense not altogether destitute of a sort of liveliness. They are the weakest kind of commonplace elaborately thrown into unintelligible shapes. For instance, twenty-eight pages are devoted to the subject of Behavior, the gist of which is as follows: Manners are the way of doing things. They are very influential. Everybody notices this. They are of great social importance. Bad manners are very unpleasant. American manners are often coarse. The manners of different classes differ. Sometimes manners mislead those who observe them. They depend to some extent on character. People's bodies are very expressive. The eye is very expressive. (This original remark fills four pages.) The nose is expressive. The gait is expressive. The manners of courts are usually good. Manners are important in business. They enable people to judge of the character of women, and enable society to repel ill-bred people. Self-possession is the foundation of good manners. Haste is vulgar. Great power of character is more important than manner. The force of manners depends upon what they express. No rules can be laid down about manners. People ought not to show off. Novels are the literature of manners. Truth and simplicity are causes of good manners. Heroic manners are very impressive. Good manners sometimes make an impression like personal beauty. People ought to wish to please.

This is a fair and complete abstract of the essay in question, which is neither much better nor much worse than the others. The remarkable point about it is that there seems to be no reason to doubt that people liked it, and actually left their houses for the purpose of hearing a man tell them that there is a good deal of expression in the human eye, and that people who look at statues ought not "to smite them with canes." What must the dulness have been which such an entertainment relieved? and what must be the standard of literary excellence in a country which ranks a man who writes in this way amongst distinguished authors? The style in which Mr. Emerson lectures his countrymen is even more remarkable than the matter which he considers appropriate. It is like that of a spasmodic writing-master, crying over his own copy-slips. The paragraph which we have condensed into the expression, "People ought not to show off," is as follows:—

"Self-reliance is the basis of behavior, as it is the guaranty that the powers are not squandered in too much demonstration. In this country, where school education is universal, we have a superficial culture, and a profusion of reading and writing and expression. We parade our nobilities in poems and orations instead of working them up into happiness. There is a whisper out of the ages to him who can understand it 'whatever is known to thyself alone has always very great value.' There is some reason to believe that when a man does not write his poetry it escapes by other vents through him, instead of the one vent of writing,

* *The Conduct of Life.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Smith and Elder. 1860.

clings to his form and manners, whilst poets have nothing poetical about them except their verses. Jacobi said that 'when a man has fully expressed his thought he has somewhat less possession of it.' One would say the rule is 'what a man is irresistibly urged to say, helps him and us. In explaining thought to others, he explains it to himself: but when he opens it for show it corrupts him.'"

We would confidently appeal to our readers whether our way of stating the substance of this paragraph is not a great improvement. As it stands, the passage is one of the most curious practical contradictions that it would be possible to quote. A man who quotes Jacobi for the purpose of denouncing ostentation, and describes as "a whisper out of the ages" the proposition that the knowledge of the fact that a man has in his pocket two half-crowns, a fourpenny piece, and a Russia leather purse must be of very great value because it is known to himself alone, needs reminding that if it is wrong to work up nobilities into poems and orations, it can hardly be right to use platitudes for the purpose.

It might have been supposed that so commonplace a writer would at any rate have avoided the grosser sorts of folly; but Mr. Emerson has a happy facility for enlivening triviality with extravagance. There is an essay upon Worship which, after maundering through the usual pantheistic commonplaces for a certain time, goes off into a sort of parable, which reads like an emasculate passage of Walt Whitman. The point to be illustrated is that "the faithful student can reverse all the warnings of his early instinct under the guidance of a deeper instinct. . . . He learns the greatness of humility." Mr. Emerson, it appears, once knew a faithful student of this kind whom he calls Benedict. This gentleman was unsuccessful on principle. "In all the encounters that have yet chanced," he beautifully observed, "I have not been weaponed for that particular occasion, and have been historically beaten, and yet I know I have never been beaten, have never yet fought, shall certainly fight when my hour comes, and shall beat." This "remarkable man" went into the country for ten months, and there "Thick-starred Orion was my only companion. . . . I kept company with every man on the road. . . . I could not degrade myself by casting about in my memory for a thought, nor by waiting for one. If the thought come, I would give it entertainment. It should, as it ought, go into my hands and feet; but if it come not spontaneously, it comes not rightly at all. If it can spare me, I am sure I can spare it," etc., etc. It has been suggested as a possible explanation of the braying of donkeys, that the creatures are occasionally struck with a desire to vary the monotony of their existence by doing something striking, and showing the world that if they do lift up their voices they are capable of uttering a memorable sound. The bray is a sort of way of saying, "Strike, but hear me." It is only on some such principle as this that it is possible to understand the occasional friskiness with which Mr. Emerson intersperses his dreary platitudes with downright nonsense. On any other supposition such a passage as the one quoted would be unintelligible. Could there be any other reason for a sane man's saying that he had gone into the country for ten months, thick-starred Orion being his only companion—that he kept company with every man on the road, because he "could not stoop to be a circumstance"—and that he would not degrade himself by casting about in his memory for a thought?

We have melancholy exhibitions in our own country. It is melancholy that marchionesses and others should be followers of Dr. Cumming, and should like to hear him say that the world would stop if God did not keep pushing it. It is melancholy that people in a lower class of life should pass their Sunday evenings at Exeter Hall, hearing converted prize-fighters sing hymns to the tune of the King of the Cannibal Islands, but we are not sure that it is not more melancholy still to think of the condition to which the most intelligent part of American society is reduced. It is a national calamity that a man who is generally supposed to occupy a sort of classical position amongst American authors should gravely read to an audience taken from the most intelligent part of the most intelligent city in the Union, nonsense which in England would hardly be admitted into the pages of a fourthrate magazine, edited and written by the lowest kind of literary hacks disguising their identity under names looking as if they had been given by the Foundling Hospital. Much nonsense is still talked here, but hardly any Englishman who had any thing like a reputation to lose would write such a sentence as this in describing the pantheism of the future: "He" (man) "shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the superpersonal heart, he shall repose alone on that." Swearing, no doubt, is wrong, but if expletives were ever justifiable, they would be justified by such provocation as this. The energy of expression with which a certain general is said to have silenced the "barbarian bagpipes" of a Scotch regiment which drowned the word of command, would almost be excusable in reference to this sort of language. The cant of religion is bad, the cant of philanthropy is worse, but the cant of sentimental pantheism is utterly intolerable. The superpersonal heart and the nameless thought are infinitely less respectable than Mumbo Jumbo. The fetish worshipper does believe in his bit of wood, but it is almost inconceivable that any sane man should make a god of bad English, except for purposes of affectation. The whole book, from end to end, is a continuous stream of twaddle, relieved by nonsense. There is, here and there, a sort of cleverness about it; but generally speaking it is pervaded by an impotence and inaccuracy of mind which is only matched by the ostentation in which it is clothed. Mr. Emerson is always arguing from statistics to fatalism; and amongst other remarks about them says: "One more fagot of these adamantine bandages is the new science of statistics. It is a rule that the most casual and extraordinary events of the basis of population is broad enough to become matter of fixed calculation. . . . Doubtless, in every million there will be an astronomer, a mathematician, a comic poet, a mystic." In an earlier set of essays (which we quote from memory) he said that, if one man in forty thousand eats shoes, there will be in every forty thousand men one who eats shoes. He is obviously ignorant of the principles of the science which he thus illustrates. If the millionth part of mankind are mathematicians, it does not follow that in every million one will be a mathematician. If there were six balls, two of which were black, it would not follow that every set of three taken out of them would contain one black ball. The odds that any given set of three such balls would contain at least one black one would be four to one. The odds that it would contain two white and

one black would be three to two. This may seem a trivial criticism, but it is one which goes far to expose the real character of Mr. Emerson's whole mind. He has a vague sort of notion that statistics prove his point, and he never thinks of taking the pains to see what they really prove, but after asserting something altogether contrary to the fact, flies off about "torrents of tendency," "pebbles from the mountain," "Thales, Anaximenes, Hipparchus, Empedocles, Aristarchus, Pythagoras, and Œnipodes." Such strings of names give one an earnest desire to have the right of cross-examination. It would be infinitely delightful to see Mr. Emerson made to show what he really knows. "Who was Œnipodes? Where and when did he live? Give an account of his principal opinions, and show in what particulars they agreed with, and differed from, those of Anaximenes, Empodocles, and Aristarchus?" This is the sort of question which it would be really pleasant to see him set to answer in the presence of some examiner who set their proper value on "torrents of tendency," "stupendous antagonisms," and other unmeaning evasions. Probably Mr. Emerson never knew any thing of the rigorous discipline which takes the nonsense out of young Englishmen, and teaches them to talk of words that have a meaning instead of "superpersonal hearts," and "torrents of tendency." The whole tone of his writings is that of a classical, philosophical, educational institution, where the young gentlemen are instructed, without corporal punishment, on physiological principles, and can neither write, construe, nor know a humbug when they see him.

Evening Post (Semi-Weekly)
N.Y., Wed., 11-20-61, p.1.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON THE WAR.

In a lecture delivered in the Fraternity course in Boston, last week, Mr. Emerson discussed the war, closing as follows:

"The country is relieved in the belief that it has a government at last. What a healthy tone now exists. When the sad lists of our losses are made out, the slain counted, the result will yet show an improvement on our former existing state. The war for the Union is broader than any mining or agricultural interest—but the Union is not broad enough. The legs which once were not long enough and strong enough to cross the Potomac are long enough now.

"The South keeps out white labor. Slavery makes disunion—emancipation makes union. I cannot be blind to the service which war is doing to the southern states; they have waked to some semblance of progress; have put into motion their sleepy, half paralyzed limbs.

"Who knows the future of the war; who has not been thwarted in his guesses so far; who knows there will not be a peaceful dissolution? Leave them to deal with themselves and they will learn something of commerce, of human nature and the ten commandments. Now that we have learned the secret that two railroads are better than a river, we can spare the Mississippi until it has better people on its banks.

"I hope the war, said he, will heal a greater wound than it makes. We have learned to accept every theory of evil. The end of all political struggle is to establish freedom as the basis of its government. This is the lesson which the time speaks, namely, that the government must be a moral one. What signifies a proclamation or a secretary's order against the reality of things? The maxim of historians has ever been that victory falls where it ought to fall. Our cause is in hands stronger than ours."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Smith and Elder.

With some qualification we believe that Mr. Emerson is accepted in this country as a writer on morals, as he undoubtedly is in his own, without reserve. It is probable that his present volume will meet with nearly as much favour as those which he has previously published. We are well aware that criticism has fallen foul of Mr. Emerson's style, and we have even heard it asserted that he generally contrives to deliver himself of that which, if seriously weighed, would be condemned as more high-sounding than solid. The likelihood is that these severe judges, repelled by the first taste of his style, which is somewhat grandiose and occasionally obscure, but in the main terse as well as full, and often rising above the level of ordinary prose, do not suffer themselves sufficiently to understand and appreciate his earnest love of truth, his eager hostility to all that stands in the way of truth, his sympathy with humanity, his remarkable aptitude for looking into the springs of human affairs, and his wide range of thought. To the composition of the book before us he has brought the same qualities which have usually characterised his productions. The object of the work is not to be gathered very accurately from the title. It consists of a series of chapters, or rather essays, entitled respectively "Fate," "Power," "Wealth," "Culture," "Behaviour," "Worship," "Considerations by the Way," "Beauty," and "Illusions." Each of these is a separate dissertation, with no regular bearing on a particular whole such as is implied in such a phrase as "The Conduct of Life." If we were forced into a brief definition of what the book is, we should say that it consists of first-rate lectures on questions speculative in themselves to a certain extent, but with a vein of practical sense running through them all, which may not be perceived at the first glance by a reader, but which, if the chapters were orally delivered, would at once be marked and appreciated. To say that the instruction they contain is to be caught up in a moment, or that a cursory reader would feel satisfied and convinced at the outset, is more than we are prepared to admit; but that a great deal of pleasure and no little advantage may be gained by the contemplation of the thoughts of a man who has won the right to be called a moral philosopher is, we apprehend, not to be gainsaid.

A GENIAL VIEW OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From the Literary Notices of The Atlantic Monthly

IT is a singular fact, that Mr. Emerson is the most steadily attractive lecturer in America. Into that somewhat cold-waterish region adventurers of the sensation kind come down now and then with a splash, to become disregarded King Logs before the next season. But Mr. Emerson always draws. A lecturer now for something like a quarter of a century, one of the pioneers of the lecturing system, the charm of his voice, his manner and his matter, has never lost its power over his earlier hearers, and continually winds new ones in its enchanting meshes. What they do not fully understand they take on trust, and listen, saying to themselves, as the old poet of Sir Philip Sidney,

> "A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of gospel books."

We call it a singular fact, because we Yankees are thought to be fond of the spread-eagle style, and nothing can be more remote from that than his. We are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air-tight stove than about Plato; yet our favorite teacher's practicality is not in the least of the Poor Richard variety. If he have any Buncombe constituency, it is that unrealized commonwealth of philosophers which Plotinus proposed to establish: and if he were to make an almanac, his directions to farmers would be something like this: "OCTOBER: *Indian Summer:* now is the time to get in your early Vedas." What, then, is his secret? Is it not that he out-Yankees us all? that his range includes us all? that he is equally at home with the potatoe disease and original sin, with pegging shoes and the Oversoul? that, as we try all trades, so has he tried all cultures? and, above all, that his mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicability.

There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses—none whom so many cannot abide. What does he mean? ask these last. Where is his system? What is the use of it all? What the deuce have we to do with Brahma? Well, we do not propose to write an essay on Emerson at the fag end of a February *Atlantic*, with secession longing for somebody to hold it, and chaos come again in the South Carolina teapot. We will only say that we have found grandeur and consolation in a starlit night without caring to ask what it meant, save grandeur and consolation; we have liked Montaigne, as some ten generations before us have done, without thinking him so systematic as some more eminently tedious (or shall we say tediously eminent?) authors; we have thought roses as good in their way as cabbages, though the latter would have made a better show in the witness box, if cross-examined as to their usefulness; and as for Brahma, why, he can take care of himself, and won't bite us at any rate.

The bother with Mr. Emerson is, that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet. If you undertake to paraphrase what he says, and to reduce it to words of one syllable for infant minds, you will make as sad a work of it as the good monk with his analysis of Homer in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in his books and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours, and might rub shoulders with Fuller and Browne, though he does use that abominable word, *reliable*. His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the ooze of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his we know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth of gold. The many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius. What does he mean, quotha? He means inspiring hints, a divining rod to your deeper nature, "plain living and high thinking."

Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association will be held in Concord, at the Town Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 26th and 27th.

The Exercises will be as follows:—

MONDAY, November 26th.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the meeting will be organized for the transaction of business: after which, the Chairman of the School Committee of Concord will welcome the Association to the place, and the President of the Association will deliver his Annual Address.

At 3 1-2 o'clock, P. M., a Discussion. Subject: "Comparative Merits of Separate, and of Mixed Schools."

At 7 o'clock, P. M., a Discussion. Subject: "The best Methods of Vocal Culture—in Reading, Declamation, and the Recitation."

At 8 o'clock, P. M., a Lecture by Rev. B. G. Northrop, of Saxonville.

TUESDAY, November 27th.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., a Discussion. Subject: "How shall a Legal Recognition of the Teachers' Vocation be secured?" A Memorial upon this subject, from one of the County Associations, will be read.

At 11 1-4 o'clock, A. M., a Lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., of Concord.

At 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., a Lecture by Wm. T. Adams, Esq., Principal of the Boylston School, Boston.

At 3 1-2 o'clock, P. M., a Discussion. Subject: "Most Desirable Qualifications, and most Efficient Methods, for Conducting Recitations."

At 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., a Lecture by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Marblehead.

Gentlemen are respectfully requested to prepare themselves for the discussions, and ladies are cordially invited to present brief essays on the various subjects, or upon any other educational topics.

The citizens of Concord tender to the ladies who may attend the meeting their generous hospitalities.

Free return tickets have been secured on the Fitchburg, the Eastern, Worcester and Nashua, and Old Colony Railroads, and it is hoped that similar facilities will be obtained on other roads, announcement of which will be made in the Boston evening papers of Friday and Saturday previous to the meeting.

A. P. STONE, *President.*

L. C. GROSVENOR, *Rec. Sec'y.*

BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1860.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for THE LIBERATOR by J. M. W. YERRINGTON.

Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PRESIDENT then announced RALPH WALDO EMERSON, of Concord, who was received with three vigorous cheers by the audience, followed by three cheers for the Union from the mob, and a succession of disturbing groans and outcries. Toward the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, several policemen had entered the gallery, and their glazed caps were conspicuous among the rioters. Rev. Mr. Waterston, in the midst of the tumult, rose and asked, "Will not the police do their duty?" The appeal had no effect, however, and Mr. Emerson was obliged to wait some time before his voice could be heard. At length, when comparative silence was obtained, he said:

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is little I have to say; but to fill up the interval between the gentleman who is about to follow me, and the organ of thought and opinion who has just spoken, I will say, that I am very happy to see this Society, through its organs here, asserting those principles which belong to this soil, which belong to every person who now hears me (hisses); and I am glad that a Boston boy, educated here in our schools, here in our colleges, all his life spent among you, has learned to find in your hearts an answer to every burning word he speaks. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that really the Boston boys are all right. I am a little proud of this village. Let me say to those young foreigners, to those young strangers, that I was born on the spot where the Post Office now stands; that all my education has been in her town schools here, here in her college, and all the best of my life spent here. That is true, too, of the gentleman who presides here, and of Mr. Phillips who has just addressed us. I think the same record cannot be shown by the young people who have endeavored to interrupt this meeting.

But I have to say, that one thing seems only too plain, in the new history of the country, as well as in the old. They say that the Asiatic cholera takes the vital principle out of the air by decomposing the air. I think it is the same with the moral pestilence under which the country has suffered so long; it actually decomposes mankind. This institution of slavery is based on a crime of that fatal character that it decomposes men. The barbarism which has lately

appeared wherever that question has been touched, and in the action of the States where it prevails, seems to stupefy the moral sense. The moral injury of slavery is infinitely greater than its pecuniary and political injury. I really do not think the pecuniary mischief of slavery, which is always shown by statistics, worthy to be named in comparison with this power to subvert the reason of men, so that those who speak for it, who defend it, who act in its behalf, seem to have lost the moral sense. Here are young men from the Southern country, whom we have always supposed were in the minority, who had not spoken but who would yet save their country—they also have been educated here in our institutions, have been educated in Europe, and when they have gone back, they have suffered from this opthalmia, this blindness, which hides from them the great facts of right and wrong. They do not perceive the political, economical and moral mischief done by the institution. I chanced, within a few days, to be reading the travels in Alabama of the English naturalist, Gosse, who has set all our boys making aquariums and he recites precisely those facts which are denied by our Southern friends—the burning of books and the like, the utter suppression of all freedom of thought and conversation among friends. [Noise in the gallery, which obliged the speaker to pause.]

I was going to say, that I hope that, in the great action now pending, all the forbearance, all the discretion possible, and yet all the firmness, shall be used by the representatives of the North, and by the people at home. Gentlemen, friends, no man of patriotism, no man of natural sentiment, can undervalue the sacred Union which we possess; but if it is sundered, it will be because it had already ceased to have a vital tension. The action of to-day is only the ultimatum of what had already occurred. The bonds had ceased to exist, because of this vital defect of slavery at the South actually separating them in sympathy, in thought, in character, from the people of the North; and then, if the separation had gone thus far, what is the use of a pretended tie? As to concessions, we have none to make. The monstrous concession made at the formation of the Constitution is all that can ever be asked; it has blocked the civilization and humanity of the times up to this day. I cannot help thinking, just now, in connection with some facts that were mentioned, of a story of Mr. Wilson. You all know Professor Wilson, the author of the "Noctes," the wit of Edinburgh and London. When some gentlemen, strangers at the lake——[Noise in the gallery, hisses, groans, calls of "Put him out," "Dry up," "Unbutton your coat," etc.]

Mr. Emerson—I know you will hear my story; it is very good. One of Professor Wilson's family had been insulted in a boat upon the lake. The fact was brought to his knowledge, and he immediately prepared to horsewhip the offenders. They learned to whose family the offended person belonged, and got a mutual friend to go with them to the Professor's house, to propitiate him. He introduced them, and said, "These are the gentlemen who have, by some mistake, interfered with your friend." Professor Wilson heard their apology coldly, and allowed them to depart. When they had gone, his friend said, "Why, Professor, you should have more magnanimity than to receive their apology with such coolness." "Magnanimity!" said he; "was ever magnanimity more enormous than mine? There they sat, and I did not pitch them out of the window!" (Laughter.) It seems to me that is really a fair illustration of the immense concessions that have already been made, and we do not need any more.

But I will not detain the company longer.

Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the lecture at the Smithsonian in Washington on Friday evening, the 31st ult. The correspondent of *The Evening Post* says:

"Mr. Emerson found it impossible to secure a room or a bed in any of the leading hotels in Washington. Willard's was full, not a place left for even a carpet-bag. Not a room at the National, or at the Metropolitan, late Brown's; and for a time it seemed as if the distinguished lecturer would have to go back to Massachusetts without delivering his discourse. A dozen private houses were open to him, but he makes it an invariable rule on his lecturing tours never to accept the hospitalities of friends. At last accomodations were obtained in the Washington hotel, and on Friday evening the lecture was delivered to a large and brilliant audience at the Smithsonian Institute. It was upon the subject of American Civilization, and it examined very thoroughly the subject of slavery and its connection with the war. The audience received it as they have the other anti-slavery lectures of the course—with unbounded enthusiasm. It was in many respects a wonderful lecture, and those who have often heard Mr. Emerson said it was one of his very best efforts, and that he seemed inspired through nearly the whole of it, especially the part referring to slavery and the war. Mr. Channing, an old companion of Emerson, sat behind the lecturer on the platform, as I believe he did when Mr. Curtis was upon the same rostrum."

— A friend has shown us a brief tribute to the late Henry D. Thoreau, which deserves publicity, not for its intrinsic beauty or originality, but because it is the testimony of one who in mind and tastes and habits was positively antipodal to Thoreau. The writer, Hon. Daniel Shattuck, was for many years President of the bank at Concord, Mass. (Thoreau's home), and was known as a matter-of-fact, severely practical business man. His appreciative admiration of a dreamer like Thoreau is striking testimony to the latter's worth. This letter was written just after Thoreau's death:—

"Please say to Mr. Patten that an author whom he admired is gone. Henry D. Thoreau is to be buried this afternoon. Mr. Thoreau was a man who never conformed his opinions after the model of others; they were his own; were also singular. Who will say they were not right? He had many admirers, and well he might; for, whatever might be the truth of his opinions, his life was one of singular purity and kindness."

THOREAU'S WRITINGS.

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Contents.—Economy; Where I Lived and what I Lived for; Reading; Sounds; Solitude; Visitors; The Bean-field; The Village; The Ponds; Baker Farm; Higher Laws; Brute Neighbors; House Warming; Former Inhabitants; Winter Visitors; The Pond in Winter; Spring; Conclusion.

II. A WEEK

ON THE

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AN AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

Dear Mr. Garrison,—To the record of the ever-memorable First of January just passed, it seems to me that, for completeness' sake, at least brief mention should be made in the *Liberator* of that social occasion, New Year's evening, in which you were one of the participants. So, without further preface, let me inform your readers, that, from the rapture of the concert at Music Hall, in the afternoon of the Great Day, the cars conveyed a goodly company to the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stearns, at Medford, Mass., there to witness the installation of Brackett's marble bust of John Brown. Boston, Concord and Medford met together in the ample rooms in friendly intercourse and congratulation. Though the contents of the Proclamation were as yet unknown to those thus assembled, the fact that the expected word was being spoken gave lightness to every heart.

After a proper interval for communion of spirit, and for a taste of the enjoyment afforded by the works of art and adornment with which the parlors abounded, it was announced that the bust of him of Harper's Ferry would be uncovered by the hand of Wendell Phillips. What could have been fitter? Not even the fit words of the orator, as he recalled the sacrifice which had made Virginia tree that day—the gallows at Charlestown and the honored grave at North Elba, beside which he alone of those present could say he had stood. The product of the past three

[See p. 153.]

WALDEN.

We pledge thee, crystal lakelet, fair
As a pure diamond, rimmed with green
Of emerald foliage, set in gold
Of sunset, of our home the Queen.

WALDEN is a curiosity in its way. It has no visible outlet or inlet. Its water is very clear; you can lean over your boat's gunwale and see the silvery sand of the bottom through many fathoms. You can, floating on its surface, easily imagine yourself in a balloon, for the water in certain lights is hardly distinguishable from the air. On one side of the pond, overhung by noble pines and almost overgrown by the frail sumach, there was once a little house. Let us open the door, — it was never locked, — and go in. One room simply furnished; on the closet door a picture drawn in pencil by an artist hand, of a man feeding a tame mouse. A few books, some simple furniture, and last of all a man. What is he doing there, nobody knows. Who is he, — no one can tell. Come away, we shall miss the train. Across the field of bean-vines the world went off to its business and its pleasure. When that man was a boy his father taught him the trade of making pencils. Faithfully he worked until one day he made one *perfectly*. Nothing could induce him to make another. He had done with pencils forever. This is what he said afterward, "I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer and let me feel for the furrowing. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction — a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe — you carrying on the work." He went out into the woods and pastures and lived. He found out almost as much about the pine tree as the Indians knew; and he paddled their own canoes better than they could. He caught the sumach in its weakness of breaking beneath its own weight. He knew birds and flowers and thistles, the river and the ponds. He surveyed land and landscape. He found birds' eggs and arrow-heads. He watched the crows, the hawks, and the fishes. He built the little house by Walden Pond and lived in it. His thrifty friends could not see that he was doing any work at all. They asked him what he was looking for. Hear his answer! "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." Now the seeker is gone on, and only far behind can we follow the trail. He was no misanthrope, but a brave, companionable man. He liked visitors. "Children came a berrying; railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers, in short, all honest pilgrims who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind." The philosopher tells us, Let a man make even a nail better than any other, though he build his house in a thick wood, you will soon find a beaten track to his door. Few at first trod the path to the little house in the wood near Walden. Others now have found the way and the path is a beaten highway. Come all of you, young and old, boy and girl, man and woman, along the path through the pines. Enter the simple door. Meekly bend your head and gratefully gather around the board that he has spread for you. Drink the water he pours from the homely cup. He draws at the fountain of truth. Eat your fill of the bread he has broken and freely offers to all. There is enough and to spare. This house is gone long ago; but still by the shore he loved, the one that is true and pure enough can take the warm hand and feel the throb of the faithful heart of Henry D. Thoreau.

The Monitor, or American Sat. Review, no. 5 (5-17-62), pp. 33-34.

WALDEN.

By H. D. Thoreau. Ticknor & Fields. Boston, 1862.

Once in a great while come down like manna new words of wisdom and truth. As the blessing falls around us in the evening, we do not distinguish it from the ordinary dew of summer. After the dark hours of night, comes the morning with its sunlight, and we spring from our slothful couch and go out into the fields, and find them covered with elysian food. Walden is crammed full with delicious morsels: rare philosophy, sweet poetry, invaluable facts, suggestive imaginations, strangely charming beauties, gems from the diadem of Queen Nature herself. From this recluse the man of the world may learn experience. Walden is the book to take by one's hand for a companion for your whole summer rambling. When you are snugly ensconced in the shade of a tree at the mountains, or a rock at the sea-shore, open at the chapter on Sounds or Solitude, and read until the delight of the *dolce far niente* has carried you into dream-land too far for any earthly sympathy. Doze awhile, then read again. Walden is the book for the business man to study, for, strange to say, this man, who never saw the inside of a counting-room, knew more of Economy than the owner of "sails that whiten every sea."

Walden is a book for boys and girls, for men and women, for it is written by a man of heart, mind, and soul. Perhaps you may not break the shell at once with your teeth, but persevere, read it again and again, as the writer has done, and you will surely find the sweet kernel of beauty, knowledge, and truth.

Ibid., no. 7 (6-7-62), p. 53.

Henry D. Thoreau, age 39.
From a daguerreotype by B. D. Maxham, of Worcester, Mass., taken in 1856.

THEODORE PARKER.

Once upon a time, in a little country town, there was a poor farmer's boy who had to work very hard to get his daily bread. He was an apt student, and when he was only ten years old had learned all that he could at the district school. No doubt, his good father and mother thought that was sufficient for a boy in his circumstances to know, and were glad that he had learned enough to carry on the farm in so little time. But, strange to say, he wished to get more of a bite of the sweet apple of learning, and so he said, What else is there to know? A friend offered to teach him the Latin language. He wanted to learn it, but a grave objection arose. They had no lexicon, and his friend, who was as poor as he, had no money to give him to buy one. Here was an obstacle, indeed, and Theodore's little head was soon at work how to overcome it. We can now imagine how he revolved the difficulty in his mind. We know well that a thought of not getting it finally never got inside of that determined brain of his. He had only one way of making money, — to pick huckleberries and sell them at three cents a quart. Off he went to the pasture, and, after a time, the dictionary, the first book he owned, was his. Let us go to its last resting-place while he owned it, and see what company the book found in its old age.

Open the door — on which is the wooden door-plate, familiar to so many — of the house in Exeter Place, Boston, and go into what is now famous ground. Up the first staircase catch a glimpse of the long parlor papered with rare volumes on a large part of one side, see the "old clock on the stairs" — it has ticked out the lives of many of the family beside him, then up other flights, until you reach the upper story. Brush against the Queen's arm that his ancestor carried on Lexington Green, April 19, 1775, and you stand in a room extending the whole length of the house, — Theodore Parker's library. Here, by the back windows, stands his desk, on it a manuscript partly in cipher, and partly in handwriting almost as illegible, and two little Parian busts, one of Jesus, and the other of Spartacus. Here is the wooden inkstand out of the blackness of which, at his master-touch, there sprang so many living, glowing images. It is large and heavy enough to be the very same that Martin Luther threw at the Evil One. To-day, we can as plainly see where his ink stained the wall of bigoted prejudice, as the mark made by the older reformer on the wall of the old room in Germany.

Parker used to have a picture of Daniel Webster hanging before him, but one day, in March of a certain year, he came in, almost in tears, and took it down from its place, never to be returned. But we forget the dictionary, — here it is! It is not lonely now; it has many thousand companions, written in thirty different languages, all but two of which their owner could read. Essays, biographies, histories, art, science, poetry; ballads of England, Spain, Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, and many another land; dictionaries, gazetteers, and encyclopedias; maps of every clime, from New England to the region of the White Nile; musty black-letter folios bound in vellum, and still fitted with the chains that suspended them in some mediæval monkish cell, side by side with the spruce Washington Street issue of to-day; on the floor and chairs, piled three or four deep on the shelves on the walls and alcoves, a labyrinth of literature of which he only held the thread to find the way through. To him they were not visitors, but all intimate friends. Now they are lost in the sea of the Public Library of the City of Boston. Poor unfortunates, when will they ever find such a friend as he again? Most of them must keep their their sympathies pent up until they moulder or are eaten by worms. Would that the library had been left forever in its place, — a Mecca for scholars to seek to pay each his devotion to the great mind that gathered them, for

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem."

Once, when he was asked to preach one of his tender sermons, instead of the terrible invective that was expected from him, in the town to which he was going, he said, "First cut down the great oaks and pines, and then you can plant Indian corn." Theodore Parker was a pioneer in a new world of thought. Alone he stood, and saw, towering far above him, the huge sins, errors, and mistakes that prevented the gentle fruit-trees of humanity and religion from taking root. He said, "This will never do." So he ground his heavy axe to a keenness which many a transgressor knew, and dashed in right and left. Perhaps he might have left a few more trees for shade and ornament than he did. It would have been more comfortable for us peaceful settlers, who follow him far behind; but then they will soon grow again.

He was a brave old Puritan. His very warmth of heart and strength of soul led him to excesses in his denunciation of bigotry and falsehood. Can we judge him, you and I? Can we even see how vast he was? No. Let us try to rear the fruits of Love as faithfully as he tore down the barriers of Fear. He was a man in the fullest sense of the word, — human, not divine. He had great faults overbalanced by greater virtues. He was Infidel to every dogma of error and sin, and a Fanatic on every point of freedom, justice, and truth. Widely as many honestly differ from him in his speculative theology, no one can deny him vast erudition, deep religiousness, faultless morality, and conscientious fidelity to great and true reforms and charities. He would never leave any sin unrebuked, allow a poor man or woman to want for bread, deny a trembling fugitive the support of his brave heart and fearless hand, nor let a bright boy need the means to help himself to an education. America needs him now the most, fearlessly to announce the truth, — to point the way, over his pulpit at the Music Hall, for her statesmen and generals to follow.

Have we forgotten him? Shall we forget him? No! not while there is left one of the many weary souls, —

> "An infant crying in the night, — "

who, groping blindly for a better hope and a better life, has felt, in the darkness, his strong hand take theirs, and has heard his tender voice whispering, "Friend, come up higher." Oh, there has been a great void in our hearts, and in the soul of our nation, since Theodore Parker, a modern Samson Agonistes, in the full luxuriance of his matchless intellect, summoning all his unequalled powers, crashed together the massive columns that upheld the temple of error and crime, and fearlessly buried himself in the ruin.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by S. R. Bartlett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

years was John Brown's: his band was swaying the President's, and was signing the decree of emancipation. "I unveil," said Mr. Phillips, "the face of him who in this house never needed concealment, but was ever the most welcome of guests." The action followed, and the massive head of pure marble stood revealed to all. I need not attempt to criticise what the public is already familiar with, at least in plaster, which, (if we may believe Thorwaldsen,) is but death, while marble is the resurrection.

Following this ceremony was the repetition by Ralph Waldo Emerson of the beautiful poem which all ears could not catch in Music Hall. Mr. Phillips renewed the applause given to the foregoing by reading for their modest author some apt verses by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord. And, finally, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recited in an impressive manner her poem to the Flag. Not till near midnight did the company disperse, among whom it cannot be invidious to add to those already mentioned the names of A. Bronson Alcott, Samuel Longfellow, Hon. M. F. Conway, &c. The gathering and the occasion were worthy of the generous host and hostess, who needed not, indeed, this ceremony to link their names with the cause of the slave, but who lent to that day which we are proud to style an epoch a further lustre, and an additional cause of remembrance. FELIX.

Boston, Jan. 2-, 1863.

EXCURSIONS OF H. D. THOREAU.— An independent, self-reliant man was Mr. Thoreau, who grew great and happy in his intercourse with Nature, of which he was a devout and constant worshipper. We do not believe that God designed that one should be such a recluse as he was, and be so disdainful of the world, but the error is most common on the other side. What a wide sphere of observation is in the neglected forest paths and in the fields, and how many voices are there in such supposed solitudes, to delight and inform those who have the ear to listen?

A biographical sketch, by R. W. Emerson, introduces the excursions, nine in number, and the book makes very delightful reading, as you have fresh thoughts, personal observations, and the pictures of rural life everywhere, and a charming natural style of writing in which they are conveyed.

The book is published by Ticknor & Fields, who are laying the public under great obligations by the number and excellent character of the publications which they are constantly issuing. It may be found at their bookstore, corner of Washington and School streets, Boston, where we would recommend our readers to call and purchase, and be refreshed with the sight of a splendid assortment of new and valuable books.

Essex Statesman,
Salem, Mass., 11-28-63.

WALDEN.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

Who would be happy, much must he resign,
Harmoniously to build his incompleteness.
No misanthrope; but loathing hollow forms;
Nor generous; too liberal was his life.

The Infinite mocks us and our petty lives;
Let us be men, who cannot be as gods.
Not rich, but free from care; devoid of fear,
Who dared the mockery of the world alone.

Our souls are nobler than our palaces;
Let us adorn them then befittingly.
Is it a legend that I read? a dream
Of marble Greece, or jewelled India?

Too much of others and their influences;
Too much of ceremonies and estates;
They live, who looked into his manly eyes;
They live, who shared the amusence of his speech.

Too much of brainless toil to heartless ends;
Too little of leisure for Nature and ourselves.
His life, methinks, ennobles more our age
Than arts mechanic or than victories.

Thus taught the Sage, who built by Walden Lake
His humble dwelling in our restless age;
Shrewd peddlers barterine our gaudy trinkets
For starry gems and ornaments of gold,

Austere philosopher, who made his life
An eloquent rebuke to our contempt.
How strange thy wealth! beyond our narrow shores
Won in strange lands and ventures perilous.

Rude was the but he made himself, whose guests
Came to behold the master, not the house.
I envy thee thy dwelling by the lake;
I envy thee the love of beast and bird;

Rude was his speech and simple, but as wise
And subtle as the wild bird's melodies.
Thy knowledge of the seasons; thy delight
Of car and eye with nature domiciled;

Thy earnest thought, by no ambition vexed,
And thy strong mood, its own clear oracle.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river; —
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him; —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death; —
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And tuned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee."

Louisa May Alcott in
Atlantic Monthly.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

22 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON

The Commonwealth is an independent journal, devoted to the cause of Free Democratic Government; government by the whole people without respect of race, nativity, or sect

It will call unceasingly for the utter extinction of Slavery, holding Freedom to be the inalienable right of all man, and the essential condition of any real government.

It will continue to insist upon the full employment of Liberty as the legitimate and specific weapon against the rebellion of Slavery.

It believes in the Constitution as it is, and in the Union as it was not, before the rebellion, but as it was meant by its founders to be.

It is not the organ of any party or man; but is pledged to the welfare of the people, to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, whatever party or man shall rise or fall.

The Commonwealth will not however devote itself entirely to political questions but will seek to become in the best sense of the word

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

It will aim to present the news of the week in a concise and readable form, together with such official documents, speeches, sermons, addresses, and editorials as may be of permanent interest; selecting carefully from the great mass of matter which the daily journals throw before the public.

It will also aim to serve the cause of Literature and Art, by presenting its readers original Essays, Tales, Sketches, Reviews, and Notices, all of real excellence, and will select freely from fields new and old. In its columns have already appeared articles in Verse and Prose, from some of the best American writers.

The Sciences and Useful Arts will not be overlooked, but it is hoped that all classes of men, and especially that class which is the strength of all, the *Workingmen*, will find here something which meets their wants.

It will devote itself particularly to the collection of facts concerning the emancipated workingmen of the South, availing itself for this purpose of the extensive correspondence of the EMANCIPATION LEAGUE, and the Educational Commission.

The Commonwealth has also made arrangements to obtain the best correspondence of its own from the most important posts of our army, especially concerning the Freedmen.

The following writers, among many others, have already contributed to our columns, and will continue to do so:

Rev. D. A. Wasson,	Lydia Maria Child,
Julia Ward Howe,	W. E. Channing,
Rev. C. T. Brooks,	A. Bronson Alcott,
Myron B. Benton,	Joel Benton,
Miss E. P. Peabody,	Mrs. Caroline A. Mason,
Hon. M. F. Conway,	Rev. O. B. Frothingham,
E. Morris Davis,	Rev. Robert Collyer,
Louisa M. Alcott,	James S. Gibbons,
Elisur Wright,	F. W. Bird,
David Lee Child,	Wm. S. Robinson,
George L. Stearns,	James Redpath.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—MONCURE D. CONWAY, one of the Editors, has sailed for Europe, and will write exclusively for the Commonwealth. Mr. C. will remain for the most part in England, in constant communication with those who there advocate the cause of America. His means of obtaining information will be extensive, and it is believed that his letters will contribute materially to the interest of the paper.

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No. 22 Bromfield street, Boston.

LINES WRITTEN IN EMERSON'S POEMS.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

O, what enchantments weave their potent spells,—
What strange delights between these leaves are pressed,
Stirring the heart's old Eden-blessedness!
We, Ariel-charmed, along the leafy dells,
Mossed woodsy paths, to where the deep glens are,
Follow the beckoning of the gliding lines,
Linked hand in hand with music-mated rhymes;
Or only joined with airy chains——the far,
Faint-wafted echoes rhyming on the ear;
Delicious echoes that we turn to hear—
Bewildered turn—and harken, wondering
If rhyme the sunny shred of music fling,
Or if the thoughts in golden shimes around,
Weave matchless rhymes without the aid of sound.

Perchance, among the twilight boughs dream-stirred,
Half breaks a fluttering note from sleeping bird;
For, O, Magician! at thy high behest
We wander in a pristine wilderness,—
A lone isle in the summer-breathing seas,—
Through haunted groves where the primeval trees,
With moss-bewildered branches seek the clouds;
Catching deep whispers from the upper breeze,
And fragrant dawn wreaths from the morning shrouds.
At clear translucent springs, bubbling between
Strong-flavored roots and aromatic herbs,—
Filtered from earth's deep core,—we quaff, and dream
To never thirst again. O'erhead, strange birds,
In beams that flash from their own plumage, hover,
Or flutter down to fold their shining wing
Upon our breast; for here each shiest thing
Draws nigh; wild bird and beast from closest cover;
And tree and flower would speak their mystery—
The secret they so well for ages kept:
And on the pine-tree's bark, rough-scored, we see
The Runic lines in which its history slept.
Enticing forms glide through the viny passes,
Peopling with beauty all the greenery;
And constantly we hear the gurgling plashes
Of hidden waterfalls, and melody
From harpstrings touched with hands invisible.

But on the shapes of loveliness that fill
This wonderous wilderness, forever gases
Heaven's changeless, deep, unfathomable eye;—
We catch through branchy ways, green intricacies,
Continual glimpses of the fadeless sky;
And all sweet melodies that breathe around,
As prayer beads on a hallowed rosery,
Are strung on one unbroken thread of sound—
The steady roar of the Eternal Sea.

Rev. Arthur Fuller.

The chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts regiment, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, brother of Margaret Fuller, passed through this city several weeks since, on his return to the army, from which he had been obliged to retire for a time by a severe attack of fever. His zeal to help the regiments across the river at Fredericksburg has cost him his life. He appears to have been among the foremost ranks of his "boys," as he affectionately called them, when he fell. At first thought it might seem to be an unnecessary act of rashness, for a chaplain to put himself in this position; but, knowing the man, we are able to appreciate the probable motives by which he was governed. Between the men and himself there existed a close fraternal sympathy. He doubtless saw that his presence might encourage them in the hour of danger, and the moment was critical. His own life was bound up with theirs, and the sense of duty with which he endeavored to inspire them in his religious teachings could not be more strongly impressed than by the example of following it himself, without regard to personal exposure. We can conceive of his exerting all the influence of a superior officer at such a moment.

Mr. Fuller was one of the most genial of men. It has been his lot on repeated occasions in hospital service to administer comfort and consolation to wounded rebels, between whom and the loyal soldiers he made no distinction as they lay helpless on their cots side by side. On one occasion his kindness was repelled by a soldier who said: "I am a Confederate, and don't want your help." He answered that he "recognized no difference between men when they were suffering," and still offered his services, but the soldier repelled him and he passed on, giving indiscriminately such assistance and consolation as he could. After he had gone some distance, the rebel sent for him and said: "Sir, I see what sort of a man you are, and as I shall live but a little while, I would like you to pray with me." This little incident illustrates the character of Mr. Fuller. He was beloved as widely as he was known, and will be much lamented by his friends. He was married only a short time before the rebellion broke out, and leaves a wife and child to mourn his death.

Mr. Alcott's "Conversation" at the house of Mr. De Lancey Crittenden, on Wednesday evening, was attended by an audience that comfortably filled the spacious library. Perhaps the essence of the "Conversation" may be best gleaned by setting down without attempt at connection some of the most notable things that fell from Mr. Alcott's lips:

Some persons hold that those who have themselves tasted the depths and bitterness of sin are the best teachers of sinners. I cannot believe this, for if it were true the adversary himself—I personify—would be our best savior.

We have stumbled into theology now. I knew we shou'd. No company, it is said, ever comes together in New England in which the subject is not mooted. We are not to be different; and all of us belong to some church, I suppose. Some perhaps to a church of one.

All of the sinners are not in prisons. If they were I hardly think the geology of the earth would furnish material for the walls.

A mother is not to flog her child. She should flog hersel', or rather that other self, tending to evil.

The babe has no thought or intellect of its own, but afterward they come. They rise to the crown. In some people they never rise; they stay in the lower members. In the true man they rise to the crown and crown him.

We know that we are; we say the animals don't. They have no personality; only individuality.

My ancester was not an ape. If I read history aright there have been men as wise as I or we in ages past. The theory of Darwinism is repudiated by the affections.

Man will live here until he has made this planet a garden, until he has come to a condition when he will depend on nothing but this garden, this orchard, with no question about the animals. Man debases himself by his use of animal food. There was no butcher in paradise. This is an intermediate and mechanical age.

Each man and woman who goes to housekeeping is another Adam and Eve. The question with them, as with the first parents, is whether they behave themselves. If they do their off spring will be pure; if they do not, as with Adam and Eve, the fruit will be stained.

Memory recalls things; common sense resolves experiences into facts, fancy creates words and language so that we can communicate our feelings; reason resolves things into truth; imagination clothes objects with beauty. This is the scale of life.

There never was a first man or first woman; each child is a first man or first woman and comes direct from the source of life.

The difference between the mind of man and woman is one of distribution not of quality. In the woman the affections are in the foreground, in the man the intellect.—[*Rochester Express, November 26*

At West Edmeston, N. Y., Aug. 27, Mrs. Anna Bronson Alcott, widow of the late Joseph Chatfield Alcott of Wolcott, and daughter of Capt. Amos Bronson of Plymouth, Ct.

Mrs. Alcott was the last of a long-lived family, she having reached the advanced age of 90 years,—and her brother, Judge Bronson of Medina, Ohio, lived to be 92; several of her sisters were over 70, and her father died at 88. Mrs. A. was a sister of Dr. Tillotson Bronson, for some years Rector of St. John's Church, Waterbury, and Principal of Cheshire Episcopal Academy, in which for nearly a quarter of a century were educated the clergy of that denomination here in New England, as well as for the different States of the Union. She was a woman of great good sense, sweetness of disposition, industry, and engaging manners. On her 90th birth-day, she wrote without spectacles to her son, and kept a journal during most of her long life, which she enjoyed with but slight interruptions of illness till its close.—She raised the Church in which she was educated and of which she was a member at the time of her death.

How Milton Spent the Day. At his meal he never took much wine or other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired every night at 9 o'clock, and lay till four in the summer and five in the winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then, after breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to swing himself, and afterwards played on the organ or bass viol, and either sung himself or requested his wife to sing, who, as he said, had a good voice, but no ear.

He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour until eight he conversed with all who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water; and afterwards he retired to rest. Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth, and recumbency of a bed favorable to composition; and his wife said, before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of legs over the arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter.

Mr. Emerson's Lectures.

Resources.

The high esteem in which Mr. Emerson's brilliant lectures on "American Life" are held by his audience, was made most manifest Sunday by the large attendance which filled the Melodeon, in spite of glassy sidewalks, drizzling rain, crossings hardly fordable, and the frequent peril of sudden snow-slides from above, which might well excuse an array of empty benches. There was no perceptible falling off in the size of the audience from the occasion of the last lecture when the weather was faultless. The subject of last evening's essay was "Resources," not "Reforms" as originally announced.

Owing to the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Emerson's style, which constitute a chief charm of his lectures to the hearer, we shall not attempt to give a complete and connected report, following the thread of thought through all the departments of the subject, but shall rather strive to give some of the more striking and aphoristic sentences, forming rather a cluster of "Emersoniana" than an abstract of the discourse.

Men, said the lecturer, are all inventors sailing forth on a voyage of discovery. The powers and resources of man are benefited by the observation of every triumph of man over nature, by every opportunity of seeing that wisdom is better than strength. A hopeless spirit puts out the eyes. Skepticism is slow suicide. This world belongs to the energetic. There is always a way for everything that is desirable.

Armed with his machinery man can dive, can fly, can see atoms like a gnat; he can peer into Uranus with his telescope, or knock down cities with his fists of gunpowder. When we think of the resources of America we are tempted to say with the old writer, the golden age is before, not behind us. In these days we are reading one or two tracts which exhibit very clearly the material resources of our country. The first shows that in the traffic with Europe the balance is still in our favor, notwithstanding our war among ourselves. The other is based on the statistics of the census, and shows among other things that our little State of Massachusetts, with a little more than a million of people, does the work with her machinery of more than a hundred millions of men.

Before the speaker's own door last summer were proofs of the same matter. There were not laborers enough in the little town to gather the abundant growth of hay which covered the fields, and only the mowing-machine and the horse-rake saved it from rotting and wasting on the ground. In the shoe shop in his vicinity he asked, Why do these boots cost so much? and was answered that it was not so much the price of the stock as the scarcity of labor. In a neighboring town a hundred and twenty-nine men have gone to the war, of whom a hundred are shoemakers; how then can boots be made cheaply. The answer is in a building in another village near by, where he learned that six hundred pairs of shoes per day were made there by patent machines wonderful to see.

Mr. Emerson touched rapidly on some of the material instances of the power of human invention and ingenuity. It is hard to think of any hero who ben-

efits mankind so materially as the natural physician and surgeon. In the hands of the discoverer, medicine becomes a heroic art. No country is too obscure, no village too small, for the display and appreciation of such a talent as his. Wherever life is dear he is a demigod.

An instance in point was found in the cranberry crop of the regions of Cape Cod. Every acre of soil would bear a precious harvest, but how should it be transported? A hundred miles of jolting and rubbing would make the fruit worthless. Can we then enclose each separate berry in an envelope to preserve it tenderly, as we do an orange? Yes we will, and the inventor fills his barrel only partially with berries and then pumps water in it, and so every berry floated secure in its perfect liquid envelope across the Atlantic to a market

I have a little book, said Mr. Emerson, describing the travels in America of a French gentleman who landed in New Orleans a hundred and fifteen years ago, and who appears to have once or twice had his life in danger in the hands of the Indians. Once in captivity he heard the savages agree to scalp him. "Would you have my scalp," said he, snatching off a little periwig which he wore, "then here it is for you." Then he persuaded them he was a great medicine man, and that it would be unwise in them to kill one who held them all in his heart, parting his shirt a little way, and letting each warrior in turn see the reflection of his own dusky face in a little pocket mirror which the Frenchman carried hung round his neck. He assured them that if offended he could burn up their rivers and forests, taking from his portmanteau a little white brandy, which to them seemed like water, and setting fire to it, and kindling bits of wood to flame with his burning-glass. By these and other arts the man of resource overcome them with admiration so that they withhold their hands.

We have instances of great orators who have addressed a turbulent mob, quieted, charmed and converted it. What can a poor truckman, hired to groan and hiss, do when a speaker makes him shake with laughter so that he cannot throw his egg. Then too we have also heard of a mob's being speedily dispersed simply by sending round a contribution box.

Rising from lower exploits to higher, the doctrine of resources carries us to an intellectual sphere. The alternation of employments is the principle of the mind. When the mind emerges exhausted from one labor, it is still fresh and ready for another. The mind wearied with mathematics is diverted by history. De Quincy tells us that in 1815 when there was great eagerness to get the daily news from France, he and Wordsworth used to walk out miles across the moors to meet the coach, and Wordsworth noticed that when his ear was strained with the utmost attention to catch the first notes of the newsman's horn through the quiet night, his eye was unusually susceptible to the rays of a star. In this connection Mr. Emerson repeated with an exquisite emphasis which seemed the perfection of elocution the well-known lines of Wordsworth on the boy of Windermere. A friend of the lecturer, a student and writer, had told him that in the morning he was athletic and began with Hebrew, that when tired with the effort he was still vigorous enough for Greek, after that good for philosophy, and in the afternoon for poetry and the journals.

For some purposes it is not an advantage to have a horse too strong to be held by a man or a pulley, but rather one who will stand still half a day in the pasture, leaving the picnic party the freedom of the woods. It is the great excellence of beer in England not to be strong, but so weak that one may drink much of it in warm weather without injury. We cannot carry on inspiration and make it consecutive. One day there is no electricity in the air, and the next the world bristles with sparks like a cat's back. The speaker would proceed to name four or five excitants, invigorators of our physical and mental power and courage.

First he would place sleep. We are prepared for thought by sleep. Health is the first muse, and sleep is the condition to produce it. A man is exhausted, spent by his work, starved, prostrate, he will not lift his hand to save his life; he sinks into a deep sleep, and presently he is fresh, he is vigorous, ready for new effort and achievement There is also another phase of sleep, more interesting to the old than to the young. As the diurnal, so is the secular benefit of sleep. Like the daily renovation of responsibility, so the faculties sometimes return to a man's mind after years of sluggishness and seeming decay.

Second in the list he would reckon solitary converse with nature. Then we ejaculate words sweet and dreadful as found in libraries. But solitude of nature is not so essential as solitude of habit. In summer the country inn, in winter the city hotel are the most available retreats for the thinker, where he can elude the distracting responsibilities of the household, and be not disturbed by considerations of heat, or cold, or time, or ceremony. We may envy the scholar whom the speaker had known, who could sit on a curb-stone in State street, put his back up, and solve his problems. But most of us have more womanly minds, easily effected by outside things. Whims must also be respected. Even a steel pen is a nuisance to some writers,—and we have seen in the London papers the petition signed by Tennyson, Browning, and others against the street musicians outside the door of the writer, and levy black-mail on his nervousness. The experience of some artists has led them to prefer the barest chamber, with only one chair and the implements with which to work, to all the advantages of the mountain-top, the sea-shore or the river side, where there was equal solitude but more to see.

The fourth excitant would be conversation,—and all details of this topic the speaker would pass by till another occasion. The fifth must be fact-books, which all geniuses prize, as antidotes to verbiage and false poetry. But it is now impossible to move all our resources, to detect or to repeat the influences about us. That day is good which gives us the most perceptions. There is no limit to the chapter of resources. It is the inventory of the world.

THE MAINE WOODS By HENRY D. THOREAU, 12mo. BOSTON: TICKNOR & FIELDS. 1864.

Is the fifth volume dedicated to the remains of its late author, who will probably, by means of the press, become more familiar to the generation that succeeds him than he was to those in whose neighborhood his life was past. We should recommend it strongly to any one who desires to become acquainted with the author in his best mood—an earnest lover and student of nature in all her phases and seasons. It contains the heart of three separate excursions in the woods and highlands of Maine. One-half the volume has hitherto been unpublished. There is nothing about "Boodh" in it. "Brama" and "Vishnu" are alike unnoticed. In short, it is clear of THOREAU's most objectionable peculiarities, and abounds with striking descriptions of scenery, acute observations, such as a genuine field-naturalist delights to make, and fine thoughts evolved in the mind of the writer from communion with the forest and the wilderness, yet free from man's intrusion. The train of thought pursued in Mr. GEORGE P. MARSH's late work, *Man and Nature*, receives frequent illustration from THOREAU's experience. They both are pleaders for the primitive forest, while still the preservation of some portion of it is possible, and lament the coming desolation that must follow, if its present reckless extirpation is persisted in. Lists of trees, shrubs, flowers, birds, Indian phrases, &c., show that THOREAU was something more than a *dilettanti* observer, and in all his explorations has an eye to the attainment of sound scientific knowledge.

Part of an Article in Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. HAWTHORNE.

FORTUNATELY for us, only the best of American literature ever secures a footing among us. There is a vast quantity of what passes for very fine writing in the States, which it would be worth nobody's while to republish here. But when an American's claim to

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cerning a favor more delicate than that of the red-herrings and devilled bones so agreeable to the popular palate, perceived and commended the strange, wild, simple charm of this writer's genius. A still more select body of admirers—among whom we do not claim to be admitted—were enraptured with characteristics which, whether blemishes or additional charms, are doubtless inherent, and elements of his individuality, and without which the image of his mind could not be projected truly on the disc of literature—to wit, a certain mysticism and mistiness; mys-

of the strange and familiar in his language and ideas, are what probably confers on his companionship, in the estimation of our social epicures, all the superiority of flavor which game possesses over poultry.

It is many years now since the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne was inscribed among those English worthies of the time, whom Britannia delighteth to honor. Everybody who could pretend to a taste capable of dis-

whisper in the world's ear is once established, his transatlantic birth seems to affect favorably for him his English audience; so that when he comes among us he is already naturalized, and, uniting the claims of a distinguished foreign guest with those of an illustrious denizen, he receives far more honor than would be bestowed on a native writer of equal merit and celebrity. His foreign extraction, his different breeding, and the union

ticism, in dimly showing us strange and indistinct corners of our moral world, where the objects are so faintly defined that, like shapes in the glowing coals, they admit of as many interpretations as there are lively fancies in the interpreters; and mistiness, in a wilful incompleteness of incident, and refusal to explain the various hints and other devices by which curiosity has been stimulated, for the purpose of aiding the general moonlight effect. All these are peculiarities which his readers will recognize as distinctive of him, whether they like them or not; and another characteristic, which can scarcely, perhaps, be called a peculiarity, is an inclination to paint obliquities of character. His fondness for the analysis of the moral and mental framework of humanity is evidently absorbing; and as our greatest anatomists are much more apt to accumulate in their museums the deviations and fantasies into which nature has strayed in diversifying the human form, the giants and curious abortions, inseparable twins, and two-headed bodies, than more commonplace if more comfortable tenements of clay, so Hawthorne seems especially to delight in displaying moral twists rather curious than delightful to contemplate. And, along with these, co-exist in his pictures highly idealized and sublimated personages—singular, not so much for unusual gifts as for freedom from defects, and perfect with a negative perfection. Anybody who has read his latest novel, "The Romance of Monte Beni," will recognize most of these elements and types—the mystical, in the character of Donotello, with his strange gifts, his more than semi-supernatural origin, and his metaphysical transformation; the misty, in the obscurity of the influences which surround Miriam, and which are never explained; the sublimated being, in the girl-painter Hilda; while, for specimens of studies more curious than pleasant, we would take Clifford of "The House of the Seven Gables," old Roger Chillingworth of "The Scarlet Letter," and Zenobia and other personages of "The Blithedale Romance." But however diverse and seemingly unreconcilable his characters, he always manages to surround them with an atmosphere in which they can live and act together harmoniously for the ends of the work, as fairies and classic personages and absurd mechanics all unite in producing the gracefully grotesque effect of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The strangest circumstance of all is, that, whatever the obscurity of incident or mistiness of plot, there is perfect limpidity in the language; so that the vague effects are produced rather by strange associations than by blurring or confusion, as the shadows of the sky mix with roots and pebbles in the dark depths of a pellucid fountain.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES
—ON—
"AMERICAN LIFE."

VI.—"CHARACTER."

What all men agree to honor is justice, truth-speaking, good-will and good action. It is the science of substance, not of show—the *what*, and not the *how*—that which all men profess to regard, and by their real respect for which they recommend themselves to each other. Men may well come together to confirm their confidence in each other. The moral cause of the world lies behind all else in the mind. It is for God—it is to God—that all works. It is for benefit that the universe subsists. He is immoral who is acting to any private end. He is moral whose aim or motive may become a universal rule.

The right direction of the will is morals. There is somewhat constitutional to man to do—somewhat that he does with joy; with the consent of all men and things. Nature backs him in doing. The sea calls to him with tides and waves, the air makes his words musical, all creatures treat him as a benefactor. Men fall from him when he withholds to do this. In morals, we use the universal forces to augment our own, by choosing to do that which is constitutional, which we call the right. We draw on immense strength and support. Unlooked-for aid comes to us. What we call miracles appear.

The iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all elements, is moral force. We delight to trace these powers. Method, patience, self-trust, perseverance, love, desire of knowledge, power of persistence, of enduring defeat, of gaining victory by defeat—these are forces which never lose their charm. Even in war—which is organized brute force—moral power is eminent. Good ammunition and good muskets we must have; but these do not gain the battle. You may have a mountain of iron, every pebble a slug,—it is all vain without the brave hands to use, the cool head to command, the good cause which fires every brain in the service!

Fifty years ago prayers were said daily in the family circle—a sermon was necessary on all occasions, whether a wedding, a funeral, the small-pox or the canker-worm was the subject. Now a man is judged by his real morality and honesty, not by his practice of these rituals. The religion of one age is ever the poetry of the next. We use in idlest poetry the words Jove, Neptune and Jupiter, and can hardly believe that to the Greek they carried the same anxious meaning which is given in our churches to the sacred religious names. The consternation of Athens when the statues of Mercury in all the temples were broken, was something as it would be in Boston if all the Orthodox churches were burned.

The less America looks abroad the grander its promise. A complete nation does not import its religion—when it does, it becomes servile. Duty grows everywhere, like children and grass. We need not go to Asia to learn it. All church reforms must begin by putting an emphasis on sentiment. The one miracle God works forevermore is in imparting himself to the mind. When we ask what is true in thought, just in action, that is the yielding of the private heart to the Divine mind. At any time it only needs the appearance of a few superior men to give a noble turn to the public mind. The perpetual advance of society since the beginning of the world illustrates this. In the new importance in this country of the individual, society is apparently threatened with actual granulation. Religious as well as political sects are only the tendency of the soul to walk alone, as when the mother withdraws her support from the child in its first attempt to walk across the nursery. At first he is forlorn and homeless, but presently finds the majestic power of his soul, and reads there the original of the ten commandments, the gospels and the apostles. In this establishment and growth of individual character the demand for a pure religion would be met, and on the return of peace might be anticipated a higher development in the country of all moral sentiments. Slavery being cleared out, the lips of clergymen no longer padlocked, it will do to stretch moral rules to their universal extent.

When our young men come back from the war, how fortified and self-reliant they will be for having passed through fire for such ends. Modesty will be for us who have staid at home.

Character is that which can do without success; say, rather, it cannot but succeed. You cannot make of it a theory or a demonstration as you can an orrery of the Copernican astronomy. It must be sacredly treated. It must listen to every prompting of honor. Its surrender is perfect. It makes no conditions, no stipulations of earthly felicity. Its perception of the superior will is too perfect for doubt.

CAPE COD. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (Pp. 252.)

One of the readers of Mr. Thoreau's first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, complained that he spoke of Nature "just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord;" meaning by that to indicate the strong local flavor which is perceptible in that book as well as in *Walden*. No such complaint can be made against the present volume, in which the allusions to Concord are few and remote, while the ocean—with which Walden and the Musketaquid have been supposed to be competitors—plays the leading part here, and quite overwhelms all the minor characters; most of whom, indeed, such as Sand, Shipwreck, Lighthouse, Wellfleet Oysterman, and Saltfish, are mere creatures and parasites of the great god, Ocean.

And yet, after all, it is *human* nature in which Thoreau was interested; external nature affected him chiefly as it concerned the soul of man. This is a fact which escapes the notice of James Freeman Clarke, among others, who allows himself to say that, while Thoreau valued some specimens which the farmer brought him, "he despised the honest hand that held it." Nothing, even in Dr. Clarke's lecture, is more mistaken than this. Thoreau honored and celebrated mankind while attacking society.

Thus, he says of his title, "I did not see why I might not make a book on Cape Cod, as well as my neighbor on 'Human Culture.' It is but another name for the same thing, and hardly a sandier phase of it." This, be it observed for the benefit of all who cannot discriminate between humor and contempt, is a *humorous* passage, and there are a good many more of the same sort in the book.

In what follows it is hard to say whether the humorous or the picturesque predominates. Did the reader ever get a livelier image of the geographical attitude of Massachusetts than this?—

"Cape Cod is the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts; the shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay; the elbow, or crazybone, at Cape Mallebarre; the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown,—*behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her Bay*,—boxing with northern storms, and ever-and-anon, heaving up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of earth,—ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann."

In the opening chapter, describing the Cohasset shipwreck, stoicism and pathos are strangely mingled, as they were in the author's life and character. How full of suggestion is this sentence, taken from that page where he protests against the skepticism which distrusts immortality:—

"The mariner who makes the safest port in Heaven, perchance, seems to his friends on earth to be shipwrecked, for they deem Boston Harbor to be a better place, though, perhaps, invisible to them, a skilful pilot comes to meet him, and the fairest and balmiest of gales blow off that coast, his good ship makes the land in halcyon days, and he kisses the shore in rapture there, while his old hulk tosses in the surf here. It is hard to part with one's body, but, no doubt, it is easy enough to do without it when once it is gone."

Compare this with the comforting doctrines of the Rev. Samuel Treat, and decide which ought to rank highest "among the evangelists of New England." "Consider," said that son of thunder, to the Puritans of Eastham and the Indians of Nauset, "thou art going to a place prepared by God on purpose to exalt his justice in,—a place made for no other employment but torments. Hell is God's house of correction; and remember, God doth all things like himself. Woe to thy soul when thou shalt be set up as a butt for the arrows of the Almighty."

This precious morsel Thoreau read with his companion under their umbrellas, as they were crossing the Plains of Nauset, and beguiling the way, like Mœris and Lycidas, with the History of Eastham. He has quoted it, and a great deal more that is curious, in his third chapter, while in his last chapter he has introduced a long account of the early discoveries, charts and descriptions of the French navigators who came to Cape Cod and the coast of Maine long before the Pilgrim Fathers. This bit of antiquarian research—a fragment of that web of researches into the early history of the Indians which would have been so priceless had Thoreau lived to complete it—is worthy the attention of all students of the subject, besides the interest which it has for the general reader. We notice here and there a misprint of the Latin On page 174, the Latin version of the song of Thorhall the Norseman, should read *alitem* instead of *aliter*, which as it stands makes no sense, and is contradicted by the translation given below it.

In all that relates to the legends of early voyages to the shores of New England Mr. Thoreau's investigations will be found very precise. The extraordinary statement (p. 281) which he quotes from Guillaume Postel, to the effect that the Gauls of Cæsar's time were in the habit of making voyages to America, has caused some to believe that Mr. Thoreau mistranslated Lescarbot's words. But it will be found that Postel *did* make the statement, and that Lescarbot dwells upon the same tradition in his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, (page 286 of the edition of 1612.) But, as Mr. Thoreau well says, Postel was "a learned but extravagant author." He had visions and believed in the miraculous nature of *Mere Jeanne;* and he seems to have devoted his great philological acquirements to the manufacture of a history of the Gauls based upon etymology, traces of which appear in Lescarbot. Whether his fancies about the Gallic voyages to Labrador had any better foundation, we cannot say; but, perhaps, the Emperor will touch upon the matter in his *History of Julius Cæsar*.

But we are wandering into the prickly-pear regions of criticism. The severe tone and the exquisite humor of this book deserve better than to be levelled with the Dryasdust collections. Perhaps as good an example as any of what we have already said of Thoreau's interest in mankind, and one at the same time very *apropos* to the lecture of Dr. Clarke, already quoted, is the following droll passage:—

"It chanced that the Sunday morning that we were there, (at Provincetown,) I had joined a party of men who were smoking and lolling over a pile of boards on one of the wharves, (*nihil humanum a me, &c.,*) when our landlord, who was a sort of tithing-man, went off to stop some sailors who were engaged in painting their vessel. I remarked that, as I thought, they might as well let the men paint, for all us. But a young man in the company, taking his pipe out of his mouth, said that it was a plain contradiction of the law of God, which he quoted, and if they did not have some such regulation, vessels would run in there to tar, and rig, and paint, and they would have no Sabbath at all. This was a good argument enough, if he had not put it in the name of religion. The next summer, as I sat on the hill there one sultry Sunday afternoon, the meeting-house windows being open, my meditations were interrupted by the noise of a preacher who shouted like a boatswain, profaning the quiet atmosphere, and who, I fancied, must have taken off his coat. Few things could have been more disgusting or disheartening. *I wished the tithing-man would stop him.*"

Dr. Beecher said that his first parish on Long Island was the only one he ever heard of "where the minister was paid in whales." It seems that the same sort of tithes accrued to the minister in Eastham, on the Cape. "No doubt," says Thoreau, "there seemed to be some propriety in thus leaving the support of the ministers to Providence, whose servants they are, and who alone rules the storms; *for when few whales were cast up, they might suspect their worship was not acceptable.* The ministers must have sat upon the cliffs in every storm, and watched the shore with anxiety. Think of a whale having the breath of life beaten out of him by a storm, and dragging in over the bars and guzzles for the support of the ministry! *What a consolation it must have been to him!*"

All readers of our author know how fine are many of his descriptions, where the truest poetic feeling combines with touches as real as those of a Dutch painter. From the chapter called "The Beach Again," we copy the succeeding paragraphs descriptive of the Ocean:—

"To-day it was the Purple Sea, an epithet which I should not before have accepted. There were distinct patches of the color of a purple grape with the bloom rubbed off. But first and last the sea is of all colors. Commonly, in calm weather, for half a mile from the shore, where the bottom tinges it, the sea is green or greenish, as are some ponds; then blue for many miles, often with purple tinges, bounded in the distance by a light, almost silvery stripe; beyond which there is generally a dark-blue rim, like a mountain-ridge in the horizon, as if, like that, it owed its color to the intervening atmosphere. On another day it will be marked with long streaks, alternately smooth and rippled, light-colored and dark, even like our inland meadows in a freshet, and showing which way the wind sets.

Thus we sat on the foaming shore, looking on the wine-colored ocean,—

'Thin' eph' alos poliés, horöön epi oinopa ponton.'

Here and there was a darker spot on its surface, the shadow of a cloud, though the sky was so clear that no cloud would have been noticed otherwise, and no shadow would have been seen on the land, where a much smaller surface is visible at once.

It was a poetic recreation to watch those distant sails steering for half fabulous ports, whose very names are a mysterious music to our ears; Fayal and Babel-Mandel, ay, and Chagres and Panama,—bound to the famous Bay of San Francisco, and the golden streams of Sacramento and San Joaquin, to Feather River and the American Fork, where Sutter's Fort presides, and inland stands the city de los Angeles. . . . Yet this same placid Ocean, as civil now as a city's harbor, a place for ships and commerce, will ere long be lashed into sudden fury, and all its caves and cliffs will resound with tumult. It will ruthlessly heave these vessels to and fro, break them in pieces in its sandy or stony jaws, and deliver their crews to sea-monsters. It will play with them like sea-weed, distend them like dead frogs, and carry them about, now high, now low, to show to the fishes, giving them a nibble. This gentle Ocean will toss and tear the rag of a man's body like the father of mad bulls, and his relatives may be seen seeking the remnants for weeks along the strand. From some quiet inland hamlet they have rushed weeping to the unheard-of shore, and now stand uncertain where a sailor has recently been buried amid the sand-hills."

Earlier in the volume, just before that graphic portrait of the old wrecker, he describes himself and his companion, (a poet, too, and one who has sung of this same landscape,) "sailing under our umbrellas with a strong aft wind, admiring in silence, as we walked, the great force of the ocean stream." "The breakers looked like droves of a thousand wild horses of Neptune, rushing to the shore with their white manes streaming far behind; and when, at length, the sun shone for a moment, their manes were rainbow-tinted. Also the long kelp-weed was tossed up from time to time, like the tails of sea-cows sporting in the brine."

So this peripatetic philosopher jests, moralizes, sketches and chronicles; his simple story, freighted with wit and wisdom, moving on to its too early end; even as did the earthly life of him who told it. And while we read his manly words, and feel the glow of his noble aspirations, he, meantime, has landed peacefully "upon some shore yet further west, towards which we are all tending, and which we shall reach at last, it may be through storm and darkness." But we have a consolation which the Sicilian poet lacked in the death of his friend,—the echoes of our poet still resound in the pages he has left us.

Bion the Shepherd is dead—yes, but the music of Bion
Died not along with him, nor perished the Dorian measure.

Thoreau's "Cape Cod."

This volume is made up of a set of delightful sketches, most of which have been previously given to us in the columns of the Atlantic Monthly.* To those who are familiar with Thoreau's works, it will perhaps be enough to say of this book, that it is both in style and in matter perfectly characteristic of its author. And, expressing our individual opinion at the outset, that views of human life and society like Thoreau's cannot but interfere with the truest and highest appreciation of nature, and adding a word of objection to the humorous passages of the book, which are often grim, sometimes forced, and rarely droll, we have done with fault-finding.

"Cape Cod" is a thoroughly fresh, original, and interesting book. It is the story of one of Thoreau's famous walks, taken from Eastham to Provincetown, now on the Massachusetts Bay side, and now on that of the Atlantic. And it is really wonderful to see how soon this devoted student of our inland woods and streams comes into an intelligent sympathy, as it were, with the seaside and the ocean. Full as he is of love for the grand and the beautiful, yet to the last degree minute and accurate in his observation of nature, it is almost equally delightful to listen to him as he stands on a windy headland of the Cape looking out on the stormy sea, and when he picks up some bit of seaweed and discourses on its color and texture. Sometimes he seems to see with a telescope and sometimes with a microscope, but always clearly and sharply, whichever instrument he uses. The smallest matters of detail seem never to escape him, and all are noted with a scholar's accuracy and an artist's enthusiasm. With all this power of seeing well, he combines a singular felicity of expression, a rare faculty of taking an "instantaneous photograph" of the creature or thing he wishes to describe, as, for example, where he speaks of "the tender young of the "piping plover, like chickens just hatched, *mere "punches of down on two legs*, running in troops with a "faint peep along the edge of the waves."

Indeed the style of all these sketches is for the most part admirable and worthy of the excellent matter they contain; and no one who cares for the ocean and its beauty can read them without being thoroughly delighted. As the reader looks over their pages, once more the salt odors of the Cape seem veritably to salute the nostril and its cold sea-breezes to blow upon the cheek, and he rises from the perusal with a sense of strengthening and refreshment.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY F. B. SANBORN.

Though forts are stormed and cities won,
  And banded Treason melts away,
As sullen mists that hate the sun
  Flee at the bright assault of Day,—
  Our heavy hearts will not be gay.

For thee we weep, in victory's hour,
  Whose courage no defeat could shake,
Who held'st the State's resistless power
  In trust but for thy people's sake,—
  For thee thy people mourning make.

No haughty palace claims thy birth,
  No purple princes' ancient line;
The woodman's hut, the humble worth
  Of lowliest ancestry was thine,—
  Thy rank not kingly, but divine.

For He that sways the world with love,
  Though War and Wrath his angels are,
Throned thee all earthly kings above,
  On threatened Freedom's flaming car,—
  To frighten tyrants near and far.

His purpose high thy course impelled
  O'er war's red height and smouldering plain;
When awe or pity thee withheld,
  He gave thy chafing steeds the rein,—
  Till at thy feet lies Slavery slain.

Then ceased thy task—another hand
  Takes up the burden thou lay'st down;
Sorrowing and glad the rescued land
  Twofold awards thy just renown,—
  The Conqueror's and the Martyr's crown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Remarks at the Funeral Services of the President, in Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

From the Commonwealth.

We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused as much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through the mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to declare to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished; but acclamations of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, and never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity, or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as we say, sprung from the oak; no sapling of foreigners. No miraculous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a Captain in the Black-Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place. All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the

combination of his good name, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention), we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the riches of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together, and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each one fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good-nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt, when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere."

Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose, and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common-sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befel.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the axe, which in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies, is engraved under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen—perhaps, even he—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow-men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what it it should turn out, in the unfolding the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could not longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and compliance. "The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength." Easy good-nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out single offenders, or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

DAVID SCOTT OF EDINBURGH.

In Margaret Fuller's letters from Europe in 1846, she speaks of meeting in Edinburgh "a man,—severe and antique in his spirit; he seemed burdened by the sorrows of aspiration; yet very calm, as secure in the justice of fate. What he does is bad, but full of a great desire. His name is David Scott." Again she speaks of him as "a painter, full of imagination, and very earnest in his views of art."

This was, perhaps, the first information received in America of an extraordinary man who, a year or two later, came to be known to a few persons as an artist of a profound imagination,

such as no other modern painter has shown. A few drawings of his found their way to Boston and were handed about with an admiration which it was reported his finished pictures did not excite.

In 1847, Mr. Emerson, going to Edinburgh, met David Scott, and at his request sat to him for a portrait, which is now, perhaps, among the collection of his paintings left by him at his death. Not many years after this he died without having won fame, or satisfied his own conception of excellence in art. A memoir of him, written by his brother, William Scott, contains some engravings from his pictures; but few copies of this book have ever been seen in this country. A brief sketch of David Scott appeared a half-dozen years ago in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, in this city. Those of our readers who are interested in this artist will be glad, as we have been, to find one more trace of him. In a recent number of the London *Star*, the Edinburgh correspondent of that journal says:—

In the current number of *Macmillan*, Prof. Masson contributes an interesting paper on certain Edinburgh dead men whom he had known—the dead men in the present instance being Dr. Samuel Brown, Hugh Miller, and De Quincey. De Quincey I never saw, to my knowledge, but one was quite familiar with the head and figure of Hugh Miller in the street; and Dr. Samuel Brown, who was a gleaming kingfisher or bird of paradise sort of man, of no great voice but of very splendid feather—I met only once. It is a pity that Prof. Masson did not know David Scott, whom Mr. Ruskin regards as the greatest colorist of the time. Scott I did not know, nor did I ever see him, I should suppose; but I rather think he was the most interesting man who, since Scott's day, has walked the Edinburgh streets. Few can know about him now or about his genius either. His great work, "Vasco de Gama Confronting the Spirit of the Cape," hangs in the Trinity House, Leith, but no one goes there to look at it. And all that is mortal of him reposes in the Dean Cemetery, with a pillar and bronze medallion, by Alexander Munro, the sculptor—grave, pillar, and medallion shadowed by a sepulchral yew.

If it is true that Ruskin "regards as the greatest colorist of the time" the high-souled and melancholy David Scott, that is some amends for the solitude in which his great canvas hangs at Leith. Perhaps a half-century hence, like Blake, he will find a biographer who will make his name famous, and imitators who will copy chiefly his defects. He had the soul of a great artist among a people of whom few understood what Art required, and fewer could bend themselves to her stern requirements.

MR. EMERSON AS POET AND ESSAYIST.

To deny that we have as yet a national literature would be to offend national vanity, of which we certainly have a surplus. Within a few years we have made great progress in many respects; the war, of whose closing scenes we are the witnesses to day, has done much of which all are conscious, and much which is as yet unsuspected, towards the growth of national character, and will hereafter be regarded as the commencement, not only of our national life, in a true and profound sense, but of a literature worthy of that ennobled and purified existence, which is thus inaugurated. That we have produced popular novelists and poets and brilliant historians is but little if in their works we find no new element worthy of our age, our institutions and our country, and distinguishing forever their productions from those of other ages and countries.

Little is their value, brief will be their duration, if they fail, as hitherto they have failed, to embody the distinctively American word and thought. Here in a new world, under new stars, man has labored and achieved, lived and died, not ignobly. Fitting it is that where head and hand have not been lacking, the pen be found ready to transcribe their triumphs, and embalm for the future in cunning syllables the thought and feeling of a time not devoid of heroism, nor wholly without significance in the history of the world.

Indeed, if we examine closely and with discrimination, it will be found that the most vital part of our literature, so-called, is that which has had its origin within the last thirty years, and which has had for its animating spirit a not unpractical relation to the aspirations of the time for progress and reform. The truth of this assertion is patent, as it is natural.

Posterity sets but small store by injustice and tyranny. Nor eloquence, nor beauty, nor grace can blind its cold eyes to crime or wrong, or turn aside from its direct forthright its pitiless judgment. It weeps over Toussaint in his dungeon, or John Brown on the gallows, and laughs in scorn at Napoleon on his throne, or Davis in his capital. The sentences which it loves to repeat are not the velvet phrases of fools and flatterers, but the stern and weighty utterances of earnest and resolute men. Indeed, in a profound sense, the literature of a nation is not merely typical of what is noblest and best in its history, but is that history itself—the only record, outlasting cities and dominions, of thoughts and deeds which but for it had wholly ceased to be, but which through it are still potent to animate and inspire, to teach and enlighten. To this permanent literature of our country belongs the book of which we propose to speak—a book destined to be more and better appreciated as years roll onward. It may never be popular; we know of no poetry which is, except in a contracted sense; but its wisdom and beauty will, day by day and year by year, slowly, it may be, but surely, diffuse themselves through the mind of the world, and "leaven with fiery leaven the hearts of men forever." Its lines will be quoted and their force recognized, and the stature and strength of the mind which originated them be understood, if not by all, at least by those whose judgment will be found of most value. And so, by degrees, comes universal fame. Perhaps, hereafter, the popular regret will be that the best years of the greatest poetical genius our country has yet produced should have been spent in works, worthy themselves, yet unworthy of the exceeding rarity and nobility of his gifts. Mr. Emerson has in his Saadi uttered his consciousness of the sanctity and majesty of the poet's gifts, and cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for his neglect. Listen:—

"Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade, with camp and town:
A thousand men shall dig and eat;
At forge and furnace thousands sweat;
And thousands sail the purple sea,
And give and take the stroke of war,
Or crowd the market and bazaar;
Oft shall war end, and peace return,
And cities rise where cities burn,
Ere one man my kill shall climb
Who can turn the golden rhyme.
Let them manage how they may;
Heed thou only Saadi's lay."

But the explanation of course is simple. It is the fault of the public rather than of the poet—the fault of the public which can appreciate prose better than poetry, and thinks itself wise in doing so.

The most obvious peculiarities of Mr. Emerson's Muse are her originality and her intellectuality. This originality betrays itself in every word of the book. Here are no measures borrowed from others; the melody of the versification seldom suggests the verse of others. The song and its music are necessities of each other, as in all true poetry they shall still be found. This is the true meaning of that old legend of the building of Ilion, whose walls

"Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed—
A cloud that gathered shape."

And of the melody of versification no poet has ever shown himself a more glorious master than Emerson. Not merely such instances of metrical happiness as are obvious to every one, such as the solemn sweep of the opening stanza of the "Sphynx:"—

"The Sphynx is drowsy;
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy;
She broods on the world"—

when compared with the ease and grace of its concluding lines:—

"Uprose the merry Sphynx,
And couched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head"—

but subtle and delicate harmonies, such as Ariel might have loved to pour and Prospero and Miranda to hear, in their island home, and to which the finest strains of Keats and Shelley seem coarse and earthly:—

"I thank the joyful juice
For all I know;
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming solid walls of use
Open and flow."

The intellectuality of Mr. Emerson's Muse is as marked as her originality—and this to some extent may account for her limited influence. There is nothing of earthly passion. A silvery, splendid coldness like that of moonlight envelops and enlarges the themes of the poet. The list of contents indicates not unfairly this characteristic. Yet here is no asceticism, and we feel as we read, that a large and warm heart is at work, though dwarfed and overpowered by a sublime intellect for which no question is too subtle, no speculation too profound, no period too remote. And yet, here, if anywhere, is there defect. There is too much abstraction—the poet is too spiritual. Flesh and blood cannot sympathize with him without an effort, and human nature is lazy. It is his loss and ours.

Purity of thought and feeling is by no means a rare quality in modern literature, but a purity as exalted as that of Mr. Emerson, as tender, as earnest, as unselfish, we do not remember. We always rise from one of his books with a sense of renewed faith in man; we are not only wiser, but better, for having read them. Here is a noble scorn of all that is bad and mean, a manly earnestness and independence. The poet never hesitates, nor utters half-way truths, but speaks his full thought boldly out.

A keen wit, Mr. Emerson has not avoided in some of his poems the use of phrases and images which are touched with the ludicrous. Witness, in the "Sphynx":—

"The elephant browses,
Majestic and calm."

And again,

"The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive
By their animate poles."

An affectation disagreeable and unnecessary is his frequent use of the termination *ion* in a form long obsolete, thus:—

"Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion."

Here, even allowing the occasional use of this form, familiar to some but forgotten by most, there is really no rhyme whatever. Indeed, Mr. Emerson, though abundantly able to avoid such inaccuracies, occasionally mars a noble thought by carelessness in rhyme—as in the conclusion of "Fate" he says:—

"Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
Carries the eagles, and musters the sword."

Of obscurity there is here but little. As a rule, Mr. Emerson expresses his thoughts with the utmost precision and simplicity, and it is the fault of his readers if they cannot understand him. Yet it would be idle to deny that here and there the author, through haste or carelessness, fails to makes himself perfectly understood. Much allowance is of course to be made for the difficulty which the greatest genius must find in expressing thoughts of so profound, and as generally fancied, so unpoetical a character as those with which our poet frequently deals. But his wonderful success at times leads us to doubt whether he is excusable on this ground.

A more serious fault of Mr. Emerson's poetry is this; his intellectual grasp of a subject is so earnest that the flowers he brings are given to us in their completeness; he has plucked them up roots and all, and often some portion of the mold in which they grew with them. They have more freshness and vitality, but they are not so pleasant, thus gathered. To drop metaphor, he is so eager to present his idea in its fullness, that he gives us not only all the poetry of his thought, but also much of its prose. To be sure, his prose is better than the poetry of others, but the effect, notwithstanding, is one of ruggedness and unevenness. Take, as an instance, his grand poem of Monadnoc. In this there are passages which in absolute merit far surpass the best work of any living poet, (we might say more, but forbear,) but here also are passages of merit, surely, yet wholly valueless and out of place in their present position. Hence, much misunderstanding and harsh criticism.

But there are poems in which these defects are less prominent, and which have taken hold already of the popular heart. Such are the "Problem" and the "Ode to Beauty." And the broad success which has awaited these makes us the more regret the shortcomings of the rest. But whatever the extent of these faults, this is a memorable and noble book; one belonging to universal man and time; in which we may well be proud; though indeed our true part would be sorrow and shame rather than pride: for after all, these are but the occasional outpourings of a poet of the rarest power, and are touched with a divine and melancholy scorn of the world, not unkindly, but such as he has pictured in his lines "To Rhea":

When a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
His love shall never be requited;
And thus the wise Immortal doeth:
'Tis his study and delight
To bless that creature day and night;
In her lap to pour all splendor;
From all evils to defend her;
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her stars to deck her hair;
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts;
All grace, all good, his great heart knows,
Profuse in love, the king bestows:
Saying, "Hearken! Earth, Sea, Air!
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-good, All-fair,
Not for a private good,
But I from my beatitude,
Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned:
I make this maiden an ensample
To Nature through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,
Statelier forms and fairer faces;
To carry man to new degrees
Of power and of comeliness.
These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release;
See to thyself Oh Universe!
Thou art better, and not worse."
And the god, having given all,
Is freed forever from his thrall.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his new book published this week, says:—"If a man has not firm nerves and has keen sensibility, it is, perhaps, a wise economy to go to a good shop and dress himself irreproachably. He can then dismiss all care from his mind and may easily find that performance an addition of confidence, a fortification that turns the scale in social encounters and allows him to go gayly into conversations where else he had been dry and embarrassed. I am not ignorant—I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared 'that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.'"

Of memorable sentences, which condense years of observation into a few words:—

> Jewels five words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever—

the book is full to overflowing. Every page glitters and scintillates with their dazzling light. To use the poet's own words, it is

> As when a shower of meteors
> Cross the orbit of the earth,
> And, lit by fringent air,
> Blaze near and far,
> Mortals deem the planets bright
> Have burst their sacred bars,
> And the lone seaman all the night
> Sails astonished amid stars.

It would be idle to offer instances of this rare excellence.

Of unalloyed wit or humor there are few instances in the poems. But the elements of wit and humor in combination with the pure poetic faculty are everywhere visible, and lend an inexpressible charm of cheerfulness to the earnestness of the thinker. We recognize a kindly nature under the somewhat stern exterior of the philosopher. Indeed, a more convincing proof of the good nature of the author could hardly be offered than this—that with a wit as keen as he possesses, he has seldom, if ever, indulged in satire. "The Humble Bee," and "The Initial Love," may serve as samples of this element of Mr. E.'s power. What can be happier than in the former the epithets,

> "Thou animated torrid zone!"

and

> "Yellow-breeched philosopher!"

or than in the latter, this passage, (the author is speaking of Love,)—

> "He will preach like a friar
> And jump like Harlequin;
> He will read like a crier,
> And fight like a Paladin;
> Boundless is his memory;
> Plans immense his term prolong;
> *He is not of counted age,*
> *Meaning always to be young,*
> *And his wish is intimacy—*
> *Intimater intimacy,*
> *And a stricter privacy:*
> The impossible shall yet be done,
> And being two shall still be one."

This is Shaksperian in delicacy and beauty. Of a severer and ruder character is the Ode inscribed to W. H. Channing. But in all of these poems, the witty is subordinated to the ideal, whilst, on the other hand, there are but few of the poems which do not contain in a greater or lesser degree the traces of the mirth-provoking power. To this subtlety of feeling, which glances from grave to gay, from lively to severe, so rapidly, much of the author's so called obscurity may be attributed. We live in an age of literary dyspepsia—of hasty writers and careless readers. We cannot stop to think or to enjoy. The Sphynx might be as witty to-day as of old, but she would find few listeners to her riddles, and no Œdipus. Take such a poem as Merlin, full of poetry, full of wit, and see how many will take the pains to appreciate it. Yet every line, every word breathes inspiration.

But we shall grow angry with the public if we continue the theme. Let us change it. Let us turn to Mr. Emerson's prose—his *Essays*, now published in blue and gold by Ticknor. The same characteristics meet us here. The same intellectuality—the same high morality—the same brilliancy of expression—the same depth of thought. The Essays are of course inferior to the poems—but we know of no modern prose more pregnant with thought or more graceful with all the ornamentation of wit and fancy which a fine taste can effectively dispose around features and form too noble for tawdry finery. Pallas is not Venus nor Heré, and our author understands this. His object is not simply to please or to amuse, but to instruct as well. The style is terse, concise, almost epigrammatic. Every word weighs. There are no silent letters. Rhetoric is not the object; Truth is.

One characteristic of the *Essays*, as also to some extent of the Poems, is this. The expression is not spontaneous—is not forced upon the author by his nature—is not in the highest sense inspiration—art. The author is not in his works. The works themselves are not rounded, polished, complete. To each poem, to each essay, something might be added, from each something taken, without sense of loss in proportion or harmony. This argues at once the greatness of the man, which has nowhere found complete and adequate expression, and further, that however excellent his works, he has missed his true vocation.

These *Essays* indicate more plainly, perhaps, but not more earnestly than the poems, of which we have spoken, the fact that Mr. Emerson is eminently a representative author, a representative of our age and country, as all great men are representative; not that we are his equals, but that he embodies our highest aspirations, that he indicates the tendency of our moral growth. The republican idea, founded in contempt for forms and opinions, jealous of the rights of manhood and womanhood, yet not intolerant nor rash, but sober, patient, hopeful, earnest, trustful, recognizing the good and rejecting the evil of the past and of the present, is the pervading law of this author's mind. Such a book could be written, such a man produced, nowhere else. And in saying this we are touching the profoundest criticism of Mr. Emerson and his works, and are paying him a compliment seldom deserved, and the rarer as we hold our age and institutions in advance of other ages and other institutions.

Here, indeed, is a purer atmosphere than elsewhere, and a brighter radiance of day. Conventionalities and ceremonies, wrongs and falsehoods, fade away like ghosts at its dawning. Only the heroic is here of value and worthy of emulation. There is no taint of baseness, or indolence, or cowardice here, but everywhere the serenity of goodness and greatness. There is no affectation, no pedantry, no pride; all is simple, strong, manly. The author utters the profoundest truths, the wisest apothegms, the merriest jests, the aptest anecdotes, with a certain dryness and tranquillity that are very effective.

Here, where absolute perfection of form and proportion is a matter of less importance than in poetry, the elegance of the poet is noticeable in the arrangement of his subject and the subtle evolution of its parts. There is order and system everywhere. The poet cannot conceal himself, but is everywhere lightening over his theme, now in a happy epithet and now in a brilliant metaphor, now explaining some old allegory and now allegorizing some old fact. All that he touches turns to gold. The rock which he strikes, though it stand in a desert, flows with water; and the world is full of unexpected treasures as he anoints our eyes. The homely and trivial are so no more as he passes by.

No essays, we speak boldly yet thoughtfully, are equal to those of Mr. Emerson in uniformity of excellence, variety of power, or difficulty of theme. Indeed, the critical tendency of his mind, to which we have already adverted, the supremacy of the intellect in his mental conformation, is here an advantage, as in his poetry it is a drawback. But we would not be understood as saying that his character is cold; though not passionate in feeling, it is sympathetic, and widely sympathetic.

We have criticised these books, not by comparison with others, for they stand by themselves with the other works of our author, in American literature, and, perhaps it is not too much to say so, in the literature of the world. Here is a new element, not heretofore recognized or understood. Therefore we have weighed and measured them by absolute standards, and though in that rigid examination, in that ordeal as of fire, which nothing of human origin can wholly withstand, we have found some defects and deficiencies, we have found also qualities of the rarest order, such as may well entitle us to pride ourselves on the time and country in which we live, and of which time and country these books will be regarded as one of the first and noblest out-growths and triumphs in times yet to come, and in countries where our language is as yet a stranger. D.

May 25, 1865.

Cape Cod. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

CAPE COD is photographed at last, for Thoreau has been there. Day by day, with his stout pedestrian shoes, he plodded along that level beach, — the eternal ocean on one side, and human existence reduced to its simplest elements on the other, — and he pitilessly weighing each. His mental processes never impress one with opulence and luxuriance, but rather with a certain sublime tenacity, which extracts nutriment from the most barren soil. He is therefore admirably matched against Cape Cod; and though his books on softer aspects of Nature may have a mellower charm, there is none in which the very absence of mellowness can so well pass for an added merit.

No doubt there are passages which err upon the side of bareness. Cape Cod itself certainly errs that way, and so often does our author; and when they are combined, the result of desiccation is sometimes astounding. But so much the truer the picture. If Vedder's "Lair of the Sea-Serpent" had the rank verdure of the "Heart of the Andes," the kraken would still be as unimpressive on canvas as in the newspapers. No one ever dared to exhibit Cape Cod "long, and lank, and brown" enough before, and hence the value of the book. For those who insist on *chlorophylle*, is there not "Azarian"? If the dear public will tolerate neither the presence of color in a picture, nor its absence, it is hard to suit.

Yet it is worth remembering, that Thoreau's one perfect poem, — and one of the most perfect in American literature, — "My life is like a stroll upon the beach," must have been suggested by Cape Cod or some kindred locality. And it is not the savage grandeur of the sea alone, but its delicate loveliness and its ever-budding life, which will be found recorded forever in some of these wondrous pages, intermixed with the statistics of fish-flakes and the annals of old men's diseases.

But in his stern realism, the author employs what he himself calls "Panurgic" plainness of speech, and deals with the horrors of the sea-shore as composedly as with its pearls. His descriptions of the memorials of shipwrecks, for instance, would be simply repulsive, but that his very dryness has a sort of disinfectant quality, like the air of California, where things the most loathsome may lie around us without making the air impure.

He shows his wonted formidable accuracy all through these pages, and the critic feels a sense of bewildered exultation in detecting him even in a slip of the pen, — as when in the note on page 228 he gives to the town of Rockport, on Cape Ann, the erroneous name of Rockland. After this discovery, one may dare to wonder at his finding a novelty in the "Upland Plover," and naming it among the birds not heard in the interior of the State, when he might be supposed to have observed it, in summer, near Mount Wachusett, where its wail adds so much, by day or night, to the wildness of the scenery. Yet by the triviality of these our criticisms one may measure the astonishing excellence of his books.

This wondrous eye and hand have passed away, and left no equal and no second. Everything which Thoreau wrote has this peculiar value, that no other observing powers were like his; no one else so laboriously verified and exhausted the facts; and no other mind rose from them, at will, into so subtile an air of meditation, — meditation too daring to be called devout, by church or world, yet too pure and lofty to merit any lower name. Lycidas has died once more, and has not left his peer.

Cape Cod does not change in its traits, but only in its boundaries, and this book will stand for it, a century hence, as it now does. It is the Cape Odyssey. Near the end, moreover, there is a remarkable chapter on previous explorers, which shows, by its patient thoroughness, and by the fearless way in which the author establishes facts which had eluded Hildreth and Bancroft, that, had he chosen history for his vocation, he could have extracted its marrow as faithfully as that of his more customary themes. Yet the grand ocean-pictures which this book contains remind us that it was the domain of external Nature which was his peculiar province; and this sublime monotone of the surges seems his fitting dirge, now that — to use the fine symbol of one who was his comrade on this very excursion — his bark has "sunk to another sea."

EXCURSIONS. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. 16mo.

Mr. Thoreau was a kind of Massachuset's Diogenes, slightly sand-papered by some culture and by the influence of society, which he could no more avoid, though he wished to, than he could the aeration of his blood by breathing. He was a disagreeable man, and thought that his attempts to be a barbarian were wise. He had, however, a wonderful power of seeing natural phenomena, a mastery of good English for describing them, and a certain sharp small philosophy of life besides. Out of these elements are constructed the essays which form this book. They are noticeable and worth reading. Mr. Emerson's introduction overvalues Mr. Thoreau. And for this Mr. Emerson may be honored. He is well known to be generous of praise, giving whole and rounded commendations out of his genuine and great bounty to things and persons only partial or one-sided in desert.

The Independent, N.Y., 12-3-63

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. OCTOBER. Ticknor & Fields.

Among the literary papers, the notice of Henry D. Thoreau will attract attention by its keen analysis of the pretensions of that conceited and solitary humorist, and its lively pictures of the intellectual movement in New-England, of which Mr. R. W. Emerson and Thoreau may be regarded as the products and exponents. We give a bit from the curious history described by the writer.

What cotemporary, if he was in the fighting period of his life, (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the State does in physical warfare,) will ever forget what was somewhat vaguely called the "Transcendental Movement" of thirty years ago. Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the "Signs of the Times," and on "History," the final and more immediate impulse seemed to be given by "Sartor Resartus." At least the republication in Boston of that wonderful Abraham à Sancta Clara sermon on Lear's text of the miserable forked radish gave the signal for a sudden mental and moral mutiny. *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile!* was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis, and by voices of every conceivable pitch, representing the three sexes of men, women, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagues. The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides, each eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fairer Creation was to be hatched in due time. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.*—so far was certain, though in what shape, or by what methods, was still a matter of debate. Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Eran had its prophets, and the presartorial simplicity of Adam its martyrs, tailored impromptu from the tar-pot by incensed neighbors, and sent forth to il

lustrate the "feathered Mercury," as defined by Webster and Worcester. Plainness of speech was carried to a pitch that would have taken away the breath of George Fox; and even swearing had its evangelists, who answered a simple inquiry after their health with an elaborate ingenuity of imprecation that might have been honorably mentioned by Marlborough in general orders. Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody-else's business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitiably short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had an assurance of instant millennium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their furloughed allegiance on Thor or Budh. Conventions were held for every hitherto inconceivable purpose. The belated gift of tongues, as among the Fifth Monarchy men, spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible to all Christian men; whether equally so to the most distant possible heathen or not, was unexperimented, though many would have subscribed liberally that a fair trial might be made. It was the pentecost of Shinar. The day of utterances reproduced the day of rebuses and anagrams, and there was nothing so simple that sacred letters and the style of Diphilus the Labyrinth could not make into a riddle. Many foreign revolutionists out of work added to the general misunderstanding their contribution of broken English in every most ingenious form of fracture. All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves. The general motto was:

> "And we'll talk with them, too,
> And take upon 's the mystery of things
> As if we were God's spies."

The portraiture of Mr. Emerson is striking, but perhaps drawn more from the imagination of the writer, than from the features of the original.

The artistic range of Emerson is narrow, as every well-read critic must feel at once; and so is that of Æschylus, so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne, so is that of Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except Shakespeare; but there is a gauge of height no less than of breadth, of individuality as well as of comprehensiveness, and, above all, there is the standard of genetic power, the test of the masculine as distinguished from the receptive minds. There are stamineate plants in literature, that make no fine show of fruit, but without whose pollen, the quintessence of fructifying gold, the garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emphatically one of these, and there is no man to whom our æsthetic culture owes so much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the Revolution politically independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget, or cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral *nudge* which he received from the writings of his high-minded and brave spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearances of Fichte.

Mr. Thoreau is more happily delineated by the critic, who appears to have gained a true perception of the Walden Pond philosopher, in spite of the illusory veil which his adulators have thrown around his remains since his decease.

He seems to us to have been a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself. Was he indolent, he finds none of the activities which attract or employ the rest of mankind worthy of him. Was he wanting in the qualities that make success, it is success that is contemptible, and not himself that lacks persistency and purpose. Was he poor, money was an unmixed evil. Did his life seem a selfish one, he condemns doing good as one of the weakest of superstitions. To be of use was with him the most killing hit of the wily tempter Uselessness. He had no faculty of generalization from outside of himself, or at least no experience which would supply the material of such, and he makes his own whim the law, his own range the horizon of the universe. He condemns a world, the hollowness of whose satisfactions he had never had the means of testing, and we recognize Apemantus behind the mask of Timon. He had little active imagination; of the receptive he had much. His appreciation is of the highest quality; his critical power, from want of continuity of mind, very limited and inadequate. He somewhere cites a simile from Ossian, as an example of the superiority of the old poetry to the new, though, even were the historic evidence less convincing, the sentimental melancholy of those poems should be conclusive of their modernness. He had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs, or (more rarely) short bits of verse for the expression of a detached thought, sentiment, or image. His works give one the feeling of a sky full of stars,—something impressive and exhilarating certainly, something high overhead and freckled thickly with spots of isolated brightness; but whether these have any natural relation with each other, or have any concern with our mundane matters, is for the most part matter of conjecture,—astrology as yet, and not astronomy.

It is curious, considering what Thoreau afterward became, that he was not by nature an observer. He only saw the things he looked for, and was less poet than naturalist. Till he built his Walden shanty, he did not know that the hickory grew in Concord. Till he went to Maine, he had never seen phosphorescent wood, a phenomenon early familiar to most country boys. At forty he speaks of the seeding of the pine as a new discovery, though one should have thought that its gold-dust of blowing pollen might have earlier drawn his eye. Neither his attention nor his genius was of the spontaneous kind. He discovered nothing. He thought everything a discovery of his own, from moonlight to the planting of acorns and nuts by squirrels. This is a defect in his character, but one of his chief charms as a writer. Everything grows fresh under his hand. He delved in his mind and nature; he planted them with all manner of native and foreign seeds, and reaped assiduously. He was not merely solitary, he would be isolated, and succeeded at last in almost persuading himself that he was autochthonous. He valued everything in proportion as he fancied it to be exclusively his own. He complains in "Walden," that there is no one in Concord with whom he could talk of Oriental literature, though the man was living within two miles of his hut who had introduced him to it. This intellectual selfishness becomes sometimes almost painful in reading him. He lacked that generosity of "communication" which Johnson admired in Burke. De Quincey tells us that Wordsworth was impatient when any one else spoke of mountains, as if he had a peculiar property in them. And we can readily understand why it should be so: no one is satisfied with another's appreciation of his mistress. But Thoreau seems to have prized a lofty way of thinking (often we should be inclined to call it a remote one) not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him. It seems now and then as if he did not seek to lure others up "above our lower region of turmoil," but to leave his own name cut on the mountain peak as the first climber. This itch of originality infects his thought and style. To be misty is not to be mystic. He turns commonplaces out for end, and fancies it makes something new of them. As we walk down Park-st., our eye is caught by Dr. Windship's dumb-bells, one of which bears an inscription testifying that it is the heaviest ever put at arm's length by any athlete; and in reading Mr. Thoreau's books we cannot help feeling as if he sometimes invited our attention to a particular sophism or paradox as the biggest yet maintained by any single writer. He seeks, at all risks, for perversity of thought, and revives the age of *conceits* while he fancies himself going back to a pre-classical nature. "A day," he says, "passed in the society of those Greek sages, such as described in the Banquet of Xenophon, would not be comparable with the dry wit of decayed cranberry-vines and the fresh Attic salt of the icicle-beds." It is not so much the True that he loves as the Out-of-the-Way. As the Brazen Age shows itself in other men by exaggeration of phrase, so in him by extravagance of statement. He wishes always to trump your suit and to *ruff* when you least expect it. Do you love Nature because she is beautiful? He will find a better argument in her ugliness. Are you tired of the artificial man? He instantly dresses you up an ideal in a Penobscot Indian, and attributes to this creature of his otherwise-mindedness as peculiarities things that are common to all woodsmen, white or red, and this simply because he has not studied the pale-faced variety.

The theological readers of the "North American" will find a profound and original vein of discussion opened in the article on "Faith and Science," which treats of the higher questions of man's religious nature with signal ability and force.

James Russell Lowell in
N.Y. Tribune, 10-26-65,
p. 6.

HARVARD CLASS SONG OF 1866.

BY EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

We stand by the knee of our mother,
She tenderly bids us go,
In the world's fight stand by each other,
Firm banded in weal and woe;
And never in spirit craven
Cease striving hand and heart,
For the Truth on her buckler graven,
Till the silver cord shall part.

Be ours the manhood daring,
Dear mother, thy charge to keep;
Thy word in our bosom bearing
Into life's thronged lists we leap.
Forever thy heroes' story
Shall stir like a trumpet call—
Up hearts! the light of their glory
Be the star that leads us all.

Sweet thoughts from past years flowing
Shall not our purpose dim;
Who takes his hand from the plowing,
The Kingdom is not for him.
Farewell! farewell to thee, mother,
We love, but we turn away:
Thy task performed, to another,
Sixty-six goes forth to-day.

The report that Ralph Waldo Emerson had lost his entire property, except his homestead, by the Concord bank robbery, is contradicted. A brother of his had Government bonds deposited in the bank, but as these were untouched by the robber, the rumor had not even this slim foundation to rest upon.

The Springfield Republican learns that the Savings Bank loses from 17 to 25 per cent. of its deposits; it is yet uncertain how much,—and adds: "There are some very severe cases of hardship. Mrs. Horace Mann loses $3200, and has nothing left but her house, and her son loses $8000. He had expended about $4000 on his scientific education and this he cannot lose. Some three or four thousand dollars belonging to an insane person, deposited by his guardian, is all gone, but I believe the loser has a house and enough property to carry him through life."

Waltham Free Press,
10-10-65, p. 2.

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard,
8-11-66, p. 4.

The *North American Review*, for April, is worthy of special notice as being the first number for nearly thirty years to which Mr. Emerson has contributed. In those remote days before "Nature" had been read, although it was written, and while the Divinity School Address was yet unspoken, our great essayist furnished a paper or two to the *North American*, then under the charge of Dr. Palfrey,—

"While yet there was no fear of Jove."

But when the hue-and-cry of the pulpit began against him, and Transcendentalism became the bugbear of Boston, the *North American* would as soon have thought of inviting Garrison to review Everett's speeches as of permitting Mr. Emerson to utter a syllable in those pages where he was sedulously ignored or scornfully derided. We do not mean to intimate that the Concord philosopher had any wish to contribute to the *North American*; probably he did not, for his *Dial* soon gave him what freedom he desired of periodical publication. Now, however, the new editors of the *North American* are making honorable amends for the bigotry of their predecessors by publishing an article which goes several degrees beyond the supposed "infidelity" of the Divinity School Address, and which, when it was first read as a lecture in Boston, excited even the mild wisdom of James Freeman Clarke to murmurs of dissent. Are we to understand that the *North American* is responsible for the opinions which it promulgates, and shall we see a religious crusade preached up against that venerable quarterly?

But, in truth, the essay on "Character" here printed, besides being the best part of the review, is one of the best of the recent essays of Mr. Emerson. It has his mannerism, and, of course, the familiar features of his thought; but it has also what only genius can give, a power of startling us with new perceptions among the old paths of thought. This power, which in Mr. Emerson does not grow old, makes itself felt especially in these later years in what he says of persons; so that some have wished that he would increase the number of those personal sketches, which he occasionally gives, as that of Burns, of Thoreau, of Abraham Lincoln.

The last lecture of Mr. Emerson's course was given on Saturday. At the close of his discourse he favored the audience with a brief and extemporaneous speech—thanking the "class," as he called the brilliant assembly of cultivated men and women, for their attention, and regretting that the lectures had not been arranged more to his satisfaction; being called on to undertake the course at short notice, he had not been able to arrange and elaborate his thoughts as he would have wished to do.

The closing lecture was somewhat remarkable for some passages on the subject of the immortality of the soul. Some of the sayings were very striking. He said a man who had read the works of Plato, and Plutarch, and Seneca, and Kant, and Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, would scorn to ask such *school-dame* questions as whether we shall know each other in the world beyond the grave. Men of genius do not fear to die; they are sure that in the other life they will be permitted to finish the work begun in this; it is only mere men of affairs who tremble at the approach of death.

In one of his lectures—the third, I think, he touched upon the subject of oratory. In his life, he said, he had seen but two men who had reached his ideal of an orator; they were Daniel Webster and Father Taylor (he did not name the latter, but there was no difficulty in identifying the mariner's friend and pastor). Any one who has ever heard Father Taylor will appreciate the pertinence and force of Mr. Emerson's sketch of him as "carried forward irresistibly by his sea-horses in a flood of eloquence."

It may not be out of place here to mention a venerable clergyman's views as to Mr. Emerson's probable fate after death. Being asked what he thought would become of the great transcendentalist hereafter, the old gentleman replied: "Poor, dear soul! I see no evidence of saving grace in him; but I don't know what the devil will do with him."

These lectures abounded with pertinent and often amusing anecdotes; one of them was about a queer scholar, who visited the house of a Professor at Cambridge. Going into one room he found a student reading Livy, whom he asked if the Romans were rulers of the world. The student answered that once they were, but not now. Entering another apartment, he found one writing an essay on the foppishness of Cicero, and, putting the same question, received a similar answer. In still a third room he came upon the professor himself, reading Bishop Butler, and who replied to his question, "Once, but not now," like the others. The story was apparently told to illustrate the life of literary men at Harvard University—one reading Latin, another writing about a Latin orator, and a third poring over a profound metaphysician; and the manner of the narrator, who lifted the roof off the house, as he phrased it, and, Asmodeus-like, looked in, was indescribably entertaining.—*New York Review Correspondence.*

[From "A Yankee in Canada and Other Papers," by H. D. Thoreau. In press by Ticknor & Fields.]

A Night in Concord Jail. I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through, before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.

The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, "Come, boys, it is time to lock up"; and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apartments. My room-mate was introduced to me by the jailer as "a first-rate fellow and a clever man." When the door was locked he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were whitewashed once a month, and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from, and what brought me there; and, when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man, of course; and, as the world goes, I believe he was. "Why," said he, "they accuse me of burning a barn; but I never did it." As near as I could discover, he had probably gone to bed in a barn, when drunk, and smoked his pipe there; and so a barn was burnt. He had the reputation of being a clever man, had been there some three months waiting for his trial to come on, and would have to wait as much longer; but he was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated.

He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that, if one stayed there long, his principal business would be to look out the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. Probably this is the only house in the town where verses are composed, which are afterward printed in a circular form, but not published. I was shown quite a long list of verses which were composed by some young men who had been detected in an attempt to escape, who avenged themselves by singing them.

I pumped my fellow prisoner as dry as I could, for fear I should never see him again; but at length he showed me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the lamp.

It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I never had heard the town-clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village; for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers that I heard in the streets. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. This is one of its peculiar institutions; for it is a shire town. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about.

In the morning, our breakfasts were put through the hole in the door, in small oblong square tin pans, made to fit, and holding a pint of chocolate, with brown bread, and an iron spoon. When they called for the vessels again, I was given enough to return what bread I had left; but my comrade seized it, and said that I should lay that up for lunch or dinner. Soon after he was let out to work at haying in a neighboring field, whither he went every day, and would not be back till noon; so he bade me good day, saying that he doubted if he should see me again.

When I came out of prison, for some one interfered, and paid that tax,—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth, and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and

yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene,—the town, the State, and country,—greater than any that mere time could effect, I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right; that they were a deduct race from me by their prejudices and superstitions, as the Chinamen and Malays are; that, in their sacrifices to humanity, they ran no risks, not even to their property; that, after all, they were not so noble but they treated the thief as he had treated them, and hoped, by a certain outward observance and a few prayers, and by walking in a particular straight though useless path from time to time, to save their souls. This may be to judge my neighbors harshly; for I believe that many of them are not aware that they have such an institution as the jail in their village.

It was formerly the custom in our village, when a poor debtor came out of jail, for his acquaintances to salute him, looking through their fingers, which were crossed to represent the grating of a jail window, "How do ye do?" My neighbors did not thus salute me, but they looked at me, and then at one another, as if I had returned from a long journey. I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour,—for the horse was soon tackled,—was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.

This is the whole history of "My Prisons."

The Atlantic Cable—Peace in Europe!

The great work has at last been accomplished—although the skeptical may still add, "if it stays accomplished." The doubt is natural enough, seeing that experience has shown it to be not enough merely that an Atlantic Cable be laid from shore to shore and have messages sent through it. The Cable of 1858 began life, to all appearance, as effectually as that whose inauguration we are now rejoicing over, but it soon faltered and gave up the ghost. But, in fact, the Cable of 1866 is no more that of 1858 than the safe and powerful ocean steamer of to-day is the pioneer product of Fulton's genius. Whatever could be contributed by the immensely progressive science of nine modern years, or by the rich lessons of varying experience, or by the faithful labors of the sharpest intellects and the best mechanicians of the times, has been wrought into this final enterprise, to give it the stamp and assurance of permanent success.

In that conviction let us welcome this achievement—one of the grandest and, we believe, one of the most beneficent recorded in the annals of the race. Of course, it will be perverted occasionally to the ends of mischief and used often for the furtherance of selfish and mercenary purposes. So are God's sunlight and even his Gospel. But as it comes in His own good time, we cannot doubt that it comes as one of His chosen agencies for uniting the ends of the earth and all the tribes of men in a community of interests, of good-will and of progress. By and by, of course, also, this almost miraculous achievement will become prosaic, and we shall hear men talking chiefly of its defects and complaining, perhaps, because dispatches from London and Paris are an hour or two behind time. But for the present, let us glory in the magnitude and the promises of this grand enterprise. It is but a beginning, great as it is—other Atlantic Cables will follow, other oceans will be underlaid by the speaking wire, until the whole world is made, as it were, one neighborhood, and time, for the purposes of communication, is no more.

It cannot but be deemed a happy augury for the new Cable that its first task is to announce peace in Europe. By our previous advices, the prospect looked more warlike and forbidding than ever, for it seemed that two other great powers were about to be added to the array of belligerents. But the Atlantic Cable, giving us eight days' later intelligence at a jump, announces that Austria and Prussia have signed a treaty of peace. It could not have begun its services with a better message. Without waiting to learn the details of the treaty, we know that it must be for good, on the whole, because it stops the flow of carnage on a terrible scale, and, by the circumstances of the case, must inure to the benefit of constitutional government, to a better relationship of nationalities and to the development of the people. Of the other news conveyed through the Cable, important as it is, we need not speak. It is enough for one day to know that the Atlantic Cable is a fact and as among its first messages, that war has ended in Europe.

Boston Journal, 7-30-66

The Parker-Fraternity Picnic.—An annual excursion into the country is not so novel a venture, in these days, as to require extended remarks, though the multitudinous courtesies and evidences of good-will which they elicit are ever sweet mementoes of individual excellence. But when a new locality is to be explored, and all the unknown attractions are gradually to be developed, then, combined with the strolling, the singing and the dancing, the bestowal of bounteous refreshment, the pastimes of children and the athletic games of adults, the pleasant converse of women, and the general enjoyment of all, we have a keener delight than is the usual wont. Such was the experience of the Fraternity people, on Wednesday last, who, to the number of five or six hundred, went to the new Walden grove, in Concord, Mass., the scene of the rural reveries of Thoreau, and the vicinage of Emerson, Alcott, and other New England thinkers. It was a most handsome day; the grove is on the side of the famous pond, and the entire accommodations in immediate contiguity to the railroad track, so that nature, beauty and convenience joined to make the occasion one most delightful.

The rambles, dances, swings, bathing, boating and talking can all be conceived, as, also, the abounding generosity which presided at the noon-day tables. Those who *cannot* imagine them, should attend only one of the Fraternity gatherings to *know* them fully. With music from the Germanians, of course, at a seasonable hour, the large company assembled to hear the addresses. Mr. Emerson briefly alluded to the charms of the locality, and suggested as the better way for their enjoyment the coming thereto of one or two persons at a time, when, the day spent, they could return to visit again in a large assembly, as in this instance. Mr. John R. Manley then read the following original poem, composed by Mr. John McDuffee, one of the versifiers of the Fraternity—which, by-the-way, "keeps" several rhymsters, and calls upon them alternately as occasion requires:—

Pilgrimage to-day we make
  Where ripples our historic stream;
Toil and care we have forsake
  Amid these woodland haunts to dream.

One day of all the busy year
  From labor freed we give to play;
Our anxious cares shall come not here,
  As o'er these sunlit fields we stray.

Still haunting these secluded bowers,
  Their favorite child we seem to see,
Watching the birds or opening flowers,
  Or slowly loitering, fancy free.

For him no more shall lilies bloom
  On Waldens clear, romantic lake;
But near his consecrated tomb
  The songful birds their nests shall make.

Rest nature's child! In peace repose,
  The whispering winds shall breathe of thee;
Thy river as it winding flows
  Shall murmur of thy memory.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

O tenderly the haughty day
  Fills his blue urn with fire,
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
  And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
  Our pulses are not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
  Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung that broad blue fold
  O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
  For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
  To build an equal State;
To take the statute from the mind,
  And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead—
  Present and Past, in under-song—
Go, put your creed into your deed,
  Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
  Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one band fights
  By the other cloven down.

Be just at home, then reach beyond
  Your charter o'er the sea;
And make the broad Atlantic pond
  A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
  Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur through the main
  Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
  The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
  Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
  Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
  Ere freedom out of man.

And where thy quiet footsteps fall
The grass a greener growth shall bear.
The violet's fragrant bloom shall tell
Of him who gently wandered there.

One passing sigh we give for thee.
And here thy votive crown we wreathe,
Where loving bends each well-known tree
The kindly sun and skies beneath.

From this fair scene we turn our thought
Where other sunsets gild the west,
Long, long shall pilgrim feet resort
To our loved teacher's place of rest.

There rests he well. Nor clanging arms,
Nor victory's shout, that silent voice
Shall wake with all their fierce alarms,
He sleeps amid their jarring noise.

Yet may he from his high abode
Gaze hopeful on the coming strife,
See struggling nations cast the load
That burdens now a people's life.

O loved and lost! thy quiet grave
Still speaks to us of right and thee;
And far across the stormy wave
There comes a hope for Italy.

Above thy grassy mound the pine,—
There planted by affection dear,
And fragrant rose and clinging vine,
Claim kindred with their brothers here.

No more on earth that guiding hand
Shall point the straight, eternal way,
Yet still his living words shall stand,
The truths of God cannot decay.

Stream! coursing to Italian seas,
City! where rests our honored dead,
O let your roses bloom in peace
Above where lies that reverend head.

And thou our country! from thy dreams
Arouse! and heed his lessons wise;
Shake off the fetters from thy limbs,
With new and grander vigor rise.

So Freedom in this Western world
From her high seat may give her law,
See despots from dominion hurled,
And from their fate the moral draw.

Rev. Mr. Babcock of the Warren street chapel, spoke of the pleasure the present and last previous picnics had given him, and trusted they would long be maintained. Rev. Mr. Wasson followed, and alluded to the pleasant relations he had held for fourteen months with the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, for whose welfare he should ever pray, and whose memory would ever be dear to him.

With these brief mental exercises,—just long enough for a picnic occasion,—the company separated to disperse about the grounds or on the pond; and till nearly sundown the larger portion of the assembly remained in enjoyment of a most inspiring and happy festival.

I was on Sunday in the little chapel, St. Marks, where Emerson preached in 1838, when he first came to this region. I meet a few who remember him even then, but a great many who remember his second visit, when he lectured in the Philosophical Institute,—an institute in which more great men have lectured, perhaps, than any other in this country. William Smith, the translator of Fichte's works and his biographer, was the president of the society then, and is now; and as I saw him yesterday in the Unitarian chapel, a fine-looking and most youthful old man, I concluded that he might be the Philosophical Society's president for many years to come. I am quite sure they could not get a better. One of the most active and useful men in Edinburgh, as a worker in popular movements, is a tradesman named Knox, who told me that he heard Emerson lecture here when quite a youth, and that he at once sent for his works; and that to the Essay on *Self-Reliance*, which he then read, he attributes his new birth. It certainly is remarkable how our Concord sage has sown these old towns with his thoughts. His influence is much more traceable than even Carlyle's; and, indeed, a literary gentleman of London told me that, in his opinion, ten people in Great Britain had read Emerson where one has read Carlyle.

—Moncure Daniel Conway.

I had the privilege, last Wednesday, of attending a delightful festival, the tenth annual Pic-nic of the Parker Fraternity, which had its origin in the 28th Congregational Society of Boston. The beautiful grove bordering Walden Pond in Concord was the scene of the excursion, and the combination of many favorable circumstances made it a perfect success.

The company were like-minded. Even the Rev. Gilbert Haven—a member of the church militant of the Methodist persuasion, distinguished for his energetic labors as a chaplain during the war, and for his efforts, through many previous years, to persuade Methodists to be Abolitionists also—though frankly declaring that he considered himself to be among heathens, yet showed by his cheerful aspect and genial conversation that he recognized heathens as capable of being very good company, in *this* world. The day was bright and joy-inspiring, breezy as well as sunny, and the large company felt in tune for recreation; the boats on the pond, the walks around it, the bathing-houses on its bank, the foot-ball ground adjacent, the dancing-hall, the swings, the see-saws, the pleasant shaded seats, and the beautiful wild-wood walks, each had its share of attention.

Concord is associated with Lexington in ancient fame (as Americans count antiquity), but it is equally famous as the residence of Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott. I heard one person in this party inquiring the way to the Concord Monument. But I heard twenty, at least, asking where they could find Thoreau's house on the margin of Walden, or at least the place where it was; and I suppose a hundred actually made the pilgrimage to this shrine. Mr. Haven probably regarded this as proof-presumptive of his theory above-mentioned; and it is at any rate a curious specimen of the progress of hero-worship. When Thoreau built, and began to inhabit, the hut which has become thus famous (but of which no vestige remains), it was regarded by every one as a foolish whim, if not as a work of mental aberration. If an experiment, it was a successful one, for Thoreau's abandonment of it after the first year showed that he had learned (what other people knew before) that the civilized method of habitation is more comfortable and satisfactory than the savage. His year by Walden gave him the advantage of more intimate acquaintance with his friends the chickadees, the squirrels and the wood-chucks; it gave him also the supreme satisfaction of having his own way; but it became plain to him after a fair trial of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, that a continuance of the experiment *wouldn't pay*; and he sensibly returned to civilized life.

Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott were of course invited to the party. The latter sent a cordial and friendly letter; the former appeared in person, and spoke, when the time for speaking came, to an appreciative and attentive audience. He told, in his peculiar and impressive way, of the enjoyment and improvement to be found in communion with nature. He could speak from experience of the eminent attractiveness of the region around them; but he thought that its advantages were better enjoyed by parties smaller than the present one. Positively small parties were much better, and a party of one was best of all. Under some peculiar circumstances, he must admit, two were permissible, and might enjoy nearly as much as one, but the good general rule was to be alone with nature in your walks.

Of this gentleman I may properly say here that, though his public ministry, during the fourteen months of his settlement in Boston, has suffered some limitation from his continued ill-health, and through the same cause has almost entirely prevented his performance of the duties called "pastoral," his admirable sermons during that time have shown the fullest competence in thought and speech, alike in the mental, moral and religious departments.

Mr. Wasson said that though the brevity of his ministry might seem to imply failure, there were other features of it more important, and allying it much more nearly with success. He had given a full expression to such thought in the pulpit as he had understood to be needful, giving due heed to those concerns of the government and the nation in which the whole people were interested, and not neglecting the more personal ap-

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plications of morality and religion. It was a pleasure to him to feel, and to bear witness, that the congregation had been prepared for the truths thus told, had welcomed the frank and fearless expression of them, and had never sought to limit the freedom of that expression. They, on their part, had treated him with unvarying courtesy and kindness, and each could look with clear and friendly gaze into the eyes of the other, and exchange kind wishes, born of good feeling, as they bade each other farewell.

Honorary Degrees.

Doctor of Laws—Alexander H. Bullock, Wm. Barton Rogers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

Commencement at Harvard College.

Rev. Dr. Hedge's oration before the alumni of Harvard.

The reverend doctor concluded his oration by declaring it was the duty of a university to identify itself with the politics of the people; that in the Revolution a commission was appointed to examine the faculty and purge it of all Tory elements, and a like commission should purge it to-day of all similar elements, whether called secession or Johnsonian—a hint which, if thoroughly carried out, would unseat Judge Loring a second time, give Judge Parker a quietus more complete than that which his late treasonable pamphlet on Reconstruction has suffered, compel Prof. Bowen to dwell in regions of political as well as metaphysical verity, and make such far-seeing radicals as Prof. Lowell the guides and moulders of her sentiments and deeds. But Harvard, perhaps thinking a college but a manikin, and that man, according to Homer, is a creature that looks before and after, makes up its personality of those who stand back to back, and so gets a Janus face and form, but no advance, no symmetry, no power.

Dr. Hedge's oration was after the fashion of Carlyle's in its freedom of style and manner. Talked off, quiet, learned without show of learning, humorous on the slant, as all humor is, witty by spurts, as all wit is, extremely radical in collegiate ideas, it was a surprise and a satisfaction to its critical audience.

He advocated the abandonment of marks, of compulsory studies, of all college police, whereat the sophisters and young graduates cheered loudly. Not so audible were their cheers when he declared that this compulsion was the reason why colleges bred no great men now-a-days. He could hardly have said they had less compulsion formerly, when they did breed great men. He declared the Michigan University the only university worthy of the name in America; a bit of praise that will make the Wolverines, or whatever is their sobriquet, swell too large for the lake-girdled boundaries. He advised full matriculation at the end of the freshman year, and entire freedom in the selection of studies—a diploma depending, not as now, on a residence of a certain number of terms, but on an examination. He thought Harvard should cease to be a high school, and become, like its state, a place of liberty under law. He would remove Latin and Greek from the pre-eminence they now hold as literary guides, and grant their masterpieces no higher place than those of other tongues—Sanscrit, Hebrew, the modern languages, and even English. There is much force in this. He who is led through Job, the Gulistan, Dante, Faust, and Don Quixote, with Plato, Iliad, Æneid, and Horace, has gained vastly more than he who has become master only of the Greek and Latin classics. But can he subdue all these mighty ones in "four years of fighting?" "The Tempest" he preferred to "Prometheus," as a study, to which the boys enthusiastically agreed. An amendment to his scheme suggests itself to us, which we deem of too much importance to tack on to the end of a wearisome letter, in a sultry day, and so shall reserve its consideration for next week.

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The accomplishment of the great work of emancipation in the United States directs our minds to the duty of some fit public recognition of the man who must in all future time be regarded as its visible leader.

William Lloyd Garrison, then in the twenty-sixth year of his age, established the "Liberator" newspaper in 1831; and thenceforward devoted his abilities and his career to the promotion of "immediate and unconditional emancipation." After the lapse of thirty-five years of the most exacting labor, of controversy, peril, and misconception, he has been permitted to see the object gained, to which he, at first almost alone, consecrated his life. The generation which immediately preceded ours regarded him only as a wild enthusiast, a lunatic, or a public enemy. The present generation sees in him the bold and honest reformer, the man of original, self-poised, heroic will, inspired by a vision of universal justice, made actual in the practice of nations;—who, daring to attack without reserve the worst and most powerful oppression of his country and his time, has outlived the giant wrong he assailed and has triumphed over the sophistries by which it was maintained.

In this difficult and perilous work his labors have been so exclusively directed to the single aim of the overthrow of American Slavery, and so absorbing and severe, that, with abilities capable of winning fortune as well as reputation, he is now, in respect to worldly honors and emoluments, as he was at the commencement of his career.

We ask simply to arrest the attention of the American people to the obligations they owe to this American.

Although he contended for the rights of human nature—and thus, in a degree, made mankind his constituency—yet *here* was the field of his enterprise, and *ours* was the land to be immediately redeemed.

He was the advocate of no private interest, he was the representative of no sect or party; with no hope of worldly profit to be reaped from the measures and the principles he urged, he was the conspicuous, the acknowledged, the prophetic leader of the movement in behalf of the American Slave—now consummated by the edict of Universal Emancipation.

It cannot mar the dignity of his position as a man of honest, intellectual, and moral independence, to receive a substantial testimonial of the good will and grateful respect of his friends and countrymen; nor can it be more than an honorable recognition on the part of the uncounted multitudes of all parties and sections, who must confess themselves to have become his debtors—to give to him such a testimonial and to make it substantial.

We, the undersigned, do therefore invite all people who rejoice in the destruction of Slavery, in the reestablishment of the Union on the basis of Universal Freedom, who appreciate his past service in the cause of Liberty, and the dignity and judgment with which he has accepted and interpreted the more recent events of public history,—to unite with us in presenting a national testimonial, of not less than *Fifty Thousand Dollars*, to our fellow countryman—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ALEX. H. BULLOCK,	Gov. of Mass.
WILLIAM CLAFLIN,	Lt. Gov. "
GEO. TYLER BIGELOW,	Chief Justice, Mass.
HENRY WILSON,	U. S. Sen., Mass.
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JOHN CONNESS, U. S. Senate, California.
GEO. H. WILLIAMS, U. S. Senate, Oregon.

[*Letter from Chief Justice Chase.*]

WASHINGTON, *April* 11, 1866.

Dear Sir, I am glad that you and others have taken in hand the project of a testimonial to Mr. Garrison. His earnest and disinterested labors in the great cause of Emancipation, of which he may be almost said to be the pioneer, may be most fitly so recognized. His best reward is the triumph of the cause, achieved already, though not yet perfected; but let there be added to that most precious sense of grand results from work nobly done, such a recognition by the people, as will be equally honorable to them and to him.

Yours very truly,
S. P. CHASE.

Hon. Charles Sumner, in a letter to the Committee, says: "Mr. Garrison's sublime dedication of himself all alone to this cause, at a moment when it was disregarded, can never be forgotten in the history of this country. I trust that no effort will be spared to carry out the idea of securing an honorable token of the grateful sentiments which his name must always inspire among the friends of Human Rights."

Executive Committee.

JOHN A. ANDREW, Chm. EDMUND QUINCY.
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S E. SEWALL. WM. E. COFFIN
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Communications and remittances may be made to Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Box 3605, Boston, Mass.

Recent Lectures and Writings of Emerson.

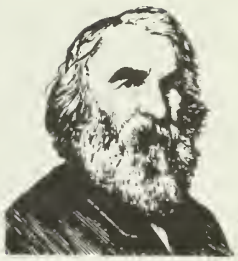
BY M. D. CONWAY.

[From a recent *Fraser's Magazine*.]

In the School of Arts at Newcastle-upon-Tyne there is a picture, painted by the late David Scott, representing Ralph Waldo Emerson in the attitude of lecturing. It was painted, I believe, when Emerson visited that city nearly twenty years ago, and is a very successful rendering of the peculiarities of his look and manner, which are physiognomically significant of his thought and spirit. The slight depression at the corners of the mouth, with a touch of sternness, the one arm extended from his side farther and farther as he becomes more animated by his theme, the two or three fingers of the other pressed to the palm, as if holding tightly some reservation, all these, and other indefinable characteristics that are photographed on the mind of one who has attentively listened to Emerson, are admirably reproduced in this picture by one of his admirers and friends. But there are some traits of him which are but faintly, if at all, suggested in the picture referred to, that have been developed in the years that have intervened, or which perhaps could not have been even hinted on canvas. In his more recent life, Emerson's American hearers have recognized a less literary style and tone, and a stronger desire to have his views adopted. His paradoxes are stated with more determination. He oftener turns aside from the constructive and affirmative method natural to him to strike some false or sordid standard raised on his path; and one now sometimes sees his lip quiver, his eye flash, and even a certain wrath expressed in the dilation of his nostril,—where Winkelmann saw expressed the anger of Apollo of the Vatican toward the slain Python. An eminent lawyer of Boston, Rufus Choate, in defending slavery, once spoke of the Declaration of Independence, popularly held to be inconsistent with that institution, as a series of "glittering generalities." In a lecture given afterward, Emerson quoted some of the phrases,—as those declaring "all men are born equal," and "are endowed with inalienable rights,"—and said, "These have been called 'glittering generalities': they are blazing ubiquities." And as he spoke, his whole frame trembled, and the intensity of his voice kindled his audience far more than the mere words could have done. The impression has been gaining among his countrymen that Emerson has been receiving something from the larger crowds that have been listening to him in the last years whilst he has been communicating his thoughts to them. He has caught, as it were, some clear eyes in the companies before him which he had not suspected were there, and speaks more as if he felt that something can be practically accomplished in the present, and less as if he were depositing the *ova* of thoughts for another generation to quicken. In a word, he has become more visibly in earnest, and consequently more eloquent, whilst never for a moment lowering his standard of thought. He may be regarded as the founder of the American "Lyceum," and in the last twenty years it has been a medium of perpetual communication between him and the people throughout the Northern States. Much of his "English Traits," and all of his "Conduct of Life," has been given in the lyceums, not only of the cultivated Eastern States, but of the rough backwood settlements in the West. In none of these regions have there been any complaints of not understanding him, such as were frequent in Boston and in England when he first appeared as a lecturer. This is not alone due to the greater degree in which the people have approached his standard; he also has doubtless been somewhat educated by a greater familiarity with his countrymen. Nor have the great events that have occurred in America in the latter years passed over without leaving important traces upon him. In his time he has seen the people of America steadily advancing the cause of justice, not only without great leaders but over the fallen forms of their strongest but faithless captains, and a confidence in them, rarely expressed in his earlier, is a main feature of his later works. His catholic intelligence has assimilated the genuine peculiarities of his country, and he has found in it and its people a quarry from which he can derive the material for the statues and the pillars he would raise. His method, too, has become somewhat more practical; and, indeed, it might be expected that any philosophic mind would after a full theoretical utterance gradually incline to criticism and the application of abstract principles to men and institutions. This has given his later style a more popular and, so to speak, iconographic character; and it has also developed his humor,—witty he always was.

In a remarkably brilliant lecture on the French, whose character he had the opportunity of studying in Paris, during the events of 1848, it was wonderful to observe how completely Emerson fell into the crisp, clear, incisive style of the best French writers on this particular occasion. There was in this lecture a sharp contrast drawn between the French and the English,—the former he held to be more generally agreeable because their life could be drawn into something like harmony with aims not too high; they had not the haunting, harrying interior ideal of the Anglo-Saxon with its attendant diseases. This, at least, is the impression left upon my mind by the lecture. In it occurred some characteristic stories and epigrammatic felicities:—

An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in the dark. The Englishman not wishing to hafm his antagonist crept around until he found the fireplace; he fired his pistol up the chimney and—brought down the Frenchman. . . . The Frenchman invented the dickey: the Englishman added the shirt. . . . The French would have things theatrical; God will have things real. . . . The strength of the camel is said to reside in its many stomachs. In our World-Behemoth each nation is a stomach, and each holds an additional strength for man. A human society were impossible without the French element, and it is not without a purpose that Nature seems, whenever one goes, to insist on Frenchmen.



Emerson has always been too steadfast and loyal to his own task to devote himself to any particular reform or "cause," although to him, with Wendell Phillips, it is to a great extent to be ascribed that all educated men in the United States gave their adhesion to the anti-slavery movement, which originated with earnest but ignorant men. To the machinery of that movement in its earlier days the philosopher could and did give freely of his money, but not of his time. He had a great respect, almost a reverence, for Theodore Parker, who, with all the tastes of a scholar, threw his heart so fully into the costly task of liberating the slave which New England was reluctantly recognizing as her own. None of the vast throng that attended the obsequies of that representative New England preacher can ever forget the thrilling strain in which Emerson spoke extemporaneously of him. Standing in the hall where Parker had so long uttered his discourses, he said:—

'Tis plain to me that he has achieved an historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of city councils; nor of obsequious mayors; nor in the State House, the proclamations of governors with their failing vir-

tue,—failing them at critical moments,—that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee-rooms, the true temper and authentic records of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of election that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily; but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of humanity and who came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course. . . . . Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graves, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

When Theodore Parker died there sprang up on the spot where he had so long and nobly labored something that seemed a legitimate sheaf from his sowing,—a pulpit to which every man with ability and a conviction was welcomed, whatever his creed. To this pulpit the puritan faith that nothing is secular in any sense that defines it from what is sacred, had survived in an ethical treatment of all living themes and interests; and so, from Sunday to Sunday, Emerson, Phillips, and others, taught and applied the lessons of religion and philosophy. This is, I believe, still the habit with the "Parker-Fraternity" of Boston, believed by many to be the representative church of New England. Emerson often preached there, and with a warmth which had hardly been before associated with him. I should say that the most impressive utterance that I ever heard from him was a discourse delivered in that Music Hall about six years ago. There was not one, but many themes and texts, but all related. I regret that I cannot give a report verbatim of this extraordinary discourse, which produced an effect on those who heard it beyond anything I have ever witnessed, many being moved at times to tears. I went with pencil and paper, intending to take down as much as I could, but at the end of the hour occupied by it the paper remained blank and the pencil had been forgotten. I can therefore only produce the record of my impressions of it, as they were written down the same day.

My conviction is that to hear one of Emerson's religious discourses, as delivered by himself, would be more helpful to a young minister than a theological course in any university. Nothing can be more reverently thoughtful and grandly simple than his manner and tone. He quoes frequently from some Oriental Scripture or great poet, and it is always done with the solemnity of an old Puritan taking his text. I remember well the lowering of his voice, as one might speak on his knees, as he recited the sublime paradoxes of Dante's Apostrophe to the Virgin:—

"O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height thou art
Above them all."

It is impossible to estimate the influence Emerson has had in chastening the style of writing and speaking in America. Were the Websters and Clays to return, they would, I believe, find a generation yawning under their finest rhetoric. The spread-eagle's wings are visibly drooping on the stump and in Congress, and a calmer voice proceeds from the pulpit.

The conditions under which this change has been wrought have been furnished by the diffusion of education through the free-school systems; but the most potent secondary cause has been this sower, who, with the beginning of the generation now closing, went forth and scattered through the land pearl seed where rhetorical glass-beads had hitherto been admired. And in all this time, so healthy and impersonal had been his influence, Emerson has never had an eminent imitator. His method has from the first been affirmative; and he has thus revolutionized the old habits of thought by building, without the sound of a hammer, the nobler temple. An eminent Comtist has lately expressed the opinion that Europe is far more than America emancipated from the creeds and forms of the past; but where the leading minds are devoting themselves to the creation of the new instead of the destruction of the old, their kingdom comes without observation. I cannot agree with the critic to whom I have referred, but find that much is still treated as religious radicalism in Europe which in America has already become conservatism.

In one of his earlier works Emerson speaks of people going to Europe to become American. Perhaps he spoke from experience in this. He has three times, I believe, travelled in Europe, and since his last return his faith in American tendencies has almost amounted to an enthusiasm. In his early lectures and addresses he speaks of the society around him as hopeless; the only things worth praising were the communities of the Fourierites, the St. Simonians, the Peace Societies, and the like, which were springing up everywhere. He made addresses favorable to negro-emancipation, to the enfranchisement of women, against war, and evidently regarded these as the uncombined elements of a new state which was to supersede American politics, which were hereditary, imported, transient. One of the finest of his productions is one on war, which was published as one of Miss Peabody's collection of "Æsthetic Papers."

With all the faith in America uttered in his words there is an undertone of distrust in political and official America. But from it there is traceable a growing tendency to identify Utopia with the complete development of American institutions, and a willingness to work through them. In this he does but represent the experience of all the idealistic movements in that country; they sprang up by hundreds, but the social atmosphere refused their isolation, and they have everywhere been diffused into and become the leaven of the general society; so that in America, with a very few unthrifty exceptions, the only separate communities existing are those of ignorant fanatics, far nearer to gross and despotic social forms than the general body of society. In the anti-slavery agitation, Emerson especially saw the advance of a transcendent idea in the public mind. As year after year the numbers of the votes cast for candidates nominated in the interest of emancipation increased, he seemed to have the sense of the Indian, and to hear in these softly-falling ballots the tread of distant triumphant armies. His lectures dealt more and more with the condition of the nation, and finally when the late civil war broke out, no one shared more profoundly the hope of a renovated and nobler America, which was the pillar of fire that led the best of his countrymen through those desolate four years of wandering and war. Of such national importance was his advice now considered, that he was invited by a number of politicians and statesmen to give a lecture, in the spring of 1862, in Washington. And many thought that Emerson lecturing at Washington and consulted by President Lincoln in those days, was a higher sign than the banner of stars and stripes. It meant inwardly a new order in America, and one already outgrowing all prophecies. This lecture was delivered before a large audience and in the presence of President Lincoln and his cabinet, whom, however, he did not spare to censure for the hesitation—especially in dealing with slavery—which they had not yet thrown off. Completely did Emerson utilize this singular opportunity; heavily did he load every sentence with meaning.

There is no doubt that the President and the statesmen who surrounded him on that occasion were deeply impressed by this lecture, and Mr. Emerson was taken by Mr. Seward to see the President, with whom the matter was, I have heard, more fully discussed. Mr. Lincoln, however, still doubted whether he could rely upon the politicians and people of the North to stand by a measure which would so seriously affect the commercial conditions of the entire country as the immediate abolition of slavery, in which Northern firms were almost equally interested partners with Southerns plantations. Emerson maintained that a right idea did not disclose its whole commanding force until tried.

Soon after the President began to move cautiously in the direction indicated, and proposed that Congress should offer to coöperate with any State that should enter upon the work of emancipation, and pay such State a large sum of money, and his proposition was at once adopted by Congress. The States, however, generally ridiculed the offer. A paragraph which Emerson wrote concerning this proposition shows how fine an impression President Lincoln had made upon him during their interview. "More and better," he wrote, "than the President has spoken shall the effect of this message be; but, we are sure, not more or better than he hoped in his heart when, thoughtful of all the complexities of his position, he penned these cautious words." The effect of that first plainly anti-slavery message that an American Congress had ever received was indeed great. It proved to be a plain unanswerable admonition to the people, from one in whom they had confidence, that slavery stood in the path of the national union and had to be dealt with, and it made them ready for the next step. That step soon followed. The President admonished the insurgent States that on the following New Year's day, to wit, that of 1863, he would proclaim slavery forever abolished in every State that should be found in arms against the general government.

It was known that the President had a way of

sticking to his word, and this proclamation of September 22, 1862, was a signal for a general exasperation of all the pro slavery elements of the country, and a general joy amongst those who felt that the anticions through which the nation was passing could be compensated only by the liberation of the nation from the great wrong which they knew would continue to harry the country whilst it lasted. Emerson was called to address the people of Boston on this occasion, and none who had the happiness to hear him then,—as the writer of this did,—can ever forget the enthusiasm with which he celebrated the act, and how the multitude vibrated under his electric words.

When the proclamation of emancipation came, on the 1st of January, 1863, the popular joy rose to its height. Men laughed and wept along the streets. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing." Bells were rung, cannon fired, the negroes passed the night in their chapels and greeted the day on their knees, and vast public meetings were held in the various cities to welcome and celebrate the event. At that held in the chief hall of Boston, Emerson read a poem which he called the "Boston Hymn," of which I give a few verses:—

Tho word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the sea-side,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said: I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
Tho outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this hall
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the west,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue
When he has wrought his best.

* * * * * *

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada, coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes
And as Behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races as snowflakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Emerson's esteem for the President grew to be homage, and when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated he gave an address concerning him which more than any other touched the heart of the country. No other American has won so fair a wreath as that which Emerson laid on the grave of Lincoln.

Turning now from Emerson's political lectures, which it is to be hoped he may be induced to give to the public in a volume, we find a few papers contained in the pages of one or two different American magazines which are of great value. One of the most important of these is on "Domestic Life." It opens with exquisite pictures of the child, and the boy, and the enchantments which a few cheap things weave about them. The man he finds imprisoned in lucrative labors. For the demand is, *give us wealth and the home shall exist*. But wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. We owe to man man, and to give money is only a come-off.

In the year 1861 the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the venerable ex-President of Harvard University, appeared for the last time at a college anniversary at Cambridge, and made an address, a kind of apology for old age, which led Emerson to write an essay. In it he enumerates four benefits of old age. The first is that at every stage we lose a foe. A second advantage is, that age has amassed a certain fund of merit, so that a success more or less signifies nothing. A third felicity of old age is that it has found expression, whilst youth is yet tormented by a feeling of untried powers and unrealized pictures of a career. A fourth benefit is, that age sets its house in order and finishes its works,—a supreme pleasure.

Of several other lectures and papers of recent date I must content myself with noticing a brief one on "Ease in Work," in which much thought is condensed. For this he finds a text in Dryden's remark concerning Shakespeare, that "all the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew from them, not laboriously, but luckily."

Within the last two or three years Emerson has seemed to turn his attention mainly to poetry. We are now looking for every month to bring us his next book, which it is understood is to be a volume of poems, of which the chief piece is a "Spring Song,"—a song of many variations, now evolved from the first breath of the willow on his farm, and now from the strain of an Æolian harp. There will, I doubt not, be included in it some lyrics, given from time to time to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which are in form improvements on the verses of his early volume of poems. One of the best of these is "The Titmouse."

At Paris, on the opening of the International Exposition, I found many Americans ashamed of the poor display made by their country. The department seemed a wilderness, broken only by a few tubes of petroleum, and some small unopened boxes that promised little. But I could not share their chagrin. Indeed, I was rather glad to have my countrymen taught, even at the cost of some humiliation to national conceit, that protectionists cannot change the order of the world, nor make America excel in works that can be done better and more cheaply elsewhere. Not for fine cloths and cutlery would I see the duplicates of Sheffield, of Manchester, and the Black Country, in America. Let the banner of stars float over empty spaces in the Exhibition until it can wave over original products instead of needless fac-similes, which only divert hands that might be developing new resources. Let Europe make our knives and boots, and welcome. Yet America is not unrepresented at Paris. At the end of the section were Bierstadt's picture of the Rocky Mountains, Church's Niagara, and close to these a fine portrait of Emerson; and I felt that this group of physical grandeurs, and the best head to match them, constituted the fair symbol and true exposition of that splendid possibility which America is.

Mr. R. W. Emerson's Remarks

— AT —

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT MEDFORD, ON THE CHARACTER OF

MR. GEO. L. STEARNS.

Sunday, April 14, 1867.

We do not know how to prize good men until they depart. High virtue has such an air of nature and necessity, that to thank its possessor would be to praise the water for flowing, or the fire for warming us. But on the instant of their death we wonder at our past insensibility, when we see how impossible it is to replace them. There will be other good men, but not these again. And the painful surprise which the last week brought us in the tidings of the death of Mr. Stearns opened all eyes to the just consideration of the singular merits of the citizen, the neighbor, the friend, the father and the husband, whom this assembly mourns. We recall the all but exclusive devotion of this excellent man during the last twelve years to public and patriotic interests. Known until that time in no very wide circle as a man of skill and perseverance in his business,—of pure life, of retiring and affectionate habits, happy in his domestic relations, his extreme interest in the national politics, then growing more . . .

* Mr. Stearns was introduced to Captain Brown, in Boston, by a gentleman who invited them both home to drink tea with him. Before she left the house that evening, Captain Brown informed his entertainer that Mr. Stearns had just given him seven thousand dollars.

"The Rule of Life."

MR. R. W. EMERSON'S PARKER-FRATERNITY LECTURE.

The closing lecture in the course of Radical Lectures on Religion was given on Sunday evening last by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Subject: The Rule of Life.

An eminent naturalist said, "The religion of each nation must rest on the views they entertain of nature." What a revolution was wrought in theology by the Copernican system. Men had fancied their little planet the seat of a chosen race favored by the Creator, surrounded by good and evil angels; and here the drama of the divine judgments were to be performed for the instruction of the universe. Earth was the scaffold of the divine vengeance and all created existences were watching in suspense. But when Copernicus dismissed our little planet to its insignificant place in the solar system, the mortified inhabitant could not help abating his claim to hold the central city of the kingdom of nature.

Then the nebulæ theory spoiled our nursery clock. The new measures of the antiquity of the planet interfered with our sacred chronology. The new doctrine of the correlation of forces, showing that all forces are one, whether in the form of gravity, heat, electricity or muscular force, each is convertible into the other—suggesting that the first wonderful equivalent of all forces is not far off—all these show an all-dissolving unity. Chemistry came in aid of astronomy to show the atoms of the sun and stars to be identical with our own. The doctrine of compensation and of correspondences show a unity still suspended. The study of animals disclosed the same intellect as in man, working to humbler ends, but as far as it ascends identical in aim with his; baffling man sometimes by showing a more fertile good sense in the animal than in the hunter.

Science corrects theology line-by-line till not one is left. Its irresistible generalizations destroy the world of persons and anecdotes. As this astronomy dealt with the old legends of Orion and Cassiopeia and the milky way, or with the gypsies and astrologers telling fortunes at a shilling a head, so does this science make a vulgar national or personal interpretation impossible. Science makes the miracles which constitute the material of history of all barbarous nations impossible by supplying a truth which defies all approach to equal it in wonder. So if we see these grand laws only in glimpses, the glimpse is final—the smallest inch of the curve of the ecliptic being ascertained determines the entirety of the enormous round for me, as surely as if I saw it with eyes.

The generalizations of science destroy the toy-heaven of the theologians. Everything told of the Creator must be in the scale of his works. Astronomy, geology, chemistry and botany have made the old Calvinistic and other creeds impossible to be the faith of a new age. The notions of ransom, of atonement and vicarious sacrifice—cobwebs of a mediæval Christianity—are not acceptable to the mind of this age. We must reconcile ourselves to the new order. We can keep the sentiment which is the fountain of our religion despite of the violent railroads of generalization, French or German, that block and intersect our old parish highways.

I confess our later generation does sometimes appear to a thoughtful mind ungirt and frivolous compared with the last or Calvinistic age in this country. There was then a serious acknowledgment and reference to the spiritual running through diaries, letters, conversation, and even into wills and legal instruments, compared with which our liberalities seem a little reckless and dapper. But I hope this difference is only apparent. We shall find that freedom has its own guards, and, when it runs into license, it sets about discovering and applying these guards.

It seems to me as if we were sometimes the sport of gnomes and witches, and had a talent for losing the substance for the shadow. We find people affecting a sympathetic interest in what they do not really care for, instead of saying, "I don't know about it and I don't care for it."

You are really interested in your thought. You have meditated in silent wonder on your existence in this world. You have perceived in the first fact of your conscious life here a miracle so astounding as to exhaust wonder and leave you no need of hunting here or there for any particular exhibition of power. A man comes with a disputed text, a pregnant sentence of Paul. You cannot bring yourself to care about it. He considers it the ax at the root of the tree. You say, "Cut away; my tree is Ygdrasil—the tree of life." He interrupts for the moment your peaceful trust in the Divine Providence. Rest in that peace! Let him know by your security that your conviction is clear and sufficient, and if he were Paul himself, you also are here, and with your Creator.

In the Christianity of this country is a wide difference of opinion in regard to inspiration, prophecy, miracles, the future state of the soul—every variety of opinion and rapid revolution in these opinions in the last half century. Not so with the convictions of men in regard to conduct. These remain.

It is a necessity of the human mind that he who looks at one object should look away from all other objects. One may throw himself on some sharp statement of one fact, some verbal creed, with such concentration as to hide the universe from him; but the stars roll above; the sun warms him. With patience and fidelity to truth he may work his way through, if only by coming against somebody who believes more fables than he does; and in trying to dispel the illusions of his neighbor he opens his own eyes.

You may sometimes talk with the wisest and best citizens, and when the topic of religion is broached the man loses his wits; runs into childish superstition. His face looks intatuated. If you could make him feel that this, too, was within the domain of reflection, that every soul was to work for the public or universal man, this might be remedied. The man of truth must speak the affirmative.

Emphasize your choice by ignoring all that you reject, seeing that opinions are temporary, but convictions uniform and eternal,—that a sentiment never loses its pathos or persuasion. The Quakers brought back their age to the simplicity of divine action, to the belief that heaven repeats its old commandments to each man.

In observing any heroic action I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference, nor the language the actors speak, nor the religion they profess. I see that sensible and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion—the religion of well-doing and daring—men of sturdy truth, integrity and kindness. The virtues of paganism are as instructive and refreshing as those of Christianity.

Wonderful is the way in which the world is saved by the unfailing supply of the moral element. There are ever being born men, who, as soon as they are born, take a bee-line for the rack of the inquisition. Look at the lives of the martyrs; at the history of the Quakers; what hecatombs of martyrs did the war burn up! But the fire never goes out. This virtue is never extinct.

Let the opinions change. It is impossible in the present age to preserve the old respect for the opinions of the past. That which is adequate and harmonious with the science of the times is the moral law as mankind begin to see it—self-executing, self-affirmed—needing no voucher, no prophet, no miracle. Mind and heart perpetually reach upon and revivify each other. The earth revolves in the solar system, and keeps its obliquity invariable. The orders are periodic as the changes of the seasons, night and day, sleep and waking. The eternal equilibrium is still restored.

What touches any thread in the vast web of being touches me. I am representative of the whole, and the good of the whole. The right can make me invulnerable. How good the creation, so magically woven that nothing can do me mischief except myself. I am secure from all harm that I will to resist. If I stand upright, the creation cannot bend me. The act is instantly rewarded or punished according to its quality.

Nothing is allowed to exhaust and absorb the rest. To each shall be rendered his own. As thou sowest thou shalt reap. Serve, and thou shalt be served. If you love and serve men you cannot escape the remuneration.

A wise poet has said, "God has made justice so dear to the heart of nature that if injustice lurked in the sky the blue vault would shrivel to a snake-skin and cast it out by spasms." The spasms come at long intervals, and it sometimes taxes the faith of man to wait their return. It seems as if when the spirit of God speaks so plainly to each soul it is an impiety to be listening to one and another saint. Jesus was better than others because he refused to listen to others, and listened at home.

There are those who do not feel called to proclaim and teach what they believe. They do not wish to shock good people unless they see clearly how to help them by purer truth. But even if one's part is simply to hold firmly what he values, and not obtrude it on those who do not want it, let him not be content with the literature of virtue, but try the essence of the article. Let us keep ourselves a little in practice. To speak the truth requires rare courage. A man, who shall in all companies speak the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, will find himself every day in dramatic situations. I like to see the apple-woman who sits at the street-corner try, now-and-then, one of her own peaches. We who speak so much of the power of the soul and intellect may taste of these ineffable sweets, and see if patience and poverty are as good as we say. It may come in the necessity of speaking out frankly all you believe. You would expose yourself to resistance. Persecution even in New England is not sound asleep. You may be defeated.

If a man stand by his principle it will, after a time, bear him out. The man who carries the intellect and moral sentiment carries the very arsenal of divine power in his breast—that which is victory forevermore. Can humility and thirst for knowledge be defeated? Impediments are the stairs on which he climbs. Is he to be poor? in adversity? Let him say, "Let that

come,—I can be poor." A good soul has the art of being poor. Almost, in America, there need be no poverty to the wise. America is the glorious charity of God to the poor.

It does not yet appear what forms the religious feeling will take. It perhaps rises out of all forms to absolute justice and healthy perception; and one would look to see more justice and reverence presiding over it. There is now in this country a new feeling of humanity infused into public action. We are witnessing a distribution of money on a more systematic scale than ever before to remedy public disease. There are the new conventions of Social Science, before which the rights of woman, free trade, the treatment of criminals, regulation of labor, and a whole harvest of questions, appear. If these are tokens of steady currents of thought and will, in this direction, one may anticipate a new nation. I know how delicate this religious principle is, how difficult of management. It cannot be driven. It is like friendship; it cannot be forced. In such experiments it is not a sect or dogma that make the tie and dedicate the union; but men are drawn together by the simple respect each feels for another in whom he discovers absolute honesty, who thinks life a crusade, and he should like to leave it a little nearer the end, who thinks he should like to be the friend of some man's virtue, and who would dearly like to serve somebody and test his own reality by making himself useful in some quarter. Do you remember the experience of the war? The noble youths, shamed by heroism and eager to share it, when friends remonstrated that this work was for men of coarser mould replied, "If others are rough the more need that those of finer strain should temper them." These differences remain and show themselves everywhere. Men of all classes must be combined in the good designs before us.

Ninety years ago the American people attempted to carry out the bill of political rights to their utmost ideal perfection. They have made great strides in that direction. We are now proceeding to carry out, not a bill of rights, but a bill of human duties, to their ideal perfection. Hitherto government has been that of a single person, or an aristocracy; but in this country the attempt to resist these elements has had the effect to throw us under the government, not quite of mobs, but of an inferior class of professional politicians, who thrust their unworthy minority into the peace of the old aristocracy on one hand and the good, industrious, well-taught population on the other. These win the posts of power and give their direction to affairs.

If the spirit which lately armed this country against rebellion, which put forth such charity in the Sanitary Commission, now keep awake to the duty of making the laws just and humane, it would place in power a great constituency of self-respecting, faithful lovers of men, with the simple and single purpose of carrying out the desire and need of mankind. Here is the post where the patriot should plant himself, the altar where young men should point each other to loyalty, where genius should kindle its fires and bring back truth to the eyes of men.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

CONCORD, MASS., APRIL 19, 1867.

PRAYER,

By Rev. G. Reynolds.

ODE,

By George B. Bartlett.

Air. — Auld Lang Syne.

Beneath the shadow of the elm, where ninety years ago
Old Concord's rustic heroes met to face a foreign foe,
We come to consecrate this Stone to heroes of to-day,
Who perished in a holy cause as gallantly as they.

The patriot preacher's bugle-call, that April morning knew,
Still lingers in the silver tones of him who speaks to you;
As on their former muster-ground called by its notes again,
Those ancient heroes seem to greet brave Prescott and his men.

And as each soldier-saint appears to answer to his name,
Not one has dimmed the lustre of its old, unconquered fame;
They, too, have left their peaceful homes for scenes of bloody strife,
And death has turned to hallowed ground the fields they tilled in life.

The Bronze and Stone we proudly rear must surely pass away,
But deathless lives of fallen braves can never know decay;
For, freed from stain of slavery, our re-united land —
The soldiers' truest monument — shall ever firmly stand.

REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MONUMENT COMMITTEE,

Hon. E. R. Hoar.

ADDRESS,

By R. W. Emerson.

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

POEM,

By F. B. Sanborn.

SPEECHES.

MUSIC.

Monday, June 17th.—This morning there was held, in the spacious and hospitable parlor of Rev. J. T. Sargent, the third meeting of "The Free Religious Club." This body, kindred in spirit to the "Free Religious Association" which held its meetings on Anniversary week, in Horticultural Hall, is yet quiet and private in character, designed to combine the maximum of free social interchange of thought with the minimum of parliamentary form. It is a meeting in which ministers, laymen and women come together for frank expression of whatever they wish to utter on religion, education, character, life, influence, in short, the necessities and duties of the present hour, as each views them. All have the liberty of speech, and the no less precious liberty of silence. So, while the outside world were celebrating the return of the day when our forefathers "got licked" on Bunker Hill, about thirty persons assembled at the place above mentioned, and spent the hours from 10 to 2 in a manner at once instructive and delightful. It is not too much to say that the best thought, aspiration, faith and work of New England were represented there. Most of those present were from Boston and the region around it. Two honored guests hailed from Wisconsin. Mr. Alcott handled his fertile theme of Conversation, and the benefits to be expected from a wise management of it. Mr. Emerson spoke of the freedom with which religious thought is diffusing itself, and the powerlessness of sectarian bonds to restrict it. Thoughtful and zealous ministers stated their ideas of what were really the wishes and needs of the people in regard to religious instruction, and of how those wants might best be met. Other gentlemen spoke frankly in regard to the existing prospects of an improved religious education for the people, and some of the [illegible] present gave, too briefly, their word [illegible] some topics under discussion.

PUBLIC BREAKFAST TO WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

A PUBLIC breakfast was held at St. James's Hall on Saturday morning in honor of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Esq., the distinguished leader of the American anti-slavery party in the United States. The great hall from an early hour presented a striking and animated appearance. Between three and four hundred persons sat down to breakfast, including a large number of ladies, who added greatly to the interest of the scene. The flags of England and America occupied a conspicuous position at the extremity of the hall, and the balconies were filled with spectators. In the front of the platform a splendid engraving of President Lincoln was displayed. Among the crowd of nobilities who were present were the following: John Bright, Esq., M.P., the chairman; Mr. W. L. Garrison, his daughter Mrs. Vilard, and his son Mr. F. Garrison; the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Earl Russell, K.G., and the Countess and Lady G. Russell; Lady M. Stanhope, Lady Edward Cavendish, Mr. V. Harcourt, Q.C., the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., Mr. G. Thompson, the Hon. E. L. Stanley, Mr. J. Stansfeld, M.P., the Earl of Airlie, Lord A. S. Churchill, Bishop Payne, Mr. J. S. Mill, M.P., Mr. P. Urquhart, M.P., Mr. G. S. Lefevre, Mr. D. M'Laren, M.P., Mr. W. Morrison, M.P., Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Mrs. P. A. Taylor, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Maurice, Mr. C. J. More, M.P., Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., Lady Lyell, Miss Cobden, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, the Hon. Charles Howard, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Marquis Townshend, Mr. William Craft, Mr. Henry Vincent, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. George Howard, Mr. Charles S. Roundell, Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Mr. Victor Schœlcher, Mr. Lionel Tollemache, Professor Huxley, F.R.S., Major Evans Bell, Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., Sir Charles Trevelyan, Lady Trevelyan (sister of Lord Macaulay), Hon. George Brodrick, Mr. J. R. Robinson, Mrs. Edmund Potter, Sir George Young, Bart., Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Mr. S. Pope, the Hon. F. H. Morse, Mr. Henry Crompton, Col. Salwey, Mr. A. H. Dymond, Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P., Mr. Thomas Barnes, M.P., Mr. F. W. Chesson, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Longel, Miss Emma Chapman (Boston), the Hon. F. Leveson Gower, M.P., Mr. W. M. Neill, Mr. H. E. Buxton, Professor Beesly, Mr. William Shaen, Mr. R. C. Fisher, Mr. Gorrie, Mr. R. D. Webb (Dublin), Mr. William McArthur, Mr. H. J. Slack, the Rev. W. H. Channing (Boston), Mr. T. Falvey, Rev. Dr. Davis, Mr. Edward Dicey, Mr. Albert V. Dicey, the Rev. Sella Martin, the Rev. Dr. Massie, the Rev. Thomas Phillips, Mr. Carvell Williams, Mr. W. Redfern, Mr. W. T. Malleson, Miss Remond, Mr. L. M. Aspland, Mr. William Evans, Mr. Frank H. Evans, Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mr. Flower (Stratford-on-Avon), Mr. Mark Marsden, Mr. Richard Moore, Mr. Octavius Smith, Capt. Walhouse, Mr. Edmond Beales, Mr. John Dickinson, Jr., Mr. W. Moy Thomas, Mr. T. H. Green (Balliol College), Mr. Robert Laing (Wadham College), Mr. H. Wedgwood, Mr. Vincent S. Lean, Mr. Edward Miall, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Mr. Mason Jones, Mr. T. C. Turberville, Mr. James Clarke, Mr. E. O. Greening, Mr. P. Edwards, Dr. Lankester, Mr. Arthur Albright (Birmingham), Mr. T. Cooto (St. Ives), and a host of others.

MR. GARRISON AT MANCHESTER.

JULY 5th, Mr. Garrison met a number of ladies at Trevelyan Hall, Manchester, and, after receiving their congratulations, delivered an address on the most notable women connected with the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Godfrey Woodhead presided, and Mrs. R. R. R. Moore briefly, on behalf of the anti-slavery ladies of the city, welcomed Mr. Garrison to Manchester.

Mr. Garrison, in reply, expressed the happiness it afforded him to receive the approval of the good, the humane and the wise, in his efforts to remove from his country its greatest curse. Such a victory over oppression had probably never before taken place in the world. He had always been disposed to refer this great victory to God. It required everything to abolish slavery in America; and the slaveholders, while doing their worst to perpetuate slavery, were unconsciously helping to overthrow the hated system. He also claimed to be a man of peace, and deprecated war; but there could be no peace in this world unless we had conditions of peace. Where there was flagrant oppression, there must be war; for tyrants would not voluntarily give up the power which they had unrighteously grasped. He saw in this contest both the mercy and the judgment of God. In the commencement of the anti-slavery struggle, among his earliest friends and supporters was a noble woman, still living to share in the joy of emancipation, and who was earlier in the field than himself by a number of years; he alluded to the noble Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia. She was among the earliest to give him the right hand of fellowship, and to wish him God speed in the work of abolition. A great impetus was given to the anti-slavery movement at an early period by the labors of two noble women, sisters, Angelina and Sarah Grimke, of Charleston, South Carolina. They had formerly been slaveholders, had seen the iniquity of slavery, and had washed their hands of it; they then became members of the Society of Friends, and gave testimony through the land in favor of the emancipation of those in bondage. They came to Boston, New England. There was a great deal of opposition raised against their speaking. A great body of the clergy of New England put forth a solemn protest against women speaking in public, and declaring that it was contrary to Paul and to "the Book" for women to do any such thing; and warning all who claimed to be Christian people against giving them any countenance. But they went on their way, and he was happy to say were listened to by many a delighted audience, for they were gifted women and true, and they perfectly knew what slavery was. He should always remember the labors of those noble women; they were so courageous, so self-sacrificing, so devoted, and they did such a great work for the cause, that he had no words to express his sense of the obligation that the cause was under to them for what they did. In consequence of their efforts the soul of another young woman was inspired with the determination to plead the cause of the suffering and the dumb—he meant Miss Abby Kelley who also was connected with the Society of Friends; and in the course of a few years no one was more devoted to the work. Inspired by no party or sect, she went forth to look popular violence in the face, to be everywhere held up to ridicule, to encounter the fierce assaults of noblecrasic men; and, taking her life in her hand, she dared to look a whole nation in the face and never once quailed; she was, in fact, a moral Joan of Arc of America, and there never had, and he believed never could be, a parallel to the heroism she evinced. (Applause.) It was a comparatively easy task for any woman now in America to stand up and address a public meeting. They had hundreds and thousands of female lecturers, taking the whole country through, who lectured on a great variety of subjects and commanded respect everywhere, while helping on the general welfare. But this young woman stood up alone, as it were,

and she grappled with the church and with the State, and with the nation corrupted through and through. She had to put herself in bodily peril everywhere, as well as to have her name cast out as evil everywhere; but she never quailed or faltered. If there was one in the world who remembered those in bonds as bound with them, it was Abby Kelley, now Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster. Almost at the commencement of the enterprise, they were mightily assisted by the co-operation of one of the noblest women in our age, or in any age—a woman of fine intellectual powers, an admirable writer, one whose works have been extensively circulated on both sides of the Atlantic—he meant Lydia Maria Child. (Cheers.) Soon after starting the *Liberator* he became acquainted with her, and as soon as her attention was called to the subject of slavery, she apprehended the whole question at once, and gave herself to it heartily. At that time her literary reputation had culminated to a great height; she was amongst the most popular authors in our country, and was received everywhere into the highest society; but the moment she espoused the cause of the down-trodden slave she was ostracised, and treated as though she had the leprosy; moreover, she had to sacrifice a very considerable income from her writings, which ceased to be popular. It was impossible to over-estimate the value of her co-operation in the anti-slavery cause, from the earliest to the latest period. Thank God that she also was living, and was prosecuting the work on behalf of the freedmen—a supplemental work—to give them light and knowledge after their fetters were broken. (Applause.) They had powerful aid from another noble and gifted woman, with a clearness of vision unrivalled, with a courage which soared above all danger, and with a power of expression through the pen which went to the hearts and consciences of men—Maria Weston Chapman, of Boston. The names of these ladies might not be known to all present, but they were known on the other side of the Atlantic, and they were known to God. It was a delight to remember them on this occasion, and to say that their co-operation was indispensable to the success of the anti-slavery cause. It thrilled him to remember that at the annual meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, when a mob of 5,000 persons had assembled intending to molest his friend George Thompson, a noble woman, the president of the Society—Mary S. Parker—went down on her knees and offered up a prayer to God for the oppressed, and in the course of her [illegible] rising to the sublimity of the occasion, [illegible] expressed thankfulness to God "that while [illegible] were many to molest, there were none who [illegible]uld make afraid." This was the spirit of the [illegible]omen of Boston, and the women of the country [illegible] large, who espoused the anti-slavery cause. The women had done more instrumentally to deliver America than the men; they had been more self-sacrificing, more untiring, more successful in their pleadings than any of the other sex. He said this with all sincerity of conviction: and to these women belonged a tribute of the most generous character from his lips.

Mr. Emerson at Cambridge.

The annual ceremonies attending the close of the college course at Cambridge, called *Commencement* with singular unfitness, have this year been marked by two unusual events. On the 17th of July Mr. R. W. Emerson was chosen one of the overseers of Harvard College, receiving more votes than any of the candidates for the five vacancies, and on the 18th he delivered an address before the *Phi Beta Kappa* society. These may seem trifles to some of our readers—for have not overseers been chosen also in each of the two-hundred and fifty other colleges of the United States, and have not addresses been uttered by the thousand? Nevertheless, we speak of an event worth noticing, for it indicates a revolution in thought—or, rather, the complete development of the personal influence exerted by a man of genius.

Mr. Emerson received his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1821, and a few years later his master's degree in regular course. Without enjoying the special favor of his *alma mater*, he yet had her face turned smiling towards him. But when, in the exercise of a scholar's privilege, which had been added to the prerogative of genius, he began to question the validity of popular beliefs, and to try anew the foundations of opinion, she grew cold and frowning. From 1830 to 1838 she tolerated, though with scarcely disguised contempt, his essays on philosophy and literature; but, after the famous Divinity School Address of 1838, she cast him out altogether. She was clean contrary to all his doings. He was a transcendentalist, at which she laughed—an abolitionist, such as she threw stones at—a theist, atheist, pantheist, or perhaps all three in one, she scarcely knew what, but she detested him. His brethren of the *Phi Beta* had paid him their tribute to his scholarship by inviting him to address them, and he had done so; but it only increased his odium at the college. The *North American Review*, which was then and for a long time a sort of ambulance to pick up the wounded professors of Harvard, drove its jolting cart over his essays and poems, and supposed that oblivion would come along next day and bury them out of sight. In the fierce strife of politics which preceded the victory of Massachusetts over South Carolina, Cambridge sided with Carolina, and echoed with shrill voice the sonorous platitudes of Webster and Everett.

In 1851 Mr. Emerson spoke at a political meeting in Cambridge, denouncing Webster, and maintaining the cause of the North. The undergraduates and law-students went to mob him, with the approval, secret or confessed, of their instructors. But even then the tide had begun to turn, and there was a respectable minority of young men who looked upon the Concord scholar as their leader and teacher. The infection spread. The students first gave in, then the tutors and younger professors, and at last the body of the Alumni and the college government; and now he has just been chosen to a responsible office by a vote almost unanimous, and his most heretical opinions have been heard with applause by the Faculty and Corporation—"*Consill. PP. et TT. adjuv.*"—as the inscription used to run in the old *Detars*, before modern innovators so bejuggled the college Latin that nobody but a professor or a tutor can read it. The whirligig of time has made a complete turn, and Cambridge has her feet now where her head used to be.

All which is to the credit of the present discernment of Harvard College, but convicts her of stone blindness in the past years; for this admired teacher, whom she applauds, says now what he said then. The imperfect report which we print in another column shows through the disguise of the reporter's rhetoric the manly English of Mr. Emerson's periods; and they have the ring of the old days. There is no compromise, no despair, no timidity. Whatever he may say, and truly, of the complaisance and indifference of American scholars, in times past or present, the charge does not convict himself. He enters his place at the ancient University as our generals now occupy the South—not by sufferance, not by courtesy, but by the right of the strongest—with colors flying and arms displayed. Such is the state of the case, however his own modesty or the good-will of the conquered party may generously strive to conceal the apparent fact.

Will the colleges in the country accept the omen? Will they cease to be, what Matthew Arnold calls Oxford, the "home of lost causes and forgotten beliefs," and begin to do their part in *leading* the movement of the times? Or will they, as they have too often done, drag awkwardly after the car which they have done their feeble utmost to hinder? This is a question quite as momentous to their future success as that between Greek and German—between science and literature—which is now so much mooted. They can never flourish as the nation flourishes until they are something more than ornamental—something more even than useful; until they make themselves necessary to the vigorous life which pulsates about them.

MEETING OF THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Oration by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The annual gathering of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Alpha of Massachusetts, at Cambridge yesterday, was quite well attended. We copy the

Advertiser's account of the proceedings. At the business meeting, held at No. 1, University Hall, at 9 o'clock, quite a large number of new members were admitted, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—James Russell Lowell.
Vice-President—Richard H. Dana, Jr.
Corresponding Secretary—Isaac Flagg.
Treasurer—J. C. Merrill.
Literary Committee—Richard H. Dana, Jr., G. M. Lane, C. E. Norton, E. W. Gurney.

EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

At the close of the business meeting, the members of the society were escorted to the church by Brown's Brigade Band. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. E. E. Hale, and after music by the band, a poem of much ability was delivered by Mr. Josiah P. Quincy of Quincy, illustrating fidelity to conviction by portraying the career of an ideal preacher. Another piece of music by the band followed, and then the president introduced the orator of the occasion, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—We meet today under happy omens to our ancient society, to the honor of letters, to the country and to mankind. In good citizens, who share the wonderful prosperity of the federal Union, the heart beats still with the public pulse of joy that the country has withstood the stern trial which threatened its existence, and feels that the best augmentation of strength has been drawn from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is over a crowning honor and a pledge of strength to the ship; and not to that alone, but to the ship of State. We may be well content with our fair inheritance. Was there ever such a coincidence of advantages, as there is in America to-day? The fusion of races, and the cry that goes up for men from the old continent, prompted by the facility of emigration, lead men from abroad to choose here their climate and their government. Men come here by nations. Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology to fly with them over the sea and send their messages under it. They come in crowds to share the inheritance of our lands for themselves, and a cheap education for their children. The temper of the people delights in this excitement. Who would desire, in comparison with this, the stone, or iron, or even the golden age? Who does not prefer the cotton, the petroleum age of today?

All this has added to the value of life and to the scope of the intellect. The marked ethical qualities of the innovations in society and in art, social science, the abolition of capital punishment and imprisonment for debt, the suppression of intemperance, the just rules affecting labor, coöperative societies, insurance of life, the Freedman's Bureau, free trade, enlarged charities that relieve local famines and burned towns and suffering Greeks, an International Congress—all these tend in the highest degree to revolutionize the nations, taking government into their own hands, and superseding ignorance and want. The spirit of the time is new, and a silent revolution has tended, step by step, to this result. Many seeds have burst. Many a man has found to his astonishment that the day of ruling by scorn and sneers is past, that good sense has now come into power. Men are now to be astonished by seeing acts of good nature and common civility and Christian charity, passed by statesmen, and executed by the constable and police. The new status of woman is an honorable testimony to her position in history; and now that she controls her property she inevitably takes a new step to her share in power. [Applause.

Consider what is the share of the statesman and the scholar in the issues of the present age; what heroes, what genius, what science of administration, what practical scholars, what masters in their several professions—the railroads, the mines, the inland and marine telegraph, the marine and foreign trade, all on a grand national scale—the appearance of superior men and the rapid addition to our society of a class of masters, by which the self-respect of each town and city is enriched. See the boundless freedom in the country; judge of it by the boundless freedom in Massachusetts. People have been in all countries burned and stoned for saying things which are now current conversation at all our breakfast tables. Every one who has been in Italy a few years can well remember the caution with which he has looked around him when in conversation the question of politics was broached. But here the freedom of action goes to the very brink if not over the brink of license.

The controlling influence on the age has been the wide and successful study of natural science. Within the present century great strides have been made in the sciences of geology, astronomy, chemistry and others, and these have carried us to sublime generalizations and affected us like poetic experiences, and we have been taught to treat familiarly on the giddy heights of thought. The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity; the creeds of his church must be left at the door of the observatory. That flowing west wind of the upper current is only to carry to every village the experiences of this new era. Now if any one say we have had enough of this boastful recital, then I say, happy is the land where benefits like these have grown trite and commonplace. [Applause.]

In America everything looks new and recent; the tenements of the settlers in many places being intended only as make-shifts till a time shall come when something better can be had. It is yet too early to draw sound conclusions in regard to us. Compare the different ages of nations with nature; the old chronology of six thousand years is but a kitchen clock or an hour glass to the geologic periods that have come into view. Geology is only ex post facto history, with the element of time added. Science discloses that the world is a crystal, the sort of it valleys undergoing a continual decomposition and recomposition; nothing is old but mind. [Applause.] But I find not only this equality between new and old countries, as seen by the eye of science, but I believe in certain equivalents of the age; and as the child is incessantly working out his studies in natural philosophy, so it were ignorance not to see that each nation and period has done its part to make up the grand result of existing civility. We are all agreed that we have no better men to show than Plutarch's heroes. We cannot afford to drop Æschylus or Plato or Aristotle, Julius Cæsar and Plato were great men. Each European nation runs to about the same height, as shown by its literature, and especially by its songs. What shall we say of Homer, or is there any one still cherished in proportion to their wisdom, like Zoroaster and Pythagoras?

In modern Europe the "middle ages" were called the "dark ages"—ten centuries, from the fifth to the fifteenth. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. It is one of our triumphs to have reinstated their Dante and Wickcliffe and Roger Bacon. They gave us decimal numbers, gun-powder, glass, chemistry and Gothic architecture, and their painting, ever the delight and tuition of our age. Six centuries ago Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes, and looking over the horizons from London to America, announced that ships might be constructed which could be driven more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could drive them; and machines which could fly into the air like birds. It is the new arts which have done justice to these forgotten prophecies.

A certain degree of culture makes a man invisible to his contemporaries. [Laughter.] It is always hard to go beyond the public. If they are satisfied with cheap performances you will tire of writing better. But if the public require something better, you will labor till you achieve it. But from time to time men are born a whole age too soon. All the transcendent writers were so. Homer, Hermes, the name of a god, and Dædalus, such are examples, for Dædalus is only a synonym for a great artist. So it has fared with the great men of later times. It has even been questioned whether Shakspeare wrote the books ascribed to him; and Swedenborg is a mythical personage. They are men so great, so self-fed, that others are not necessary to them.

The true hope of any time must always be sought for in minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name; but in his own day his friends were few, and if you wished to find him then, you would have had to hunt for him as if in a conventicle of the Methodists of his age, united with some who were banded together against the corruptions of Rome, as lonely and as hated as was Dante before them. In this view the problem of culture is one of centuries. It is all which gives the mind the possession of its powers. It is as language is to the critic, the telescope to the astronomer. It alters the political status of individuals; it is over the harmonies of history in all dynasties; it creates a private independence which a man cannot look down. If a man knows the laws of nature better than other men, his nation cannot spare him; or if he knows the nature and power of numbers, or if he can govern better than any other, he rules the minds of men wherever he goes. If he has imagination he intoxicates men. How often too has poetry been employed as a protest against the license of a bad age. A song or a satire has played its part in great events. The history of Greece was at one time limited to two persons; on the one side, Demosthenes, a private citizen, and on the other Philip. If a man has a military genius like Belisarius—not to name the crowd of worthy claimants to that power—he is the kings' king. If a theologian of deep convictions and strong understanding, he carries his country with him. Wit has a broad charter, while the councils of kings and prelates are always held to restrain dull people. Even manners are a distinction which we sometimes see is not to be overborne by rank or official power, or even great talents; but it causes them to yield to the perception of what is fit and fair. The trained engineer, with his instruments, is equal to more than a hundred common men. All history is a record of the power of minorities, and of minorities of one. Every book that is written has a secret reference to the few intelligent persons whom the writer knows or believes to exist, among the million.

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Perhaps the highest flight to which the muse of Horace ascended is in that verse in which he describes the souls who can look calmly on the sublimities of nature. The sublime point of experience is the value of a sufficient man. At any time it only needs the influence of a few experienced minds to give a new and noble turn to the public mind. But, can these prerogatives be imparted? What one is, why cannot millions be? Certainly knowledge exists to be imparted. Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret. The inquisitiveness of the child runs to meet the power of the parent to explain. Every artist was first an amateur. There is nothing humiliating in the homage which we pay to a great man; it is a love of the same things and a effort to reach them; it is the inspiration of a hope that we may arrive at the same. The age goes on the crest of great men; but all the rest, when their wires are not cut, can do as signal things. No angel acknowledges any one superior to himself but the Lord alone. There is not a person here present, but his dreams of the night supplement, by their divination, the imperfect experiences of the day. Every solicitude is a hint of a coming fact. What is the use of telegraphs and newspapers to know how men feel in Indiana or Wisconsin or in England or France? The wise man waits for no mails, reads no telegraphs; for he knows that other men are made as he is, breathe the same air, eat the same food, have wives and children, and their resentments rise and fall with the same events to cause them.

It was the conviction of Swedenborg that piety was the essential condition of science, that great thoughts could only come from the heart, that great thoughts

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Gentlemen, I believe and I hope, from the tone of public sentiment today, from the healthy judgment and the healthy sympathy of the American people, and from the educated class, that we shall be saved from the errors which have resulted to France and England from the repudiation of the moral sentiment. In England the want of spirituality in the upper classes, in the time of Charles the Second, and down through the Georges, had a disastrous effect; but it honorably distinguishes the educated classes here that men believe in the power of the moral sentiments to succor the intellect and to draw greatness from its expedience. When I say "the educated classes," I know what a meaning that has, reaching millions here instead of hundreds. And, looking around me, I see what sound material the educated class here is made of; what virtue, what affection, what hope is joined with such greatness of learning and practical power, and that the cause of science and learning is in the hands of educated benefactors. I cannot but believe that this class is to have its effect in the time to come. I think their hands are safe enough to hold up the republic; and I see in their faces the promise of better times and of still greater men.

Mr Emerson's oration occupied a little more than an hour in delivery, and was received with many hearty demonstrations of approval. At times the rumble of applause began as the audience caught a brilliant idea before the completion of the sentence in which it was clothed—to the no small discomfiture of the reporters.

The exercises at the Church were closed with music, and the procession was then re-formed and marched to Harvard Hall, where the Society sat down to its annual dinner.

[From the London Review.]

MR. EMERSON AT HARVARD. The enthusiasm with which Ralph Waldo Emerson is greeted in every part of the United States is a phenomenon which cannot escape the attention of those who study the affairs and tendencies of that country. During the last few years we find him at one time called to Washington to address the National Representatives on the condition of the country, and afterwards engaged in a consultation with President Lincoln; last year Harvard University bestowed on him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws; during the past winter he visited the West, and addressed the populations of its most important cities, which turned out in crowds to welcome and listen to him; at St. Louis he held conversations with a Hegelian club, which certain educated Germans have formed there; and more recently he has been unanimously chosen to deliver the chief oration at the Cambridge Commencement, having on the day before been elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts an overseer of that institution, the oldest and most important in the country. Thus, in his sixty-fourth year, and after a literary career of more than forty years, in which he has advocated the most sweeping heresies of the age, and been regarded by the mass of his shrewd and practi-

cal countrymen as an incomprehensible visionary, the seer opens the "garden gate," once sternly slammed in the face of the world, and steps into the arena; the prophet's mantle is thrown aside for the captain's armor. As Gothe said to the youth who proposed to emigrate, "Your America is here or nowhere," so Mr. Emerson seems to have found his transcental Utopia bourgeoning forth all around him. In the address which he delivered at Cambridge, he celebrates America in such language as he formerly devoted to an ideal state of society. "We meet, today," he begins, "under happy omens to our ancient society, to the honor of letters, to the country and mankind. In good citizens, who share the wonderful prosperity of the Federal Union, the heart beats still with the public pulse of joy that the country has withstood the stern trial which threatened its existence, and feels that the best augmentation of strength has been drawn from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is ever a crowning honor and pledge of strength to the ship; and no less to the ship of state. We may well be content with our fair inheritance. Was there ever such a coincidence of advantages as there is in America today!"

This is not the language of a mere philosophical optimist, it is the warm tribute of a man who has a perfect faith in the people around him, and in their purpose. Nor is there anything in his tone to indicate that he is judging his country by any standard lower than that by which he once condemned the "proud world" and bade it "good by,"—when he had found "the spot that is sacred to thought and God." But let us take the reasons for his faith from his own lips:

"Consider what is the share of the statesman and scholar in the issues of the present age; what heroes, what genius, what science of administration, what masters, in their several professions—the railroads, the mines, the inland and the marine telegraph, the inland and foreign trade, all on a grand national scale—have produced. The great fact to be noticed is, the appearance of superior men and the rapid addition to our society of a class of masters by which the self-respect of each town and city is enriched. See the boundless freedom of the country. People have been in all countries burned and stoned for saying things which are now the current conversation at all our breakfast tables....Now, if any one say we have had enough of this boastful recital, then I say, happy is the land where benefits like these have grown trite and commonplace."

The buoyancy and hopefulness pervading these sentences are to be found to a great extent in all contemporaneous American writing. This is especially true of what has been said and sung since the war. Whilst nearly every home in that land is draped, no heart seems to be in mourning; on the contrary, there would seem to be over there an era of universal joy. It is natural that when a gigantic evil of the kind that is particularly odious to a proud and sensitive people, because of the world-wide infamy as well as the inherent meanness of it, has been unexpectedly lifted from their country, they should almost feel as if all evil had disappeared from the world. The engrossing nature of an acute evil is a familiar experience. The smoking chimney gradually veils all other discomfort from the smarting eyes of the housewife, and to him that hath the toothache other griefs seem mole hills beside his mountain. "Have his daughters brought him to this pass?" exclaims Lear, unable to conceive but one grief. By the cruel wrongs of the negro, who sometimes rushed with his rags and his scars through peaceful Northern villages, by the corruption of some of their greatest men to a servility to it, by the bar it raised against all peaceful studies and pursuits, slavery had become to the more educated American, literally, what Wesley called it, rhetorically, "the sum of all villanies."

The patriot now sees in the destruction of that system the fading out of the one blot that tarnished a beautiful flag. The scholar sees in it liberty to turn his attention to the studies he loves. The storm and danger past, all those who, though not sailors, have been compelled to stand day and night at the pumps, may now return to their accustomed tasks. The jubilant tone of the American people, and particularly of the men of letters among them, is doubtless to a great extent due to the departure of the particular demon which has so long harried them; but this is far from being, we think, the whole cause operating in this matter. This triumphal tone was heard in the barbaric chants of Walt Whitman as well as in the lucid lectures of Emerson, long before the near doom of slavery was recognized. The fact is, the American people have a profound optimism at the bottom of their national character. It is found in their religion, universal salvation being, in one phase or another of it, the creed of all their churches. It is observable in their disposition to abolish capital punishment, to utilize prisoners instead of punishing them, and to try all manner of political experiments without apprehension that their nation or society can be seriously harmed by any failure. This spirit of irrepressible hope and confidence has been called for by America and it has come; it is the temper that grows under emergencies; nothing less could have cleared the forests of the West, linked the Atlantic and Pacific together with a national highway, and sown her great territories with civilized cities. There has been no place in that country for lachrymose prophets, and they have passed out of it. Natural selection has favored the race of inveterate hopers. And where this is the popular temperament it is sure to characterize the leading minds. Mr. Emerson, who sees in the political changes which have passed upon America the advance of a new earth in response to a new heaven of ideas, represents the particular epoch as well as the general character of its people. As Wordsworth believed in nature, Emerson believes in man. "I conceive that in this economical world, when every drop and every crumb is expended by Nature, no mind is without its use. Divine intelligence carries on its administration by good men."

With all his democratic spirit, however, it is plain from this as from other recent addresses of Mr. Emerson that he regards the fraternity of scholars throughout the world as almost a caste. The giant in the mountains must not make a plaything of the peasant ploughing in the valley with his oxen, and must feel that by the peasant he also is sustained; but, nevertheless, the giants must see that they do not themselves forsake their sunniest for the valley and the grain. We cannot forbear quoting the conclusion of the address, which bears upon this point and also traces it in large and suggestive relations:

"The community of scholars do not, I fear, know their power. They weaken each other by the toleration of political baseness around them. Where good society exists, it is very well able to exclude pretenders. They quickly find themselves uncomfortable, and depart to their own kind. Our politics have had a bad effect upon character. We have allowed our young men of ambition to play the game of politics, to follow the bad example set them without rebuke. But that kind of association does not leave a person his own master. He cannot come and go from the good to the evil at pleasure, and then back again to the good. There is a text in Swedenborg, which tells in a figure the fact of the unseen world. The man saw, in vision, the angels and the devils in heaven; 'but these stood not face to face and hands to hands, but feet to feet, those perpendicular up and these perpendicular down.'

Gentlemen, I believe and I hope, from the tone of public sentiment today, from the healthy judgment and the healthy sympathy of the American people, and of the educated class, that we shall be saved from the errors which have resulted to other countries from the repudiation of the moral sentiment. In England the want of spirituality in the upper classes, in the time of Charles II., and down through the Georges, had a disastrous effect; but it honorably distinguishes the educated classes here, that men believe in the power of the moral sentiments to succor the intellect, and to draw greatness from its experience. When I say 'the educated classes' I know what a meaning that phrase has, reaching millions here instead of hundreds. And, looking around me, I see what sound material the cultivated class is made of; what virtue, what affection, what hope, is joined with such greatness of learning and practical power, and that the cause of science and culture is in the hands of noble benefactors. I cannot but believe that this class is to have its effect in the time to come. I think their hands are safe enough to hold up the republic; and I see in their faces the promise of better times, and of still greater men."

Such words of cheer, mingled with wise advice, were among the happiest of the omens under which the young men of Cambridge assembled on the occasion of their utterance, and they may fairly claim it as a sign of their high calling that such a man is their chosen and appropriate counsellor. One further reflection presses upon us as we leave this admirable address. No man in England has more eagerly recognized its author as one of the foremost intellects of the world than Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Yet in this address we find what, after long study and experience, this great thinker testifies as to the "After" of a nation of our own blood which sometime ago shot Niagara!

Mrs. Sarah A. Ripley.

Died, in Concord, on the 26th instant, Mrs Sarah A Ripley, aged 74 years. The death of this lady, widely known and beloved, will be sincerely deplored by many persons scattered in distant parts of the country, who have known her rare accomplishments and the singular loveliness of her character. A lineal descendant of the first governor of Plymouth colony, she was happily born and bred. Her father, Gamaliel Bradford, was a sea-captain of marked ability, with heroic traits which old men will still remember, and, though a man of action, yet adding a taste for letters. Her brothers were scholars, so that from childhood up she lived in an atmosphere of science and literature. Her own taste for study was even more decided, and she enjoyed from youth to age unusual advantages for gratifying it. Her brothers early inspired her with a love of botany, which endured as long as life. Her sympathy with their studies also made her acquainted with the genius of the French physiologists, Bichat and Biot, and with the chemists Lavoisier and Fourcroy, so that no one better appreciated the new nomenclature. At a time when perhaps no other young women read Greek, she acquired the language with ease, and read Plato, adding soon the advantage of German commentators.

After her marriage, when her husband, long the well known clergyman of Waltham, received boys in his house to be fitted for college, she assumed the advanced instruction in Greek and Latin, and did not fail to turn it to account by extending her studies in the literature of both languages. It soon happened, that students from Cambridge were put under her private instruction and she saw at sight if the young men shared her delight in the book, she was interested at once to lead them to higher steps, and more difficult but not less engaging authors, and they soon learned to prize the new world of thought and history thus opened. Her best pupils became her lasting friends. She became one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and continued, in recent years, the habit of reading Homer, the tragedians, and Plato. But her studies took a wide range in mathematics, in natural philosophy, in psychology, in theology, as well as in ancient and modern literature.

She had always a keen ear open to whatever new facts astronomy, chemistry, or the theories of light and heat had to furnish. She had so vast a curiosity, that it made little difference what book or department was offered. Any knowledge, all knowledge was welcome. The thirst for knowledge would not let her sleep. Her stores increased daily. She was absolutely without pedantry. Nobody suspected of her learning, until a necessity came for its use and then nothing could be more simple than her solution of the problem proposed to her. Her studies so occupied her that she naturally preferred the society of men, as usually the better scholars; and the most intellectual gladly conversed with one whose knowledge, however rich and varied, was always with her only the means of new acquisition. Meantime, her mind was purely receptive. She had no ambition to propound a theory, or to write her own name on any book, or plead an opinion. Her delight in books was not tainted by any wish [illegible], or any appetite for praise or influence. She seldom [illegible] willingly used a pen, and only for necessity or affection.

But this wide and successful study, was, during all the years of middle life, only the work of hours stolen from sleep, or was combined with some household task which occupied the hands and left the eyes free. She was faithful to all the duties of wife and mother in a well-ordered and eminently hospitable household, wherein she was dearly loved, and where "her heart life's lowliest duties on itself did lay."

She was not only the most amiable, but the tenderest of women, wholly sincere, thoughtful for others, and though careless of appearances submitting with docility to the better arrangements which her children or friends insisted on owing to her own negligence of dress: for her own sake, thinking her children without stint, assured that their generosity, enlightened, would supply all needed checks.

She was absolutely without a disposition to any vice, no appetite for luxury, or display, or praise or influence, with entire indifference to trifles. Not long before her marriage, one of her intimate friends in the city, whose family were removing proposed to her to go with her to the new house, and taking some articles in her own hand, by way of trial artfully put into her hand a broom, whilst she kept her in free conversation on some speculative points, and this she faithfully carried across Boston Common, from Summer street to Hancock street, without hesitation or remark.

Though entirely domestic in her habit and inclination, she was everywhere a welcome visitor, and a favorite of society when she rarely entered it. The elegance of her tastes commended her to the elegant, who were swift to distinguish her as they found her simple manners faultless. With her singular simplicity and purity,—such that society could not spoil, nor much affect,—she was only entertained by it, and really went into it as children into a theatre, to be diverted, whilst her ready sympathy enjoyed whatever beauty of person, manners, or ornaments, it had to show. If there was conversation, if there was thought or learning, her interest was commanded, and she gave herself up to the happiness of the hour.

As she advanced in life, her personal beauty, not remarkable in her youth, drew the notice of all, and age brought no fault but the sudden decay or eclipse of her intellectual powers.

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The Boston correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* reports the following recent events in the liberal fold, with the reminiscences they awakened:—

Yesterday, there was heard from a Boston pulpit the voice of one who for many years has chosen to present his thoughts to the public in the form of lectures rather than of sermons. At the request of Rev. Dr. Bartol, Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered in his church a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul; and this morning, at the regular monthly meeting of the Free Religious Club, Mr. Emerson read, by appointment, a paper on Religion. This was followed by a discussion upon the essay and its subject, and excellent things were said by Messrs. Alcott, Bartol, Wasson, Longfellow, Connor, Tiffany, Allen, Potter, Towne, and others. Among the ladies present (all of whom chose on this occasion to be listeners rather than speakers) were two veterans in the anti-slavery cause, Mlss Sarah Grimké and Mrs. Angelina Grimké Weld. The sight of them carried me back to the old days, when these noble women gave the strength of their youth and the power of their eloquence to the cause of the slave. The lecture-going public of the present day can hardly imagine the bitterness of reproach called forth in those old times by the mere fact of a woman presuming to speak in public. That the Grimké sisters were Quakers by birth and education was admitted as extenuation, but hardly as excuse; and yet, though the majority of their hearers "came to scoff," they could not help coming to hear; and I remember when the younger sister, speaking to an audience that crowded the old Odeon in Federal street, held them for two hours in fixed attention, though nine-tenths of them would undoubtedly have objected (on national grounds) to any interference with slavery, and (on theological grounds) to the public speaking of women anywhere and on any subject. Times are changed; and yet, how much of the old feeling of opposition to radical reform remains; and how much of the bitter, spiteful manifestation of it remains, here, as well as at the South.

Mr. Emerson on "Eloquence."

THE OPENING FRATERNITY LECTURE.

COLLATED FROM THE "POST" AND "JOURNAL" FOR "THE COMMONWEALTH."

The wise think eloquence better than a battle. It is a triumph of pure power. We can understand the means by which a battle is gained. We count the armies, see cannon, cavalry, character and advantages of the ground, so that the result is often predicted with great certainty. Not so in a court of law, or in a legislature. Who knows before the debate begins what the preparation or means of the combatants? The facts, the reasons, the logic, above all, the sentiments, the continuous energy of will, which is presently to be let loose, are all invisible and unknown. The use of eloquence is to move man. It has influence to show his power and possibility. He can point to what has occurred or must occur with as much clearness to a company as if they saw it before their eyes. By leading their thought he leads their will, and can make them do gladly what an hour ago they would not believe they could be made to do at all. Out of enemies he makes friends, and fills despondent men with hope and joy. He has a way to cure the distemper of men's minds by words. The orator is a benefactor, an enchanter that lifts men above themselves, and creates a higher appetite than he satisfies. Much depends upon the occasion, the subject, the audience, the interests involved, the physical mood of the speaker and the favorable or unfavorable bias of the auditors. When Sheridan made his celebrated speech in the Warren Hastings case, the effect of that speech was so great that it was necessary to move an adjournment of Parliament.

Intellect and force to carry on the business of the world were rarely united in one person. There are wise men of counsel who are the real force of any assembly, Congress or Parliament. Beside them stand the administrative men, who catch the theory, explain, illuminate, pyrotechnize the thing to the eyes of the multitude, to the inevitable disgust of the silent workingmen who did it, and find themselves superseded in the public eye by these public talkers. As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry or Webster, all great interests, whether of State or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate. It is paid with dignities in England—with seats in the cabinet, earldoms, woolsacks, and the like; in America with parallel dignities and values; in France hardly with less. Who can wonder at this influence, wherever exhibited, on young and ardent minds?

I am fully aware of the imprudence of venturing upon a topic which, to do it justice, requires the very power it described. Eloquence that so astonishes is only the exaggeration of a talent that is universal. All men are competitors in this art. Go into an assembly a little excited, some angry political meeting on the eve of a crisis, and you will observe the fact. Eloquence is as natural as swimming, an art which all men might learn, but so few do. It only needs that they may be well pushed off into the water, over head, without cork, and, after a struggle or two, they will find the use of their arms, and henceforward they possess the new and wonderful element. Jenny Lind, when in this country, complained of concert-rooms and town halls as not giving her room enough to unroll her voice, and exulted in the opportunity given her in certain great halls, which she sometimes filled, over railroad *depots*. And this is quite as true as the action of the mind itself, that a man of this talent finds himself cold in private company, and proves himself a heavy companion; but give him a commanding occasion, and the inspiration of a great multitude, and he surprises us by new and unlooked-for powers.

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The Walden Pond Picnic,

The last of the season, came off agreeably with the public announcement, Wednesday the 9th inst., under the management of Dr. Gardner. At the hour appointed, a goodly number of those who appreciate a day's recreation in the woods assembled at the depot and took the cars for this favored spot. The gathering was considerably augmented by the arrival of the second train, though the company was not so large on the whole as was to be expected. The weather was all that could be desired, indeed no fairer day ever dawned. It was one of those rich and radiant Indian Summer days which flood wood and field with golden beauty, and which has made New England justly famous the wide-world over. An hour's ramble after the arrival of the second train—dinner being served in the meantime—the bugle call brought the company around the speakers' stand. Dr. Gardner, officiating as chairman, invited all those accustomed to speak to take seats upon the platform. He abstained from calling names, knowing that speakers and mediums were peculiarly sensitive, and as he might unintentionally omit some, he preferred not to mention any particular one.

Lizzie Doten said, by way of introduction, that making a speech for the sake of a speech was the very poorest satisfaction in the world. She wished that Spiritualism *was* the forerunner of a new religion, in the sense as was affirmed by Judge Edmonds in his late discourse at Music Hall. The proper condition, in order to commune with the disembodied spirits, was first to fully know how to commune with spirits in the flesh. Commenting upon the definition of eloquence as given by Mr. Emerson lately, she made some most beautiful, pertinent and eloquent remarks, which no brief synopsis can do justice to.

Chauncey Barnes, the wandering missionary, as pithily called by Dr. Gardner, took the stand, and said his say, as he remarked, without interruption or once being called to order—a fact which was almost unparalleled in his history. He thought this was a sign that the world was moving.

A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, being interested in every progressive movement pertaining to the social, moral and religious elevation of the race, made, in his quiet, conversational, Emersonian way, not a few fine distinctions and criticisms about speech, thought, matter, soul, spirit, and the relative age of the body and the soul. We had a double duty to perform. There was need of more feeling and more correct thinking to interpret this feeling—a need of harmony existing between head and heart. Spiritualism will not have done its full duty or run its whole career

until it has exhausted all the great questions which vitally belong to human thought.

A. E. Giles, Esq., spoke of the beauty of the day, the autumnal glory of the year, the place rendered classic by the life and genius of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Parker and others.

Mr. Alcott related several anecdotes of Thoreau, and Miss Doten closed these pleasant exercises by reciting with fine effect one of her most beautiful poems.

PERSONAL.

The Radical Club.—We make an extract of a private letter from Boston as follows: "I attended a meeting of the Radical Club yesterday morning (Oct. 14th), at Dr Bartol's. The Club is composed of the Radical portion of the Unitarian clergy and divers literary women. There were present Messrs Emerson, Alcott, Wasson, Sargent, Weiss, Samuel Longfellow, Putnam, Brown, and I know not how many others. Among the women were Mrs. Angelina Weld, Mrs. Sewall, and others. Dr. Bartol read an essay, of the transcendental order. It was a fine piece of composition, the object of which seemed to be to show how much man can contain of the divine, or how godlike he may become in his nature. After the reading, Mr. Emerson was called upon, and he proceeded to expound the subject in his usual method. Then followed Mr. Alcott, in his usual strain, his beautiful face all illuminated with his rare smile and earnest eye, as if he saw far beyond other mortals and was trying to express some profound thought, for which he could find no language. Mr. Wasson, Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Weld, and Mrs. Cheney followed, as they were severally invited; and I thought the women were somewhat more clear and practical than some of the highly inspired brethren. I enjoyed it all greatly, and wished you could have been there, if only to see such a set of men and women together. The Club is to meet monthly, the members to be notified by card, and each one being at liberty to invite a friend."

SAINTE-BEUVE ON ORTHODOXY.

A letter from M. Sainte-Beuve touches on the present state of public opinion in France upon religious questions:—

"I have read the letter which you have communicated to me. It seems to be written by a Catholic liberal. Nobody respects this shade of opinion more than I do. I once knew, and had for friends, young and very distinguished representatives of this shade of opinion. I clearly comprehended the social theory which looks upon a people without religion as a people in a decline. The question here is a very different one; we are no longer free. Groan over it or not, as we may, faith has disappeared. Science, let people say what they please, has destroyed it. It is absolutely impossible for vigorous, sensible minds, conversant with history, armed with criticism, studious of the natural sciences, any longer to believe in old stories and old Bibles. In this crisis there is only one thing to do in order to avoid languishing and stagnating in a decline, namely, to move rapidly and to march firmly on toward an order of reasonable, probable, corrected ideas, which beget conviction instead of belief, and which, while leaving to the vestiges of neighboring creeds all liberty and security, prepares in all new and robust minds a support for the future. Morality and justice are slowly forming on a new basis, not less solid than the old basis; more solid than it, because there shall enter it none of the puerile fears of infancy. So let us men and women cease to be children as soon as possible; this will be a hard task to a great many women—and to a great many men, too. But, in the present state of society, herein and nowhere else lie the safety and virility of nations. They will have to choose between Byzantinism and true progress."

[The Independent]

MR. EMERSON IN A NEW CHARACTER.

Bayard Taylor writes to the *Tribune*:—

A new attempt to introduce American life as an element of contrast or illustration, in German literature, has just appeared. Herrman Grimm is the author, and the work is a romance, entitled *Unüberwindliche Machte*. (Unconquerable Powers). The scene is laid partly in Germany and partly in America, and the contrast of different political and social systems, as they manifest themselves in the individual characters, is very carefully and skillfully drawn. The original of "Mr. Wilson" is said to be Emerson, of whom Herrman Grimm was the first German translator.

MR. EMERSON AT CAMBRIDGE.

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard, 8-17-67, p. 4.

The following from the Boston *Commonwealth*, in reference to Mr. Emerson's address at Cambridge, which we published in The Standard of last week, a correspondent deems worthy of insertion:

The annual ceremonies attending the close of the college course at Cambridge, called *Commencement* with singular unfitness, have this year been marked by two unusual events. On the 17th of July Mr. R. W. Emerson was chosen one of the overseers of Harvard College, receiving more votes than any of the candidates for the five vacancies, and on the 18th he delivered an address before the *Phi Beta Kappa* society. These may seem trifles to some of our readers—for have not overseers been chosen also in each of the two hundred and fifty other colleges of the United States, and have not addresses been uttered by the thousand? Nevertheless, we speak of an event worth noticing, for it indicates a revolution in thought—or, rather, the complete development of the personal influence exerted by a man of genius.

Mr. Emerson received his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1821, and a few years later his master's degree in regular course. Without enjoying the special favor of his *alma mater*, he yet had her face turned smiling towards him. But when, in the exercise of a scholar's privilege, which had been added to the prerogative of genius, he began to question the validity of popular beliefs, and to lay anew the foundations of opinion, she grew cold and frowning. From 1830 to 1838 she tolerated, though with scarcely disguised contempt, his essays on philosophy and literature; but, after the famous Divinity School Address of 1838, she cast him out altogether. She was clean contrary to all his doings. He was a transcendentalist, at which she laughed—an abolitionist, such as she threw stones at—a theist, atheist, pantheist, or perhaps all three in one, she scarcely knew what, but she detested him. His brethren of the *Phi Beta* had paid him their tribute to his scolarship by inviting him to address them, and he had done so; but it only increased his odium at the college. The *North American Review*, which was then and for a long time a sort of ambulance to pick up the wounded professors of Harvard, drove its jolting cart over his essays and poems, and supposed that oblivion would come along next day and bury them out of sight. In the fierce strife of politics which preceded the victory of Massachusetts over South Carolina, Cambridge sided with Carolina, and echoed with shrill voice the sonorous platitutes of Webster and Everett.

In 1851, Mr. Emerson spoke at a political meeting in Cambridge, denouncing Webster, and maintaining the cause of the North. The undergraduates and law-students went to mob him, with the approval, secret or confessed, of their instructors. But even then the tide had begun to turn, and there was a respectable minority of young men who looked upon the Concord scholar as their leader and teacher. The infection spread. The students first gave in, then the tutors and younger professors, and at last the body of the Alumni and the college government; and now he has just been chosen to a responsible office by a vote almost unanimous, and his most heretical opinions have been heard with applause by the Faculty and Corporation—"*Consill. PP. et TT. adjuv.*"—as the inscription used to run in the old *Detur's*, before modern innovators so bejuggled the college Latin that nobody but a professor or a tutor can read it. The whirligig of time has made a complete turn, and Cambridge has her feet now where her head used to be.

All which is to the credit of the present discernment of Harvard College, but convicts her of stone blindness in the past years; for this admired teacher, whom she applauds, says now what he said then. The imperfect report which we print in another column shows through the disguise of the reporter's rhetoric the manly English of Mr. Emerson's periods; and they have the ring of the old days. There is no compromise, no despair, no timidity. Whatever he may say, and truly, of the complaisance and indifference of American scholars, in times past or present, the charge does not convict himself. He enters his place at the ancient University as our generals now occupy the South—not by sufferance, not by courtesy, but by the right of the strongest—with colors flying and arms displayed. Such is the state of the case, however his own modesty or the good will of the

conquered party may generously strive to conceal the apparent fact.

Will the colleges in the country accept the omen? Will they cease to be, what Matthew Arnold calls Oxford, the "home of lost causes and forgotten beliefs," and begin do their part in *leading* the movement of the times? Or will they, as they have too often done, drag awkwardly after the car which they have done their feeble utmost to hinder? This is a question quite as momentous to their future success as that between Greek and German—between science and literature—which is now so much mooted. They can never flourish as the nation flourishes until they are something more than ornamental—something more even than useful; until they make themselves necessary to the vigorous life which pulsates about them.

NEW-ENGLAND.

Thoreau

BY THE SEA—PLYMOUTH ROCK AND PULPIT ROCK—CLARK'S ISLAND AND ITS PILGRIM STONE—ISLAND SOCIETY—A TRACE OF THOREAU—CAPT. STANDISH AND HIS HILL—PLYMOUTH AND ITS CURIOSITIES—SEALS, SPRINGS, AND SPOONERIANA.

From Our Own Correspondent. Tribune

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 31, 1867.

Plymouth Rock is celebrated, but for what actual and intrinsic virtue, a modern pilgrim may be permitted to question. A meager lump of granite, cabineted here on the wharves, just below the Hill of Promenade, on the sea-side of the town, is all that remains of what New-England is pleased to consider her best geological specimen, her veritable blarney-stone. A small monument arches it over, and just where visitors are permitted to step, it is so jealously boarded that but little of the rock is left to be trodden upon, while its quality is to be discerned only by examination. This comes from the industry of the relic-chippers, whose worship of things great takes the pettiest way possible. The famous stone has, indeed, become a rock of pilgrims, in the most possessive sense. There is about enough of it at present to suggest a question whether it could have been at any time of the magnitude represented in pictorial history, and whether, accordingly, any considerable number of pilgrims could have found landing or standing-room upon it some centuries ago in mid-Winter, as imagined popularly. To a New-England mind these are, of course, preposterous doubts, and trifle with the sublime of history. There on the old wharf, so Lethean in its look that the fat weed is scarcely wanting to complete the picture; set in amid the dryest common places; surrounded by shanty-like warehouses, gray, weather-beaten relics of an ancient bygone; there, like truth, in its leaden casket, is New-England's jewel stone, whence she dates all the ideas that have Puritanized and, of late, so startlingly made heterodox this Emersonian and Thoreau-going community. The mystic stone is not in so respectable a condition as to deserve much blarneying; but, as every Yankee now walks as if his own foot contained a Pope's toe, the practice ought to be out of fashion. Still, the stock, scenery, and appointments of the old pilgrim drama are worth preserving, even as we get them out of oratory and poetry. To be sure, Mrs. Hemans is a little wrong if she refers to Plymouth. It is not certain that the "breaking waves" did, indeed, "dash high on a stern and rock-bound coast," as alleged in her renowned verses, or that "the woods," in strict truth, did toss their "giant branches" against a stormy sky. Woods and stones are plenty hereabout on hill and shore; but the woods are dwarfish, and the stones too cobbly, I fear, for poetic propriety. But if the immediate shore of Plymouth is not rock-bound, and its tame harborage, fenced from the sea by a long outer beach, permits no such oceanic rashness as that pictured by Mrs. Hemans, still there are bowlders and breakers to the neighboring point south of us—the sea end of the Manomet range of hills—large enough to countenance some liberty of imagination.

There is another and prior claimant, however, to historical honors. Clark's Island, which lies four miles distant under shelter of the northern arch of the beautiful crescent which forms the general harbor of Plymouth, has its own undoubted pilgrim's rock. For the size and appearance of this noble bowlder no apology is at all necessary. It is rather tritely called Pulpit rock; but this is doubtless the best of the many pulpit rocks with which the natural scenery of Yankee-land abounds. Here it was that Elder Brewster, of sainted memory, preached and prayed to the first boat's crew of adventurers from the Mayflower on the Sunday previous to their landing at Plymouth; so that this is and was, in fact, the first landing-place of the Fathers after Provincetown. Clark, the mate of the Mayflower, and first of the crew of pioneers, is immortalized by the island itself. I commend the island rock as an alternative when the other gives out. No relic-chipper has defaced its impregnable integrity. In very remote, wild days, it might have been a stone of sacrifice like Massasoit's rock was in the Manomet woods; at all events it was just the rock for Elder Brewster to pray on—a real pulpit lifting its preacher skyward, without branch or rafter to obscure his vision. A young elm and ailanthus now tropically shade a brief part of it, which occupies nearly the center of the 80 acres or more which the island contains. Most of this is shrubless and treeless; but the short grass of the island is considered as good pasture as the coast affords, and its one farm-house is almost concealed by foliage. It is "a green isle in the sea," truly; not so green as art yet might make it, or so girt by marine fascinations as a greater distance out at sea might lend to it. But its high land, rocky shore, and green hermitage, from which one can see the full charm of the crescent harbor, with its three towns, Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury, taking in all contained between the breezy, sandy beach of the Gurnett on the north and the rocky shore of Manomet on the south, have peculiar enchantments. The Prospero of the isle is a bright-eyed, white-haired bachelor, as hearty as he is intelligent. Every Summer his sea-seeking friends visit him, and his hermitage becomes a sort of caravansery. Island society is or has been unique—a mingle of social all-sorts; scholars from Cambridge and Concord, among them a Harvard Professor; Parker-ite divines, poets, journalists, and magazinists; worldly folk, glossed by reading and good company; some true idealists, whose names are seldom or never seen in print, and high-flying youngsters of various ages and sexes—all under one small roof. Village rumor has lent an air of transcendentalism, and oddities in gown and pantaloons flit about these classic shades like so many ghosts or Platonic pupils in the groves of some island academé. The island is a fair resort for clever company, that is all, and for-

tunately for those who do reach it, is not open to the public at large. Hither came Webster one day, with his fowling-piece, an old felt hat over that tawny visage of his. He was after golden plover. Theodore Parker may have reached it on his way to Cape Cod, where it was his delight at times to swim. Channing, the poet, and fellow-voyager of Thoreau, picked up an Indian relic here some time ago. One day Thoreau himself, a short, broad, awkward man, much in feature, I am told, like Mr. Emerson—burst in upon his island friends. He had attempted to walk across the harbor bed between here and Duxbury, but, within a hundred feet of land, had to call out for a dory. For once, the great, wise walker miscalculated his travel. The island is not less interesting for having entertained this untamed evangelist than for having heard Elder Brewster say his prayers.

From the delectable isle, one can gaze widely on a fine panorama of the main land—at sunset splendidly illuminated, and fixed far and deep amid the wildest contrasts of the light that glorifies sea and land together. The nearest and highest point is Captain's Hill, midway between Plymouth and Duxbury, and famous as the dwelling place of Miles Standish, the "grim Puritan Captain." The wonder is that he isolated himself so far from his colony, when, as may be seen, the Indians in any considerable number, might have cut him off at low water, but Capt. Standish was terrible in war and godly in prayer.

Plymouth ever wears its look of quiet wooden old age. Spite of its dry structure it straggles along its seaward slope in a very picturesque way. Set against a cloudy background, the "old colony" (seen from the Clifford House) has a gray, ghostly look, and the pilgrim houses seem to be marching to Manomet woods. But sunset splendidly endows its Summer eves, and the town and harbor have a wild beauty not all their own. The Pilgrim burying-ground, where Gov. Bradford and some other worthies are buried, is the highest and most central part of the town, and the outlet of Billington's Sea runs not far off. The Old Colony records, which are to be seen in the Court, are numerous enough, but yield us few humors equal to that of the sea captain who recorded his protest in due form at a notary public's against a villager who had run into him with a wheelbarrow. That notary was the quaint and genial Deacon Spooner, whose humorsome eye beams out of one of the pictures in Pilgrim Hall—a hall which contains, by the way, along with King Philip's helmet and a piece of prayerfully inscribed broidery by sweet Rose Standish, a monstrous picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims, which their intelligent descendants surely do not consider a work of art. But, speaking of the old-time deacon, what a droll character, what a rare wit he was! Was it Deacon Spooner who, on being impertinently asked if he ever prayed in secret, responded: "The devil! if I told you it would be no secret at all." Fie, O fie, good deacon! Was it this worthy or his descendant who, coming home with legal precepts in his hand, twice stumbled over his clothes-line, and dropped his precepts, making the true Spoonerian comment—"Line upon line, and precept upon precept." Spooner must have been that pious deacon who, with spectacles on, and singing psalms in a dory-boat, out in the harbor, was followed a long way by a religious seal. Seals, by the way, harbor in plenty here, making their favorite bask on a rock near the village of Kingston. Their presence in these waters, where every hour they raise their cat-and-dog-like heads—reminding one at a distance of Mr. Wallack's head in the Iron Mask—is a continual surprise to the stranger. But, to return, what public-spirited villager will venture upon making a true collection of the priceless and abundant Spoonerian?

Plymouth is built, as it were, on springs. Nothing can surpass its living wells of fresh water, which bubble within a stone's-throw of the sea, if not, as over at Captain's hill, upon the beach itself. At the Gurnett, a point of land stretching seven miles out at sea, a well has been dug in the Government fort which yields the coldest water known in these parts, not excepting that of the Cold Spring of Plymouth, which runs with constant and exquisite purity Summer and Winter. Commend us also to the witch-haunted spring of Mother Brewster for whatever intoxication may dwell in pure water, or to Aunt Simmon's clam-paved fountain. Heliconian and Castalian rills have a pedantic tinkle; but these are living, limpid waters of delight.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON "ELOQUENCE."

Reported for the Boston Post, Oct. 2.

THE lecture season of 1867 was inaugurated at Music Hall last evening with the opening lecture of the tenth annual series of the Parker Fraternity course. A full-sized audience was present, and from the numbers and manifest interest, the rostrum bids fair to continue in the future, as in the past, an important element in the education and entertainment of the people. The usual half-hour organ concert preceded the advent of the lecturer, who at half-past seven o'clock was introduced by George H. Ottis, the President of the Fraternity.

Mr. Emerson remarked in commencing, that the wise think eloquence better than a battle. It is a triumph of pure power. We can understand the means by which a battle is gained. We count the armies, see cannon, cavalry, character and advantages of the ground, so that the result is often predicted with great certainty. Not so in a court of law, or in a legislature. Who knows before the debate begins what the preparation or means of the combatants? The facts, the reasons, the logic, above all, the sentiments, the continuous energy of will which is presently to be let loose are all invisible and unknown. The use of eloquence is to move man. It has influence to show its power and possibility. He can point to what has occurred or must occur with as much clearness to a company as if they saw it before their eyes. By leading their thought he leads their will, and can make them do gladly what an hour ago they would not believe they could be made to do at all. Out of enemies he makes friends, and fills despondent men with hope and joy. He has a way to cure the distemper of men's minds by words. The orator is a benefactor, an enchanter that lifts men above themselves, and creates a higher appetite than he satisfies. After quoting examples, Mr. Emerson said that intellect and force to carry on the business of the world were rarely united in one person. There are wise men of counsel who are the real force of any assembly, Congress or Parliament. Beside them stand the administrative men, who catch the theory, explain, illuminate, pyrotechnize the thing to the eyes of the multitude, to the inevitable disgust of the silent working men who did it and find themselves superseded in the public eye by these public talkers. As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry or Webster, all great interests, whether of State or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a

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potentate. It is paid with dignities in England—with seats in the cabinet, earldoms, and woolsacks and the like; in America with parallel dignities and values; in France hardly with less. Who can wonder at this influence, wherever exhibited, on young and ardent minds? The speaker declared himself fully aware of the imprudence of venturing upon a topic which, to do it justice, required the very power it described. Eloquence that so astonishes is only the exaggeration of a talent that is universal. All men are competitors in this art. Go into an assembly a little excited, some angry political meeting on the eve of a crisis, and you will observe the fact. Eloquence is as natural as swimming, an art which all men might learn, but so few do. It only needs that they be well pushed off into the water, over head, without cork, and, after a struggle or two, they will find the use of their arms, and henceforward they possess the new and wonderful element. Jenny Lind, when in this country, complained of concert rooms and town halls as not giving her room enough to unroll her voice, and exulted in the opportunity given her in certain great halls, which she sometimes filled, over railroad depots. And this is quite as true as the action of the mind itself, that a man of this talent finds himself cold in private company, and proves himself a heavy companion; but give him a commanding occasion, and the inspiration of a great multitude, and he surprises us by new and unlooked-for powers. There are physical advantages in relation to this art by which men are different. There are born orators as there are born poets and painters. A good voice has a charm in speech as in song. Sometimes even it enchains attention and indicates rare sensibility, especially when trained to wield all its powers. There voice betrays the nature and indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind. The voice is so delicate that an eminent preacher has said that he learned from the first utterance of his voice on Sunday morning whether he was to have a successful day. The speaker called a good reader one who could read sense and poetry into any hymn in the hymn-book. Plutarch, in his enumeration of the ten Greek orators, was careful to mention their voices and their pains in training them. Before the voice and after the voice, the high culture of an orator is manliness. The orator is man put in better possession of himself, and the speaker thought the school for this, not the college, but the play-ground and street. The orator must command the whole school of language from the most elegant to the most low and vile. Every one has felt how superior in force is the language of the street to that of the academy. Ought not the scholar to be able to convey his meaning in terms as short and strong as the porter or truckman uses to convey his? All poetry and all the finest prose must be written in the language of the people. The speech of the man of the street is invariably strong, nor can you mend it by what you call parliamentary. You say if he could only express himself. But he already does this better than any one can do for him. One of the forms of manliness is presence of mind. Fundamentally men all feel alike, and they alike in great heat can almost express themselves with almost equal force, but it costs great heat for a heavy man to come up with those who have quick sensibilities. Some men under pressure collapse and cannot rally. The training of the imagination is a department in itself, and we might well search our deepest philosophy for it. Matter corresponds everywhere to mind. Every material fact, every natural law is the announcement to the spiritual ear of a moral law, and every mysterious fact has a superior value as a symbol. To this perpetual translation or parable, the soul of man takes the hint so kindly that every one of a million times that the secret is told by analogy it makes us happy. When some familiar truth or fact appears in a new suit, we cannot enough testify our surprise and pleasure. This country represents in all its institutions more than in any country the will and the endeavors of humanity. The States, the Courts, the Church, the Lyceum are all the rostrum of the orator, are all the schools that invite his ability. The Church makes a demand that is always met. The existence of Sunday and the pulpit waiting for a weekly sermon will always find young men of a contemplative turn of mind to fill it. With us the Lyceum is an institution almost exclusively ours. It is a supplement to the college. It had never elsewhere the importance it has here. It is the platform for science, literature, social reform and every variety of entertaining knowledge. In times of political excitement, ten years before, it was a great political engine and gave vent for force that would have been dangerous. People heard patiently in the lecture room discourses which committed them to nothing—facts and doctrines they would not have listened to where they felt themselves at all responsible. Before the war, when opinions were still widely divided, the speaker had observed the energy of that unpretending school. The wandering lecturer comes by and is engaged for the evening, and the people come because it is their custom. He thought the opportunity of being such a one on such an occasion led him to believe that the nation which had the misfortune to have immoral statutes, as France, Turkey, or the old slave States, was wise to seek to gag speech in their own defence. The word eloquence strictly means outspoken, outcry, and yet we always use the word to express a certain heat or spasm of feeling which surprises us in the usual level tone of solitary thought. All that has been claimed for eloquence are ascending strains, good voice, engaging matter, etc. We must come to the main power—power of statement. The essential fact is heat, the heat which comes of sincerity. Speak what you know and believe and are personally answerable for. This goes by weight and measure, like everything else in the universe. We are not moved except rightly any more than stones fall without gravity. John Brown, who made at Charlestown, Va., the best spech made in the nineteenth century, showed us another school to send our boys to—showed us that the best lesson of oratory is to speak the truth and stand by the truth. Truth is so volatile and vital, it needs a full man to keep it for a moment. The orator of principle—he is the great man who always makes a divine impression, a sentiment more powerful in the heart than love of country, and gives perceptions and feelings far beyond the limits of thought. Here lies the emphasis of all power—in the power of character resting on the basis of truth. There is no other way. Your argument is ingenious, your language copious, your illustrations brilliant, but your major proposition is palpably absurd. Will you establish a lie? You are a very eloquent writer, but you cannot write gravity down. Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into a language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Such a practical conversion of truth, written in God's language into Dunderhead's language, is one of the most beautiful weapons forged in the shop of the Divine Artificer. There is a statement possible with every man, and that truth which he does not like to believe—a man must bend to it or die. This was the way with Mr. Hayne, who, after the famous reply of Webster in the Senate, left public life and retired, and, it is said, died of it. Webster chose evil for good, and Hayne was

avenged; for it is certain that he who fights against the humanities, against the moral sentiments of mankind, fights with an adversary not subject to casualities. God and nature are altogether sincere, and art should be as sincere. It is not enough that the work should show skill under mysterious contrivances. It should have a commanding motive in the time and conditions in which it was made. The quality of this last and supreme merit distinguishes all the great masters of eloquence. Demosthenes insists uniformly that honesty is the only basis of public affairs. The contrary may be decisive once, but is quickly exposed. Mr. Emerson gave one illustration of his theme at a little more length. Madame de Stael, he remarked, said of Lafayette that he looked forward to free government with the entire confidence with which a Christian anticipates a future life. Charles X., when he was driven out of Paris by the revolution of 1830, remarked that he had known only two consistent men in his time, himself and Lafayette. Bonaparte said one day to the council: "Everybody in France is subdued. There is but one man who is not—Lafayette. You see him tranquil. Very well, I tell you that he is all ready to begin again on the instant." In 1815, on the 20th of March, these words were fulfilled. Bonaparte arrived at Paris from Elba, and offered Lafayette the first place in the new Chamber of Deputies he was forming. Lafayette replied: "I have been long retired from public affairs, and if I engage in them it can only be as representative of the people." Urged by the necessities of the moment, Bonaparte also established an elective Chamber of Representatives. Lafayette was chosen a representative. The college of Electors chose him for their first President. On the 21st of June, Bonaparte arrived from Waterloo, determined to abolish the Representative Chamber. Lafayette learned, by private information, that in two hours the Representative Chamber would cease to exist. Instantly, on the opening of the session, he ascended the tribune and said these few words, which would have been his death warrant if the assembly he addressed should not support him. The speaker then quoted Lafayette's address to the effect that it was a moment for them to gather around the tri-color of 1789, the standard of freedom, equal rights and public order. He desired to offer certain resolutions which declared the assembly a permanent institution, and all attempts to dissolve it high treason. The resolutions were instantly adopted by the representatives and by the peers, and thus the Emperor was divested of all power. The immediate consequence was the abdication of Bonaparte. The speaker concluded his remarks by saying that if there ever was a country where eloquence was a power, it is in the United States. The political affairs demanded the best thoughts and noblest administrative ability the citizen can offer. Science, art and religion are to be brought home to the practice of thirty millions of people. Is it not worthy the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with the resources of knowledge, of method, of grace and of character to serve such a constituency? If you have a bolt hurl it to the mark.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL—PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11th, 1867.

Walt Whitman, whose article on "Democracy," in the recent *Galaxy*, in reply to Carlyle, has attracted much attention, is understood to be preparing a series of papers for that periodical, containing his "Hospital Notes." It will be remembered that "The Good Gray Poet," as we who admire love to call him, was a constant nurse in the hospitals and on the battle-fields during the whole progress of the war. He kept brief memoranda of interesting cases. These now cover thousands of incidents, and will form valuable additions to our records, told as they will be in that massive prose, so full of poetic power, so magnetic and vitalizing.

Ibid., 12-21-67, p. 3.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH

National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.

THE managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fourth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on **Wednesday, January 22d, 1868.** The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Surely if there rested in any mind the slightest doubt whether our continued exertions in the old channels are needed, the events of the last three months must have dispelled it.

We see the President of the United States planting himself on the old idea of a white man's government, an idea which the nation has fought five years to crush. He upholds the policy of recognizing races and regulating our laws according to the supposed qualities of each—thus ignoring the cardinal principle of the civilization of which he is the official head. The negro is to be very graciously protected by the pity of the white man—not by granting him his rights or putting into his hands the means of defending them. We are not to treat him as an equal, but to dole out charity to him as a dependent.

This revival of old prejudice, this quickening of old feuds, is regarded by one-half the nation as sound statesmanship. The announcement of this creed in his Message has so strengthened the President's position that Congress dares not venture to impeach him. Such has been the criminal indifference and huckstering policy of the Republican leaders that, at length, the people themselves are, in some degree, confused and demoralized. An empty and servile press echoes the treason, and, if such a thing were possible, one might fear we were drifting back into the hateful and angry struggles which disgraced the Nation before the war.

While Congress fears to impeach a President confessedly guilty of high crimes, the great leaders of the Republican party seem ready timidly to hide them selves behind the fame of a successful soldier, with no pledge or claim that he shall support the policy which alone has led us to victory—the policy of exact justice and impartial civil rights. The North—Ohio, Connecticut, and the West—reeks with the old hate of the negro, and by fresh action pledges itself against him.

Doubtless there was an hour when all this could have been prevented. That golden opportunity—that moment, when the people, far ahead of their leaders, besought them to "go forward"—was allowed to pass away. Earnest, devoted, strenuous effort is needed to regain, if possible, another such; at least to rally the Nation afresh to its duty.

Believing that the whole duty of the Abolitionists will not be done, nor the pledges of the Anti-Slavery movement redeemed, until the idea of race is climi

nated from our civil life, until color is no proscription anywhere under the flag—and seeing with what a slender tie the dominant party is bound to this idea, and how ready the leaders are to loose it, we feel that every word we can utter and every effort we can make is needed *now*, before the great choice of next year, to secure all that can yet be saved of the harvest for which our husbands, sons and brothers gave their lives.

The eyes of the civilized world are upon us. The dead who gave their lives for justice claim of us a like devotion in this great cause. Let every one—those whom long years of toil have consecrated to this work and those whom present emergencies have baptized into it—let all rally with a fresh enthusiasm to sustain our Society by their personal activity and their pecuniary contributions. We need both. It is only by the labor of many hands so great a work can be done. For a hapless race now passing through a most perilous hour, we beg of all friends their utmost exertions. This last, this critical hour, when so much may be lost or that final seal set which secures all, let us unite in a strenuous effort to make the most of the opportunity bought with the blood of so many martyrs.

Those not able to be present to aid on this occasion and listen to the appeals of the zealous and tried laborers in our cause, may send their contributions to R. P. Hallowell, Esq., No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston.

Abby Kelley Foster, Worcester, Mass.
Lydia Maria Child, Wayland, Mass.
Lucretia Mott, Pennsylvania.
Sarah Shaw Russell, Boston, Mass.
Lidian Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Mary Grew, Philadelphia.
Elizabeth Gay, Staten Island, N. Y.
Mary E. Sargent, Boston, Mass.
Lydia D. Parker, Boston, Mass.
Charlotte L. Forten, Boston, Mass.
Anna Shaw Greene, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. George L. Stearns, Medford, Mass.
Mary M. Brooks, Concord, Mass.
Sallie Holley, New York.
Hannah B. Spooner, Plymouth, Mass.
Caroline C. Thayer, Boston, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Boston, Mass.
Caroline M. Severance, Newton, Mass.
Mattie Griffith Browne, Boston, Mass.
Martha Le Baron Goddard, Worcester, Mass.
Emeline T. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Anna D. Hollowell, Medford, Mass.
Sarah Cowing, Weymouth, Mass.
Jennie G. Greene, Milton, Mass.
Armenia S. White, Concord, N. H.
Ruth Buffum, Lynn, Mass.
Caroline R. Putnam, Italy.
Sarah Bradford, Roxbury, Mass.
Rebecca Bradford, Roxbury, Mass.
Sarah J. Nowell, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Sarah P. Remond, Italy.
Margaret P. Snow, Fitchburg, Mass.
Harriet W. Sewall, Melrose, Mass.
Evelina E. Slack, Boston, Mass.
Mary C. Sawyer, Grantville, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Grantville, Mass.
Abby S. Stephenson, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Ednah D. Cheney, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Elizabeth B. Chace, Rhode Island.
Anna Talbot Fairbanks, Rhode Island.

N.Y. Daily Tribune, 1-13-68.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW ON MR. EMERSON.

The new number of the "North British Review" has a noticeable paper on Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose name the writer regards as "the signpost of an interesting stage in the progress of Transatlantic thought," and a curious chapter in the history of mysticism. We select a few paragraphs from the article, as illustrations of the prominence which has been attained by the "Sage of Concord" in the contemporary European mind, and the odd blending of fact and fancy in foreign estimates of his merits:

MR. EMERSON'S STYLE.

As regards form, Mr. Emerson is the most unsystematic of writers. The concentration of his style resembles that of a classic, but he has little constructiveness, and, as with the others who have adopted the aphoristic mode of conveying their thoughts, he everywhere sacrifices unity to richness of detail. His essays are bundles of loose ideas, tacked together only by a common title, handfuls of scraps laid by singly, taken out in a mass, and tossed down before his audience like the miscellaneous contents of a conjuror's hat. He delights in proverbs and quotations, which are, in general, marvelously apt; but his accuracy is often at fault, and in his tendency to exaggeration he is an American of the Americans. He loves a contradiction for his own sake, and always prefers a surprise to an argument. His epigrams are a series of electric shocks, and though no one is more prevailingly sincere, it is sometimes hard to say whether or not he is wholly in earnest; for a vein of soft irony, his only manifestation of humor, seems to underlie many of his most *prononcé* passages. His habit is to paint in the strongest colors the opposite sides of the antinomies of life, leaving it to his reader to strike the balance. Among highly educated English writers at the present day, one of the most frequent defects is indecision. Oppressed by the fear of critics, and almost bewildered by their own many-sided knowledge, they hover about their subjects as if reluctant to grapple with them, and where we are most anxious to hear their answers, give the most uncertain sounds. Cautious reservations smother their best judgments, they look around and through the truth rather than at it, and, although they are devotees of good taste, a mental cramp is apt to clip and curtail their style. Mr. Emerson's error is on the opposite extreme; he sacrifices everything to directness and decision, objects to "but" and "however," and maintains that "two words, Yes and No, are enough." Following his own advice, he "rolls out his paradoxes in solid column with not the infirmity of a doubt," and with an air of unconscious simplicity, as if he were soliloquizing. The charm of a grace without grandeur, a terse refinement of phrase, trenchant and subtle illustrations, are among his main attractions. Speaking of our agriculture in the *English Traits*, he remarks, "England is a garden under an ash-colored sky, the fields have been rolled and combed till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plow." This criticism has been applied to his own sentences. The ideas they embody are on the scale of a continent; in form they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. They are sweeping generalizations given in essences, and embodying various amounts of wisdom, from strikingly original thoughts to oracular commonplaces, which at their worst, are only one stage removed above those of our "Proverbial Philosophy." Of his pithy and penetrating *mots*—they do not lose so much as they ought to do by being detached from their setting—we may select a few characteristic examples: "Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds." "The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude." "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim?" "Popularity is for dolls. Step and cringe, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods. Open your Marcus Antoninus." "A just thinker will allow full swing to his skepticism. I dip my pen in the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot." "The English have a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back." "I sometimes meet the city of Lacedæmon in a clergyman's eye." "A fly is as untamable as a hyena." "Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer."

Mr. Emerson's most elaborate criticisms are mainly composed of the same mosaic-work, and, in the long run, we get tired of those perpetual jerks. His style, all armed with points and antitheses like the bristles of a hedgehog, lacks the repose which even our modern impatience of rotundity still desiderates. It reminds us too frequently of the frisking movements of a ballet-dancer, and our author's attitudes are not always graceful in themselves. His allusions are sometimes far-fetched, and his general naturalness does not save him from occasional affectations and displays of pedantry. In coining words, as "Adamhood," "forelooking," "spider," "specular," "plumule," "uncontracted," "metope," "intimater," "antipode," "partialist," he is far from felicitous. Minute critics will find that this disdain of rule extends to a contempt of some of the rules of grammar as in his employment of such a form as "shined," and his continual use of "shall" for "will." More serious defects are his misapplication of terms, as when he speaks of "the strong *self-complacent* Luther," and the want of taste, dignity, or moderation in such an expression as the following: "Truth is such a fly-a-way, such an untransportable and *unbearable* commodity, that it is *as hot to catch* as light. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever *clutch* it?" "The fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, *precursing* within us in their highest form" (why preexisting?) "Napoleon, when *crying* the Alps by a sunset on the Sicilian sea." "The world spirit is a good swimmer . . . he *snaps his finger* at laws" (when swimming?) "Every hero becomes a bore at last. . . . It seems as if the Deity dressed each soul which he sent into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable, and wrote not *transferable*, and *good for this trip only*, on those garments of the soul." "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings and founded the House of Lords." "Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpet, and Sheffield grinds steel." All those are more or less objectionable as violences done to good sense

or decorum. They are emphatically "smart," and, like the graver irreverences which we shall have to notice hereafter, unworthy of the author who is among the keenest to perceive and the foremost to censure the flippancy of his countrymen. Too much stress has been laid on such faults of manner by those who are hostile to his way of thinking; but it is incumbent on all who have to fight for the freedom of their thought to reduce to a minimum the eccentricities of their style. The greatest cause advocated by the greatest orator would fail of a hearing if the advocate were to plead for it in his shirt-sleeves.

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

Mr. Emerson, as a teacher and critic, has been repeatedly compared to Mr. Carlyle. They edited each other's works in their respective countries, and they have been in some respects justly affiliated, but the contrasts between them are both striking and instructive. They have in common a revolutionary spirit, a marked originality, an uncompromising aversion to decorous illusions, an excessive disdain of traditional methods of thought and stereotyped modes of expression; but in Carlyle this is tempered by a greater respect for persons and a veneration for his own ideal of the past, in which he holds out models for our imitation. Emerson sees in its great men and events only finger-posts for the future, and is perpetually warning his readers to stay at home lest they should travel away from themselves. The one, always a careful though sometimes a perverse historian, loves detail and hates abstractions; he delights to dilate on the minutiæ of biography, and waxes eloquent even upon dates. The other, a brilliant though not a profound generalizer, tells us that we must "leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history." "Every thing," he writes, "is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place, dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleaves to names and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday." Neither of these writers has the "dry light;" both exaggerate, but in different directions. The one dwells on the dark side of things, he is like a man bearing a heavy burden, and his heart seems at times to grow sick with reactionary doubts till the starry firmament itself is a sad sight in his eyes. The other is blown upon by the fresh breezes of the New World, his vision ranges freely over her clear horizons, and he leaps up elastic under her light atmosphere, exclaiming, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." Carlyle is a Germanized Scotsman, living near the roar of our great metropolis, with memories of Weimar on the one hand, of the bleak gray hills of the Covenanters on the other. Emerson is a Grecized American, studying Swedenborg and the Phædo in his garden, far enough from the din of cities to enable him, "in seasons of calm weather," to forget their existence. "Boston, London, are as fugitive as any whiff of smoke, so is society, so is the world." In the chapter of *Sartor Resartus*, entitled "Natural Supernaturalism," we have the same feeling of the dream-like character of the universe regarded as a series of dissolving views, but this mood of mind, which is transient in the one writer, prevails with the other. In most practical matters the one is strong where the other is weak. Mr. Emerson seems to have bought his experience cheaply. "*Totus, teres atque rotundus*," at second hand, he writes poorly of the passions, which he has never realized. His essay on Love is the description of a beautiful rainbow rather than of a mastering power. His own instincts are innocent, and we might have predicted that his rules of life would be misapplied, as they have been, by grosser natures. His "Threnody" and "Dirge" are indications of his having passed through the "valley of the shadow," but he has encountered no Apollyons, and assumes himself in the Celestial City without having crossed the dark river. His moral theories are less sound, and less applicable to real life than Carlyle's, in the same proportion and for the same reason that Shelley's were less applicable than Wordsworth's. Of the two, the latter alone recognizes the truth that underlies all the formula about human corruption, and acknowledging the necessity of a law of duty with definite sanctions, takes for his watchword the Christian self-sacrifice in place of the Pagan self-reliance.

The artistic qualifications of these writers are even more strongly contrasted. The charm of Mr. Emerson's style at its best lies in its precision and ease. He draws round outlines graceful and clear, but colorless. His temple is a modern Parthenon. Carlyle seems to struggle with huge masses of rock; his church, like a great part of his creed, is Gothic; his thoughts are often fragmentary, sometimes grotesque, but he never offends us by the complacency of the American epigrammatist, and he redeems his incompleteness by the humor with which he acknowledges it. More of a man at starting, his power of expression has increased with years, but his faith in other men has unfortunately diminished: after passing through the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea, he has completed the circle, and gone back to the "Iceland of negations." With all his profounder sympathies, he takes his stand as a retrograde politician, and, seeing only decay where his fellows are seeing progress, advocates a purely ideal and impracticable despotism. Mr. Emerson here shines by comparison. Whatever his faith in the Invisible may be, he holds it without faltering. In condemning the hurry and noise of mobs, he keeps his temper, and, resting on Justice, never cries for vengeance. "Their political the best is trick," is his severe expression in a season of national folly, but wars and revolutions take nothing from his internal tranquillity; amid the strife of parties, to none of which he belongs, he preserves the "pure intellectual gleam," and pits Swedenborg and Montaigne against Prudhon and Louis Blanc, Hafiz and Shakespeare against Luther and Fox. With whatever loss of that consistency which he stigmatizes as the "hobgoblin of little minds," he balances his aristocratic reserve with strong democratic tendencies, and has confidence in progression by antagonism. His own career has been progressive in the direction of actual life. "Society and politics," says Mr. Lowell, "which are main elements to strength, have drawn Emerson steadily manward and outward." He dwells apart from factions, yet at every crisis of his country's history, he leaves his "intellectual throne," to say in fewest words the aptest and truest things, as the spokesman of a liberty at once ideal and practical.

MR. EMERSON AS A CRITIC.

Mr. Emerson is singularly unequal as a critic. For penetration, subtlety, and conclusiveness, some of his estimates of men and things have never been surpassed. They are frequently most felicitous, at all times fresh and genuine, and expressed with a racy vigor, though, on some occasions, with an unpruned violence. On the other hand, this freshness is often purchased by a lack of knowledge. Hobbes confessed that he owed much of his originality to the restricted range of his reading. Emerson often owes his apparent force to the limitations of his thought. His eye is keen, but his scope is comparatively narrow, and his deficiencies of vision are the more injurious that they generally escape his own observation. Unconsciously infected by the haste which he condemns in his countrymen, he looks at other nations through the folding telescope of a tourist. His *English Traits* abound in trenchant epigrams, but though they pay an amply generous tribute to English greatness, they miss, in many important particulars, the salient point, both for good and evil, of English character. In one page we find him commending *The Times* newspaper for its reliability, independence, and consistency—an American verdict which the vicissitudes of the last six years must have done something to modify; in another he writes, "The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror." Mr. Emerson repeatedly gives his sanction to the strangest continental notions of our insular eccentricity. His representations of our leading thinkers, writers, and statesmen seldom rise above the level of Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*. His taste is constantly at fault; an incessant straining after *bon-mots* mars his judgment as much as it vitiates his style, and his love of directness, pushed to an extreme, leads him over the confines of fact, as well as the reservations of fashion, into reckless caricature. A dogmatist, in spite of the impulsive inconsistencies which ought to be fatal to dogmatism, his judgments of those whose lives and writings do not square with his theories are, for the most part, valueless, and when he does injustice to his adversaries, his tacit assumption that all wise men must agree with him only adds to the offense. When, for instance, he asserts that "Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and prose as Bacon and the Platonists of growth;" or declares that Mr. Wilkinson's prefaces to the translations of Swedenborg "throw all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade;" or says contemptuously of the sensational school, "'Tis of no importance what bats and oxen think;" or writes of his converse with Landor "He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?"—he shows either ignorance or flippancy. His praise of Bacon, with whose method he has no real sympathy, seems to prove that he has never understood the position of the founder of inductive science. His own motto is rather "*plus intra*" than "*plus ultra*," and his idea of truth is not so much the correspondence of thought with things, or a knowledge of their forms, as the agreement of the mind with itself. He utterly rejects the *Idola Theatri*, but not unfrequently falls a prey to all the others. He seldom ventures on verbal criticism; and in dealing with foreign languages he betrays the weakness of his scholarship. Though he is a professed Platonist, his essay on Plato is, in some respects, one of his poorest; he seems to have read him in Mr. Bohn's translations, which he pronounces "excellent." One qualification for a good critic is a well-defined artistic standard, another is the dramatic capacity of placing himself for the time in the position of the person who is being criticised. Mr. Emerson has neither of these. In reviewing an author he seems to skim his works, and ask how far the results arrived at coincide with a preconceived idea. With the spirit of a fearless inquirer, he unfortunately blends so much presumption as to feel an absolute indifference regarding the opinions of others, and this in excess constitutes a moral as well as an artistic defect. Thought is free, and the expression of it ought to be so, but, when our thought wanders very far from that of the majority of the wise and good, we are bound to watch it with more than ordinary care, to sift its conclusions, and at least to state them moderately. Mr. Emerson's thought does wander far, and it runs fast; he does not know what moderation in expression means, and his almost childish love of contradiction, perpetually, and often justly, provokes offense. In dealing with subjects, and in handling names commonly regarded as sacred, he delights in parading his independence, and, instead of endeavoring to conciliate, he rides roughshod over the most cherished convictions of his fellow-men, or waives them aside with a complacent smile, and a sort of divine impudence. Every claim of authority he receives as a challenge to his personal rights, and immediately decides to "believe the contrary." He never seems to have read the inscription on the third gate of Buzerane: "Be not too bold;" he stabs the bull Apis, in utter disregard of the historian's warning. His impatient *anticipationes naturæ* detract from his trustworthiness in matters of detail, while by a similar carelessness, he repeats and contradicts himself with equal frequency. His soundest judgments relate to the men around him, of whom he is at once the panegyrist and the censor. All that is weak and foolish in their mode of life he condemns; all that is noblest and most hopeful he applauds.

HIS GENERAL POSITION.

Mr. Emerson has left his mark on the century; to use a favorite phrase of his own, "he cannot be skipped." Even where his results are least satisfactory, his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and as one of the "genetic powers" of modern literature, his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations. His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct, limpid in phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavors to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he throws his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty; and his lack of sympathy with merely personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race which recalls the beautiful sentiment of Malebranche. "When I touch a human hand I touch heaven." We admire his combination of comprehensiveness and concentration, of finesse and tenacity, of good sense and reverie, and cheerfulness of his skepticism, and the softness of his austerity. Mr. Emerson's is the highest secular form of the Protestant, as M. Comte's is the highest secular form of the Catholic faith. His religion of Nature at least teaches us to aspire to the noblest life, and assures us that every resisted temptation is a new source of strength. He has reanimated what is most enduring in Pagan, and borrowed, although it may be without due acknowledgment, a ray of inspiration from Christian ethics. His love of truth for its own sake is one of the purest virtues in any age, and his idealism is a per-

petual protest against the baser materialism of his own—a materialism in the long-run far more formidable to religion than any erroneous metaphysics. His practical precepts are all heroic; however his system may be misapplied, he is himself preserved, by the purity of his intuitions, from the worst dangers to which it is exposed. His exhortations, first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use, is the sum of all morality. His writings are bracing to the moral sense, a tonic to the will as well as to the understanding. They recall the magnanimities of the Porch, the amenities of the Academy, and the fervor of the best Puritan models. No one can pass from their perusal to any meanness or sensuality. Mr. Emerson will never be very popular in England, where his defects and merits are alike generally uncongenial. He alarms our Philistinism by the aggressive independence and strong counter-currents of his thought, and repels our anti-Philistinism by his vehemence of expression. Our middle classes rally against him round the pillars of their Church and State. Of the refined minority, those who hesitate at heart between the liberal creed and Ultramontane sympathies turn scornfully from his samplers of excellence to the "Acta Sanctorum." Our apostles of culture, intensifying his moral, repudiate his artistic blemishes; they agree with him in theoretically despising plain facts and plain men, and, unlike him, they carry their theory into practice; but their views of style are hopelessly at variance. The later followers of Bentham, whom he has never fairly appreciated, recognize him only as an ill-informed adversary. Yet the time has come when well-educated Englishmen of all sex ought frankly to acknowledge the high qualities of a mind, on the whole the loftiest that the world of letters in New-England has hitherto produced. In memory of these qualities the thoughts of his countrymen will continue, with or without the sanction of foreigners, to revert, with respect and gratitude, to the old-fashioned village straggling through the meadows, where the Assabeth unites with the Musketaquid to creep toward the sea, famous as the first battlefield of the Revolutionary War, and as the birthplace of American Transcendentalism.

WALDEN POND.

BY THOMAS LANG.

AKIN to that philosophy or sentiment which solaces the heat of summer or tempers the bitterness of winter, by Arctic voyages or equatorial explorations enjoyed in our libraries, is that which induces us to recall, during the months especially devoted to labor, the pleasant hours of a summer vacation, during which new subjects for thought and investigation were presented to our minds, and fresh pictures of natural scenery to our sight.

One of these pictures we have attempted to reproduce.

The traveler from Boston by the Fitchburg Railroad may have noticed on his right, in the vicinity of Concord, a pond embosomed by wooded hills. Foliage creeps toward the water's edge, but refrains so far as to allow one room to walk along the paved margin.

It is but a momentary glimpse from a car-window—a flash of light—dark shadows in the water—and you have passed. The attention is first attracted by swings among the trees, gay garments flitting under the pines, and parties lunching in their shade. Then you remember that Walden Pond is a famous place for pic-nics.

As the result of such a glimpse, on a fine morning in July, a carriage rolled along the highway from Cambridge, through Lexington, to Concord—the highway which, ninety-three years before, was trodden by the weary feet of royal troops. We noticed, here and there, houses apparently venerable enough to have looked upon the scene. Without doubt we glanced into many a ravine and at many a hill-top whence blazed the muskets of the yeomen against the bleeding column on its agonizing retreat.

However destitute of architectural grace the monument upon Lexington Green, beside modern structures—memorial of the tragedy once enacted there—no American can look upon it without a thrill of patriotic feeling, and of admiration at the daring which began the armed resistance to the mighty power of England.

The Soldiers' Monument at Concord is beautiful in design and in execution; but our noble dead lie on so many fields—there are so many monuments of like character in our land—that the story which *this* tells necessarily lacks the completeness and patriotic sentiment of that suggested by the weather-stained one at Lexington.

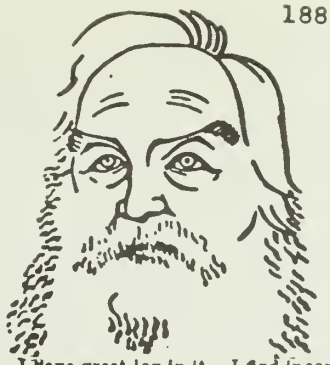
Finding the grounds specially devoted to pleasure-parties fully occupied, we withdrew to a quieter place, beneath the tall pines, where we lunched; and then, resuming our seats in the carriage, skirted the northern border of the pond, occasionally obtaining a view of the water through some opening in the dense fringe of bushes and trees which spring from the steep banks, and always reminded of its proximity by the sound of merry voices abroad on its surface, in the numerous gala boats, gay with flags and ribbons.

At the eastern end of the pond is a brief strip of sandy beach. The greater portion of the margin, however, is paved by Nature with small pebbles, which have evidently rolled from the banks, and been bedded and leveled by the action of ice. From this paving Mr. Thoreau suggests the origin of the name—"Walled-in Pond."

The rise and fall of the water has doubtless some work to accomplish—for instance, in preventing the growth of bushes from encroaching on the walk which skirts the pond. As the pond has neither inlet nor outlet—save from rain, snow, and evaporation—no satisfactory explanation of this periodical increase has been given. Even the sharp observation of Mr. Thoreau, who made the pond a study, failed to detect the cause; although he mentions that ice-cutters have discovered that over a certain spot the ice is always two or three inches thinner than elsewhere; perhaps indicating an inlet from a subaqueous spring, the water from which, rising toward the surface, on account of its warmer temperature, either prevents so thick a congelation as in other parts, or dissolves the ice to some extent. The increase is in depth about seven feet, and occurs at intervals of twenty-five or thirty years.

A curious fact with regard to the movement of the ice under the pressure of a gentle breeze was discovered by Mr. Thoreau, while making a survey of the pond upon ice sixteen inches in thickness. This apparently solid floor undulated to that degree that when two legs of his level were upon the land and the third upon the ice, and the sights directed across the pond, the rise and fall made a difference of several feet on a tree upon the further shore.

The complaint of Mr. Thoreau that the only obvious object, excepting wood-chopping or ice-cutting, which detains any one for more than half a day at Walden Pond is fishing can no longer be uttered with truth. His book awakened the attention of the public to the great natural beauties of the pond; and the opening of the Fitchburg Railroad made them accessible.



WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4th, 1868.

INTRODUCTORY—JOHN BROWN—EMERSON—OUR POET.

Readers of Emerson will remember that he commences a certain piece, by some considered as his profoundest disquisition, with the words, "I have, from a child, been wanting to write an essay on," &c., &c. Well, I have for many years been anxious to write an article on Walt Whitman. I first met him in Boston, in the days of the John Brown excitement. Now, not a few have discovered a curious personal analogy between these two men. It has been my good fortune to know both characters, I may say intimately. Both I consider as essentially moulded on the Biblical type—the deepest sense of conscience, the ideas of the inflexibleness of right, and of the Deity over all; both benevolent; both original and intuitive; both mystics; both born captains and commanders of men. But Walt Whitman's quality has a free and flowing margin; also, (as a subtle critic has well said), he is imbued with the very largest *modernness.*—These, with our poet's optimism and unction, John Brown was without. The latter was however far more energetic, and the sense of duty possessed him like a demon. Though positively unlike, there was yet something in the physiognomy of each, that reminded you of the other. When the corpse of John Brown, on its way from Virginia's gibbet to its Adirondack grave, was resting over in New York and the face was for a few moments uncovered, I know that from the lips of two companions present, who knew perfectly well the visage of the "strong singer of Paumonok," (Long Island), the whispered and sudden exclamation, "Walt Whitman!" burst forth.

LEAVES OF GRASS—ITS GROWTH.

My task is briefly to detail the progress of this now famous work, from its birth in 1855, down to the present time. It will always be to the credit of the great name already specified at the beginning of this letter, that amid the universal chorus of mockery and derision with which the first edition of the Leaves was received by the critics and the public,—a sort of Walpurgis night, every imp let loose, and continuing for three or four years afterwards, with squib, slur, and pasquinade, on author and poem,—it will, I say, be remembered equally with his other renown, that he of Concord at once penned on reading that first rude edition of 1855, the following note to its author:

"I find 'Leaves of Grass' the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork, or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean. I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little, to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

R. W. E."

This letter has probably been far more important than its writer has ever supposed. When written, and for a long time afterwards, it was the one solitary star in a night of otherwise unmitigated darkness. It has been rumored that the letter was subsequently repented of by its distinguished writer. However that may be, Walt. Whitman steadily pursued his way, never varying from the path marked out by himself, after long and careful thought, and never once either disturbed by, or replying to, his detractors.

The history of the ensuing eight or ten years is the history of a man misstated, superficially itemized, slandered even, neither his life nor his works candidly examined; with judgment hastily given, from in fact no knowledge of what was judged. For the theory of his poetry was immense, and included the production not of a mere literary masterpiece, but competition with Nature herself in vital objects, built from the depths of being.

To accomplish his work, the Poet separated from the learned and professional classes, from the society of authors and journalists, and threw himself in contact with the masses of the people, not alone in "Mannahatta" (as he delights to term New York,) and other Northern cities, but in the West and in the Southern States. During the war, as is well known, he was in the midst of the armies and scenes of camp and battle, gathering there, as previously amid those of peace, that profound knowledge of America and American character, which makes Walt Whitman more thoroughly than any one else, their representative personality and intellect, and fully justifies the profound remark regarding him attributed to the late Henry D. Thoreau—"He is Democracy itself."

CHARGES AGAINST THE POEM—THE POET'S FRIENDS.

To those who have read Leaves of Grass understandingly, learning to rate and receive the book at somewhere near its true value, it sounds strangely that, during the period named, and until recently, publishers refused not only to print this book but to job it, and in a majority of cases even to sell it over their counters. To me it seems the blindest perversity, and it will appear to future times as among the saddest illustrations of critical mischoosing and shallowness, that during ten years past, the charge brought against the Poem was *indecency*, and that it was once believed and acted upon!

But all this has passed away. The few staunch friends who, through all the din, stood by him, have now, for about two years and a half, watched the change which has been going on, started one hardly knows how, but advancing gradually, deepening and expanding, until to-day, probably, no representative man has a band (small as it is, yet a Roman phalanx,) of more determined and enthusiastic expounders and admirers than Walt Whitman. They are to be found in Great Britain as well as in America. The audience too is already a large one; the general idea of the poems is beginning to be understood, and no journal can now safely afford to falsify and lampoon its pages, every one of which is founded on ethic intentions, and animated by a devout and religious spirit.

But perhaps I am wrong in saying of this marked change in the public judgment of late years, that I do not know how it started. As the outset of this favorable reaction, Bunce & Huntington, of New York, published in a handsome pamphlet of some fifty octavo pages, a remarkable production, called, "The Good Gray Poet," written in the form of a letter, bearing date Sept. 2, 1865, and signed William Douglas O'Connor, of Massachusetts. Its special occasion was the dismissal of Mr. Whitman from the Interior Department by its then head, Hon. James Harlan, now U. S. Senator from Iowa; the dismissal being founded on no act of the poet other than the authorship of 'Leaves of Grass." Mr. O'Connor's pamphlet boldly pits Walt Whitman not only against all the poets of the day, but demands for him place and rank beside the great masters: Æschylus, Homer, Dante and Shakspeare. It proclaims him the inspired bard and prophet of his era and land. It scalps and scarifies Mr. Harlan, and draws an ironical picture of all the leading artists and poets of the world being brought up in review before him, and their grand scale of treatment, measured by his half-inch rule. As a piece of eloquent sarcasm, of affectionate yet stern defence, and as a splendid statement of the freedom indispensable to literary action of the first class, this letter stands unsurpassed. It runs on in its molten heat, indignantly crushes out the petty though numerous and prevailing slanders and gross imputations upon our author, portrays him from a long and intimate knowledge, describes his general career through life, and especially during the war, in the field and army hospitals, and gives a brief though graphic outline of the true meaning and plan of his poetry. No one can read this vindication without being carried away as by some mighty current. And it is in its pages I find the beginning of the attention called and the high altitude permitted since by the public to "Leaves of Grass," and of the earnest, critical attention now excited by it in England and America.

Mr. O'Connor, too, is a resident of this city, and is at present engaged in the Treasury Department. Besides the vindication described, he is known to the reading public as author of some of the best magazine stories published in America, the most remarkable of which is Putnam's recent Christmas story, "The Carpenter."

Again, in the latter part of 1866, the American News Company of New York published a small, compact volume of a hundred pages

called "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," by John Burroughs, author of sundry most capital articles on Nature's own themes and on Art, and published at various dates in the Atlantic and Galaxy. The "Notes" comprise two parts: one of analysis and mental and critical statement, and one devoted to a biographical sketch of Mr. Whitman. This biography is reliable, the items having been carefully authenticated by Mr. Burroughs before publication. Many of the facts stated are indeed within my own knowledge.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINES.

Walt Whitman descends from old English and Dutch stock; was born at West Hills on Long Island, New York, May 31st, 1819; was brought up partly in New York city and partly on Long Island on a farm and by the seashore. At thirteen he went to a printing office, learning the "art preservative." He afterwards taught school, and wrote for the press and magazines. In this way, from 1837 to 1843, residing mostly in New York city, he lived the active, earnest and enjoyable life which belonged to his age and temperament. In 1849 he began to travel, visiting the southern States and many of the western States. In New Orleans he edited a newspaper, living there a year. He then ascended the Mississippi again, passing through Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, loitering along the great Lakes, at Niagara and in Canada. After returning to Brooklyn he again became printer and journalist, starting a newspaper at this time. He afterwards sold out and went into his father's business, as carpenter and builder, working with his own hands at the houses he built and sold. It was at this time (1854) that "Leaves of Grass" began to assume definite shape and form. The date of its first publication I have given. The second edition was issued in 1857, the third in 1860, and the fourth in 1867.

CAMP EXPERIENCES.

Mr. Burroughs also sketches Whitman's army life, and his extensive labors during the four years following 1861, among the wounded and sick of the war. Without detailing them, I extract as significant the following passage from this part of Mr. B.'s notes:

"An army surgeon who at the time watched with curiosity Mr. Whitman's movements among the soldiers in the hospitals, has since told me that his principles of operation, effective as they were, seemed strangely few, simple, and on a low key; to act upon the appetite, to cheer by a healthy and fitly bracing appearance and demeanor, and to fill and satisfy, in certain cases, the affectional longings of the patients, was about all. He carried among them no sentimentalism or moralizing; spoke not to any man of his "sins;" but gave something good to eat, a buoying word, or a trifling gift and a look. He appeared with ruddy face, clean dress, with a flower or a green sprig in the lappet of his coat. Crossing the fields in summer, he would gather a great bunch of dandelion blossoms, and red and white clover, to bring and scatter on the cots, — reminders of outdoor air and sunshine.

"When practicable, he came to the long and crowded wards of the maimed, the feeble, and the dying, only after preparations as for a festival—strengthened by a good meal, rest, the bath, and fresh underclothes. He entered with a huge haversack slung over his shoulder, full of appropriate articles, with parcels under his arms, and protuberant pockets. He would sometimes come in summer with a good sized basket, filled with oranges, and would go round for hours paring and dividing them among the feverish and thirsty."

ONE OF THE EPISODES OF A POET'S LIFE.

I am also induced by its interest and authenticity to give from the same interesting book, the following true account of an incident to which I have already referred, and which at the time made quite a stir:

"In the hot summer of 1864, Whitman, who up to that period had been the picture of health and strong, unsurpassed physique, was taken down with an illness which, although he recovered from it, has left effects upon him to this day. He was nurse at the time to a number of soldiers, badly wounded in the late battles, and whose wounds, from previous enforced neglect and the intense heat of the weather, were mortified, and several corrupted with worms. He remained assiduously night and day with these lamentable ones. The consequence was that his system, doubtless weakened by anxiety, became deeply saturated with the worst poison of hospital malaria. He was ordered north by the physician; an illness of six months followed; the first sickness in his life.

"In February, 1865, wishing to return to the field of his labors, in Washington, he received from the then head of the Department of the Interior, an appointment to a clerkship. This gave him leisure for hospital visits, and secured him an income. He performed his clerical work well, and was promoted. He was now dividing his leisure hours between services to the wounded, and in composing the memorial to Abraham Lincoln, 'When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed." It was at this juncture that a new Secretary, Hon. James Harlan, suddenly removed him from his situation, for the reason that 'he was the author of Leaves of Grass.' The circumstances are far more brutal and infamous than is generally known. An eminent person, intimate with Mr. Harlan, went to him, and in a long interview thoroughly proved Walt. Whitman's personal character, and the theory and intentions, at least, of his book. Harlan, in reply, merely said that the author of Leaves of Grass should never be allowed in his department.

"Immediately on this occurrence, (July, 1865,) Mr. Whitman was sent for by a distinguished cabinet officer, and offered a place at his disposal, under Government, of moderate pay, but an honorable position. This he accepted, and has continued to occupy since."

WHAT THE ENGLISH CRITICS THINK.

Since the publications of Messrs. O'Connor and Burroughs, numerous criticisms of varied appreciation and weight have appeared in England. The *Fortnightly Review* contained a lengthy notice, not without acumen, but marred by absurd and altogether apocryphal personal anecdotes of the poet. W. M. Rossetti has had a fine article in the *Chronicle*, carefully analyzing the characteristics of "Leaves of Grass," both as to their merits and demerits. Robert Buchanan has also given a statement and portraiture of the poet; it will be found in his first published volume of Essays. The Saturday Review of September 21st, 1867, distinctly specifies Walt Whitman as the *only* creator of anything vital and characteristic that America has produced, notwithstanding her crowd of musical, imitative versifiers. Lord Strangford, in the Pall Mall Gazette, designates our poet as a rebirth of Hafiz, all the way from Persia and the rose gardens of Gulistan. And, more amazing still, Mr. Swinburne finds in "the great American," a transfusion of the spirit and form of William Blake, the London painter-bard of "'tis sixty years since."

AN ENGLISH EDITION.

It will not do to close this portion of our subject without paragraphing the English edition of "Walt Whitman's Poems," selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti," which is just out from the publishing house of John Camden Hotten, London, and an advance copy of which I have seen. The book is a very handsome specimen of print, paper and pressework, about 450 pages, containing the main portion of Mr. Whitman's writings, without, in what it does give, omitting or expurgating a single word. On the title page the editor has placed a vignette of the world rolling through space. Under it he places a motto, in quaint Italian, from old Michel Angelo, which may be thus freely rendered:

"But of these, whatever be the name,
Or for evil or for good, or whatever they be to the world,
Here they are."

I learn that Mr. Hotten has voluntarily engaged that the American author shall have a share of the proceeds from English sales, as soon as the book becomes remunerative, and has formally sought of the said author (who holds the sole copyright) permission to sell the book here, allowing a liberal royalty on each copy, and that such permission has been granted him.

A SONNET FROM LEAVES OF GRASS.

It may be expected that in such a notice as this, I should give some extract from the poet's own verse; but space forbids anything extensive. I content myself with transferring here, one of the numerous little sonnet-like pieces scattered through "Leaves of Grass:"

"When I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide and measure them;
When I sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time-to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars."

WALT WHITMAN PERSONALLY.

The reader who has come thus far with my subject, will undoubtedly be pleased to read a personal description of so marked and powerful a character. I present Walt Whitman, then, as a man now well in his forty-ninth year, tall and strongly built, with a profuse gray beard, which at first sight gives him an older appearance; of slow movement and erect figure, of manners always simple, full of cheer and courtesy, a moderate talker, and, contrary to the general opinion, altogether free from eccentricity. The portraits and photographs in existence fail in giving the real life expression. His calm, bright, serene gray eyes, and the copiousness of hair, moustache, eyebrows and beard affording ample silvery fringe to his face of faint scarlet, make up a large part of its individuality. I have heard physiognomists say that no face could contain more alertness, combined with more calmness; and he has occasionally, in repose, a look I once heard in a description of him, as a man "wandering out of himself, and roaming silently over the whole earth."

PRESENT POSITION AND LABORS.

As to pecuniary condition, I may say that Walt Whitman was owner of some property a few years ago, before the war, but now depends upon his salary as a clerk for support, and is what the world's standard would rate a poor man. At the present date he is living in Washington. Becoming familiarized here during the war, he seems to have willingly pitched his tent for the present under the shadow of the Capitol. Since the Interior Department episode, three years since, he has occupied a moderate clerkship in the Attorney General's office. I have heard that he performs his official duties creditably and punctually. Somewhat sought for, of late, for literary purposes, as contributor to the magazines, both here and abroad, he has had several articles in print during the last year, and I learn that he is preparing others. The article on "Democracy" in the Galaxy Magazine will soon be followed by another on "Personalism." The Broadway Magazine has, I also hear,

secured a poem in his most serious and spiritual vein, which will in due time appear.

But his friends know that Walt Whitman may be really said to have one cherished object only in his life, and that is to complete the poem of "Leaves of Grass." To that end he devotes his best moods and moments, now, as at all times during the past fifteen years. I may be permitted to say that with reference to a forthcoming edition the book has attained far more perfect proportions, even than the edition of 1867, the latest one published. The new part devoted to the poetical expression of worship, and of the religious faculty in man, is now about supplied; thus, as the poet has lately said, finishing the volume and his plan and mission. It is to be hoped this new edition will soon be published. R. J. H.

(Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Express.)

Walt Whitman.—We publish to-day the only full and correct statement of the life and labors of Walt Whitman ever given in any newspaper. It is written by a friend and enthusiastic admirer, as all such statements should be—Col. Richard J. Hinton, our Washington Correspondent. We have never read any of Walt Whitman's writings, and do not know whether he is a poet or not. We do know that there have been poets who were not known to their own time. The lines—

"Ten ancient cities claimed the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his daily bread,"

are true in essence, although we do not really know that a poet of that name ever lived. Florence exiled Dante; England has appreciated Shakespeare only since the Coleridge criticisms. Kepler said he could afford to wait a hundred years for a reader, as Nature had permitted her laws to remain three thousand years for an observer. Bacon left his fame to foreign lands, "and, after a time, to mine own countrymen." Milton sold Paradise Lost, to a publisher, for five pounds. Bunyan was advised not to print Pilgrim's Progress, and it took fifteen years for our Emerson's first little book, "Nature," to get readers for a single edition. Thoreau's first book he had to take from his publisher's shelves to his own.

Such things happen constantly. They do not prove that Walt Whitman is a poet, but only that the verdict of cotemporaries is not final. If he is really a great man, he does not care for fame or applause, and will not be annoyed if they are withheld.

The New Religious Movement.

WHAT IT IS—WHO IS IN IT—ETC., ETC

GRAPHIC PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE REFORMERS.

[Boston Correspondence of the *New York Tribune*.]

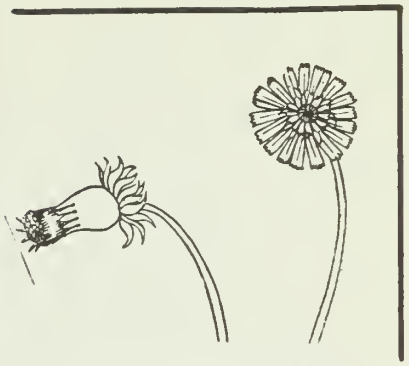
THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

Readers of the *Tribune* will perhaps remember that a prominent feature of anniversary-week in Boston last spring, was a meeting held in Horticultural Hall, "to consider the condition, wants and prospects of free religion in America"—a thronged and enthusiastic meeting, the practical result of which was the formation of a Free Religious Association "to promote the interest of pure religion, to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit." Previous to this public meeting there had been several private conferences of liberal thinkers, the earliest of which was called by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, upon the suggestion of the Rev. Edward C. Towne, the former one of the most eminent and most liberal of the older ministers of Unitarianism, the latter one of the most radical among the younger men in the liberal pulpit. The question earnestly canvassed in these gatherings was, What shall be done to secure and promote that progress of liberty in religion to which even Unitarianism has finally set a limit as really sectarian and illiberal as any of the limits set by other and narrower sects? It was agreed by all the extreme liberals that the new ecclesiastical machinery of Unitarianism should be severely let alone. The more moderate radicals were inclined to keep hold of their places in the old organization, while joining also an outside movement. A portion of those who declared against the old organization, with its new sectarian machinery, confessed their dislike of all machinery of organization. Three, however, of these thorough radicals, young men, pledged themselves to each other to leave no stone unturned to put into the field an efficient working organization, the object of which should be to promote free religion. They were Potter, Abbot, and Towne; the first, minister of a strong liberal society in New Bedford, and a man of unusual character and ability; the second, pastor at Dover, N. H., and one of the ablest thinkers and most pure and earnest spirits among the rising young men of the country; [the third, pastor of the society at Medford, equally of character, talent and courage.] This self-constituted committee made a draft of a constitution, the same afterwards adopted for the Free Religious Association, and then issued a call, signed also by O. B. Frothingham and John Weiss, for a larger private conference at the residence of Dr. Bartol, in Boston. Some eighty persons met in response to this call, and after a discussion marked by singular inspiration, it was voted that a committee should be named to call a general public meeting of the friends of free religion. The very great interest manifested upon the assembling of this meeting, crowned as it was by the formation of the association already referred to, was hailed by the movers in the matter as a most gratifying indication that the time for a new departure from old limits had indeed arrived. Emerson, Higginson, Weiss, Wasson, Abbot, Robert Dale Owen, and others, made addresses, which may be found in a report printed by Adams & Co., Boston. A circular just issued by the executive committee of the Free Religious Association, invites the friends of the cause to send contributions to the Rev. W. J. Potter, Secretary, New Bedford, Mass., or to R. P. Hallowell, Treasurer, No. 98 Federal st., Boston; these funds to be used for "the publication of essays and discourses, setting forth liberal, rational and practical views of religion." A contribution of $1 annually makes the contributor a voting member of the association.

The real breadth of this association is not as yet indicated fully in its working, simply because radicals, so-called, have alone interested themselves in it. It really invites coöperation from lovers of liberty of every creed. The Romanist, the Calvinist, the Jew, the Infidel, can meet on the platform of this association, provided the creed of each is a matter with each of free conviction, open to free discussion. The assumption of the radicals who have formed this association is not that churches of all sorts should not exist, as they may find members, but that the fellowship of mere humanity should be recognized as the outer court of religion. Those members of the various sects who are willing to work for religion outside of their church and creed, on the platform of simple human brotherhood, recognizing the equal rights of all men of character and ability, without respect to dogmas or communion, can join in the work of the Free Religious Association. Its conventions and publications may become the field of mutual discussion between thinkers of various schools, where the only demands shall be for ability, candor and the sincere love of truth. The executive committee of the association will soon show what sort of work they propose, if they succeed in obtaining funds to work with. At present there are considerable difficulties to contend with, chief of which may be mentioned the want of faith in associated effort, which many of the best free thinkers have thus far felt. To overcome this, and other obstacles to success, will require patience and the demonstration of some good work well done.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS CLUB.

Between the conference (in February) which voted to call a public meeting, and the meeting itself (in May), there was established a Free Religious Club for the free discussion of topics of interest to free thinkers. To begin with, a few persons met upon the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Towne, and a club was at once formed under the above name. The Rev. John T. Sargent opened his house to the club, and No. 13 Chestnut street, Boston, became its headquarters, although Dr. Bartol has claimed the privilege of frequently receiving it at his house, No. 17 of the same street. Both of these houses were built with very large double parlors, in the same style, and by the same person, a common ancestor of the present occupants. An audience of about 100 persons can be readily accommodated in these rooms. The parlors of Dr. Bartol witnessed the brilliant gatherings of the early transcendentalists, when the movement began of which the present demonstration may be considered a revival. There have been eight meetings of the club—in May, June, September, October, November, December, January and February. Samuel Longfellow read a paper at the first meeting, Mr. Alcott at the second, Emerson at the third, Bartol at the fourth, John Weiss at the fifth, Wasson in December, Frothingham in January, and Potter in February. Mr. Longfellow discussed "Modo of Worship"; Mr. Alcott talked of the sort of ministers and ministry demanded by our new time; Mr. Emerson gave in his best style counsel to believers and teachers of new faith; Dr. Bartol read one of his most weighty and most brilliant expositions of optimistic doctrine, an essay on the "Idea of God," rich in speculation, profoundly spiritual, full of fine poetical touches, and fortified with apt and ample illustrations, one of which, the case of Carlyle, as showing the good in seeming evil, was a perfect gem of criticism. Mr. Weiss's paper was on "The True Scientific Method in Theology." Mr. Wasson's a long and masterly essay on "The Epic Theory of Human Life," a finished treatise, of remarkable power and beauty, on the reconciliation of struggle and repose in the universe. Rev. O. B. Frothingham read a paper on "The Historical Position of Jesus." Mr. Potter's was on "Pre-Existence."



The club exists with as little formal organization as possible. Its only officer is the secretary, who sends out notices of meetings, secures essayists, and attends to the very slight form of order observed in the meetings. Any one interested can become a member, or can attend upon the invitation of a member. The club meets at 10 o'clock A.M., usually the third Monday of the month. At 10.30, when from fifty to seventy persons are present, the essay is read, and after the essay, conversation proceeds until 1 or 2 o'clock, when a social half-hour concludes the morning's work. Thus far the conversations have been not less interesting than the essays, marked by great freedom and a degree of inspiration very rare in conferences of any kind. To many the club is divinity-school, church and communion, so instructive are the thoughts, so spiritual and sincere the confessions, and so refreshing the fellowship, of these hours of free religious conference. The high priests of new faith, the devotees of the free spirit, the ardent organizers of free religion, the zealous doers of every good work, gather here, full of intense interest, as in the days of freshest enthusiasm disciples gathered in upper chambers to make ready for the descent of New Jerusalem out of heaven. Here are mystics who have watched with the Aurora of new revelation; here are prophets to whom, as of old, truth is a burden from the Holy Ghost; here are patient watchers under the cross of life, whose large hope of redemption is a pillar of heaven's presence in the utter dark of a troubled world; here are workers in the wide field of universal charity, who have, in their single lives, with solid labor of pure love, laid more wall of the city of God on earth than a whole age of sect and dogma might construct. The rare thoughtfulness, the deep human tenderness, the profound earnestness of these reünions are something remarkable.

JOHN T. SARGENT.

The host of the club, the Rev. John T. Sargent, was virtually driven out of the pulpit more than twenty years since, for the crime of exchanging with Theodore Parker. A true man in his generation, he has found charitable and reform work to do enough to fill his professional exile with useful and happy labor. No man has kept his mind more open to truth, or has had a heart of warmer kindliness to his fellow-men. The earnest and graceful labors of Mrs. Sargent in the cause of anti-slavery, and other reforms, are well known. The same zeal and kindly grace make admirable the generous hospitality with which the meetings of the club have been welcomed.

CYRUS A. BARTOL.

Dr. Bartol, for thirty years pastor of the West Church, of which Charles G. Loring was a pillar, is probably the most successful minister in Boston, most acceptable as a preacher to those who hear him, and most beloved by his people. He is a thinker of rare insight and unusual spirituality, a poet profound in imagination and rich in fancy—too rich in fancy, some critics of severe taste may say—a very capable and edifying interpreter, to a cultivated congregation, of the best results of free thought, entirely sincere and sturdy in the confession and defense of his faith, and a thorough radical or rationalist in this, that he deals always with the root and reason of forms and doctrines, even when he finds no occasion to reject and destroy. Dr. Bartol has been, his life long, independent of sectarian connections. He is called a Unitarian, while in fact he is only the minister of the West Church, a church which has jealously guarded its independence from its first origin. The new ecclesiastical arrangements of Unitarianism aroused in Dr. Bartol the most profound feelings of sorrow and condemnation. Such treason to liberty, such misconception of the supreme truth of Christian gospel rationally interpreted, as he found in the authoritative assertion by the new Unitarian organization of the divine lordship of Jesus, seemed to him to demand a new protest, a new step of Protestanism. Dr. Bartol does not, indeed, deny to Jesus a significant lordship; but he lays absolute emphasis, as he believes Jesus did, on the doctrine of God with us in holy spirit, the mystic doctrine of the light and life within, the rationalistic doctrine of the normal relation of Deity to every soul, and the absolute adequacy for inspiration and redemption of the life of God in the soul of man. The younger radicals have found no better friend, no abler advocate of their faith than Dr. Bartol. He does not himself feel inclined to take a place in any organization, however free, but he lends to those who do, all the sympathy and aid, which, as an individual, he can give. He is the acknowledged leader in the liberal pulpit of the struggle against reaction, the protest in behalf of progress.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Out of the pulpit Mr. Emerson stands in the front rank of the radical movement. His interest is as cordial as possible, and the pains he takes to show it are remarkable. Not only is he the best talker when he opens his lips, but, ever speaks, he is the best listener. The sincerity, purity and force of this man's humanity is one of the "signs and wonders" of our time—nay, of all time. It is, perhaps, rude, in the face of the current sentiment of Christendom, to sum up the qualities of a providential man under a title applied but once in the usual rendering of history; but this we may say, in view of the pure and undefiled sweetness and strength of Mr. Emerson's character, that here is a man *christened* above all his fellows with the finest spirit of grace and truth yet revealed in humanity—a man sent to be a master of regenerate humanity in this last age of the manifestation of divinity in mankind. The opinions of Mr. Emerson may or may not be correct; that is another matter; it is in truth of character that he ranks with the leaders of the race. And among all his opinions that is characteristic and supreme which asserts the absolute religious authority of the moral sentiment, and demands for sound principles a rank higher, very much higher, than that of correct dogmas. This opinion certainly prophecies the tendency of the age. In all schools, and in all lands, the moral sentiment is recovering its sovereignty with the most enlightened believers and teachers. It is becoming generally understood, among religious thinkers, that dogma, and sect founded on dogma, should hold a place of strict subordination to principle and a good life, as our States are subordinate to the constitution and the nation. The spirit of dogma, and of schism in the interest of dogma, are discovered to be false to humanity and religion. It appears at length that Jesus did not forget himself, and lapse for the moment into "Christless morality," when he summed up "all the law and the prophets" in one pure commandment of love. The time of the end of inquisition and exclusion, in the interest of "the orthodox belief" and of strict communion, undoubtedly approaches—is even now upon us. Mr. Emerson is the prophet of that time. It was in this character that he commanded the reverence of Theodore Parker, and commands now the worship almost of the younger generation of free-thinkers. In the search for truth this American master ranks with Socrates; his spirit listens so patiently and watchfully, and welcomes so cordially every "accent of the Holy Ghost." In the doing of pure truth, by the culture of principle and the conduct of life, this ever-modest, always faithful man is built on the true Christ-rock, the indwelling holiest presence of divinity. To love truth and to do it is the burden of Mr. Emerson's constant counsel. What more could any master?

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Alcott is probably more of a thinker than Emerson; he certainly has given more time and pains to pure thinking; and for this he is in a measure acknowledged as master by his friend and neighbor. Perhaps no man in America has meditated as much as Mr. Alcott has, or laid up so great a store of fine thoughts. He is an encyclopedia of mystical speculation, and not of this only, but of the application of speculation in the criticism of men and affairs. In the performance of the Socratic office of attending upon the birth of thought in other men's minds, he is most himself. His conversation, in his happier moments, is a rich stream of stimulating suggestion. Consult him upon any topic of life or thought, or ask him to read select passages from his journal, and you find yourself in a mine of all precious things; if you do not go away enriched it will be your own fault. There is, perhaps, with him a deficiency of common talent, which makes his genius much less available than it otherwise would be. In an age of greater toleration and finer reverence this would have been of small account. If for thirty years past Alcott's watch-tower of contemplation had been in Harvard University, as it should have been, youths ardent for knowledge would have climbed up to the kindly sage, and scanned through his heaven-searching thought many an abyss of the infinite unknown through which our little world of existence rolls. No man has had finer gifts as an intellectual counselor of inquiring minds; no man has accumulated larger stores of wisdom. In some respects there has, perhaps, never been an enthusiast so remarkable; I refer particularly to the marvelous serenity with which this most gentle soul has kept the even tenor of his way through a world never good to him. Life without, has been unceasing disappointment, but within, it has been unending success. The high and glad repose of such a nature may rank with the miracles of character in all human history. Gentleness so genial and so steadfast, so generous and so enduring, is the last grace and the most divine which culture brings. Of all men in America, when the first news came of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Alcott took it quietly, and said upon the instant, with the serene content of prophecy, that the gallows now would be glorified as the cross. To him, of all men, poverty, denial and contumely have been nothing at all. The light that never goes out has been his covering through the wilderness, although Cambridge has given him no refuge, and the world has not known him. The phase of religious feeling which has excluded such a man from his proper place of influence upon the best young minds is a relic of gross barbarism.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Charles Eliot Norton, although not an attendant upon the club meetings, because of his numerous engagements as an editor and writer, should be named with the eminent leaders of the free religious movement. He joins no organization, but otherwise lends a cordial, helping hand to the cause, in every way within his power. I need not speak of the quality of Mr. Norton's mind, nor of his rank as a writer. His radicalism is the radicalism of high culture. What he desires above all things is to see a race of thinkers and scholars take the business of religion out of the hands of priests and dogmatists. Sincere and thorough conformity to reality, uncompromising truth of principle and of thought, are all in all with him. The usual ministry of prayer, of creed and ordinance, is utterly repugnant to his

severe loyalty to absolute truth. Between him and the accredited churches there is this abyss of profound conscience; he will not go to them, and they cannot come to him. Too religious for the glib Pharisaism of the temple, too humane for sectarists who deliberately cut themselves off from their fellows, Mr. Norton is content to look for redemption in the new awakening of culture. Culture signifies to him pure devotion to truth and sincere allegiance of soul, and heart, and mind, to the best principle. In the pursuit of culture, Mr. Norton undoubtedly leads the younger generation of American free thinkers.

DAVID A. WASSON.

David A. Wasson occupies a place of considerable prominence among the extreme liberals; he would ere this have filled a much larger place, but for the fact that for nearly ten years he has been almost broken down in physical health. Those who are best acquainted with the working of his powers and the difficulties with which he has contended during the best years of his maturity, are wont to think, no doubt justly, that in him has been murdered a genius as acute and as hardy as that of Pascal. A rare power of subtle and vigorous speculation was in him an endowment of the first order. And to dialectic accomplishment nature had added a large poetic faculty, to lend spiritual grace to philosophy. But for racking pain the possessor of these gifts would have borne his part with the best thinkers of the time in some work of high speculation. In spite of disability, and of the necessity of seeking remunerative labor as much as possible, Mr. Wasson has accomplished very much, if only he could find a market for the results of his labors. Philosophy is an outcast in America, with the schools of learning and of religion, unless she consents to wear the livery of popular superstition. Mr. Wasson has too severe a sense of the authority of thought to entertain the smallest respect of authority. Of a most genial humanity, a generous giver of painful toil, catholic in spirit to sincere men of every school, Mr. Wasson demands for free thought the sovereignty of human life. Had we any suitable provision in this country for men whose vocation it is to prepare the way of intellectual progress, there is no man among us more worthy to be called to this service than David A. Wasson.

OTHER PARTICIPANTS.

Not to speak particularly of other members of the club, I may mention the names of those who participated in the conversation upon the Rev. John Weiss's brilliant essay at the November meeting. These were Lucretia Mott, Robert Dale Owen, Mr. Wasson, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Mr. Alcott, Lord Amberley, Mrs. J. Ward Howe, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Miss Lizzie Doten, the Rev. John T. Sargent, and the Rev. Edward C. Towne, the secretary of the club.

ENGLISH-NOBILITY RECOGNITION.

Both Lord and Lady Amberley, the latter one of the most intelligent and most charming of genuine English women, as democratic in all social kindliness as she is aristocratic by birth and breeding, have expressed very great interest in the cause of free religion in America, and Lord Amberley has taken part in the discussions of the club. At home religious liberalism has in them the most sincere and most earnest advocates. Lord Amberley, who is in society a quiet and undemonstrative person, has written in defense of freedom in the Church of England with admirable force, and with a breadth and boldness of view of the most remarkable character. I refer particularly to a paper in *The Fortnightly Review* on "Liberals, Conservatives, and the Church" (Vol. II. of *The Review*), and to two papers on "The Church of England as a Religious Body" (Vols. VI. and VII. of *The Review*.

REV. MR. ALCOTT, of Concord, Mass., filled the desk for the Independent Society in Locust Street, and his remarks, conversational in style, were clothed with a simplicity and beauty of language, which made it one of the finest intellectual and literary treats heard in this church for a long time. The speaker, full of years and honor in the clerical world, took for his text the following fitting quotation from Fox, the English poet:

Make us a God, said man.
Power first the voice obeyed,
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshippers dismayed.
Uncouth and huge by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhored.

Make us a God, said man.
Art next the will obeyed,
Lovely, serene and grand,
Uprose the Athenian maid.
The perfect statue, Grace with wreathed brows
Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

Make us a God, said man.
Religion followed art,
And answered look within,
Find God in thine own heart.
His noblest image there, and holiest shrine
Silently revere—and be thyself divine.

He remarked in opening that idolatry is almost a necessity, and in this world we seek images and symbols to worship. Power is the god of the senses, and is everywhere observable, even in the lowest stage of the human soul in its degradation. Force and power, whether it be he, she or it, is the god that succeeds. He may be a man, or it may be an image, for we have such gods to-day. In the church it is both an image and a man. A touching and beautiful allusion was here made to Jesus of Nazareth—the God of all Christendom, and to the peculiar views of those worshipping before him, whose belief was that the pure principles of Christ was the deified Christ, but the man Christ nevertheless.

Our equality consisted in our having souls. In our family registers we record the birth of the newborn babe, but is not that living soul older than the body? Could we but have hanging on our parlor-walls to-day the portraits of a long line of ancestry, we could discern in them our lineaments, tone of voice, complexion, carriage of person, and all the general, distinguishing characteristics. The strong argument was set forth that as the parent is, so will be the child. Between the offspring of the virtuous and good and that of the vicious and the wicked, the speaker drew a parallel line, and pertinently asked, do these souls have equal advantages in the world? Did we ever know a man to put the whole of himself into crime? Can there be a soul without conscience? In discussing the subject matter of the text, the speaker argued that whoever is thoroughly absorbed in his senses is insane, and that man who is out of senses is sane—a seeming paradox, but nevertheless true. Faces and complexion write on the spirit, and handsome is that handsome does. The time was even coming, when the devil, who was a creature of their own making, although new painted black, would be converted—the phrase "poor miserable sinners," stricken from the prayer-books, and we shall say we are sinners, but not miserable ones. The new, original ideas of the able speaker, commanded the undivided attention of his hearers, and made a marked impression. The society is bringing out the best pulpit talent of New England, and we learn that Ralph Waldo Emerson will preach at an early day.—Rev. Mr. Alcott's effort was a splendid one, and those who heard it, may well feel amply recompensed in being out at church Sunday morning.

A. B. ALCOTT.—The following appreciative notice of the Concord seer, from an elaborate report of the "New Religious Movement," written for the New York *Tribune*, will be read by many in this community with interest. Mr. Alcott gives his conversations in our towns and cities wherever a class can be formed. Some ten years ago he held a course of six conversations in New Bedford at private houses very successfully. It is now proposed that a class be formed for the same object, as Mr. Alcott will come at any time when desired. To those who are acquainted with the beautiful tone of mind of this great original thinker, it will be unnecessary to enlarge upon his merits—to those who are not, we would suggest that an opportunity to hear him should be eagerly sought. Should it be deemed best to have a public room, in case a larger number desire to hear him, he would not probably object. It is to be hoped also that the public will have the pleasure of hearing him at the free message hold in Liberty Hall. Mr. Alcott is seventy years of age, but retains his vigor of mind and body, and was never more interesting than now.

B. R.

AN HOUR WITH A PHILOSOPHER.

A visit to A. Bronson Alcott—The quiet village of Concord—A philosopher's house—Alcott's opinion on Emerson, Thoreau and his style of life—How to live philosophically—The best books to read, etc., etc.

CONCORD, MASS., Aug. 8.

I have spent the past hour with a man who, for a whole lifetime, has been faithful to his early dream—with one who, from early manhood to an age serene in the truest sense, has been emphatically a philosopher—nay, even more than a lover of wisdom, a follower of it.

If I remember rightly a paragraph I read in a metropolitan newspaper not many months since, it stated that A. Bronson Alcott, when a young man, had retired to a little cottage in the pleasant village of Concord, Massachusetts, determined, if possible, to live there all his life, pursuing the study of philosophy, and cultivating his mind to the highest possible point; that he did not believe himself capable, to speak more properly, did not feel willing, to indulge in any of the works of the world, having come to the conclusion that his "call" was to be a thinker, or, as some call it, a dreamer. As far as I have been able to learn, he has been faithful to that idea to this day; and though the world has ridiculed and ill-treated

him—as the world always ridicules and ill-treats any one who strikes out from the ordinary course of things—he has steadily held his way, answering its scoffs with a silence which savors of the purest gold. As Emerson says, "The highest virtue is always against the law."

I confess that I called on Mr. Alcott partly from curiosity to see one who has always been known as a prominent transcendentalist, and partly from the fact that I desired his opinion on certain subjects which had long occupied my mind. As some of his views may interest many, especially young men, I will give a report of such of his conversation as was not of a private nature.

It is not ten minutes' walk from the hotel in Concord (the only one in the place) to the residence of the philosopher, which is but a short distance from that of Mr. Emerson. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence, a short distance from the road. It has the appearance of having been in former days an old country farm-house, but has received so many repairs as to have quite a modern appearance. It is two stories high, nearly all the windows being shaded by a thick growth of vines. The little porch commands a view of many meadows and fields of corn, and, in the distance, of a range of hills. There is an appearance of comfort and quietness about the house which one seldom finds, even in the country. It is a place in which one would like nothing better than to devote his life to study and contemplation of nature.

Concord itself is a very quiet place. There are very few stores—scarce any sounds of life and activity. Now and then, during my walks, I heard a bird sing, but the merry songster did not keep up his carol long, as if loth to interrupt the general quiet. There were a few insects humming; they were the principal singers. Concord is a place, above all others, where one would think poets, dreamers and philosophers would live. I heard no sound of the anvil. I think the good people would fairly go mad if some night an "anvil chorus," or any other chorus for that matter, should break the stillness of the summer air. I heard no carpenter's hammer, no creaking carts, no crying babies—I wondered if they did ever have babies there, and finally came to the conclusion that they did not—that they were all imported; blinds were closed; no one was sitting on the porches; I heard no oaths; I saw no one intoxicated: I found only one barroom, and that was in a very retired place, as if it were ashamed of existing at all. I met only a young man who looked as if he were a snob. He was a fair-haired, side-whiskered youth, living near Emerson's house—one who, judging from his looks and actions, had received very little inspiration, though living so near the famous thinker. I met one or two workers—farmers they looked like—but they looked out of place, and hung their heads as if by way of apology for being outside disturbing the general quiet. Gardens looked trim and in order, but I wondered how they were kept so, for all day long as I walked the streets I saw no person at work in them. I even began to doubt, as I continued my researches, that any one lived in Concord—begun to think that after all it might be only a myth, only a dream, the horses, the men and women, such few as I met, only constituting a picture. But this pleasant fancy was soon spoiled by the sound of a neighboring dinner-bell greeting my ears, and a sudden remembrance that I was exceedingly hungry. But, for all that, Concord is a dream-land, a dream-village; a place for practical men to go if they want to get poetic inspiration, and for men of inspiration to go if they want to hold their own.

But I am forgetting my main business—the visit to Alcott.

The philosophers gate, as well as the front door, stood open, as if inviting the stranger to come in and partake of such hospitality as there was to be given. My knock was answered by a pleasant-looking elderly lady.

"Is Mr. Alcott at home?"

"He is. Walk in, Sir."

The distance was not far to walk. A door on the left of the little hall was opened. I walked through it and stood face to face with the famous thinker.

"I am a stranger, Sir," I said, by way of introduction; "but I trust you will be willing to spare me a few minutes of your time."

"I am always glad to see any one," he answered; "more especially young men, when they come on good errands."

I inwardly rejoiced, first, that I was a young man, and second, that I had come principally on a "good errand"—that is, to hear my host's views on certain subjects.

He excused himself for a moment, busying himself in arranging some books and papers. In the meantime I had a chance to take a look at him. He is a man who must be at least sixty-five or seventy years of age. His hair is white and long, a little thin on the crown of his head. He is tall, stoops as he walks, and wears spectacles when he reads or writes; he has a blue eye, somewhat dimmed by age, dreamy looking, but with not so much of the "far-away" look as Emerson's. His voice is very pleasing, his countenance serene and peaceful-looking, being occasionally lighted up by a smile. The apartment in which we were was his library and study. There were four small, old-fashioned book-cases in various parts of the room, each filled with books. A large table on one side of the room contained writing materials, portofolios, and a row of books at one end of it. There were several engravings hanging on the wall.

"Whose picture is that?" I inquired, after some general conversation, at the same time pointing to a framed engraving hanging near the mantelpiece. The subject of it, a man, must have been about thirty-five or forty years of age, had a thin face, no beard, and dreamy-looking eyes.

"That," said he, "is Thoreau. Have you never read any of his works?"

I told him I had read many of them with great interest, but none of them had delighted me so much as "Walden, or life in the Woods." I confessed, also, to being a great admirer of Emerson's writings.

"Well, you find each time you read Emerson you learn something new, do you not?"

I confessed that was the case.

"I should advise all young men," said he, "to graduate from Mr. Emerson's College. I regard him as the representative scholar of America—what the scholar of the future will be, he now is. Years ago no man was so talked against and underrated as Mr. Emerson; but, to-day, though I cannot say he is the most popular author we have, yet he is better understood than formerly, and universally respected, even by those who do not agree with him."

"To return to Thoreau," I remarked, "what was his opinion of his experiment after he had given it up?"

"Thoreau simply went into the woods, borrowed an axe of one, a hammer of another, &c., built him his hut and determined to see on how little a man could live and sustain life. I think he reduced his wants to as small a figure as one could possibly well do, though I do not know but what they might be still further lessened."

"Did he think that it would be advisable to live in the way he did for all one's life?"

"No. He only wanted to get a taste of the life with nature—a savage life; wanted to live for a time, as it were, on the borders of civilization, as he did."

"Was he a great reader?"

"Not a great reader. He read Pliny, works on natural history, Socrates, some poetry, a few novels and many books of travel—of which class of reading he was particularly fond."

"Was he sociable?"

"He was friendly to those who were in sympathy with him, but he never went out of his way to see any one. The experiment of living on small means," continued Mr. Alcott, "was some years ago tried on a larger scale in Concord. *A family attempted to practically solve the problem of 'low living and high thinking.' It consisted of man and wife, four or five children, and two or three outsiders. They bought a place of one hundred acres, on which the men worked, the women attending to the household duties. They were vegetarians." [Mr. Alcott subsequently told me that he had been a vegetarian for thirty years, and found himself the better for it] "They wore no clothes the material for the making of which came from animals. They did not ride anywhere, that being expensive—always walked—though they lost time, which made it about as broad as it was long. They paid no taxes. Though born in a Republic, they believed the individual had the right to say whether or not he would be governed by its laws, or be a citizen of it. When a property tax was to be paid they refused to pay it. If the demand was persisted in, the authorities were obliged to take a part of their lands; no taxes were paid voluntarily. They did not hire help, believing that that was only another system of slavery, unless there was a good understanding existing between the employer and employee—unless the labor was a labor of love. They wore no cotton clothes, as cotton came from the South and was produced by slaves—they were opposed to slavery. All they asked of the world was to be let alone; but the world would not do that. It was not prepared for that experiment then, and it is not now. But the time may come when it will be."

But do you not think, with things even as bad as they are, that persons can live much more economically than they do—that class of persons, I mean, who desire to spend time in reading, study and meditation? Is there not some way of solving that problem?"

"The problem is very easily solved. They would have to live in the country rather than the town; cultivate the garden, grow corn, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, and such other vegetables as would be needed, of course doing all the work themselves. There should be some fruit on the place when they took it, though it might be done even if there were no fruit on it in the beginning. They should be vegetarians. Clothing would not cost much. Persons living in that way would not have to dress so elegantly as if they lived in the city. If they saw plain neighbors, plain clothes, and those of a coarser quality could be worn. Let the place be small. If you have a large place you only have so much more trouble and care upon your mind—so much more ground to work and worry about. One could not travel much. There is great expense in that. Yes, a small family in that way could live on an incredibly small sum."

After some further conversation, the details of which could not with propriety be given, the subject of books was introduced.

"What books would you advise young men to read?"

"Read what your mind most craves for. Read what answers your questions, and says 'yes' or 'no.' If your mind is of an ethical turn, read books on ethics. If of a philosophical character, read works on philosophy. If you are interested in science, then the best scientific productions. 'Youman's Culture Demanded by modern Life" is a good book, showing what are the most recent discoveries in science. Read Socrates; Plutarch's Lives, and Morals (his Morals especially); Emerson; Thoreau (who is the modern stoic); Antonius; Epictetus (a very good book); Henry More; John Donne; Sir Thomas Browne; Hegel (Stirling Secret of Hegel); Schlewger's History of Philosophy; Coleridge's Friend; Gœthe; Carlyle's early works, being careful as to his later books; Swedenborg—with caution, and do not be carried away by him; Montaigne, looking out for his skepticism, and all the old standard essayists; Bacon, especially his Wisdom of the Ancients."

While on this subject of reading, I may say that Mr. Alcott himself will soon publish a work of his own, entitled "Tablets," a series of essays, which, I think I can say, will delight all thinkers.

"Is not the secret of reading to read only the best books and read them well?"

"Master the masters," was the sage's answer, "and let the second-rates go."

There was much other conversation of interest, but probably not sufficiently so to warrant its being given to the public.

All his life, as I said before, has this man spent among books — the very best of the world's books; in thinking which soared toward Heaven. He has lived the philosophic life, and found the true philosopher's stone—serenity, contentment. "In some respects," says one of his admirers, "there has, perhaps, never been an enthusiast so remarkable; I refer particularly to the marvelous serenity with which this most gentle soul has kept the even tenor of his way through a world never good to him. Life without, has been unceasing disappointment, but within it has been unending success. The high and glad repose of such a nature may rank with the miracles of character in all human history. Gentleness so genial and so steadfast, so generous and so enduring, is the last grace and the most divine which culture brings.

As I shook his hand in leaving, I looked up to his calm, happy, serene face, and remembered the peaceful, quiet way in which his life had been passed, and the manner in which too many around me were living, I could not help but believe there was a chance even here, in the wicked old world, before we reached the "silent land" of

"A purer, saner, sweeter life than this."

N. Y. Tribune.

*[Harvard, Mass.]

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sep 15 eod

He calls no man his subject; but his eyes,
In midst of benediction, questioning,
Each soul compel. A first-fruits offering
Each soul must owe to him whose fair land lies
Wherever God has his. No white dove flies
Too white, no wine too red and rich, to bring.
With sudden penitence for all her waste,
My soul to yield her scanty hoards made haste,
When, lo! they shrank and failed me in that need,
Like wizard's gold, by worthless dust replaced.
My speechless grief, the king, with tender heed,
Thus soothed: "These ashes sow. They are true seed."
O king! in other summer may I stand
Before thee yet, the full ear in my hand!

H[elen] H[unt]

TRIBUTE.

R. W. E.

MIDWAY in summer, face to face, a king
I met. No king so gentle and so wise.

Happy Women.

BY MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

One of the trials of womankind is the fear of being an old maid. To escape this dreadful doom young girls rush into matrimony with a recklessness which astonishes the beholder; never pausing to remember that the loss of liberty, happiness and self-respect is poorly repaid by the barren honor of being called "Mrs." instead of "Miss."

Fortunately this foolish prejudice is fast disappearing, conquered by the success of a certain class belonging to the sisterhood. This class is composed of superior women, who, from various causes, remain single, and devote themselves to some earnest work; espousing philanthropy, art, literature, music, medicine, or whatever task, taste, necessity, or chance suggests, and remaining faithful to and as happy in their choice as married women with husbands and homes. It being my good fortune to know several such, I venture to offer a little sketch of them to those of my own countrywomen who, from choice or necessity stand alone, seeking to find the happiness which is the right of all.

Here is L., a rich man's daughter; pretty, accomplished, sensible and good. She tried fashionable life and found that it did not satisfy her. No lover was happy enough to make a response in her heart, and at twenty-three she looked about her for something to occupy and interest her. She was attracted toward the study of medicine; became absorbed in it; went alone to Paris and London; studied faithfully; received her diploma, and, having practised successfully for a time, was appointed the resident physician for a city hospital. Here, doing a truly womanly work, she finds no time for ennui, unhappiness, or the vague longing for something to fill heart and life, which leads so many women to take refuge in frivolous or dangerous amusements and pursuits. She never talks of her mission or her rights, but beautifully fulfils the one and quietly assumes the others. Few criticise or condemn her course, and none question her success. Respected and beloved by all who know her, she finds genuine satisfaction in her work, and is the busiest, happiest, most useful woman whom I know.

Next comes M., a brilliant, talented girl, full of energy, ambition and noble aspirations. Poor, yet attractive, through natural gifts and graces, to her came the great temptation of such a girl's life—a rich lover; an excellent young man, but her inferior in all respects. She felt this, and so did he, but hoping that love would make them equals, he urged his suit.

"If I loved him," she said, "my way would be plain, and I should not hesitate a minute. But I do not; I've tried, and I am sure I *never* can feel toward him as I should. It is a great temptation, for I long to cultivate my talent, to help my family, to see the world and enjoy life, and all this may be done if I say 'Yes.' People tell me that I am foolish to reject this good fortune, that it is my duty to accept it; that I shall get on very well without love, and talk as if it were a business transaction. It is hard to say 'No,' but I *must*, for in marriage I want to look up, not down. I cannot make it seem right to take this office, and I must let it go, for I dare not sell my liberty."

She made her choice, turned away from the pleasant future laid before her, and took up her load again. With her one talent in her hand, she faced poverty, cheerfully teaching music year after year; hoping always, complaining never, and finding herself a stronger, happier woman for the act. A richer woman also; for though the husband was lost, a true friend was gained—since the lover, with respect added to his love, said manfully, "She is right; God bless her!"

S. is poor, plain, ungifted and ordinary in all things but one—a cheerful, helpful spirit, that loves its neighbor better than itself, and cannot rest till it has proved its sincerity. Few so placed, would have lived forty hard, dull years without becoming either sharp and sour, or bitter and blue. But S. is as sweet and sunny as a child; and, to those who know her, the personification of content. The only talent she possesses is that of loving every helpless, suffering, forlorn creature whom she meets. Finding her round of home duties too small for her benevolence, she became one of the home missionaries whose reports are never read, whose salaries are never paid on earth. Poverty-stricken homes, sick beds, sinful souls and sorrowing hearts attract her as irresistibly as pleasure attracts other women, and she faithfully ministers to such, unknown and unrewarded.

"I never had a lover, and I never can have, you know. I'm *so* plain," she says, with a smile that is pathetic in its humility, its unconscious wistfulness.

She is mistaken here, for there are many to whom that plain face is beautiful, that helpful hand very dear. Her lovers are not of the romantic sort; but old women, little children, erring men and forlorn girls give her an affection as endearing and sincere as any husband could have done. Few will know her worth here, but, in the long hereafter, I am sure S. will be blessed with eternal beauty, happiness and love.

A. is a woman of a strongly individual type, who, in the course of an unusually varied experience has seen so much of what a wise man has called "the tragedy of modern married life," that she is afraid to try it. Knowing that for one of a peculiar nature like herself such an experiment would be doubly hazardous, she has obeyed instinct and become a chronic old maid. Filial and fraternal love must satisfy her, and grateful that such ties are possible, she lives for them and is contented. Literature is a fond and faithful spouse, and the little family that has sprung up around her, though perhaps unloving and uninteresting to others, is a profitable source of satisfaction to her maternal heart. After a somewhat tempestuous voyage, she is glad to find herself in a quiet haven whence she can look back upon her vanished youth, and feel that though the blossom time of life is past, a little fruit remains to ripen in the early autumn coming on. Not lonely, for her parents, brothers and sisters, friends and babies keep her heart full and warm; not idle, for necessity, stern, yet kindly teacher, has taught her the worth of work; not unhappy, for love and labor, like good angels, walk at either hand, and the divine Friend fills the world with strength and beauty for the soul and eyes that have learned to feel and see it all thankfully.

My sisters, don't be afraid of the words "old maid," for it is in your power to make this a term of honor, not reproach. It is not necessary to be a sour, spiteful spinster, with nothing to do but brew tea, talk scandal and tend a pocket handkerchief. No, the world is full of work, needing all the heads, hearts and hands we can bring to do it. Never was there so splendid an opportunity for women to enjoy their liberty and prove that they deserve it by using it wisely. If love comes as it should come, accept it in God's name and be worthy of his best blessing. If it never comes, then in God's name reject the shadow of it, for that can never satisfy a hungry heart. Do not be ashamed to own the truth—do not be daunted by the fear of ridicule and loneliness, nor saddened by the loss of a woman's tenderest ties. Be true to yourselves; cherish whatever talent

Waltham Free Press,
5-1-68, p. 1.

you possess, and in using it faithfully for the good of others you will most assuredly find happiness for yourself, and make of life no failure, but a beautiful success.

Picnic Excursions.

Walden Pond seems to have lost nothing of its popularity as a summer resort. We learn that it is engaged by parties for every week day until the first of October, and if we mistake not an excusion train runs regularly from Boston for their accommodation. On Tuesday a large party from this town occupied the grounds, whose picnic proceedings are recounted by a local correspondent.

Union Picnic.

Walden Pond and grove never gave pleasure to a happier or more harmonious gathering than that assembled on Tuesday of this week, from Waltham. Representatives of all our religious societies were present, and no greater proof of the effectual teaching of our Sunday Schools could be asked than the hundreds of well behaved children who have this day made this place vocal with songs and laughter, and well regulated sport. Seven hundred people, strong, united in the festivities of the occasion. The vast amount of work to be done was made comparatively light by many willing hands. Large committees from the Sunday schools, marshalled by the various superintendents, attended to the collation, which was rich and abounding. Swimming, boating and swinging proved sufficiently amusing to occupy the greater part of the day. The bath houses resounded with scream and splash. Nor was the company wanting in those who quietly drank in the wondrous beauty of the place, and remembered the strange hermit life led on the green shore of the pond, and his successful (?) experiment at plain living and high thinking.

The picnic grounds have been greatly improved the past year. A bath house exclusively for women has been built, and the rail road cut near the pond has been spanned by a suspension foot bridge.

A picnic like this enjoyed today has a far deeper significance than borne on the face of it. Beside the union of heart in a great and common work, there is the opportunity of recommending the cause by the sincere kindness opportunity so richly presents at such a time, and demonstrating the happiness which true religion brings.. SOLITAIRE.

Walden Pond—Spiritualists' Picnic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS :—

Living within four or five miles of such a celebrity as the pond above named, your humble servant has felt his symptoms of curiosity to see its beauties so strongly developed of late, that it needed but a small amount of other inducement to compel him to succumb to the fever. And the weight that turned the scales was thrown in to-day, in the shape of the gathering above noted.

Truly, sir, the praise-freighted items that occasionally are seen in the newspaper columns have never, like the great family of "Puffs," over-colored the scenic effect of this beautiful lake of unknown depth, nor stated in language a grain too strong its advantages for excursionists who would fly from their sultry brick-and-mortar surroundings to quaff pure breezes cooled by pearly waters and perfumed with the aroma of the pine tree and maple, of sweet-briar and fern. No wonder that a Thoreau living in rustic style in this romantic spot became poetic. I greatly fear that a rusty pen like my own would get to running quite smoothly, if an occasional visit here were thrown into my toilsome life of—killing witch-grass and canker-worms. Not to enlarge on this topic, I give you and yours the Philipian invitation, "Come and see."

Now about the other matter, I wish to say, that though there is doubtless much about the Spiritualists that you and I would not approve, yet so far as my observation and judgment go, they concur in pronouncing the affair of to-day to be of a most creditable and well-conducted character. And if they showed a fair sample of their style of doing things on the rostrum and in the grove, on the enterpean floor, and *in particular*, in the exercises of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," I am inclined to give all outsiders a fair warning to "stand off the track"; for their "car of progress" is under such headway as to endanger not only all opposition, but also all whose driving power is not of the most approved kind.

Children are children as they come from the Creator's hand, and are very much alike in very many things. And what they are to be in the future as men and women depends much on the culture they receive in the first few years of their life. A cramped, rigid, sectarian education in morals and religious theories may produce a set of rank bigots whose very breath will blast all that is fair in our earthly surroundings; while a broad and liberal training will furnish moral and intellectual material for a generous spirit that shall overflow with good will; hearts that shall bless and be blest with the ebbs and flows of Divine Love.

Do you ask me if the Spiritualists are standing thus in the front ranks as educators? I reply—all the songs, the responses, the recitations and the spirit that shone from the faces of the three or four hundred children that performed them to-day, and the addresses both in trance and normal conditions that came from the lips of the elders, betokened an affirmative reply to your question. But as on my first topic, so here, I close by saying, "Come and see" for yourself.

Yours truly,

Wayland, June 24, 1868.

[Whilst it is easy to feel a high respect for Spiritualists, we cannot say the same of "Spiritism." This may be the effects of a "bigoted" education, and our worthy correspondent must have patience with our prejudices.—ED.]

Ibid., 7-17-68, p. 2.

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strung. A few samples are all we can give as hints of his lecture:

"Veracity is needed in modern poets. There is too much enamel—too little design. I want an architect and they give me an upholsterer."

"The fault of most poetry is that it is insincere. Unless it has an autobiographical basis it shall not rob me of my time. The poet must believe in his work or I am soon cured of my belief."

"All things are transparent to him, and I value the poet's name of a thing more than the thing itself."

"We may not speak the truth in prose, we may in poetry."

"Memory is the best test of poetry; I am dazzled at the first reading, but afterward the important passages return to me and I am drawn back to re-read and enjoy

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard, 10-24-68, p. 2.

MR. EMERSON'S SECOND LECTURE.

MR. EMERSON has delivered the first and second of his Boston course of new lectures. The first was upon Art. For the following interesting sketch of the second lecture we are indebted to Miss L. M. Alcott:

IN spite of the rain an audience, such as Emerson alone can draw, met to hear the lecture on Poetry and Criticism. It was a rare treat to those who listened, with intent faces, to the smooth flow of the gifted voice which had never been in better tune, and was an unconscious illustration of his own phrase, "ideas steeped in music."

: It is difficult to report Emerson unless one can preserve the thread on which his memorable sentences are

them."

"Let the poets omit all but the important passages, and we shall have true poetry."

"Shakespeare was made up of important passages. He invented characters and then reported their words and acts as if he knew the men. This is poetry."

"Real Kings and queens seemed shabby counterfeits of his monarchs, for the royalty he knew was all his own, and his tragedy was a victorious melody which healed its own wounds."

"He was a street bible as well as the companion of the finest minds. The most robust thinker that ever existed; and the babe in its cradle is to be congratulated on the possession of Nature and Shakespeare."

"Cervantes went out of the world one day that Shakespeare might be born the next."

Among the distinguished listeners were Miss. Hosmer, Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Howe, Phillips, Professors Pierce and Lowell. L. M. A.

THE "JUVENIS ADORANS"

THIS antique statue—A Youth Worshipping—was dug up from the Tiber in the pontificate of Clement XI. It was presented by that Pope to Prince Eugene of Savoy. From him it passed into the possession of Prince Lichtenstein. Frederick II. bought it at the sale of the Prince's effects for ten thousand thalers, and placed it in his palace at Potsdam. It is now one of the chief ornaments of the Sculpture Gallery at Berlin. The subject was a favorite one among the old Greek sculptors.

[The signature, "N. L. F.," at the bottom of these lines, from the Monthly Magazine, plainly indicates the authorship. We venture to express the hope, that we may yet see gathered in one volume the numerous fine poetical pieces which Dr. Frothingham has given to various periodicals. There are many additional ones probably in hand, which have not yet met the public eye. The brief history of the "Juvenis Adorans," given in the introduction to the lines, is quite necessary to understand their meaning and beauty.]

Tiber's yellow flood
  Darkest tales can tell,
Where the Mightiest stood,
  How the Haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
  Rustle with the Past;
Ah, Rome's glittering ranks
  Shrunk to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
  Beneath thy burial-lid—
If true what men have said—
  Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told,
  From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
  And, behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
  Not kneeling as in dread,
Not clasped his eager hands,
  Not bowed his noble head;

His gaze is on the sky,
  As if his trust were there;
His arms stretched wide and high,
  As if his Thanks were Prayer.

So at the Easter-tide,*
  The churches rose and stood;
Throwing all stoop aside,
  And every mournful mood.

O Genius of new days!
  Hail from thine ancient tomb!
Now let thy Spirit's blaze
  Chase off the Old World's gloom.

Bright one! Thine influence pour
  On man, so prone and sad;
And teach him how to adore,
  And to be free and glad.

N. L. F.

*The usual posture of prayer, in the early Christian assemblies on the Lord's day, was that of standing; because that day was a holiday, the Festival of the Resurrection. But from Easter to Pentecost it was positively forbidden to assume any other attitude in public devotions.

Boston Transcript.

Nat'l Anti-Slavery Standard, N.Y., 10-31-68.

MISS. DICKINSON'S "WHAT ANSWER."

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE in *The Hartford Courant* pays the following generous and well deserved tribute to Miss. Dickinson's book:

"A BRAVE, NOBLE BOOK.

"So we thought as we laid down, 'What Answer?' the first story published by Anna Dickinson. It is one of those books which belong to the class of *deeds* not *words*. To call it a novel, and to talk over it any of the hackneyed cant of the artistic merits of the story, or to judge of it merely as a story, is for us Americans, in this hour of our trial, as out of place as for King David to have criticised the literary merits of the little work of fiction addressed to him by Nathan the prophet in the matter of Uriah the Hittite.

"The book is a solemn, earnest, thrilling, enthusiastic appeal, in which a noble woman, herself at ease, blessed with flattering friends, with applause, with admiration, takes all in her hand and risks all in pleading the cause of the poorest, the most despised, the most maligned and scorned of God's creatures. In the form of a story she makes a most condensed, earnest, and powerful appeal to the heart and conscience of this American nation on the sin of caste—a sin of which she makes us feel we have been but half convinced, and for which we have only begun to find a place of repentance.

"If anybody can read that book unmoved, we have only pity for him. No American, however conscientiously he may have espoused the cause of the slave, but may gain from it a deeper, truer baptism into the great doctrine of Christianity, that in Christ Jesus all are brethren.

"What gives this story its awful power is *its truth*. Under a thin veil of fiction it presents facts—facts of most appalling suggestiveness; and we beg the reader to notice carefully the modest confirmatory note of Miss. Dickinson at the end of the volume. That she speaks of that she *knows*, and testifies of what she has seen, throughout the whole story, is very evident. Even the part which at first strikes one with most of an air of fiction, the portrait of its heroine and her father and brother, we have reason to know is drawn from actual, literal observation.

"That such a book as this is needed among us yet is evident from the fact that the State of Connecticut, with all the signs and wonders of God's great controversy with us yet ringing in her ears and dazzling her eyes, still persists in refusing to the negro who had helped us in our battles the simplest right of citizenship. Traitors, copperheads, all nations and names, however mean and degraded, may drop their votes, but brave black hands scarred with fighting for us, are beaten back.

"Miss Dickinson's book puts the solemn question to the American nation, *What Answer?* Let the answer come at the polls. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

Ibid., 10-31-68, p. 3.

"That such a book is needed is evident from the very issue of the Presidential election now before us. There is a party whose war-cry is 'A white man's government, and no place for the negro.' There are already significant and awful indications of what may be the fate of this people at the South if that party prevails.

REASSEMBLING OF THE RADICAL CLUB IN BOSTON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STANDARD.

BOSTON, October 19th, 1868.

FOR a New Yorker to "assist" at a Brain Party is for a New Yorker to give himself the most extraordinary of Surprise Parties; not that New Yorkers are without brains, but it never occurs to them to take such things to parties. Brains are to make money with, to get the better of men with, to climb political ladders with, to make fame with. This is the meaning of brains in New York, where the chief end of man, woman and child is to coin body and soul into gold; but here in Boston, people actually go about with their brains done up in loose parcels and are ready to give them away to any passer by who may be in need of them. Men and women meet in society and positively talk sense. Women, even young women, are not ashamed to be considered the intellectual peers of their brothers, and to-day I have witnessed the marvellous spectacle of men and women, young and old, meeting together at ten o'clock in the morning for the purpose of abstruse reasoning! Started a year ago, the Radical Club thrives as a green-bay tree, and in the hospitable parlors of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sargent the gods assemble monthly for the purpose of forging thunderbolts that, sooner or later, are hurled over the American Continent to warn the Republic of its dangers, or to purify the air.

To-day brought the gods together for the first time since the Summer exodus. There were Emerson, John Weiss, Mr. Alcott, D. A. Wasson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Miss Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Agassiz, and many others known to the world, and after a pleasant gossip that, like a species of intellectual soup, preceded the large joint upon which all were to feast, the host, Mr. John T. Sargent, opened the meeting with a hearty welcome, and hoped that a suggestion to hold their future meetings in a hall, would not be carried out, as such a change would entail expense, beside rendering the reunions less social. As Mr. Sargent retired, Mr. Wasson, the essayist of the day, and one of New Englands cleverest thinkers, took the chair and read an elaborate, well-digested paper upon the elements of true liberty. Believing in the "Scriptures of Politics," Mr. Wasson handled his subject with the fastidiousness of a a scholar and the sternness of a moralist. "In what sense is man free by nature?" he asked. In reality, man is a victim to subjection, and it is only by the interposition of Art and Science that he breaks from his fetters. Co-operation is power, and as physical subjection diminishes, a moral sense steps in. The universe is one vast system and celebration of obedience. Civilization restrains, and man has not perfect property in the blood of his own veins. It is not surprising, therefore, if there be shown a preference for the freedom antecedent to civilization, and yet this same free life is a mirage. It fetters all man's human nature and lets only the beast go free. Any freedom is fallacious, as it seems, unconditional.

Every man has an affection for his own will and a desire to make it effective, continued Mr. Wasson. This may be called subjective liberty, and is good as an element but not as a principle. Yet this constrains, for multiply one will by many, and man is surrounded by a network of such constraints as are productive of humanity's true emancipation. When two men come together there is a larger freedom, if they be rightly related. There is a convergence of powers to a focus of right reason. Man is not born free but is born to become so, and attains freedom by prophecy and aspiration. Politically, it is man's effective application of right reason to himself and others that makes him free. The serviceableness of men depends upon their liberation in community, but liberation is not the liberty of thieves to elect thieves to office. Liberty is only attained through the medium of political community. Men shall be knitted together in unity, rational restraint being one of the factors of liberty. It is the shell of the egg, the husk of corn, without which disintegration and demoralization ensue. The ascent of life entails a progressive embodiment of restraint.

Dwelling upon the relation of pure democracy to pure liberation, Mr. Wasson maintained that common action is never up to common disposition, from which fact Wendell Phillips is led to assert that the Republican party understates the virtue of the people. A party as a party always breathes bad air, and the result of a popular vote must be below rather than above individual opinion.

All men crave a true liberation. Liberty in community demands discipline of the will. Had there ever been such discipline, History would have been different. Emancipators are victims and the cross is their symbol. Liberty that consists only in voting helps to oppress us. One of our greatest foes is fraudulent work with its waste of labor and capital. Honesty would increase the value of labor one hundred per cent. We must get rid of reckless indiscrimination. There should be formation of guilds which should act as mutual work insurance companies. It is Democratic averages that keep human nature so low. We are forced to struggle against voracities rather than tyrannies that proclaim a law of chaos. The age of right reason will not be brought about by cheap sentimentality. Army hospitals did not conquer Richmond, nor will soup houses conquer this century. Egotistic power, whether of one or two, must pass away as a dream, leaving to select men and women the divine reign of *recta ratio.*

Such are a few of the points touched upon by Mr. Wasson in an essay of an hour's length, that will all its many excellent qualities would have been better received had there been less despondency, and more faith in the virtues of suffrage.

Leading the discussion upon Mr. Wasson's paper, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson pronounced it an admirable comment on political society, and only defective in its attack upon suffrage.

Its author's pointed pen would have undoubtedly destroyed monarchy more readily than democracy. Man has not skill enough to manage either. If offered reforms, Mr. Wasson would be unable to give up the public. The "rings" of New York simply prove the imbecility of any form of government in a bad population. With the exception of Connecticut, which is a suburb of New York, the New England States carry about with them their own cure for political distempers. Schools are the remedy for all populations. They qualify and remove all danger that threatens. History gives no preference over suffrage. We must stand for the freest form of government. In California it availed to make the best government among bruisers and gamblers. The best will is the average will. It is only upon extraordinary occasions that the world produces natural Emperors, such as Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. In our Democracy we show a better average than any succession of Kings. The Kingdom of God must come and then all will be safe.

How is right reason to come? asked Miss Elizabeth Peabody. The question is whether universal suffrage will give it, or whether the action of some men who are not the majority. How the plan of selection has succeeded is shown in the history of the world. Now a new plan is suggested by calling upon all men to contribute. Intellect is not reason. Reasoning is the portioning power. Miss Peabody took exception to Mr. Wasson's placing ignorance and egotism together. Egotism is found in the greatest extent among the cultivated. *Our records prove that the largest vote is invariably the best vote.* The largest vote ever cast was upon the second election of Abraham Lincoln. If New York were mankind Democracy might be questioned. It is a delusion to make partial culture and right reason identical. Miss Peabody had just returned from the despotisms of Europe and marked their effects upon the people, and although she had come back wide awake to the short comings of America, yet she could not but give the preference to our atmosphere of freedom.

Mr. Weiss said that we should not have a Democracy until such representatives of mankind as the last speaker had a vote. Mr. Wasson's paper was most timely, and if the like were heard from rostrum and pulpit, the era of *recta ratio* would draw near. But it is too late to talk about limiting suffrage. The Plug Uglies have it, the negroes have it, and it would endanger the safety of the

republic to take it away from one negro. He would establish a right balance of power by deploying women upon the field. In them is the emotional, intuitive and moral element. There are women who have great power of synthesis, of ratiocination ; there are men who are strongly emotional, and intuitive; but both are exceptional, and the speaker did not believe there could be a democracy until man and woman stood side by side, the one saying "here is my ratiocination" the other, "here is my intuition." Then we shall have the whole power of the republic. He would run for luck on women, knowing full well the exceptions of vanity and vice. He had seen the shoddy woman in full blossom and inhaled her questionable fragrance. When we have man we have half a God. In Massachusetts where there are 250,000 more women than men, we have more than our share of God. *Our safety lies in deploying all of God we have upon the field.*

Mr. Weiss's remarks were received with applause and were indorsed by Mr. Sargent.

Miss Peabody thought Democracy ought not to be judged until further trial.

Mr. Wasson declared that he had not been understood. He did not propose past forms and utterly denied that there ever *had* been a republic. Men should be made what they really are. Democracy is cherishing a viper in its bosom.

Miss Peabody was followed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who said:

I appreciate and value the justice and nicety of the criticism made by Mr. Wasson upon the faults and shortcomings of a democratic society. But while I heard him with pleasure and interest, I yet felt in hearing him, like the disabled composer whose cat, running over the key-board of the piano, struck the third chord, legitimate and musical in its place, but asking the fourth as its solution. Incompetent as he was, he hobbled from his sofa, and struck the needed chord before he could again rest. The facts indeed are much as Mr. Wasson states them, and there are moments in our study and observation in which the evils of the popular rule confront, and almost turn us back, as insurmountable. But our great hope triumphs over these difficulties, and leads us on in the direction already indicated. This seems to be one of the *antinomies* of morals. It seems almost hopeless to reconcile the real evils of popular sovereignty with its ideal dignity and security. Yet the two, none the less, co-exist.

The advantages of universal suffrage are not so immediate as they are usually assumed, by their champions, to be. One of the greatest of these advantages is that the extension of the suffrage necessarily supposes and entails the extension of education. The experience of the Republican North shows this. The aristocratic institutions of the South, on the contrary, necessitated the restriction of education. We Americans are too jubilant over our institutions, rejoicing as though we had already attained. The high result hoped for is only to be attained by long and earnest labor.

Mr. Alcott maintained that a Democracy is impossible saving where the whole people are cultivated. Our theory is perfect, but in the absence of culture we are well nigh swamped. As for egotism, everyone is an egotist in that he believes in his individual not personal self. Culture, however, avails not unless the moral quality predominates. There never has been a republic saving in the small Pythagorean experiment which was a complete success because women were there. No man should vote who is not a woman, that is who does not possess the womanly or moral quality. Woman has come to claim her place and she is fast learning *how* to claim it. Women would consider many questions that men can not. Let woman come to the foreground and speak for herself.

Culture is wanted. No man is entitled to more liberty than he can use for his own and his neighbor's good.

After further discussion by Mr. Richard Hallowell, Mr. Sidney Morse, the editor of *The Radical*, and Mr. Alcott, the assembly adjourned to meet a month hence, when Mr. Weiss is expected to supply a feast of reason from his overflow of soul.

K. F.

Ibid., 10-31-68, p. 2.

MR. EMERSON'S THIRD LECTURE.

BROOK FARM.

[Reported for the Standard].

PEOPLE went last evening expecting to be regaled with a transcendental account of Brook Farm, nor were they disappointed except in the brevity of the sketch. Mr. Emerson began by saying "That in 1820 a new order of things appeared, and a moral age followed the profligacy of the past one. Goethe brought his new theories, Hegel his philosophy, Channing religion, Everett eloqnence, and Dickens his beautiful humanity in romance."

All manner of reforms were rampant, and with qnaint allusions to many of them, Mr. Emerson came at last to Brook Farm. "In 1840, Dr. Channing, Geo. Ripley with other enthusiasts met to discuss the possibility of an intellectual community for mutual pleasure and culture. Much fine discourse was enjoyed, but nothing settled, for in the midst of it the company streamed out to an oyster supper, and so ended the first attempt at æsthetical society in Boston." In 1841, another attempt was made, which resulted in Brook Farm, and lasted six years. Ripley, Curtis, Parke, Margaret Fuller, Dwight, Wm. H. Channing and "Hawthorne with his cold but gentle genius" were interested in it, enjoyed it, and came out of it financially poorer but intellectually richer for the experience.

"So many hours of labor for so many hours of instruction was the rule, but the new-comers, while eagerly availing themselves of the instruction shirked the labor, which was done by the faithful few. As sometimes happens in larger communities than Brook farm." Among the humorous stories told of these enthusiasts were these—"One man ploughed all day, and another looked out of window all day, and both received the same wages at night."

"The ladies took cold on washing days, so the gentlemen shepherds hung out the clothes, and when they danced in the evening clothes-pins fell plentifully from their pockets."

"It was a perpetual picnic, and its leaders should be thanked for making a pleasant place to live in. It was an education to those who were there ; a fine experience of life-long value,"

In the course of his lecture Mr. Emerson alluded to *Dial* "whose era its chief readers" and "which enjoyed its obscurity for four years when it died." He likewise paid characteristic tributes of praise to the men whom he honored with his friendship long before the world began to find them out—Thoreau who celebrated poverty and felt that "God could not be unkind to him if he tried, and Alcott who "read Plato as an equal."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 25th, 1868.

Two lectures of Mr. Emerson's new course have already been given here, calling together, as usual, the lovers of high and fine thought, and richly rewarding them. As his third lecture—which is to discourse, among other things, on that curious experiment of life in Association formerly tried at Brook Farm, near this city—will be given in the Temple, a large number will probably seize the opportunity to hear him.

A good many years ago, when Mr. Emerson first turned from the pulpit to the lecture-room, the eminent Boston lawyer Jonathan Mason went, with his family, to hear him. On being asked, afterwards, how he liked the lecture, he said he had been unable to make out what Mr. Emerson was driving at. "My daughters, however," added Mr. Mason, "admired the lecture, and understood it perfectly."

Probably the sarcastic old lawyer, when he said this, did not in the least suspect that his daughters had a finer and higher sense than he of the matters then treated of. Ingenuous youth, of both sexes, still delight in hearing Mr. Emerson, and find their best thoughts stimulated, and their highest aspirations met, by his suggestions. But they are no longer alone in this enjoyment. Our wisest and maturest men and women, lawyers of the standing of Mr. Mason, professional men of every class, the deep-

est thinkers and the most active workers, find their highest enjoyment in attendance on such lectures as these, and throng to hear the utterance, on any subject, of him whom they once reckoned an unprofitable dreamer.

Those who despair of human improvement may learn truer wisdom by looking at the experience of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker. Both have found the intellectual and moral movements of their age manifestly and largely accelerated by their own efforts, though the latter passed upward too soon to see with the bodily eye all the evidence of this that *we* see. Both were the subjects of ridicule, obloquy and malignant misrepresentation by large bodies of men having possession of the public ear, controlling a large department of the press, and wielding the mighty power of the pulpit; both went on quietly with their work, without pausing to defend themselves, or make any reply to these misrepresentations; and in the case of both, the ideas which they taught, the principles which they inculcated, and the reformatory movements which they sought to promote have been steadily growing in public estimation, and the best thinkers, here and in foreign lands, unite in pronouncing their names with reverence. Beginning on a high and true plane, these men had no occasion to change, only to persevere; and they are rewarded for having done so by seeing the great public surely, however slowly, following their lead, and moving steadily towards them.

I may mention here that the religious society, founded by Mr. Parker, the 28th Congregational Society of Boston, have unanimously invited Rev. James Vila Blake of Haverhill to be their minister, and it is understood that he will accept the invitation.

The managers of the "Fraternity lectures" were fortunate in securing John Lothrop Motley to open their course, which he did on Monday, the 19th instant, in a stirring address on the political aspects and demands of our time.

Those who on this occasion expected to see only a quiet, scholarly man, and to hear only the reading of an argument, were agreeably disappointed. Mr. Motley is a man of commanding presence, and a highly eloquent speaker, expressing his thoughts with such skill, and delivering them with such grace and energy, as if oratory had been his chosen profession. When he was first introduced to the audience, and was about to commence his address, Mr. Frank W. Bird arose on the platform and called for three cheers for the man who had first spoken brave words abroad in advocacy of the rights of the American nation in the early part of our late struggle, and when European powers seemed inclined to turn against us. Three rousing cheers were given by the great audience, followed by prolonged applause, and Mr. Motley, briefly and gracefully expressing his appreciation of the compliment, proceeded with his lecture.

As this lecture appeared in pamphlet form on the morning after its delivery, and was also printed in full in three of our daily papers and four of yours, I need not give any abstract of its contents. I will merely mention the admirable treatment of two of its topics, which, however plain to good sense and good morals, are so mystified by the sophistry of partisan politicians that many people really need enlightenment respecting them. In regard to one of these, the guilt and folly of repudiation, Mr. Motley apologized to his audience for spending any time in argument upon it, saying very justly that it was difficult to prove an axiom. He closed this part of the subject by reading (and reading with great point and expression) an incident in the life of one of Mr. Dickens's characters; that character who seriously declares that he has recovered his moral dignity, and that he can once more walk erect before his fellow-men, in consequence of having given his creditor, instead of the payment due, a new *promise* to pay. Mr. Motley protested against the monstrous proposal that the United States should adopt the financial system of Mr. Wilkins Micawber.

The other matter which I have mentioned as needing elucidation only because of systematic efforts to misrepresent it, was the complaint of the rebels of unjust treatment under the reconstruction Acts of Congress. These complainers, said Mr. Motley, seem to have forgotten one little fact, that there has been a war; that they, who make the pretence of suffering oppression, were four years in armed rebellion against this nation; and that, the war being ended by their defeat, it is the special attribute of the National Legislature to lay down the terms of peace.

This is so plain a matter that it might appear needless to mention it; but the partisans of the rebellion, seeming to think that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth, are incessantly harping upon the very moderate restraints that have been imposed upon them, as if these had been utterly unmerited, and as if the attempt to destroy this nation for the sake of maintaining slavery were a deed rather meritorious than otherwise. This exposure by Mr. Motley, therefore, was needful, and his portraiture of the impudence of the rebels in maintaining a right, first to secede and fight against the government when they please, and next to come back and resume the administration of the government when they please, was admirably drawn, and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. NORTH.

Ibid., 10-31-68, p. 2.

The First of Mr Emerson's New Lectures.

BOSTON, Tuesday, October 13.

It is worth while for a deaf man to go to a course of lectures in Boston by Mr Emerson, for though he could not hear a word, he could enjoy the serenity of the speaker's countenance, and he could see an audience such as no other occasion brings together. It is not merely that they are distinguished people, for most of them are not, but they are so plainly the salt of the earth, with so little mixture of the commonplace element, that it raises the spirits merely to look at them. A certain part are gray haired, and some of them can remember when the lecturer was a boy, though this number is yearly diminishing, as Mr Emerson himself approaches the limit of three score and ten. At the other end of the list appear the college students, the fair faced girls and a few lads and maidens little beyond their childhood, who have early learned to prize what this sage says. And all between are the men and women who have grown up in Boston and the neighborhood, under the subtle influence of a man who has enchanted more of the quick intellect of New England than any of his cotemporaries. Among these are many who are widely known; and I saw, last night, Phillips the orator, and Lowell the poet, and Pierce the mathematician, and Wasson the critic, and Hunt the artist, and Fields the publisher, and no small number of judges and doctors and clergymen and professors and illustrious ladies. After the lecture there was a great exchange of greetings, and old friends, who had not seen each other before since Mr Emerson's last course of lectures, or longer ago, rejoiced at meeting there again. It was like the salutations on the church porch after the benediction, only a great deal more so.

The lecture itself began almost precisely at the hour appointed, and scarcely continued an hour. The theme was ART, and it was treated in the old Emersonian way of "throwing lights." There was no stairway of dry definitions by which you got near the subject, but suddenly you found yourself face to face with it, you know not how, and a brilliant flash of light struck upon one spot of it, and then another, until you felt that you had guessed the riddle, and all became easy and familiar, so that you did not notice the want of sequence in what you were listening to. He described Egyptian architecture as represented by the pyramid—"the form that a load of gravel takes when dumped out of a cart," and characterized by a "superfluity of brace," Grecian and Gothic art were touched upon with equal felicity; of art in general, he said, "it was Chance—and chance was Art;" but this chance was afterwards seen to rest upon the firmest basis of law. "The bird's nest is a part of the bird,"—the only true art is that which expresses a real and deep feeling. But it gives things at their best,—"in the orchard we say that a pear is of its finest flavor for only ten minutes," and so it is with men and all things, their best is but momentary. But art catches and fixes the transient expression of the highest, and makes it immortal.

Thus he went on, linking together his individual sentences by some thread of association impossible now to be recalled; but leaving the total impression very clear and strong, until, as frequently happens of late, Mr Emerson lost his place amid his Sybilline Leaves, which he turned up and down, unable to find it again. I could not decide whether he ever did find it, but I think not. However, it was a good paper to lose the place in, and the audience lost nothing thereby.

THE BROOK FARM COMMUNITY.—The society at Brook Farm was composed of every kind of person. There were the finest scholars, men and women of the most æsthetic culture and accomplishments, young farmers, seamstresses, mechanics, preachers—the industrious, the lazy, the conceited, the sentimental. But they were associated in such a spirit and under such conditions that, with some extravagance, the best of everybody appeared, and there was a kind of high *esprit de corps*—at least in the earlier or golden age of the colony. There was plenty of steady, essential, hard work, for the founding of an earthly paradise upon a rough New England farm is no pastime. But with the best intention, and much practical knowledge and industry and devotion, there was in the nature of the case an inevitable lack of method, and the economical failure was almost a foregone conclusion. But there were never such witty potato patches and such sparkling cornfields before or since. The weeds were scratched out of the ground to the music of Tennyson or Browning, and the morning was an hour as gay and bright as any brilliant midnight at Ambrose's. But in the midst of all was one figure, the practical far-

mer, an honest neighbor who was not drawn to the enterprise by any spiritual attraction, but was hired at good wages to superintend the work, and who always seemed to be regarding the whole affair with the most good-natured wonder as a prodigious masquerade. Indeed, the description which Hawthorne gives of him at a real masquerade of the farmers in the woods depicts his attitude toward Brook Farm itself: "And apart, with a shrewd Yankee observation of the scene, stands our friend Orange, a thick-set, sturdy figure, enjoying the fun well enough, yet rather laughing with a perception of its nonsensicalness than at all entering into the spirit of the thing." That, indeed, was very much the attitude of Hawthorne himself toward Brook Farm and many other aspects of human life.—[George William Curtis, in Harper's Monthly.

LECTURES.—The second lecture in Mr. Emerson's course was delivered Monday evening, the subject being "Poetry and Criticism." It was discussed in the lecturer's peculiar manner of flashing upon it from the abundant stores of his imagination, erudition and wit. Perhaps the most entertaining feature—if we except a glowing eulogy of Shakespeare—was the series of observations on the various English poets and their masterpieces. His criticism of the poetry of the day was also interesting coming from one who himself shines among the first of American poets and critics. A critical audience listened to the lecture with the closest attention.

The Tragedian, by Thomas R. Gould of Boston, is an essay on the genius and character of the elder Booth by an ardent admirer of him and his son Edwin, to whom the volume is dedicated. Mr Gould, the author, is better known as an artist, having devoted himself for several years to sculpture. His busts of Emerson and Gov Andrew have been admired by thousands: they were made not only with an artist's love of his subject, but with a strong personal interest in the men, for Mr Gould cannot do his best unless his subject is his admiration. His love for Emerson is an affair of many years; he was a near neighbor of Gov Andrew, and they were often at each other's houses. For the elder Booth, his admiration seems to be greater than for any other actor he has ever seen; he knew him also as a friend, and has made a fine bust of him, a photograph of which is frontispiece to this neat volume. The book consists of reminiscences of the great actor, with sketches of his chief characters, and the way he interpreted them; written with knowledge and affection, the two requisites for a good criticism. To those who have seen Booth act, it will be of more value than to the rest of us, but it has also the value of being a good study of the characters named, by a man of sense and sensibility. Mr Gould has lately gone to Europe to pass several years, and his book follows him to the other side of the ocean.

Mr. Thomas R. Gould, the reading of whose book has suggested what I have written, was a pupil of, and took a Franklin medal at, the Hawkins street school, in Boston, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was its teacher. He was brought up to the dry-goods trade by Abiel Washburn, in Kilby street, when that street was almost the only dry-goods street in the city; and Abiel Washburn was one among the many upright and honorable merchants of that famous street. While there Mr. Gould was a member and secretary of the Mercantile Library Association, which association, thirty years ago, exerted perhaps a greater literary influence in the city than any other institution. He was a distinguished member, and pronounced a poem before the association in the old Federal-street Theater. He early became a contributor to the press, and wrote a defense of the drama, which at once gave him a high rank among men of letters. Subsequently he was engaged in business in New Orleans. Of late years he has devoted himself to art. His heads in marble of R. W. Emerson, Booth and Gov. Andrew, his statuettes of the same, and of Edwin Booth as "Othello" and "Iago," are fine specimens of sculpture. His ideal heads of the Savior and of Satan command the admiration of the art-critics. He is now travelling in Europe.

CALL. We, the undersigned, recognizing the so-called woman question as fundamental in its relations to society and to government—a question, therefore, demanding honest investigation and wise treatment—unite in calling a convention for the discussion of the principles involved in it, and for the formation of a society to secure their application.

We propose, as the basis of our discussion and subsequent action, the equality of the sexes before God,—as written in the nature and duties and destinies of both, and as announced in the Old and the New Testaments, in the significant words, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion. So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them;" and, "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female;"—and the rights of the individual, as set forth in the following ever-memorable words of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and "that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We hold it a self-evident truth, also, that these principles, applied to the women as to the men of any nation or race, must produce the best results; and that such application is necessary to the normal development of human society.

We, therefore, invite the thoughtful men and women of New England, who are willing to join us in such deliberation and action, to meet in convention, at Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th days of November instant, to organize a permanent association, for the wise, systematic and efficient advocacy of woman suffrage, and its kindred civil and political rights.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Jacob M. Manning, D. D., Boston,
Julia Ward Howe, Boston,
Col. T. W. Higginson, Newport, R. I.,
Hon. John Godfrey, Bangor, Me.,
Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld, Hyde Park,
William I. Bowditch, Brookline,
Hon. James Hutchinson, Jr., West Randolph, Vt.,
Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, West Newton,
Hon. Henry Chapin, Worcester,
Nathaniel White, Concord, N. H.,
Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell, Boston,
Arthur B. Calef, Middletown, Conn.,
John Neal, Portland, Me.,
Mrs. Lidian Emerson, Concord,
Rev. E. B. Stratton, Worcester,
Prof. Francis J. Child, Cambridge,
Mercy B. Jackson, M., D., Boston,
Rev. John Boyden, Woonsocket, R. I.,
Mrs. Ann B. Earle, Worcester,
Edward Adolphus Webb, Keene, N. H.,
Hon. Roland G. Hazard, Peacedale, R. I.
Mrs. Mary Mann, Cambridge,
Hon. George F. Hoar, Worcester,
Miss Arethusa Hall, Augusta, Me.,
Rev. B. F. Bowles, Worcester,
A. Bronson Alcott, Concord,
Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., Portland, Me.,
Elizabeth P. Peabody, Cambridge,
Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Leicester,
Abby Kelly Foster, Worcester,
Hon. J. R. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.,
Rev. Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, Reading,
Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, Melrose,
Newell A. Foster, Portland, Me.,
Mrs. Charlotte Joy, Mendon,
Samuel Hill, Florence,
Rev. Arthur Knapp, Providence, R. I.,
Sara Clarke, Northampton,
Rev. Joseph May, Newburyport,
Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, Providence, R. I.
Delano A. Goddard, Boston,
Hon. Francis W. Bird, E. Walpole,
Seth Hunt, Northampton,
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, Valley Falls, R. I.,
David Mack, Belmont,
Mrs. Nathaniel White, Concord,
Rev. Rowland Connor, Boston,
Anna B. Greene, Brookline,
Charles W. Slack, Boston,
Wilhelmine G. Swett, Belmont,
Louisa M. Alcott, Concord,
Mrs. Harriet M. Pitman, Somerville,
David Lee Child, Wayland,
L. Maria Child, Wayland,
John Hooker, Hartford, Ct.
Mrs. John Hooker, Hartford, Ct.
Rev. Edwin P. Parker, Hartford, Ct.,
Rev. John T. Sargent, Boston.

The publication of Hawthorne's journals will lead to some inquiry why selections from those of Henry Thoreau are not given to the public. No promise has ever been made that this would be done, but it has been hoped that Miss Sophia Thoreau, his sister, who has edited his papers that have been published since his death, would make at least extracts enough to fill one of Mr Fields's thin volumes. There is material enough for several thick books, but much of it relates to the daily observations of a naturalist, and would not interest the general reader. The only portions yet printed were selected by Thoreau's intimate friend, Ellery Channing, and published in the Commonwealth newspaper, in 1863-4. The series of papers there begun was never completed, but it included some of the most striking passages ever written by Thoreau, and was preceded by a quaint sketch of his life, dwelling on some of the incidents of his boyhood, and his domestic life. His family was French on the father's side, Scotch on the mother's, and his genius was affected by the mixture of races. He was born and lived nearly all his days in Concord, where the different houses he inhabited are still pointed out by his old friends. More than one of them he aided in building; the house where he was born, however, is an old "lean-to" on the "Virginia road" leading to Bedford, a couple of miles from where his mother and surviving sister now live. The "Parkman House" was another of his residences, and is now being torn down. It stood on the main street, not far from the law office of Samuel Hoar, the elder, which is also about to be removed, to make way for new buildings.

[Sanborn in the Springfield Republican.]

AUTHORESSES TO THE RESCUE.

IT is considered a great fact that the politicians have at last found out the Woman's Suffrage movement. We think it a more important fact that the authoresses have found it out. In the early days of the movement they were unaccountably averse to it. We may look in vain through the reports of the early conventions for the name of a single woman identified with literature.

Just as in those days it was considered necessary for a woman to work her passage into literature by first compiling a cookery book—witness Mrs. Child, Miss Leslie, and others—so it was apparently required that she should limit her strong-mindedness to the use of printer's ink. It was bad enough for her to be a blue-stocking, without being also a red republican. To be sure, Harriet Martineau wrote a letter of sympathy to the second National Woman's Rights Convention; but then she was an English woman. Literary women were best represented by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who, after compiling a "Woman's Record" of nine hundred pages, wound up by a vehement protest against the enfranchisement of the sex she commemorated; or by Miss Muloch, who in "A Woman's Thoughts about Woman" denied to her own sex the brains requisite for book-keeping, though she must have known that in half the retail shops of Paris the books are kept by women.

This is the more remarkable because the literary men of America have always furnished the prominent advocates of this reform. W. H. Channing, John Pierpont,

and John Neal were prominent in the early movement. Emerson, who signed the call for the first national convention, did not appear in connection with the recent convention in Boston: but his wife did and perhaps he thinks the theory of "virtual representation" ought to work both ways. It is true that Lowell, who in his youth went out of his way to sound Abby Kelley's praises in his "Conversations on the old Dramatists," has withdrawn himself in his maturer years from all movements which savor of radicalism. But his friend, John Weiss, who wrote an essay in vehement opposition to the woman's movement a dozen years ago, has just written a much abler one in its favor.

Probably not President Johnson himself could unsettle Beecher's views on this part of the reconstruction question; and George Curtis, tending steadily toward conservatism on other political matters, still avows himself a radical on this. And, in the Boston Convention, Whittier, Alcott, Clarke, Wasson, and Higginson were officers or speakers, while the call was signed by other literary men, including Mr. Child, the accomplished professor of rhetoric in Harvard University.

These things being so, it would be obviously unbecoming in the authoresses of America to hold back; and they are therefore coming forward handsomely. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, their unquestioned leader in respect to genius and culture, takes modestly and bravely the position of president of the Woman's Suffrage Association. Among the signers of the call or officers of the Boston Convention there appear Mrs. Child, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Alcott, and Miss Forten—all whose names have appeared on title-pages in their own right. The Providence Convention added the names of Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman and Miss Nora Perry, the only authoresses whom Rhode Island now claims, so far as we know. Indeed, there was no eminent absentee, except Mrs. Stowe; and she, as is well known, approves the principle of Woman Suffrage, and only doubts about its immediate application. Her sister, Mrs. Hooker, the reputed author of the recent papers on suffrage in *Putnam's Magazine*, was on the platform of the Boston Convention, and even assisted in framing its call.

On the whole, it may safely be declared that the literary women of America have now taken their rightful place at the head of the suffrage movement. They are the natural exponents and advocates of their sex. Through them educated woman speaks; and whatever she asks will be given.

THE RADICAL CLUB AND WOMAN.

BOSTON, Saturday, November 21.

Now that I have been admitted to the inner temple where the gods forge their potent thunderbolts, I wonder how Boston ever existed without the radical club, and why it never was born until last year. Perhaps the fire over which a radical club should be cooked is a slow one, and that the very rare material has never been thoroughly done through until within a twelvemonth. Whatever the reason of delay, thoughtful people must rejoice that the radical club is to-day an accomplished fact, for from its fruitful seed so generously thrown before the wind, there must come a rich harvest at no distant future. Last Monday saw the second meeting of the second year in the commodious parlors of those well-known friends of humanity, Rev and Mrs John T. Sargent. There were present Emerson, Wasson, Alcott and Weiss; Morse and Marvin of "The Radical;" W. J. Linton, the most celebrated of engravers, as well as one of the most graceful of designers; the young and noble Gen Edward N. Hallowell, who fought beside Shaw at Fort Wagner, and took the command left vacant by the death of his friend and colonel; Julia Ward Howe, Louisa M. Alcott, Louise Chandler Moulton, Nora Perry, and other potentates in literature and society. The chair was occupied by John Weiss, who read an essay on the old yet ever young subject of woman,—an essay so beautiful, so earnest, so appreciative of the best womanhood, so generous, so chivalric that there was not a woman present whose eyes were not moistened, whose heart was not softened, whose intellect was not inspired, by this tribute from a man to the latent worth of her sex. "God bless John Weiss and all men like him," murmured more than one woman who saw the glorious vista opening for another generation of women. Yes, God bless John Weiss. If ever there comes a time when all men think as he thinks, every woman who comes short of the possibilities awarded to her will have no excuse to fall back upon but that of total depravity. May that good time come quickly, for who is not greater and better for being believed in by the true and good? Who that sees her niche in the Pantheon will not strive to be a goddess? To attempt to report John Weiss's essay would be as futile as to attempt a description of Beethoven's heroic symphony. It is a heroic symphony, breathing in every page the poetry of humanity, and I could no more tell you what it was like without giving you the whole, than I could take the sparkle out of a diamond. If Mr Weiss delivers this essay in public, as he is in duty bound to do, I can only hope that the lyceums of Massachusetts will open their arms to embrace this noblest type of woman.

At the previous meeting the discussion which followed Mr Wasson's essay was exceedingly interesting. Yesterday every one felt that the best had been said and there was nothing left but prayer. There was a spell upon us which none wished broken, and Mr Emerson truly expressed the almost universal sentiment, when he said that he thought it would be far better to hold a silent meeting. Yet talk there must be, and talk there was. Mr Emerson added that it was for woman to decide what her political status should be; that once he believed the practical advocacy of universal suffrage would find no support from tender and superior women, but that now those who most shrunk from a painful duty were at the same time most eager to perform it, and look forward to its consummation as a moment to be seriously hailed. In that state of things it is not for man to give the vote, but for women to take it. The claim would be vitiated were any to deny it. When women of any state are accorded the rights of suffrage, it will be the graceful part for man to make all such arrangements as will be convenient for women. We are all the better for hearing of the riches in store for us and can only await the eventful arrival.

Mr Wasson said that he remembered with what delight, when a boy, he watched the swift motion of the wild pigeon, and the pleasure of the morning had been akin to that of former years, for he had been made to feel the same arrowy movement of mind. Still, before adding more votes, before inviting woman to the ballot, he would insist upon the application of mop and broom. Any further additions at present would make matters worse. There would be more slush to wade through. The more space, the more chicane. He would stipulate that there should first be clarification, that politics should learn the art of housekeeping. Of late years, women's desire for the ballot had been put upon the basis of privilege. They felt that they were suffering an injury, a disgraceful inequality. If every trousered wretch held a vote, why not every superior woman? For himself, Mr Wasson put governing on a different ground. Governing is a job, a "big job" as Lincoln called it, and to be done in the least expensive way. It is very like the building of a ship. There is danger all round, and it is only the virtue of the structure that saves. Mr Emerson had remarked at the previous meeting, that a government was no better than the people. It seemed to Mr Wasson it were as wise to say that a ship is no better than the wood in a forest. The proper artisan does not gather all and everything. The principle of selection comes in, a principle that is absolutely necessary. There should be no more votes granted until preliminary steps are taken to base votes on quality. We should put into the hopper what we expect to get out of the spout. Woman's special genius is one of use, it is finding out what shall be done with things. Man's province is to provide. It is this special feminine genius that is most wanting in the management of affairs. We Americans know how to *make* money, but what under heaven to do with a dollar we cannot tell. Men should earn money and women should spend it. There was once a member of Congress who declared that he was a committee of means and his wife a committee of ways. Women have the power of divination. The genius of woman would serve as can no wit of man. There should be a qualification basis for suffrage, and certain departments of government should be made over to women. Mrs Ednah D. Cheney replied that it was in this very matter of housekeeping where women showed the greater proficiency, and that there would be no purification until women did it. Women would regard the ballot as a heavy responsibility. The finest men took no active part in politics as long as they could make excuses to their consciences. Emerson and his peers shrunk from this duty, until neglect became criminal. Women may be placed in the same category. They consider it as part of the solemn duty of life, and their very reluctance is an argument in favor of their fitness for the trust. It denotes responsibility. Character will be the only test, and then the right men will get into office. It is not true that our government is not better than the body of the people. We say, "I am not fit for president, but I know a man who is. I do not ask for office, but I wish to put the best person in power." There would then be an addition of different elements.

Mr Alcott argued that numbers need not embarrass democracy. Magnetism must come from superior force. It is the rule of the best to magnetize the many. In men and women there is the polarity of magnetism. In the household is real democracy. When did Saxon beauty bear its loveliest flowers? When Shakspeare wrote, and Elizabeth reigned as the ornament of history. Would Shakspeare and Raleigh have done their best, would that galaxy have shone so brightly in the heavens, had there been no Elizabeth on the throne? Give woman her place in history. She keeps the world in its orbit. If grace and culture mean anything, she should hold her rightful sceptre. The fine womanly element is culture, and begins with a sense of beauty. Can there be any culture or rule in government until it is made beautiful? More, in his Utopia, spoke for women as well as for men, and educated his daughters as he would have educated his sons. In Plato's "Republic," women become rulers of the state after having given citizens to it. We practically theorize and fall behind antiquity. None of us can be sufficiently thankful for our essay to-day. It is the feminine eloquence. Women must come to the foreground, and will have their rights. They always were oracular. No man ever was considered sacred enough for divination. But we are slow to accept the oracle, calling it unpractical. That only is most practical which is unpractical. In the ideal household, woman is queen. Now is the accepted time.

Mr Wasson begged us to remember that Plato extends government beyond existing institutions. He thought that to bring the feminine element into political play, would be a waste of good material.

Mrs Cheney did not agree with Mr Wasson. School committees particularly should be partly composed of women. How children shall go to school, what our girls shall do after they get there, and other vital questions which can best be answered by women, now rest with the men.

Mr Wasson replied that women certainly

should control all schools of children under fifteen, and if Utopia cannot be established, he supposed woman should give her vote. This he would assent to, provided special provinces were delegated to her. She should be held responsible for means, but he would not have her take her seat in man's congress. Something finer can be got at. Our civilization is all litter and chaos. There should be a woman's congress with a woman president to take charge of the building of cities, of homes, and to dispel that nightmare of the kitchen which is an under element of barbarism. Kill out suffrage and have boards and let the best be uppermost.

When Mr Wasson was asked how he would get his boards and his best, he overthrew his previous arguments, very much to the amused satisfaction of all present who did not sympathize with him in his onslaught upon the people, by saying that *it would be necessary to begin with suffrage.* He, Mr Wasson, did not like indiscriminate praise of woman. Women were not much, if any, better than men. He remembered a Boston woman who, when living in the Shenandoah valley during the war, sent her children to pile up stones in the roads over which the ambulances of our wounded soldiers were to pass. And he remembered another woman in Springfield who, by way of excusing this barbarity, answered, "I think you are hard upon Lizzie. She is a true Christian."

Miss Clarke agreed with Mr Wasson that there was too much praise of woman. She would have the idea of sex abolished in argument and that of humanity substituted.

Mr Linton did not believe in representative government. He wanted no one to represent him. He did not choose to abdicate his will, and thought the present system of government vicious. Grafting figs upon thistles wouldn't improve matters much. The evil is in the system.

After further discussion the club adjourned to meet again the third Monday in December.

K. F.

DAVID SCOTT'S "RALPH WALDO EMERSON." We have seen with much interest at the gallery of Hendrickson, Doll & Richards this great work of art and noble portrait. It is not a picture which attracts at first sight; for it is wanting in sensuous beauty. It is very low in tone and simple if not severe in style. Neither do we quite like at first the dash of rainbow tints in the back ground. But a closer study reveals the masterly drawing and the intense power of expression in the head, and the life-like vigor of the figure. It is Emerson, in the very fulness and perfection of life, and we feel as we look that the artist has caught the secret of that marvellous blending of intellectual and spiritual power that has made Emerson for thirty years a leader among the finest minds in New England. David Scott is known to but few among us, but he is undoubtedly one of the noblest and most original artists which this century has produced. This is the only painting of his that has been seen in America, and we hope it will be secured to Boston. It belongs to an English gentleman and is for sale. We hope it may be purchased either for the Athenæum or the Public Library. We can afford to give the people good works of art, and we ought not to lose so rare an opportunity to secure one of uncommon value.

E. D. C.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON "A FUTURE STATE."—The following letter (says a correspondent of a Glasgow paper) was received many years ago from Thomas Carlyle, in reply to an inquiry put before him by a young lady who had given her mind much to the moral problems involved in the question of a future state. The letter has never been published:—

"The Grange, Alfesford, September 27, 1848.—*My Dear Madam,*—The question that perplexes you is one that no man can answer. You may console yourself by reflecting that it is by its nature *insoluble* to human creatures—that what human creatures mainly have to do with such a question is to get it well put to rest, suppressed if not answered, that so their life and its duties may be attended to without impediment from it. Such questions in this our earthly existence are many. 'There are two things,' says the German philosopher, 'that strike me dumb—the starry firmament (*palpably* infinite), and the sense of right and wrong in man.' Whoever follows out that 'dumb' thought will come upon the origin of our conceptions of heaven and hell—of an infinitude of merited happiness, and an infinitude of merited woe—and have much to reflect upon under an aspect considerably changed. Consequences good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear, do follow from all our actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception; but whether the notion of *reward* and *penalty* be not, on the whole, rather a *human* one, transferred to that immense divine fact, has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, 'that the very *consequences* (not to speak of the *penalties* at all) of *evil* actions die away, and become abolished long before eternity ends; and it is only the consequences of *good* actions that are *eternal*—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and cooperate with it for ever; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance and soon fall dead,—as perhaps you have heard in the sound of a Scottish psalm amid the mountains, the true notes alone *support* one another, and the psalm which was discordant enough near at hand, is a perfect melody when heard from afar. On the whole, I must account it but a morbid, weak imagination that shudders over this wondrous divine universe as a place of despair to any creature; and, contrariwise, a most degraded human sense, sunk down to the region of the *brutal* (however common it be) that in any case remains blind to the *infinite* difference there ever is between right and wrong for a human creature—or God's law and the devil's law.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE."

A good many years ago, when Mr. Emerson first turned from the pulpit to the lecture-room, the eminent Boston lawyer Jonathan Mason went, with his family, to hear him. On being asked, afterwards, how he liked the lecture, he said he had been unable to make out what Mr. Emerson was driving at. "My daughters, however," added Mr. Mason, "admired the lecture, and understood it perfectly."

Probably the sarcastic old lawyer, when he said this, did not in the least suspect that his daughters had a finer and higher sense than he of the matters then treated of. Ingenuous youth, of both sexes, still delight in hearing Mr. Emerson, and find their best thoughts stimulated, and their highest aspirations met, by his suggestions. But they are no longer alone in this enjoyment. Our wisest and maturest men and women, lawyers of the standing of Mr. Mason, professional men of every class, the deepest thinkers and the most active workers, find their highest enjoyment in attendance on such lectures as these, and throng to hear the utterance, on any subject, of him whom they once reckoned an unprofitable dreamer.

A CONVENTION OF WOMEN IN GERMANY

ON the 17th of this month the women of Germany are to hold a conference at Stutgard, but not for the purpose of discussing the question of suffrage. The points they intend to discuss they have brought together in the following programme:

1. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children.

2. The establishment of small museums of literature, art and industry. These museums would not merely contain the best works of literature and art especially adapted for women, but they would principally be a kind of schools or academies. Places for meetings, lectures and the like, in which topics, such as the education of children and matters of domestic interest, should be treated by competent women and men, if these can be prevailed upon to assist in the movement. There would also be Sunday schools for women and girls of all classes, savings banks, supply associations, offices for those that wanted places, etc.

3. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vagaries of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform effectually. As a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted:

a. That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has once found itself useful and appropriate and becoming.

b. That nothing new be adopted unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste.

c. That all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away.

d. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in things of dress, so that the expenses might be made more appropriate to the income.

4. The transformation of benevolent female institutions into "self-supporting and earning female institutions."

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Female Suffrage Convention in Horticultural Hall.

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

A convention called by leading advocates of woman suffrage began its session in Horticultural Hall to-day, and will continue until to-morrow night. The call, which has been published in all the leading journals of New England, was quite long, and among other things stated that it was the object of the convention after due discussion of their principles to organize a permanent association for the wise, systematic and efficient advocacy of woman suffrage and its kindred civil and political rights. The call invited the thoughtful men and women of New England to attend the convention to aid as far as they could the efforts to secure "this just and indispensable reform a complete, a beneficent and an early triumph." Fifty-seven names of distinguished men and women in various parts of New England, including some who heretofore have not been prominent in the movement, were appended to the call.

The Convention was called to meet at ten o'clock, and in spite of the storm at that hour the attendance was quite large, the hall being about half full. About two-thirds of the audience were ladies.

At about half-past ten the Convention was called to order by Mrs. C. M. Severance, Chairman of the Committee of arrangements, who congratulated those assembled upon the favorable auspices under which they met, except as far as the weather was concerned.

Mr. Samuel May, Jr., then read the call for the Convention and proposed the following list of officers:

President—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Boston.

Vice Presidents—T. W. Higginson, Newport, R. I.; Samuel E. Sewall, Boston; Paulina W. Davis, Providence, R. I.; John R. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.; Francis J. Child, Cambridge; Caroline M. Severance, West Newton; John Boyden, Woonsocket, R. I.; Thomas T. Stone, Brooklyn, Ct.; Nathaniel White, Concord; R. B. Stratton, Worcester; Abby Kelly Foster, Worcester; Charlotte L. Forten, Boston; Anna D. Hallowell, Medford; Ella Wright Garrison, Boston; James Hutchinson, West Randolph, Vt.; Newell A. Foster, Portland.

Secretaries—Charles K. Whipple, Kate Hart, George H. Vibbert.

Business Committee—Samuel May, Jr., Samuel E. Sewall, Lucy Stone, Mary Grew, Elizabeth B. Chase, Paulina W. Davis, Olympia Brown, Sarah H. Southwick.

Finance Committee—E. D. Draper, Richard P. Hallowell, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Elbridge Sprague, Lillie B. Chase, Sallie Holley.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke was then presented, and before making a formal address, called upon Rev. Olympia Brown to offer prayer.

After the prayer, Rev. Dr. Clarke made a brief address.

ADDRESS OF REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.

Dr. Clarke considered it a great honor to preside over such a body of men and women, and looked upon it rather as a duty than an honor. He had long been of the opinion that it would be for the benefit of this nation if the right of suffrage should be extended to woman. He was glad to meet those who were ready to discuss the question why it should not be given to women. In this nation that is the real question. The burden of proof rests upon those who oppose woman suffrage. In this country we offer suffrage to the most ignorant foreigners who come to our shores, and when an attempt was made to exclude foreigners from suffrage it was unsuccessful, and justly so.

We welcome them gladly to citizenship, believing that that is the best way to make them feel the value of citizenship. In the war men of the North felt personally responsible for the preservation of the country from their sense of duty as a citizen. Is it then safe to say to a large class in the community that they shall be denied the right to vote? He was not going to argue for woman suffrage in the Convention until he heard the arguments against it. It was urged that women did not want to vote. He had not come there to give women a favor, but that which they should claim as a right and a duty. If women do not want to vote as a privilege they should vote because they would give strength, security and progress in our institutions. It was also urged that even if women voted the general result would not be changed, because women would vote as their husbands, brothers or lovers did. Even granting that, with an increased vote, would not many of the great evils of the ballot be removed? Women have conscience, heart and intellect, and God for some reason has made it different from that of men, and it is needed.

It was claimed, too, that woman suffrage would make discord in families. Dr. Clarke believed the general cause of division in families was a contrariety of interest, and woman suffrage, instead of dividing families, nothing would more unite them. Men and women differ about religion without quarreling, and the same about all the other questions of life. He had generally noticed that such families were more harmonious because they thought, while many of the others did not think at all.

It was also said that that it would make women unfeminine; that it would soil them by contact with men at the polls. They met on the streets, at the theatre, and everywhere, and he believed Yankee ingenuity would find some way to allow women to vote without injury. It was objected too that it women voted they would be candidates and by their prominence would take away the modest charm of women.

He expected to see masculine women with something of the termagant about them engaging in this struggle for woman's rights. The sharpness of the conflict and the resistance which they met with would make them so, but it would not be generally so. Although the demand for woman suffrage seemed a great demand, it was not as great as that made at the beginning of this century for all men to vote. It was in New England, within two hundred years that universal suffrage began. The great benefit of it had been to have the whole mind and heart of the country interested in it. He did not to-day claim woman suffrage for the sake of the women, but for the men and for the country. All women have an interest in good institutions additional to that of men. For the sake of their children's future they must be interested in the movement. He had received this morning a petition signed by one hundred of the female teachers of Boston for the advancement of this movement.

Dr. Clarke closed with an eloquent poetic extract, and read the petition of the teachers of this city, mentioned above, which stated their hearty co-operation in the movement for woman suffrage.

Miss Josephine Ellery was then introduced and read a number of letters which had been received from persons sympathizing with the movement—the first one, from Seth Hunt of Northampton, and the second from Rev. Arthur W. Knapp of Providence, R. I. The third was from Rev. R. G. Hazard of Providence, R. I., and the fourth from Francis D. Gage of New York. The fifth was from Rev. John Todd, D. D., who merely said that he had two engagements preventing his attending the Convention, and expressed no opinion in regard to the movement. The next was from Mrs. E. N. Waldron, and was earnestly in favor of the movement. The seventh was from Gov. Bullock, and was as follows:

WORCESTER, Nov. 16, 1868.

Dear Sir: My inability to leave my house for some days to come compels me to decline your invitation to preside over the meeting called to discuss the question of extending to women the right of the elective franchise.

I learn from you that the occasion is to be appropriated to free discussion upon both sides of the question, and such debate is not only proper but desirable. It cannot be prevented and ought not to be avoided. Liberal and advanced minds in this country and in Great Britain are considering the question of franchise in its full breadth; not only as it relates to all conditions and orders of men, but as to women as well. In the present instance, since you who advocate its extension to the other sex invite those in opposition to participate in the deliberations, I do not see why they who oppose your proposition should decline or hesitate to present the reasons of their opposition, while I am not ready to yield to the new demand without further conviction of its expediency; for that very reason I should all the more gladly attend your convention, if it was possible, to hear what might be said in its behalf.

I remain, with respect and esteem,

Yours very truly,

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, ESQ.

The last letter read was a very earnest one in favor of the movement, from Mr. John Neal.

During the reading of the letters, which Miss Ellery did very finely, Frederick Douglass appeared upon the platform and was greeted with loud applause.

REMARKS OF HON. S. E. SEWALL.

Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, one of the Harbor Commissioners, was then introduced and made a brief speech in advocacy of the right of women to vote and in presentation of the wrongs of females. He portrayed the injustice of taxation without representation, and said that he saw before him a woman who had for years protested against it. The lady referred to, Mrs. Dr. Hunt, then stated that she had done so since 1852. Mr. Sewall then gave some statistics, giving the large amount of property possessed by women in this State, for which they paid taxes to a great amount, and still had no voice in the appropriation of the taxes which they paid. Women should be upon the School Committee, and in the town of Monroe, in Franklin county, a woman has for a number of years been chosen upon the School Committee. Last year the town of Reading put three women upon the School Committee. Women should also be members of the overseers of the poor. In some respects they are exempted from the burdens of men, one of them being the poll tax and the other military service. Mr. Sewall also presented the injustice of the laws in regard to property which generally prevail, and which he felt called for women suffrage to change. A woman cannot earn money for the support of herself and children which may not be taken away from her by a miserable husband. It was a wonder that in a civilized and christian community such a law had been allowed to remain upon the Statute book. Citations were also given in regard to many other injustices which exist upon the Statute books of various States.

What he wanted was that married women should be put upon an equality with single women and that man and woman should be equal before the law. It had been proved that in those places where men and women were the nearest equal, communities were the most prominent. Mr. Sewall's remarks were frequently interrupted with applause.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was next presented and made a few remarks.

REMARKS OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mrs. Howe said that she did not feel that a woman was out of place in coming to the convention to take part in it. She might hesitate about a ball or a dinner party, but as to this convention never. She was glad that there appeared to be a prospect that the convention was to be a peaceful one. She disliked the hard things which had been said against men, and thought they were not necessary.

She had written much against women voting, principally because she felt that their inability to perform military duty was a serious objection to it. Now, however, it has become a moral question. She was not a convert to woman's suffrage until the ballot had been given to the negro. She was then very willing to come in after that race so much abused and persecuted. The negro bears the ballot and she supposed women could. Mrs. Howe's remarks called out loud applause.

Dr. Clarke then said that he saw Hon. Henry Wilson in the audience and hoped to hear from him before the convention closed. He was glad to see him present, because he was always pleased to see a public man in a place where the most radical things were said, and that had been his course for twenty years. The allusion called out loud applause.

Lucy Stone was then presented and made a brief address.

REMARKS OF LUCY STONE.

Mrs. Blackwell said that she did not believe the statement that women did not want to vote. Before the war men said the slaves did not want to be free right in the face of the terrible facts of slavery. So it was in regard to women now. Was it strange that women had not expressed their wish to vote when there was such a public sentiment against it. In every woman's soul there is a yearning for freedom and for equal rights. What woman wishes that her baby can be taken from her, or that her property shall become her husband's when she marries.

Mrs. Blackwell told the story of her distress when a child at the tyranny which law exercised over her sex, and the rights from which she was prohibited, and she then made a solemn pledge to do all that she could to make the wrong right. The fact that she had such feeling on the subject was proof that hundreds and thousands of other women felt the same.

Mrs. Blackwell gave an account of the female voting in Vineland, N. J., at the late Presidential election, and also spoke of her attempt to deposit her vote. She said of course it was refused, but she had a witness with her and a suit had been commenced against the judges of the election, as by a law of New Jersey formerly both negroes and women were allowed to vote. A legal question was therefore involved in the refusal of her vote, and it would be carried by appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States in case it was decided against them. (Applause.)

If the rebels are restored to the ballot, should not at least the loyal women of the North have the right to vote. No acts of reconstruction, no amnesty, no union will be enduring unless based [illegible] eternal justice. The pyramid of suffrage will be [illegible] sided" and incomplete until the rights of women are assured. Mrs. Blackwell's remarks were received with loud applause. At their close the Convention adjourned until 2½ o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention re-assembled at half-past two o'clock and was called to order by Col. T. W. Higginson. The attendance was larger than that of the forenoon, the hall being nearly full.

Mr. Stephen S. Foster moved that a society be organized as the N. E. Women's Suffrage Association.

The motion was unanimously carried, and on motion of the same gentleman a committee of seven was appointed to frame a constitution and nominate officers.

REMARKS OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Col. Higginson said he supposed that the Chairman meant in his morning remarks that it was the time that gave importance to the movement for woman suffrage. All the other great questions have been settled. The election of Gen. Grant settled the doubtful question, and in giving peace to the nation gave the opportunity to the women. The question of the negro is substantially settled, and the great question now is the woman question. Every man is bound by sacred duty to work side by side with woman for the security of their rights. No excuses will avail and nothing else can stand in the way of it. Shall woman stand as a slave or an equal is the question now. The war has put into the hands of woman a great power. If the war did anything it placed woman on an equality with man as far as the mutual debt of gratitude is concerned, which we all owe to each other. The old time tradition has been swept away, that woman cannot help in war. He knew of women who did as much at her post of duty at home working for the soldiers as if she had been struck down by a bullet on the field of battle. The band of nurses that without the stimulus of the battle-field, bore its severest experiences and its bitterest suffering, cry aloud in a voice not to be silenced, for justice. He knew women who were near him in the country where he was stationed, who labored with a heroism worthy of immortality. Col. Higginson in the course of his allusions to woman's work in the war paid a merited compliment to Mrs. Lauder, the actress,

and pointed by her experience the argument that such women demonstrated the right of the sex to the ballot. When the vacant homes in the North were remembered it seemed glaringly unjust that the widows of the dead soldiers, who fell for their country, should not have the right to vote. In the midst of our providential victories there is an appeal that comes home to those who have labored for years that the days of radicalism are not over yet, and that now that the bonfires of the battle have died away, the woman comes and touches them on the shoulder and says, "Remember I am yet a slave." Much as has been gained the wrong principle is still recognized. Until woman has the chance to reform laws herself the work is but half done. Whatever legislation men may give her at one time men may again take away. It may be the whim of the moment.

At the very best legislation is but of man, and the moment a conflict of interest arises where is the woman? It is in vain to say that women have no confidence in themselves and would rather be judged by men. In small things, perhaps, they may not object, but in great things only the verdict of their own sex will be first to them.

Col. Higginson closed by saying they all should recognise that the movement for woman suffrage could have no weight except by the breadth of its platform and the comprehension of the principles. In England the movement is mainly in the brain and arms of Stuart Mill, but in this country it is general.

If we wait for good to be done by perfect men and women it will be a long time before it is done. He believed that the most injudicious enthusiast in a good cause did more good than the daintiest do-nothing who ever lived. It was not best for radicals to be too particular about their company, but to labor with all who were willing to work for the right.

Hon. Henry Wilson was then called upon and was heartily greeted. He addressed the meeting as follows:

REMARKS OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I need not say to you that I did not come here to-day to give advice or instruction to this Convention—I certainly do not come here to take part in its deliberations, but for more than thirty years I believed it a duty which I owed to myself to attend the meetings held in this State of those who were advocating the cause of human rights. I am glad to say—and I say it gratefully—that I owe to those men, and to those women too, a debt of gratitude. I do not come here to give my adhesion to this movement, for more than a dozen years, had it depended upon me, I would have given the suffrage to the women of Massachusetts long since. (Cheers.) Some years ago, sir, I was accustomed to listen to the advocates of this cause when it was more unpopular than it is to-day. There is a noble lady in this hall who spoke to us to-day, whose voice I was wont to hear gratefully in other days—I mean Miss Lucy Stone (cheers)—and in those days I made up my mind that if this matter depended upon me I would yield to the mothers, wives and daughters of this State what I claim for myself. (Cheers.) I believe that God made us, and that Christ died for us, and that we were placed in this world as a preparation for a higher and better state, and that every human being of age should have equal rights and privileges; and I should feel ashamed to possess or exercise a right that I would not, confer on every son and daughter of Adam. (Cheers.)

Reference has been made here to-day to a remark made by me in the Senate of the United States on this question. When we were fighting under every disadvantage the terrible battle of the rights of the black men of the South; when we proposed to give to three-quarters of a million of blacks the right of suffrage, it was proposed by a bitter enemy of their rights to couple this woman question with that issue for the purpose of defeating it. Many of our friends did not wish to be put in a false position; they were opposed to that amendment, but they said they would vote for it, although they knew it would not pass. I felt it was my duty to have courage enough to vote it down, and I will do it again. Whenever it is thought to defeat human rights by coupling it with this or any other question, I will oppose it. I am in favor of meeting that question on its merits, and fighting it out till every black man in the United States has a right to vote and a right to be voted for. A gentleman, to-day, who has given his life to good words and deeds, has said that the evils referred to in this Convention ought to be brought before the Legislature of this State, and that the Legislature ought to right those wrongs. I know no man better qualified than that gentleman to go before the Legislature and present the fruits of the arguments of to-day, and I have the faith to believe that the fair minded and just men of this State will right those wrong, and that others will follow our example. It has been said—and said wisely—that the results recently attained in this country, (and in my judgment have settled and settled forever the grand question of the equal rights and privileges of our countrymen), is a noble opening for this cause. Let me say to you that you have a great deal of work to do. Our people have been engaged in the work of saving this country, and of securing the rights and privileges of an emancipated race. That cause has arrested all the thought and attention of the people. The great body of our countrymen have never considered the question you have met here to-day to discuss. It is proposed by Mr. Foster to establish a New England Society. We have to-day three-quarters of a million of families in New England. Most of these are engaged in occupations of their own. To the great mass of these families this question has never penetrated. More than fourfifths of the families of New England have never considered this question, and if it had ever crossed their doors it has been met by prejudice. I believe that this battle is not to be fought as the battle of emancipation has been fought, or as the struggle for securing the right of suffrage to black men, which have met with the sternest and bloodiest opposition. This woman question only needs to be presented to the hearts, consciences and reason of our people. It will take some time, I cannot say how long, for sometimes we see wonderful revolutions accomplished in a few days. This is a question which concerns the rights of more that 6,000,000 of the women of our country. Let me say that I agree with what has been said, namely: that we must not expect that everything said or done in this or any other cause should be wisely said or done. There have been mistakes in every cause for the past half century, but, thank God, we have had glorious results, and all that is great, good, or glorious in the country has been advanced by those imperfect means, in Congress and everywhere else. We must take the world as we find it, but I apprehend no such struggles as those of the past—no struggles of war, barbarism and brutality. This question will have a glorious and grand field, and will result in a a holy, regenerated and saved nation. I am one who believes that the law and doctrines of Jesus Christ will be accepted, and that there will be perfect liberty, justice and equality on earth, and I trust that in the grand cause in which so many noble men and women are now engaged, that appeals will not be made to the passions and prejudices, but to the nobler, higher and better sentiments of the American people. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman then announced the following as the Committee on the Constitution and Organization:

Samuel E. Sewall, Mrs. C. M. Severance, S. S. Foster, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Southwick, Olympia Brown, Richard P. Hollington.

REMARKS BY MRS. HARPER.

The Chairman then presented Mrs. Harper, a mulatto woman, who made a brief address, principally devoted to the persecutions of the colored race, and the claims of the colored women, as well as men, to the ballot.

The Chairman said that the lady who had just addressed them represented the woman and the negro, and he proposed to introduce one who would represent the woman and the soldier, Miss Gibson, Chaplain of the Wisconsin Heavy Artillery.

REMARKS OF MISS GIBSON.

Miss Gibson gave an account of the manner in which she received her appointment, and some items from her experience while in the regiment. The appointment was made by the Colonel of the regiment, but the mustering officer refused to muster her, except with orders from the War Department, which were refused. She fulfilled every requirement for the office, but she was still refused. She served, however, as Chaplain, and a bill is now in Congress to pay her for what she did, the same as any other officer. She claimed the right to work the same as man in all good enterprises.

REMARKS OF REV. FRANCIS S. TIFFANY.

Rev. Francis S. Tiffany of West Newton was the next speaker. He believed that the more things that women do, and do well, the better she will stand in the eyes of men. He believed it was a fact that little boys felt an innate contempt for a woman because she belonged to a proscribed class. It was unfortunate that it was so, and nothing but a removal of that proscription would remedy it. He felt that the world did not begin to get the ability and wit and wisdom out of woman that was in her, for that reason. Women are spellbound and tongue-bound in thousands of cases, and what they really can do they do not. He hailed with the deepest joy the assembling of the Convention, and believed that the effect of it would begin to be felt immediately. Girls would take courage from this hour and have hope that they might have the chance of doing some great life-work. As soon as woman has the ballot she will begin to learn more of its value and purposes and uses. Women talk about fashion and similar things simply because they have nothing better to think or talk about.

REMARKS OF DR. WM. CORNELL.

Dr. Wm. Cornell devoted a few moments to remarks in regard to women as teachers, claiming that women should have the same compensation as a teacher as men. In closing he referred to fallen women, attributing their fall largely to small wages. What is to be done, he asked, for those persons who asked women to work for a shilling a day and to escape starvation are ruined. He was more than willing to go for woman suffrage if it would to any extent correct these errors.

Mr. May then presented the following memorial:

MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled:

The memorial of a numerous Convention, from all parts of New England, in favor of granting the right of suffrage to women, respectfully represents

That since all human beings are created equal, women are deprived of their natural equality when they are denied the right of suffrage which is given to all men.

Your memorialists therefore pray that in any proposed amendment to the Constitution which may come before you in regard to suffrage, and in any law affecting suffrage in the District of Columbia or any Territory, the right of voting may be given to women on the same terms as to men."

Lucy Stone was then presented and advocated the adoption of the memorial, stating that they desired it to be signed by the officers of the meeting and forwarded to Congress. Other petitions in print would be given to all who desired them to-day, upon which they wished signatures. These petitions, when signed, would be transmitted to Congress, and she asked Senator Wilson, who was in the audience, if he would lay them before that body, and he assented. She then said, "Let them be sent to Senator Wilson, and when our political jewels are made up, and women are voters, he will not want for them." (Applause.)

Calls were then made for Mr. Charles L. Remond of Salem, who made a brief speech.

REMARKS OF MR. CHARLES L. REMOND.

Mr. Remond was heartily greeted and said that he could not remember the time when his whole heart was not in this movement. He only regretted that it was necessary for the friend of freedom in anything to come together with the view to do what lies in their power to convict otherwise intelligent men and women to a subject which ought on every occasion, and in every place, and under all circumstances, to meet with universal assent. He hoped there would not be any sleep or slumber to New England until woman should be as free to vote as men have ever been known to be; and more than that, he hoped the question of color upon the one hand and sex upon the other, would be exploded and never again be known. No man can have a right which does not belong to his mother, his wife or his sister; and until the question is thus settled our purposed government will remain unfulfilled and our name of Democratic Republicanism will be a sham. (Applause.)

Mr. May then moved the adoption of the memorial, which was done unanimously, after which Mr. J. H. Powell, an Englishman, made a brief speech, alluding to the suffrage reform in England.

Mr. S. S. Foster added a few words in advocacy of thorough organization and persistent work in the cause, declaring that if the thing was rightly managed women would have the ballot in Massachusetts within five years.

A speech was also made by Rev. Mr. Carleton, Chaplain of the State Prison, before the Convention adjourned for the evening session.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention reassembled at half-past seven. The hall was filled with a large and intelligent audience.

The President introduced Rev. Mr. Stratton of Old South Church, Worcester, whose presence, he said, was an instance of the passing away of the old delusion that this movement was antagonistic to religious orthodoxy.

Rev. Mr. Stratton said he did not think that this was a question that would institute a war between sects any more than between sexes. The challenge was sent forth with all kindness to opponents to be present today, and only two clergymen had responded to the call. This question, he thought, lay outside of either orthodoxy or heterodoxy. He believed God was on the side of woman's suffrage to-day, though there was no "thus saith the Lord" in the Scripture in favor of it, there certainly was none against it. He regarded the question as a solemn one, and as involving the weal or woe of millions. The question of orthodoxy or heterodoxy ought to be kept entirely out. He thought that all should rise against the present infamous tyranny which precluded women from voting. He combated the arguments that the franchise would unsex woman—that it would produce mannishness in women. That occasionally existed, for the world was not perfect yet. Worse than mannishness in woman, was that which, he was going to say, might be described as womanishness in man, a timidity that shrank from a manly expression of opinion. He expressed his belief that the force and acumen of the American female mind was degenerating. They needed motives which should induce them to think, and a wide and inviting field for the exercise of all their physical and mental faculties. The franchise would open that field. She would then become a sharer in the great public questions and enterprises of the day. When that was done the offspring of American women would be more robust and healthy than now. It was dangerous to place woman under the feet of man, and dispense with the stimulus of female thought. Let women go forward, as God had said go forward to the children of Israel. Some silly people had said that women ought not to vote because they could not "stick hogs." What had sticking hogs to do with the competency to vote unless it meant re-electing Andrew Johnson? (Laughter). He spoke of the licentiousness of the Sabbath in Sacramento, and a successful protest made against it by the women of that city. The polls were said to be muddy places; yes, because they needed the cleansing element of society. There was not a voting place in that Sodom of this country, New York, which would not be purified of its moral filth and scum if the virtuous women of the city went and voted at the polls. Some said a woman would vote as her husband did, others said that if she voted it would cause domestic quarrels. Those two objections cancelled each other. He and his wife differed on many subjects, but yet there was not a sweeter home than his, because he had a wife with a soul in her, and she had a husband who was wise enough to keep his soul at home. Not needles alone, but bayonets, obeyed the call of woman's fingers; not only conventions but empires were swayed by her influence.

REMARKS OF MISS LUCY STONE.

Miss Lucy Stone commenced by appealing to the audience to contribute liberally, not only to defray the expenses of the Convention, but to provide a surplus to assist the cause. She exhorted them, if they taxed to

get their rights, to try over and over again till they got them, as the women of New Jersey intended to do. The time was when no woman dared to write a book unless she hid it behind some man's name for fear she should be called a blue-stocking. Woman felt the need of the ballot, though men did not think they did. No government was based on justice unless it derived its powers from the consent of the governed, which embraced women as well as men. She then condemned the gross injustice of the law with regard to the rights and property of married women, and especially dwelt on the fact that women could not make any conveyance of real or personal estate without the written consent of her husband. What was the good of owning property if you could not control it? She then spoke of the injustice of the testamentary laws as they effected women. If women were voters these injustices would not exist. If a woman had a bad husband these laws virtually put her property under his control. The statutes limited the protection and custody of the children of married women to the father. The Courts of Massachusetts presented more than one instance where a noble woman had been deprived of the control and custody of her children, though the practice of the judges was, in cases of divorce from a worthless husband, to give the control of the children to the wife, where her reputation and character were good. She spoke of the variation of the law on these points in different States, and illustrated her argument by one or two anecdotes. The law in Kansas had been ameliorated by one true woman, who had helped men to do justice. If women could do so much when outside the law, how much more could they do if they were inside it. Women needed to vote in order to erase from the statute book the last vestige of laws that did not allow a woman a right over her own person, or her property, and her just share of control over her children. Such infamous laws disgraced the age. She made a graceful allusion to the heroism of Wendell Phillips when he supported William Lloyd Garrison, and exhorted men to extend the like chivalrous support to the manifest rights of women. Unjust as the laws were in Massachusetts, they were light in comparison to those which oppressed women in New Jersey and some other States. Let the laws be such that they should create a community of interest between husband and wife with regard to the laws and institutions of the country, so that they might both bring their influence to bear on the purification and amelioration of those institutions, and thus prepare a safe path for their children. It was nauseous to hear of speeches for the protection of the rights of male American citizens abroad when there were 8,000,000 of women at home whose just and urgent claims were utterly neglected. She referred to the speech of Carl Schurz, who recommended the widows and orphans to the gratitude of the country. It was not gratitude women wanted, it was simply justice. Give them justice, and the country might keep its gratitude to itself. Women were like Indians: they would remember the men who helped to get them justice, but when they obtained power they would not support those who refused it. The speech was delivered in a remarkably logical, pleasant and lady like manner.

Dr. Alcott of Boston next addressed the Convention. In that most sacred of all relations, the household, woman was virtually the equal of man. Why, then, should she not be regarded as the equal in other and inferior relations. God made no mistake when he placed woman as the equal beside man. He spoke of the influence of man and woman and woman on man as being essential to develop perfection in both, and then dilated on the distinctive attributes and characteristics of woman. Love was a higher and diviner quality than mere intellect, and frequently in woman gave to intellect a divining power which man did not possess.

Mrs Adelaide Brown of Boston next addressed the meeting. She remarked that only with the most intense earnestness could women receive that inspiration which must serve as a light to their steps. The fact of women being born proved their inherent right to life, and the possession of life their inborn possession to everything belonging to it. She exhorted them to bend their energies to remove the impediments which stood in the way of the just rights of woman, and in a spirit of conscious dignity of the justice of their cause to ask men to help them to attain such rights.

Col. Hinton of Kansas made a few remarks, in which he stated that a certain law securing certain rights to women in Kansas was written by Miss Lucy Stone, though that fact was not known to the Governor when he signed it.

The Convention then adjourned until ten o'clock this morning, when it is expected that Frederick Douglas and Miss Anna Dickinson will address the meeting.

The Female Suffrage Convention, which began its sessions in Horticultural Hall Wednesday, met again yesterday in the same place. The attendance in spite of the storm was very large, the hall being entirely filled, the larger proportion of the audience was composed of ladies. Among those who occupied seats upon the platform were the poet John G. Whittier and Fred. Douglass.

The Convention was called to order about half-past ten o'clock, and called upon Dr. Wm. Cornell, who spoke Wednesday, to give a few facts which he understood he possessed.

REMARKS OF DR. WM. CORNELL.

He referred to Lucy Stone's desire that ladies should enter Harvard College, and detailed a case of attempts of women for admission into Wabash College in the West. Dr. Haven of the University of Michigan has taken a different course, and said that females shall be admitted into that institution. Dr. Cornell believed that the plan in Boston of having separate schools for males and females was wrong in principle and in practice. He also warmly advocated medical schools for women, and said that the plan was being generally approved. The day was speedily coming when women would be admitted into our medical schools. The greatest difficulty in the progress of the reform for women was the women themselves. The very time that the North did their duty in regard to slavery, the South had to come to the scratch. So when women do their duty men will do theirs. One objection made to educating boys and girls together was that there would be elopements and love matches, but he had found by one observation for many years that there were ten elopements in young lady fashionable boarding schools, to one in mixed schools. When the sexes shall be educated together a better state of things will come.

Referring to the subject of woman's wages he wished to know why a woman should not have as much pay for doing the same work as men. Dr. Cornell's remarks were frequently interrupted with applause.

Dr Clarke then confirmed what Dr. Cornell had said in regard to the education of boys and girls together, by items from his connection with a school at West Roxbury. Girls and boys do not generally fall in love when their minds were pre-occupied with mathematics and other studies. He also referred to the arguments in favor of women being placed upon School Committees, and spoke of the State Board of Education recommending that plan two years. It is a question whether any law is necessary to adopt that plan, but a declaratory law was felt advisable but has not yet been obtained.

REMARKS OF REV. CHARLES F. BARNARD.

He took strong ground in favor of female suffrage, arguing that woman had been the equal of man since the commencement of the race. Why should Dr Cross demand pay, or taxes or furnish her quota for the war and not have the right to vote? Every other thing will follow when the ballot is put into the hands of woman.

Rev. Olympia Brown was then called upon, but declined, and Frederick Douglass was presented and very heartily received.

REMARKS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Mr Douglass said he was not present as one of the speakers, but of the hearers. He was glad he was not present in opposition to the Constitution of the United States. He said he was no orator, and never came before an audience without trembling in his knees as he had been. He never went to school a day in his life, and the only apology that he had for appearing was that he felt profoundly indebted to the women of this and other countries for his freedom. He belonged to the women who fought his freedom and enabled him to return to his country in safety. He belonged to the New England Female Anti-slavery Society, which protected him when needing protection. Now that those same women were struggling for their rights it was little enough that he could do to simply say amen. He found it more difficult to advocate the cause of woman from the point of her wrongs than from that of her rights. He himself was concerned much more with her wrongs than her rights. There was a time when men hardly knew anything about human rights. The rights of man is a modern idea. We used to talk of chartered rights, but the rights of human nature seemed to him to be a modern idea, and a part of our civilization. He was for woman's rights, for equal suffrage, because he was in favor of a Republican Government. He was in favor of it not only because governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, but because a government was strengthed by a general participation in it by the people. He held that a government in which all voted was the best on earth. Let the government rest squarely and universally upon the whole people. He hoped his taking his stand upon the platform that morning would be taken as an assurance that he believed that the rights of his race were entirely assured in his country. By no means. But he did not think the woman movement at all interfered with that of the negro for suffrage. He wanted it understood that suffrage for the negro was a matter of life and death, and the greatest question of the hour. (Applause.) If the franchise is not extended to him he dies. Woman has a thousand ways through which she can control that the colored race cannot. Woman may be laughed at and derided, but will never be mobbed. No Ku-Klux Klans will murder her, but with the negro it is different. There are certain reasons why woman should be enfranchised, upon which he urged the enfranchisement of the negro. The first was education, which the negro must have.

Society heretofore has never asked her to weigh the moral qualities of public question, the great questions of the hour. He hardly knew how to talk in favor of the question except upon the ground of human rights. He claimed the right to vote because he was a human being. He could not vote in New York where he lived except by the ownership of $250 in addition to the value of himself. When the women go to the ballot-box mobocracy and rowdyism and drunkenness will take their leave. When the mothers and sisters and wives go to the polls good order and nothing else will prevail there. The masses are honest and aim well. They may be ignorant, but they are true to their interests. He was willing to trust all the ignorance with all the intelligence, and all the vice with all the virtue of the law.

He closed by giving them his God speed. He recognized in the movement the millennial glories of the new and better time. (Applause.)

Lucy Stone indorsed what had been said except that she did not feel that the question of male negro suffrage was more pressing than that of universal female suffrage. The talk of a man's government was as nauseous to her as that of a white man's government was to the people at large.

Dr. Clarke then read a telegram from Mr. J. H. Willcox in Washington, inviting all present to the hall to attend the National Convention in Washington.

Hon. F. W. Bird was then introduced and made a brief address.

REMARKS OF HON. F. W. BIRD.

Mr. Bird alluded to an article in the *Morning Journal*, from John Bright, and said that he was glad that the subject of woman suffrage had been raised from the ridicule which surrounded it formerly. He gave an account of the suffrage question in the Massachusetts Legislature when a vote of 160 yeas was obtained. The clerk of the House then said that the question had got into the orders of the day and it could not be got out until it was settled. He did not feel that the woman question was as imminent as colored suffrage. It must follow the latter, for in a Republican Government it is impossible for a long time for a large part of the people of a government to remain without the ballot. It is but a question of time in regard to [illegible] of women's suffrage. He welcomed the day when the women of Massachusetts at least would have the right to vote. Mr Bird's remarks were received with great applause.

Mr. Buffum asked Mr Bird whether it was not dangerous to press the question of woman suffrage when the negro was so much in the need of suffrage?

Mr. Bird replied that in all countries there could be but one paramount question before the country at one time. The negro had been given the suffrage theoretically. It was folly to give the black man suffrage until he was also given to understand that every gun and bayonet of the army and navy was behind him to protect him in it. The army and navy was behind slavery. He feared that the concession of suffrage to woman would be postponed if it was pressed to the sacrifice of the negro question.

Mr May, of the Business Committee, made a report with the following resolutions.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, all human beings are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights of life, liberty and property; and, whereas, "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed" Therefore.—

Resolved, That suffrage is an inherent right of every American citizen without distinction of sex.

Resolved, That our existing Governments, both State and National, will be anti-Republican so long as they are undemocratic in fact, so long as one-half of the people are unjustly excluded from the polls.

Resolved, That the injustice everywhere inflicted by the Law upon Woman as Mother, Wife and Widow is the inevitable consequence of Class Legislation—that as the rich cannot be trusted to make laws for the poor, nor the white for the black, so men alone cannot safely be trusted to make laws for women.

Resolved, That we invite the Republican party to drop the watchword of "Manhood Suffrage," and the Democratic party to abandon its motto of "A white man's Government," and to unite in an amendment to the Constitution of the United States extending suffrage to all men and women as the inalienable birthright of every American citizen.

Resolved, That we call upon the Senators and Representatives of New England in Congress to demand suffrage for women in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, upon the same terms and qualifications as are prescribed for men.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of conventions and the organization of societies throughout the New England States, and also the petitioning of the State Legislatures to amend the Constitutions of the several States so as to give the women the elective franchise.

Whereas, Within the last twenty years, many of the laws in relation to the rights of property of married women have been revised and some amelioration been effected of those relating to the mother's right to her children, and certain social rights and privileges, heretofore withheld, have been gained, therefore

Resolved, That it becomes the imperative duty of women to claim the suffrage that all these amendments may become permanent; for until woman has the right of representation her rights are held by an insecure tenure.

Resolved, That in prosecuting the work for woman suffrage we propose the formation of no new political party, but we earnestly recommend to all who desire its success to carefully discriminate, in casting their votes, between its friends and its opponents, and so to use the balance of power as to make the enfranchisement of woman the most direct path to political preferment.

Resolved, That we earnestly commend this movement to the clergy of all denominations, in the belief that there can be no more powerful aid to public morality than the enfranchisement of woman.

The resolutions were made the order of debate for the afternoon.

Rev. D. A. Wasson was the next speaker.

REMARKS OF REV. D. A. WASSON.

Mr Wasson said that he was no orator, and feared that he might betray or injure a point which he desired to present. While sympathizing with oppression everywhere, he once doubted whether the existing functions of government in our country gave the best scope for woman's abilities. He desired that woman should have a province in which she should be sovereign. But he had observed that woman suffrage was urged upon grounds from which he dissented, but as public sentiment had at last become, he was now willing for woman suffrage to come. He would not wonder if, at the next Presidential election, women would have the chance to deposit their ballot the same as men. Before any more persons were given the ballot he desired that the country should be put in a position where good laws would be secured. They had deprived men in the South from voting, and he asked whether the precedent was not correct. The machinery of New York was now run by corruption instead of in the interest of good order and decency. There never had been a more corrupt system established than in New York, and everybody who advocated the universal ballot was responsible for the condition of things in New York. He had no larger any hope from the men, but he looked the women to the land that good law should be made by good men.

Mr. Foster stated that the condition of things was not as bad in London, where there was limited suffrage, as in New York, where the ballot prevailed.

Mr. Wasson thought New York should not be judged by London.

Mrs. S. S. Foster then obtained the floor and made a brief address. She believed the condition of things in New York was owing to the fact that they had transported Tweed to New York. Mrs. Foster was unable to speak longer on account of hoarseness and feebleness.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe then continued in the same strain, indorsing the remarks of Mrs. Foster.

Daniel Pratt then obtained permission to read his memorial which he had unsuccessfully tried to get the floor to read. It petitioned Congress to allow him the use of Congress Hall for a woman's rights speech on the 22d of next February.

The Convention was very patient and good natured, and the allowance of Mr. Pratt to speak was a good commentary on free speech. Miss Josephine Ellery was then presented and read another batch of letters from various prominent persons, the first of whom was Judge Godfrey of Maine. The second was from George William Curtis, who expressed his regret in being unable to be present, and claimed that reason, logic and common sense were all upon the side of woman suffrage. He wanted the door to every opportunity opened to women, leaving them free to enter it or not.

The next letter was from Mrs. W. B. Yale of Shelburne Falls, who was sorry that she could not be present in the Convention among the prophets who heralded the speedy coming of the day of women's rights.

Rev. B. F. Bowles of Springfield was the next speaker.

REMARKS OF REV. B. F. BOWLES.

Mr. Bowles alluded to his sense of the immense importance of the question to be discussed and of the fact that the audience were anxious searchers after truth, for that reason he had occupied a place in the audience, and he had failed to notice a sneer or a motion of ridicule. Now and then there had been a slight expression of dissent and of honest difference, but never any signs of derision.

He asked the question whether responsibilities injured or aided humanity. The men of New York who were corrupted are degraded when they touch our shores beyond the reach of a year's work to remedy. Mr. Bowles claimed that vice was organized and virtue was scattered. If Boston was corrupt let her be governed by Massachusetts, and let New York city be governed by New York State. He felt that the greatest obstacle to the progress of woman suffrage was the sneer against it in the community. It had been said that the question was not to be settled by argument but by feeling, and the speaker compared it with the statement which a cannibal would make to a newly arrived missionary who told them that their man eating was wrong. The cannibal according to such logic would say that is a subject not to be settled by argument but by feelings. Our instincts are all in favor of man eating. In closing, Mr. Bowles argued that every man and woman was in duty bound to help every reform according to his or her ability as a human being. The ballot is the final argument. There was a time when he was satisfied with moral suasion in the temperance question, but he had at last found that it was much more powerful when strengthened by the ballot. In woman he claimed there was as much intellectual and moral power as man, and for that reason they should have their share in the duties in the community. He had been on the School Committee for a great many years, and had always found that the best pupils were the girls. In the name of conscience and a better heart they make better use of their advantages. The girls make better use of their time as scholars.

If the ballot is dependant upon military duty let no one have the ballot who cannot prove that they have fought a battle. Mr. Bowles refuted the objection brought against female suffrage on the ground that it would destroy womanly delicacy.

Lucy Stone then said a few words in regard to providing speakers to canvass Massachusetts on the subject of woman suffrage; after which the Convention, at quarter past one o'clock, adjourned until 2½ o'clock, P. M. At one time the hall was densely crowded, the aisles being filled with spectators.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention reassembled at half-past two o'clock and was called to order by Col. T. W. Higginson. The hall was again crowded to repletion.

REMARKS BY MR. BLACKWELL

The resolutions presented in the forenoon session were called for and read, and the discussion of them opened by Mr. Blackwell, the husband of Lucy Stone. He referred to the aristocracies of birth and wealth. He stated that in Holland women, if property owners, had the right to vote. He traced the history of the ballot in this country, and claimed that the Republican party, by taking the advanced step in the matter of the ballot, had been able to defeat the Democratic party in this country. He claimed that as the aristocracy of birth and wealth had fallen, that of sex should fall too. He wanted the people to understand that the advocates of female suffrage in this country hold the balance of power and are to hold it for years to come. It was foolish to say that it would injure the Republican party to take up the question of woman suffrage. The party is strong enough to do justice, and he warned the party that the future was a precarious one if they do not take it up. The foreigners of this country, active, industrious and progressive, he contrasted with the foreigners of the old world, and said that they were infinitely superior to those under the oppression of the old country.

He believed in universal suffrage, and felt that a suffrage of men alone would never work well. If he was an advocate of teetotalism he would stop talking about prohibitory laws for the next four years and advocate only woman suffrage. He claimed that every woman in Massachusetts had as much right from God and nature to vote as man had. He said his wife and himself had drawn up a form of a league, which he read to the meeting and which was as follows:

We, the undersigned voters and citizens of Massachusetts, hereby enter into League and Covenant with each other to make the enfranchisement of woman the cardinal basis of our future political action in all elections for State, county and town officers, as follows:

1. We will make the establishment of a Republican form of Government in this State *paramount* to any and *all other political issues.*

2. We will not vote for any candidate for any State, County or Town office who has not given a public pledge to use his utmost endeavor, if elected, in favor of extending suffrage to women in Massachusetts, on the same terms and qualifications as are prescribed for men.

3. We will vote for any candidate who has given such public pledge in preference to any or all who have not done so.

4. Previous to each election in our respective voting precincts we will address to each candidate a letter of inquiry as to his views and purposes in reference to the extension of suffrage to women, and in case of refusal to give an affirmative answer, we will use every honorable effort to defeat him.

5. When no candidate is found willing to pledge himself to favor suffrage for women, we will put in nomination a candidate committed in its favor.

6. We will vote for any candidate who is a member of this League in preference to any other, and will work together as a *political unit* in order to obtain and use the balance of power to effect the ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN in the State of Massachusetts.

Mr. Blackwell then proceeded to explain how the league would operate, basing his remarks mainly upon the conduct of the anti-slavery party in this country. They might talk as much and as long as they pleased and would accomplish nothing unless they brought some power to bear on the politicians of the country. He said the proposition which he had made did not come from the Convention, which he supposed would vote it down. He felt that they would indorse it finally, however.

REPORT ON ORGANIZATION, &C.

Mr Sewall then presented the following report of the Committee upon a Constitution and Organization of the Society as follows:

1. Believing in the national equality of the two sexes and that women ought to enjoy the same legal rights and privileges as men; and that as long as women are denied the elective franchise they suffer a great wrong, and society a deep and inexplicable injury, the undersigned agree to unite in an association to be called "*The New England Woman Suffrage Association.*"

2. The object of this association shall be to procure the right of suffrage for women, and to effect such changes in the laws as shall place women in all respects on an equal legal footing with men.

3. The officers of the Society shall be a President, 13 Vice Presidents, a Treasurer, a Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and an Executive Committee of nine persons beside the President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be members ex officio. All the officers shall be chosen at the annual meeting, to continue in office for one year and until others shall be chosen in their place.

4. Any person may be a member of the association upon the payment of an annual contribution, as a life member by the payment of twenty dollars.

5. The President shall preside at all meetings of the society, or in his or her absence the senior Vice President.

6. The Treasurer shall collect and take charge of funds, make all payments, keep regular accounts, to be audited by the executive committee.

7. The Recording Secretary shall keep the records and the Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the association.

8. The Executive Committee shall manage the business of the association, may elect honorary members, call meetings of the society, prepare petitions to the Legislature, issue publications, and employ lecturers and agents, and take any measures they may think fit to forward the objects of the association, and fill all vacancies that occur prior to the annual meeting.

9. The annual meeting of the association shall be held on such day in the last week in May, in Boston, and at such hour and place, and be called in such manner, as the Executive Committee may appoint.

The following were then reported as the list of officers:

President—Julia Ward Howe, Vice Presidents—Wm. Lloyd Garrison of Boston, Paulina Wright Davis of Providence, James Freeman Clarke of Boston, Sarah Shaw Russell of Boston, John Neal of Portland, Lucy Goddard of Boston, Samuel E. Sewell of Melrose, Lydia Emerson of Concord, Mass.; Isabella P. Gray of Hartford, Harriet K. Hunt of Boston, James Hutchinson of West Randolph, Vt., Mrs Nathaniel White, Concord, N. H., Louisa M. Alcott of Concord, Mass., John G. Whittier of Amesbury.

Corresponding Secretary—Sarah Clark of Boston.

Recording Secretary—Charles K. Whipple.

Treasurer—Ebenezer Draper of Boston.

Executive Committee—Lucy Stone of New Jersey; Thos Wentworth Higginson of Newport, R. I.; Caroline M. Severance of Newton; Francis W. Bird of East Walpole; Mrs. Sargent of Boston; Nathaniel White of Concord, N. H.; Richard P. Hallowell of Boston; Stephen S. Forster of Worcester; Sarah S. Southwick of Needham; Rowland Connor of Boston; B. F. Bowles of Springfield, Geo. H. Vibbert of Rockport, Olympia Brown of Weymouth.

The report of the Committee was then accepted and adopted, and the Convention was addressed by Rev. Olympia Brown.

She warned the Republican party that if they did not take hold of the woman question that some other party would. She wanted all in the cause to be in earnest and not to be afraid to work with any one who was in earnest for the cause. She believed that before the next Presidential election that the women of Massachusetts would have the ballot. God is with those who help themselves, and when the women of Massachusetts begin to work for themselves God will begin to help them, and not until then. Miss Brown's remarks were frequently interrupted with loud applause.

Dr. Barnes was the next speaker, and said he made a solemn vow some time since not to take any part in elections until woman could walk to the polls by his side.

Mrs English of Hartford, Ct., was the next speaker.

REMARKS OF MRS. ENGLISH.

She said that she, with others, started a petition for women suffrage in Connecticut, and obtained easily several hundred names. She had been told that women did not want the ballot and it was because men had made it so filthy. She wanted the men to know, however, that if they ever get to the Courts of Heaven women would carry them there. She had always wanted the ballot, and related many of the injustices which women are subjected to by the present condition of things.

She told wives that if they wanted to keep their husbands at home they must learn to talk on politics. If they did not, some other ladies would.

Mrs. Phelps of Boston next spoke earnestly for the ballot and laws relieving woman from the injustices which are now heaped upon her.

The subject of the resolutions was then laid upon the table and the subject of funds was taken up, and Mr S. S. Foster adorossed the Convention.

REMARKS OF S. S. FOSTER.

He said the time when woman should be enfranchised depended much upon what they were willing to do to secure it. The discussion had been a very fine one, but discussion would never bring about what they desired. If they have desired to incorporate the ideas of the discussion into the body politic they must work for it. They had been told that the ballot was for man and the knitting needle for woman. That idea must be exploded. The simple work to be done is for speakers to go through every town and village in New England and convince the disbelievers upon this question. New England must be revolutionized. They had done well in organizing the society, and had put at the head of it some of the best men and women of New England. What was an engine worth without wood and water? Ten thousand dollars was needed to begin to carry on the work. The money spent unnecessarily by the committee for a week would amount to more than that sum. The committee of arrangements had worked night and day in getting up the Convention, and he wanted the men and women who heard him to be willing to labor as hard. The States were beginning to take hold of the work, and it is said that New Hampshire would probably soon give suffrage to women. He feared it would do so before Massachusetts, but he hoped not. He hoped the good old State would be right and the first upon this as upon all other great questions. The officers at the head of the organization were of undoubted integrity.

Lucy Stone was the next speaker.

REMARKS OF LUCY STONE.

Lucy Stone also made an appeal for money for the Society. She knew that an audience ordinarily disliked to be asked for money, but she felt in her bones that the audience she was addressing were not only ready but anxious to contribute to the cause. She did not believe there was a man in the audience who was opposed to giving the ballot to women. She had found the same condition of things in Kansas. She had found girls who were making overcoats at eighty-eight cents a piece who were yearning for the ballot. She mentioned a meeting which she addressed when two men put down a subscription of $500 each. She wanted all who heard her to take the petition which was in circulation among the audience to their homes and get all the signatures they could. She believed, if women but worked as they should, that the ballot would be obtained within four years. She joined with Mr. Foster in wishing that New England, and especially Massachusetts, should be the first in the country to give woman the ballot.

While Lucy Stone was speaking, Mr. Foster and others circulated through the audience with papers for subscriptions, and before doing so it was announced that a number of pledges of $500 had been marked down upon the paper.

Loud calls were then made for Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who finally came forward upon the platform and was very heartily greeted. He spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I did not come forward to defend my position on this question, for that position was defined many a year ago. Among the many invidious buffets applied to me in the years gone by was one that I was a woman's rights man, and I am believe same man to-day. (Applause.) It is the reverse no new question to me, but as from the beginning, it is a question of transcendant importance to the welfare of our country and of the world. I do regard it as among the sublimest movements ever launched upon the tide of time. In my judgment there is no man or woman in this assembly who has taken the dimensions thereof. Its ramifications are multitudinous and touch all rights and all interests, and in the progress of the cause we shall find its ample vindication. I have been delighted and charmed in coming to this Convention to see so large, intelligent, respectable and influential a body of people brought together from various parts of New England and the country. It indicates a very great and surprising change in public sentiment. There are always four stages in every great reform—first, that of total indifference, and of consciousness to the reform everywhere; second, a state of feeling of contempt and scorn and ridicule against the reform; third, the reform, growing from time to time, begins to excite alarm, and that produces more or less of violent opposition; after that comes victory. (Applause.) Now this question has passed the stage of indifference surely. It has passed the stage of ridicule and contempt, generally speaking. It has not wholly got past the stage of opposition, but it is fast surmounting it. This indicates that we are not very far from the stage of victory. If there was time this afternoon I would like to refer to the state of things a few years ago, indicating how great is the change already that has taken place. I remember, for instance, when two noble Quaker women from South Carolina, slaveholders, who had manciplated all their slaves, came to Massachusetts to plead for the millions in bondage. The excitement produced by their coming was universal. The opposition against them was of a very fierce and violent kind. The clergy of the Commonwealth especially were banded against them, and the first thing we had was a pastoral boom from the pastoral association of Massachusetts, warning the people against giving any kindness to those women who were so immodest and indecent as to be advocating a cause of the suffering and the condemned and the oppressed in our land. I remember that in 1839, at a meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, a very grave protest was solemnly recorded upon the minutes of the proceedings by sundry clergymen and others, against the admission of women as members, on the ground that it was improper and out of the sphere of women even to vote at an anti-slavery meeting, or to be a member of an anti-slavery convention. I remember that in New York the American Anti-Slavery Society was divided asunder on the simple ground of a woman being put on the business committee. "Only this and nothing more," and some seven or eight hundred men marched out of the meeting house in disgust, and with indignant spirits, as they said, and perhaps thought, for the glory of God, in order to organize a hostile anti-slavery society wherein women should have no voice or vote. I remember the protest which was then made against the government of the American Anti-Slavery Society by those who voted in the negative. I have the proceedings in my hand. Now at that time there was no agitation of the question of suffrage for women in regard to political matters. This was simply whether woman should plead for her sisters in bondage and for the millions of her own sex who were on the auction block, and the verdict then was that it would be improper and contrary to the will of God, clearly declared, for her to raise her voice in behalf of them. Now woman claims her position wherever man claims his right to be. She asks for full, important and complete justice. She asks that everywhere she may stand side by side with man. She declares that she also has rights of God, amenable to the same divine law, held to the same accountability, having the same rational, inherent, indivisible rights, having the same human interest, and therefore is entitled to possess as fair a share of the power in order to protect herself, her rights and her interests, as man claims for himself. And this is everywhere recognized more and more as just and rational. How can any man claiming to be a man ask in his own case for his own protection what he will deny another? He lacks surely something of manhood. He has had a bad education and he needs to have his brain rectified and his heart enlarged. I believe that there is a disposition everywhere among men to look at this matter seriously and with care, and to see if, after all, this claim is not a just one, and being just, why, then, it must be settled, and the sooner the better. How long should we dally in this matter of asking for justice? Not one moment. When ought woman to be invested with the ballot? Now! Now! Now! (Applause.) It does not disprove the assertion that we may and undoubtedly will have to labor a long time before woman will everywhere be recognized as the equal of man at the ballot-box. Nevertheless it is coming. It is sure. The cause is just. All the attributes of liberty now and the attributes of God are with this movement, and it is as with every great contest only a question of time in regard to its success. The Society which has been organized will undoubtedly endeavor to do everything that can be done to do short work in stirring up the public mind, and endeavoring, as far as possible, to commit people as a body to the acceptance of the views we have been advocating from this platform and the claims demanded by women as a part of the human race. When I think of this cause as converting all New England it is a large one, and converting the American continent a most sublime one. But it will not stop with New England, nor with our country, nor with England, nor with France; it will career across the ocean; it will navigate the globe. All the human race, as a race, must be set free from all oppression and bondage. All fetters must in time be broken and liberty and justice and equality prevail from sea to sea, from the river to the end of the earth. (Loud applause and cries of "go on," as Mr. Garrison attempted to take his seat.) I will occupy your time simply by reading two petitions that were presented, the one to the Legislature of Delaware and the other to the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1839, which indicate that we are making some progress. The following report was read to the Legislature of Delaware by Mr. Jones of Wilmington in 1839: "The committee to whom was referred the petition of 319 women of the city of Wilmington and county of Newcastle, praying (mark you!) for the abolition of slavery throughout this State, beg leave to report that they consider the petitioning of women to our National and State Legislatures, which they regret to say is becoming so general a practice, as detracting from that refinement and delicacy which should, under all circumstances, accompany the female character, and as in unwarranted interference in subjects that should more properly belong to the fathers, husbands and brothers. [It was a prayer that millions of women might be recognized as human beings.) Your committee are also decidedly of the opinion that the petitioners, whose names are affixed to the memorial under consideration, would confer more real benefit upon society if they would rather confine their attention to matters of a domestic nature, and be more solicitous to mend the garments of their husbands and children than to patch the breeches of the laws and the Constitution." No claim for suffrage at the polls, but simply a petition to the Legislature of 319 women, treated in this manner.

Now for our own State. At the session of the Legislature of Massachusetts in the same year—1839—the following petition was sent to that body, signed by 194 inhabitants of Lynn, and duly presented:

"*To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled.* Gentlemen: Your petitioners, the undersigned, beg leave most respectfully to represent that inasmuch as we have knowledge that a petition has been presented to your honorable body as Mrs. Caroline Augusta Chase and 785 other females of this town, praying that all laws may be repealed which make a distinction between citizens of this state on account of difference of color; we therefore humbly pray that your legislature will, as soon as is convenient, pass an act granting free and full privilege to the said Caroline Augusta Chase and the 785 of the females, except those who are not of lawful age, to marry, intermarry and associate with any negro, Indian, Hottentot, or any other being in human shape, at their will and pleasure, provided they do not in any way transgress the laws. By the passage of such an act you will confer a favor on your petitioners, who, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

Now, this is simply blackguardism, low blackguardism, and yet at that time 194 persons, who claim to be men in the town of Lynn, had the shamelessness to affix their names before all people to this petition, and it was sent to the Legislature and duly received. And now where do these questions stand? Where this one is sure to stand in the future, on the rock of victory. (Loud applause.)

Hon. Henry Wilson was next presented, and addressed the Convention briefly.

REMARKS OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

Mr. Wilson referred to his vote in Congress when the woman question was brought up there, and said that the reasons which governed him then governed him still. He referred to the war which had shaken the government and which was for the civil and political rights of the black man. For advocating the course of the black man the Republican party lost a quarter of a million of votes. It was their duty to do it, however. Mr. Wilson referred to the terrible nature of the late Presidential struggle. He believed the American people, by their recent vote, had settled the question that all citizens of the United States are to be equal in rights and privileges. (Applause.) We hold twenty-six Legislatures, and eight are against us, and there are three States that have not been restored. There are those who believe that we have the right, under the Constitution, to secure suffrage to the black man in every part of the country. Charles Sumner believes it. (Applause.) Many of the ablest, wisest and best men believe it, and there are some of the ablest and best men of the country who do not believe it. For his own part, under the 14th article of the amendment, he had no hesitation in voting for a law that would give the black man in every State the right to vote. (Applause.) But since there is this large class opposing it, he believed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States would have yet to be made. Twenty-six legislatures, he believed, if the question was submitted to them, would vote for it. The legislatures of only twenty-six States are needed. Of that twenty-six already elected, most of whom can have the question submitted to them, and with the three unreconstructed States that can have it within six or eight months, we can have the Constitution so amended as to secure the right of suffrage to the black man all over the land. (Applause.) Until that was secured, he did not want to imperil the cause by anything on earth. There was no need of anything imperiling it. He would vote as he said Wednesday in his place in the Senate, for woman suffrage, whenever the question shall be so presented as not to imperil the question of the black man's right to the ballot.

Mr. Wilson closed by reiterating his hearty and unequivocal support of the objects of the Convention.

Mrs. Kingsley of Vineland, N. J., one of the 107 ladies who deposited their votes at the polls in that town in the last Presidential election, was then presented and was warmly greeted. She made a brief address, after which the Convention, at about half past five o'clock, adjourned for the evening session.

EVENING SESSION.

The hall at the reassembling of the Convention, at half-past seven, last evening, was crowded in every part so that there was not standing room.

Petitions for equal rights of male and female suffrage were circulated through the audience, asking for action by Congress through a Constitutional amendment. S. S. Foster urged that the petitions be widely circulated through the community.

The resolutions presented in the morning were again read and laid on the table.

The President then introduced Mrs. M. B. Jackson, homeopathic physician, of this city.

REMARKS OF MRS. JACKSON.

Mrs. Jackson said she could see no reason why the college doors should be closed in the face of the women. She rejoiced in this movement because she knew that the moment women possessed the power to vote and take part in making the laws by which she is governed, the Declaration of Independence would be brought into harmony with the Government, and then we should have the most magnificent government on earth. When women voted they would see a great change of the law. She then pointed out the hardships of the law as it had affected herself, both with regard to her property and her children, and also as it had affected other ladies who were her personal friends. She expressed her conviction that when a nobler field was opened to woman—when all those laws that tended to degrade her were removed—she would seek for an intelligent man for a husband, and would not have children born of insignificant fathers. It was because women were degraded that we had so many insignificant men. A woman that was degraded could never bear noble children. The demand of this Convention was perfectly impartial. It did not ask anything for women that it did not grant to men.

REMARKS OF REV. MR. WEISS

Rev. John Weiss of Watertown said he thought that the time was come when women ought to take up her natural right of suffrage. That would concentrate upon the privilege of voting the natural religion of woman, and her native purity would then permeate public affairs and purify them. He thought that the old idea about the inferiority of the sexes did not originate in Mosaic times, but was of more ancient origin, and was illustrated in the mythological story of the box of Pandora. It would be the honorable example of Massachusetts to appoint the proper influence of women in politics, in the same way that she had inaugurated other grand movements. He thought that female suffrage, so far from inducing domestic quarrels, would stimulate a healthy habit of thought on public affairs between man and wife. If there must be altercation in wedded life, let it be about something worth quarreling over, and if a man and wife did quarrel about their voting it was hoped that it would drive all the other connubial furies out of the house. If they quarreled at all let it be for the benefit of the country.

REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

He said he regretted, for the sake of those who were standing up, that they had not a larger hall. The Americans, as a loyal people, were rejoicing and giving thanks to God over the downfall of slavery. They were beginning to be proud of their country. They would remember the objections brought against the anti-slavery movement. One was that the slaves were an inferior race, and another that their color was black, and another that the slaves did not want to be free, that slavery was sanctioned by the Bible, and other arguments. He would now ask what intelligent man or woman would offer any excuse or palliation for man holding property in man. He was struck, however,

with the similarity of the argument used against female slavery to those brought against the anti-slavery movement. Women were said not to want the ballot, as the slaves were said not to want their liberty. As the argument "Cursed be Canaan" was the scriptural argument against slavery, so was the text, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee" as an argument applied against female suffrage. Give woman the ballot and she would take care of herself in all legislation that affected her. We should then have all the intelligence of the people brought to bear on the science of legislation. No single opponent had presented himself at this Convention to the movement. To say that this was the people's government when one half the people were considered as nonentities, was an absurdity. As it was essential that the people should choose their own rulers, therefore it was essential that women should vote. Then would begin a perfect form of government. Either we must abandon our form of popular government and adopt the divine right of kings idea, or follow out the theory of the government "of the people, by the people and for the people" to its legitimate conclusions—one of which was female suffrage. There could be no misunderstanding about what the phrase "the people" meant. If it meant anything it meant all intelligent adults of both sexes. When this question was led by such a champion as John Stuart Mill, and other eminent persons on both sides of the Atlantic, it was an indication that the world was moving, and America would not fail to lead in carrying the movement to a practical success.

REMARKS OF LUCY STONE.

Miss Lucy Stone then addressed the Convention in support of the movement. She thought that there would be scarcely any end of the good that would result from female suffrage, not only on the elections, but on woman herself. She spoke of the injustice of the laws as they affected women, and of the efforts that had been made to secure the rights of women in Kansas, Ohio and other places, and warmly eulogized Mr. Wade for his work in this direction. She then reiterated some arguments advanced in previous speeches, occasionally presented them in a humorous vein, which caused much laughter. It was objected that bad women would vote; they, however, would do no more harm than bad men, and as bad people were in the minority, while the mass of the people were good, the result would not be affected. Besides, she believed that the interest of every human being was safer in his or her own hands than in anybody's else.

REMARKS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

He said the liberties of the American people were to be found in three boxes—the cartridge, the ballot and the jury boxes—and perhaps the knowledge box had something to do with it. He had a slight objection to the resolution which invited the Democratic party to drop the word "white" as applied to government. He was surprised that any party should attempt to monopolize justice, as enunciated in the principles of government. One of the arguments against female suffrage proceeded from the standpoint that she was an angel, and that it would unfit her angelic purity to vote; while the argument against the negro voting proceeded on the standpoint that he was a devil. For these and other reasons he did not think the Republican party should drop the cry of "manhood suffrage."

Mrs. Gibson, Chaplain of the Wisconsin Heavy Artillery during the war, next addressed the Convention in support of female suffrage.

The following resolution was proposed and carried:

That this New England Convention, assembled for the purpose of asserting the right of the ballot for the women as well as the men of America, sends greetings and congratulations to the enlightened friends and advocates of women's rights in England at the auspicious signs of the times, at the march of freedom and equality on both sides of the Atlantic, and assures them of the hearty co-operation in the same cause, and the profound conviction that so plainly just and equitable is that cause that nothing but indomitable perseverance is needed to insure its triumph at no distant day, especially in this country which stands committed by one of the specifications of the Declaration of Independence to the doctrine as a self-evident truth that the government draws its just powers from the consent of the governed.

A long and animated discussion ensued with reference to the fourth resolution.

Mr. F. Douglass objected to it on the ground that it put the Republican, and the Republican parties, on the same level when the difference was as white as the poles of the universe. Manhood suffrage was not yet accomplished, and he was for upholding the Republican party until it does.

Mrs. Foster moved that the resolution be laid on the table.

Miss Lucy Stone supported the resolution as the words "all men and women" included the colored race.

Mr. Foster asked Mrs. F. to withdraw her motion that he might offer an amendment.

Mrs. Foster declined. (laughter.) She held that elevating the colored man would bring about woman's emancipation. They who forgot their own wrongs for the sake of the greater wrongs of others were the more deserving of success.

Mr. May moved to amend the resolution as follows: "That we invite the Republican party to drop its partial watchword of manhood suffrage, and the Democratic party to drop its infamous motto."

The Chairman said that as the Woman's Rights movement concerned all parties alike he did not see why they should declare for either party. It was inexpedient to reflect on the moral standing of either party.

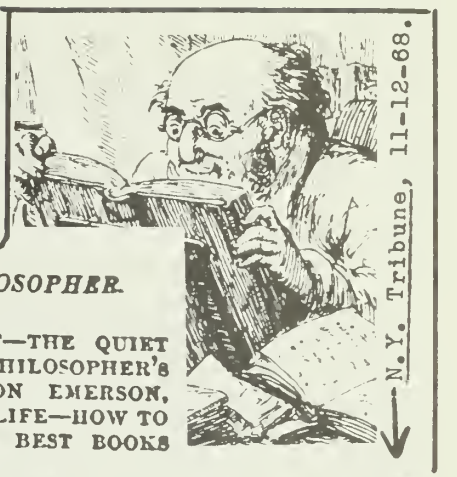
A woman objected to apply the word "infamous" to any party, and more especially at a Woman's Rights Convention.

Rev. Mr. Connor said that it was not a question of party or color, but of sex. The question of female suffrage ought not to be weakened by any side issue.

The amendment was ultimately put to the meeting and lost, as was also the motion that the resolution be laid on the table.

The original resolution was then put to the meeting and carried.

The Convention then adjourned.



N.Y. Tribune, 11-12-68.

AN HOUR WITH A PHILOSOPHER.

A VISIT TO A. BRONSON ALCOTT—THE QUIET VILLAGE OF CONCORD—A PHILOSOPHER'S HOUSE—ALCOTT'S OPINION ON EMERSON, THOREAU AND HIS STYLE OF LIFE—HOW TO LIVE PHILOSOPHICALLY—THE BEST BOOKS TO READ, ETC., ETC.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

CONCORD, Mass., Aug. 8.—I have spent the past hour with a man who, for a whole lifetime, has been faithful to his early dream—with one who, from early manhood to an age serene in the truest sense, has been emphatically a philosopher—nay, even more than a lover of wisdom, a follower of it.

If I remember rightly a paragraph I read in a metropolitan newspaper not many months since, it stated that A. Bronson Alcott, when a young man, had retired to a little cottage in the pleasant village of Concord, Massachusetts, determined, if possible, to live there all his life, pursuing the study of philosophy, and cultivating his mind to the highest possible point; that he did not believe himself capable, to speak more properly, did not feel willing, to indulge in any of the works of the world, having come to the conclusion that his "call" was to be a thinker, or, as some call it, a dreamer. As far as I have been able to learn, he has been faithful to that idea to this day, and though the world has ridiculed and ill-treated him, as the world always ridicules and ill-treats any one who strikes out from the ordinary course of things, he has steadily held his way, answering its scoffs with a silence which savors of the purest gold. As Emerson says, "The highest virtue is always against the law."

I confess that I called on Mr. Alcott partly from curiosity to see one who has always been known as a prominent transcendentalist, and partly from the fact that I desired his opinion on certain subjects which had long occupied my mind. As some of his views may interest many, especially young men, I will give a report of such of his conversation as was not of a private nature.

It is not ten minutes' walk from the hotel in Concord (the only one in the place) to the residence of the philosopher, which is but a short distance from that of Mr. Emerson. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence, a short distance from the road. It has the appearance of having been in former days an old country farm-house, but has received so many repairs as to have quite a modern appearance. It is two stories high, nearly all the windows being shaded by a thick growth of vines. The little porch commands a view of many meadows and fields of corn, and, in the distance, of a range of hills. There is an appearance of comfort and quietness about the house which one seldom finds, even in the country. It is a place in which one would like nothing better than to devote his life to study and contemplation of nature.

Concord itself is a very quiet place. There are very few stores—scarce any sounds of life and activity. Now and then, during my walks, I heard a bird sing, but the merry songster did not keep up his carol long, as if loth to interrupt the general quiet. There were a few insects humming; they were the principal singers. Concord is a place, above all others, where one would think poets, dreamers, and philosophers would live. I heard no sound of the anvil. I think the good people would fairly go mad if some night an "anvil chorus," or any other chorus for that matter, would break the stillness of the Summer air. I heard no carpenter's hammer, no creaking carts, no crying babies. (I wondered if they did ever have babies there). and finally came to the conclusion that they did not—that they were all imported; blinds were closed; no one was sitting on the porches; I heard no oaths; I saw no one intoxicated; I found only one bar-room, and that was in a very retired place, as if it were ashamed of existing at all; I met only a young man who looked as if he were a snob. He was a fair-haired, side-whiskered youth, living near Emerson's house—one who, judging from his looks and actions,

had gained very little inspiration, though living so near the famous thinker. I met one or two workers—farmers they looked like—but they seemed out of place, and hung their heads as if by way of apology for being outside disturbing the general quiet. Gardens looked trim and in order, but I wondered how they were kept so, for all day long as I walked the streets I saw no person at work in them. I even began to have doubts, as I continued my researches, that any one lived in Concord—begun to think that after all it might be only a myth, only a dream, the horses, the men, and the women, such few as I met, only constituting a picture. But this pleasant fancy was spoiled by the sound of a neighboring dinner-bell greeting my ears and a sudden remembrance that I was exceedingly hungry. But, for all that, Concord is a dream-land, a dream-village, a place for practical men to go if they want to get poetic inspiration, and for men of inspiration to flee to if they want to hold their own.

But I am forgetting my main business—the visit to Alcott.

The philosopher's gate, as well as the front door, stood open, as if inviting the stranger to come in and partake of such hospitality as there was to be given. My knock was answered by a pleasant-looking elderly lady.

"Is Mr. Alcott at home?"

"He is. Walk in, Sir."

The distance was not far to walk. A door on the left of the little hall was opened. I walked through it and stood face to face with the famous thinker.

"I am a stranger, Sir," I said, by way of introduction: "but I trust you will be willing to spare me a few moments of your time."

"I am always glad to see any one," he answered; "more especially young men, when they come on good errands."

I inwardly rejoiced, first, that I was a young man, and second, that I had come principally on a "good errand"—that is, to hear my host's views on certain subjects.

He excused himself for a moment, busying himself in arranging some books and papers. In the mean time I had a chance to take a look at him. He is a man who must be at least 65 or 70 years of age. His hair is white and long, a little thin on the crown of his head. He is tall, stoops as he walks, wears spectacles when he reads or writes; has a blue eye, somewhat dimmed by age, dreamy looking, but with not so much of the "far-away" look as Emerson's. His voice is very pleasing, his countenance serene and peaceful-looking, being occasionally lighted up by a smile. The apartment in which we were was his library and study. There were four small, old-fashioned book-cases in various parts of the room, each filled with books. A large table on one side of the room contained writing materials, portofolios, and a row of books at one end of it. There were several engravings hanging on the wall.

"Whose picture is that?" I inquired, after some general conversation, at the same time pointing to a framed engraving hanging near the mantelpiece. The subject of it, a man, must have been about 35 or 40 years of age, had a thin face, no beard, and dreamy-looking eyes.

"That," said he, "is Thoreau. Have you never read any of his works?"

I told him I had read many of them with great interest, but none of them had delighted me so much as "Walden, or Life in the Woods." I confessed also to being a great admirer of Emerson's writings.

"Well, you find each time you read Emerson you learn something new, do you not?"

I confessed that was the case.

"I should advise all young men," said he, "to graduate from Mr. Emerson's College. I regard him as the representative scholar of America—what the scholar of the future will be he now is. Years ago no man was so talked against and underrated as Mr. Emerson. But, to-day, though I cannot say he is the most popular author we have, yet he is better understood than formerly, and universally respected, even by those who do not agree with him."

"To return to Thoreau," I remarked, "what was his opinion of his experiment after he had given it up?"

"Thoreau simply went into the woods, borrowed an ax of one, a hammer of another, &c., built him his hut, determined to see on how little a man could live and sustain life. I think he reduced his wants to as small a figure as one could possibly well do, though I do not know but what they might be still further lessened."

"Did he think that it would be advisable to live in the way he did for all one's life?"

"No. He only wanted to get a taste of the life with nature—a savage life; wanted to live for a time, as it were, on the borders of civilization, as he did."

"Was he a great reader?"

"Not a great reader. He read Pliny, works on natural history, Socrates, some poetry, a few novels, and many books of travel, of which class of reading he was particularly fond."

"Was he sociable?"

"He was friendly to those who were in sympathy with him, but he never went out of his way to see anyone. The experiment of living on small means," continued Mr. Alcott, "was some years ago tried on a larger scale in Concord. A family attempted to practically solve the problem of 'low living and high thinking.' It consisted of man and wife, four or five children, and two or three outsiders. They bought a place of one hundred acres, on which the men worked, the women attending to the household duties. They were vegetarians." [Mr. Alcott subsequently told me that he had been a vegitarian for thirty years and found himself the better for it.] They wore no clothes the material for the making of which came from animals. They did not ride anywhere, that being expensive—always walked—though they lost time, which made it about as broad as it was long. They paid no taxes. Though born in a Republic, they believed the individual had the right to say whether or not he would be governed by its laws, or be a citizen of it. When a property tax was to be paid they refused to pay it. If the demand was persisted in, the authorities were obliged to take a part of their land; no taxes were paid voluntarily. They did not hire help, believing that that was only another system of slavery, unless there was a good understanding existing between the employer and employé—unless the labor was a labor of love. They wore no cotton clothes, as cotton came from the South and was produced by slaves—they were opposed to Slavery. All they asked of the world was to be let alone, but the world would not do that. It was not prepared for that experiment then, and it is not now. But the time may come when it will be."

"But do you not think, with things even as bad as they are, that persons can live much more economically than they do—that class of persons, I mean, who desire to spend time in reading, study, and meditation? Is there not some way of solving that problem?"

"The problem is very easily solved. They would have to live in the country rather than the town; cultivate the garden, grow corn, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, and such other vegetables as would be needed, of course doing all the work themselves. There should be some fruit on the place when they took it, though it might be done even if there were no fruit on it in the beginning. They should be vegetarians. Clothing would not cost much. Persons living in that way would not have to dress so elegantly as if they lived in the city. If they saw plain neighbors, plain clothes, and those of a coarser quality could be worn. Let the place be small. If you have a large place you only have so much more trouble and care upon your mind—so much more ground to work and worry about. One could not travel much. There is great expense in that. Yes, a small family in that way could live on an incredibly small sum."

After some further conversation, the details of which could not with propriety be given, the subject of books was introduced.

"What books would you advise young men to read?"

"Read what your mind most craves for. Read what answers your questions, and says 'yes' or 'no.' If your mind is of an ethical turn, read books on ethics. If of a philosophical character, read works on philosophy. If you are interested in science, then the best scientific productions. 'Youman's Culture Demanded by Modern Life,' is a good book, showing what are the most recent discoveries in science. Read Socrates; Plutarch's Lives, and Morals (his Morals especially); Emerson; Thoreau (who is the modern

let the second-rates go."

There was much other conversation of interest, but probably not sufficiently so to warrant its being given to the public.

All his life, as I said before, has this man spent among books—the very best of the world's books; in thinking which soared toward Heaven. He has lived the philosophic life, and found the true philoso-

especially his "Wisdom of the Ancients."

While on this subject of reading, I may say that Mr. Alcott himself will soon publish a work of his own, entitled "Tablets," a series of essays, which, I think I can say, will delight all thinkers.

"Is not the secret of reading to read only the best books and read them well?"

"Master the masters," was the sage's answer, "and

stoic); Antoninus; Epictetus (a very good book); Henry More; John Donne; Sir Thomas Browne; Hegel (Stirling Secret of Hegel); Schlewger's History of Philosophy; Coleridge's Friend; Goethe; Carlyle's early works, being careful as to his later books; Swedenborg—with caution, and do not be carried away by him; Montaigne, looking out for his skepticism, and all the old standard essayists; Bacon,

pher's stone—serenity, contentment. "In some respects," says one of his admirers, "there has, perhaps, never been an enthusiast so remarkable; I refer particularly to the marvelous serenity with which this most gentle soul has kept the even tenor of his way through a world never good to him. Life without, has been unceasing disappointment, but within it has been unending success. The high and glad repose of such a nature may rank with the miracles of character in all human history. Gentleness so genial and so steadfast, so generous and so enduring, is the last grace and the most divine which culture brings.

As I shook his hand in leaving, I looked up to his calm, happy, serene face, and remembered the peaceful, quiet way in which his life had been passed, and the manner in which too many around me were living. I could not help but believe there was a chance even here, in the wicked old world, before we reached the "silent land" of

"A purer, surer, sweeter life than this."

CONCERNING HAWTHORNE AND BROOK FARM.

F.S. 2 Jan. 1869.

BY M. D. CONWAY. 1868.

About seventeen years ago I came on a pilgrimage from five hundred miles south to the town of Concord, which the residence of a great thinker had made the chief literary centre in America; and on the same day I saw the two men whom Buonarotti might have chosen as emblems of Morning and Twilight, to be carved over the gates of the New World. Emerson emerged from his bright new home, and the shade of well-trimmed evergreens in front, with "shining morning face," and eye still beaming with its last vision of the happier time. Hawthorne, at the other extreme of the village, came softly out of the Old Manse, — the gray, gabled old mansion, where dwelt in the past famous men and women, who have gained a new lease of earthly existence through his genius, — and glided down the long avenue of ancient ash-trees, which made a fit frame around him, and scattered their autumnal leaves for his carpet. A superb man he was! He was then, I should say, about forty-five years of age. His erect, full, and shapely figure might have belonged to a professional athlete, were it not for a certain grace and reserve which rendered the size and strength of frame unobtrusive. The massive forehead and brow, with dark locks on either side, the strong nose and mouth, would, with another soul beneath them, have been the physiognomy of some great military man or political leader, — some man impelled by powerful passions, to be commanded only by ambition; but with this man there came through the dark eyes, large and soft, a gentle glow, which subtly suffused the face and spiritualized the form. I was not surprised to learn afterwards, from one of his earliest friends, that, when a student at Bowdoin College, in Maine, Hawthorne was unequalled there for manly beauty and for physical feats, which suggested the belief that he might become eminent as an athlete; and as little was I surprised — remembering the face which, once seen, was never to be forgotten — to learn that the influence he exercised over his classmates, among whom were the poet Longfellow and President Pierce, was almost one of fascination. When he was appointed to the Consulate at Liverpool, those who knew him doubly congratulated themselves that the English would not only know that America contained other representatives than the Hon. Mr. Pogram, but those who fancied the Anglo-Saxon *physique* was declining in the New World have before them a notable instance to the contrary. Yet a shrewd Englishman who had seen him, as I first did, under the ancient trees, and amid the shadows haunting the gray mansion of a bygone era, might have replied: This is hardly the type of the New England man of to-day; his form refers to the period about which his genius perpetually hovers, — the period when unmodified English people were laying in America the foundations on which other races were to build.

How completely the personages who, in that earlier period, inhabited this famous old home, had become his familiar friends and visitors, — preferred to others separated from him by reason of their flesh and blood, — no reader of The Mosses from an Old Manse need be told. As he came down the avenue, unconscious of any curious or admiring eye upon him, every step seemed a leap, as if his shadowy familiars, created anew by his wand, were whispering happy secrets. He was plainly the *genius loci*. He lived amid the shades of the past, though in the afterglow of his thought they seem sometimes to be the tinted mists of the morning. What was he thinking of as he walked there slowly as if reluctant to leave the consecrated ground whose term was the old gate with stone pillars opening into the high road? That same year he wrote to a friend: "I passed by the Old Manse a few days ago for the first time in nearly seven years. Notwithstanding the repairs, it looked very much as of yore, except that a large window had been opened on the roof, through which light and cheerfulness probably shine into the darkest part of the dim garret of my own time. The trees of the avenue, — how many leaves have fallen since I last saw them! — had an aspect of meagreness that disappointed me." I cannot help thinking, that it was not so much the meagreness of the trees as the repairs that caused the disappointment. It was in the spring of the year, and of his life, in 1843, that Hawthorne took his bride to dwell in the Old Manse; and its very dilapidation was congenial to him. "Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash-trees."

Hawthorne was born in the old town of Salem, in Massachusetts, about which so much of the romance of early American history gathers. It is a charming old town, with broad streets overarched by the foliage of aged elms, and many memorable old houses preserved amid the proud mansions of its generally wealthy citizens. Its oldest families were sprung of men who began life as seafarers, and then became merchants; and one of these was the family of Hawthorne. Here he could sit on Gallows Hill, where the witches were hung, and read the story of that tragical era up to the time when the people arose, and went around opening the prison doors for the poor victims of superstition, until they arrived at the door of the judge who had sentenced them, whom they forced to fall on his knees and ask pardon of outraged humanity. Here he was wont to wander in his early youth, far in the night, along the scented sea-beach, finding already the twilight and night more congenial than the noonday. During these years there went forth those quaint, mystical stories which thousands read with pleasure, but whose authorship nobody could trace. Their breath was like that of the wild-flowers around Salem; the light and color of every historic day that had dawned and set in New England were garnered in them; but even when in 1841 the majority of them were put forth as Twice-told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, their author seemed to many to be hiding in the shadow of a fictitious name. I remember reading an ingenious review in which it was shown plainly that "Nathaniel" had been suggested by the fondness of the early New Englanders for scriptural names, and "Hawthorne" borrowed from the hedges of Massachusetts.

This lack of recognition was an unexpected pleasure to the author: "I was," he wrote with undisguised gratification, "the most unknown author in America." There, in Salem, this most representative poet of the New England that had not yet been

merged into the general life of America, might have been wandering, under the stars, on the beach to this day, had not his friends dragged him from his retreat. Never was there a man more entirely drawn by friendly force into public positions than he. His old friend O'Sullivan, then editor of The Democratic Review, his friend George Bancroft, collector at the port of Boston, invaded his solitude; while one compelled him to communicate with the public, the other made him a Custom-House surveyor.

It has been a source of deep delight to the friends and admirers of Hawthorne, that among his papers there have been found so many traces of the thoughts and experiences under which his exquisite genius was growing, in those days of obscurity and solitude. With this delight there must indeed mingle some of the sadness with which we now turn over the leaves of the Sketches left by Allston, — reminded once more of how many rich blossoms fall for one fruit that ripens! — but from the Leaves of his Journal now given to the public there are shed fine seeds of thought, not likely to float idly on the wind, nor to remain unproductive where they alight. But, besides this, their autobiographical value is, in the absence of the complete memoir for which so many hope, very great; and, indeed, one who reads The Mosses from an Old Manse, in connection with these casual notes, may gain a pretty fair estimate of a man who, however, is likely to be comprehended by but very few for many years to come.

It will be observed that some of the following pages were written while Hawthorne was connected — either as resident or friendly visitor — with the Brook Farm Community. How important were the impressions made upon him then has, indeed, been made known already by their having been woven into The Blithedale Romance. There has been a very general desire, both in America and in England, that some history of that interesting social experiment, which called about it many of the most eminent persons in America, should be written.

Mr. Hawthorne was very desirous that it should be done by the brilliant American writer and orator, George William Curtis, in whose training Brook Farm bore an important part; but he has not yet ventured to deal with a subject of such near interest to him. Nor have his duties as literary editor of the New York Tribune permitted the most active founder of the Community, Mr. George Ripley, to comply with the solicitations of his many friends that he should write it. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, though he never resided at Brook Farm, was an occasional visitor there, and a most careful observer of that and other movements whose existence was, indeed, traceable to his influence, has lately written a lecture, which no doubt contains the best account; but he habitually banishes reporters when he reads a lecture, and we must await some future volume of his before we can enjoy it. The newspapers of Boston have given but the barest outlines of the recent course of lectures in that city, one of which was on Brook Farm. Under these circumstances, it has been thought that even so meagre an account as I have been able to put together, from conversations with various persons who belonged to the Community, and from contemporary memoranda and reports scattered through old journals and magazines, would be interesting to the English reader.

A little less than thirty years ago, what is known in America as the "transcendental movement" was at its height. The writings of Thomas Carlyle, and the addresses of Ralph Waldo Emerson, had completely unsettled the public mind, and there had arisen a Young America, ready to be moulded into the first form that seemed to promise a new order of society. Emerson, the apostle of the new ideas, had no dexterity whatever in organizing expedients for the practical embodiment of his ideas in novel forms of Church and State, — his idea being rather, that the rest of the world was, that a new spirit should animate and elevate the old forms of both. But there was at the time a school of English Socialists, which had been trained in the ideas of Robert Owen and Charles Fourier. These firmly held to the belief that the only thing needed for the grand transformation of society was, that human beings should be placed under new circumstances; that they should live together on principles of commercial harmony, instead of those of competition; and that, by a combination of material resources and labor, they should be liberated from drudgery, and gain more leisure for the cultivation of the intellectual and spiritual powers. In short, the all-controlling power of circumstances, and the omnipotence of education to mould human nature, seem to have been the axioms of this English school of Socialists. America seemed to them, on account of the comparatively rude state of society there, and the cheapness of land, to offer the arena for their experiments; and they went over to graft their new practical idea upon the vigorous sapling of transcendentalism. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, with their illimitable hospitality to all endeavors after a higher society, entertained kindly the Associative plan, but never gave themselves to it. They smilingly shook their heads, and said, Men and Women are yet the same as we have known them for some time past: in building your bridge, it is not alone a scientifically perfect architecture you need, but stones that have been tested, and may be warranted not to crumble. Nevertheless, the experiment had to a great extent this advantage in the fact, that those who were ready to enter into such a community were mainly the finest and most earnest spirits in the country. So Brook Farm began: its form, however, emphasizing organization rather than circumstance, was taken from New England, and was very different from any contemplated by Fourier or Owen. Those who are intimately acquainted with American society will recognize, among the principal names associated with the community, — which started in the year 1841, near the suburb of Boston called West Roxbury, — representatives of the most influential and cultivated families in New England. The most energetic person in establishing it was Mr. George Ripley, a scholar and theologian from Harvard, who had already made important contributions to the intellectual and religious controversies of the time. Equally earnest in the affair with himself was his beautiful and accomplished wife, Sophia Ripley, — a niece of the poet Dana, — who afterward, however, became a Roman Catholic. Among the first members was Mr. John S. Dwight, who is now known as the editor of the Boston Journal of Music, and the finest writer on that subject in America.

With him came several sisters and friends, forming a choir which gave a soul of music to the community. The distinguished family of Channings had contributed the fine genius of the Rev. W. H. Channing, — the nephew of the famous Unitarian divine, and now an eloquent preacher in London, — and his inspired discourses, together with the sacred music, have hallowed the Sundays passed at Brook Farm in many memories. Mr. Charles A. Dana, since widely known as a journalist, and an efficient Assistant-Secretary of War under President Lincoln, with the family of McDaniels, with whom he was connected by marriage, added much to the social wealth of the place: and the same may be said of the Russells, Hoxies, and others, who were refined and highly educated people. Especial mention should be made of the gifted Elizabeth Peabody; of Messrs. Bronson, Alcott, Brisbane, and Orvis; and of the brothers George and Burrill Curtis (Oxonian), members of an old Rhode Island family, who came fresh from college walls, full of ability and faith in the "good time coming." The first of these

brothers, though still young, has gained a foremost position in American letters, while he is incomparably the finest orator of the younger generation in America. Theodore Parker, settled over a church near by, was a constant visitor. Though Emerson did not become a member of the association, they who composed it were his life-long friends, and were always glad to greet him there. Margaret Fuller did not become a member, because she was compelled to teach school for the sake of her family, whose educational wants, after her father's death, were mainly supplied by herself. The elder Dr. Channing was interested in the movement, but died soon after it began. Hawthorne was among those who went out the first summer, a very graphic account of which introduces his Blithedale Romance. He chose to work on the farm, and wielded the hoe as faithfully, if not as successfully, as he before and afterwards wielded the pen. This, however, only lasted about six months; though to the last he passed a great deal of his time with his chosen friends, nearly all of whom had gone to Brook Farm, and he freely invested in it the first little earnings of his pen.

It is important to state, that these educated and refined people were gathered together at Brook Farm, with very few exceptions, solely by moral enthusiasm. They were not in pecuniary want, but meant to show the world that all its commercial and social systems were inadequate, and that the hour had struck for their transformation under the spirit of fraternity. It is also important to state, that the "radicalism" of the community was strictly confined to its commercial aspects. It is true that the members of it belonged chiefly to the more advanced schools of religious opinion which transcendentalism had evoked; but what I mean in saying that its radicalism was strictly commercial is, that those who resided there held rigidly to the commonly received ideas of marriage and of the family. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his Spiritual Wives, has devoted a page to Brook Farm, in which he conveys the idea of a closer relationship between Margaret Fuller and that community than really existed, and in which he erroneously intimates that the "picnic of poets and lovely women," as he styles it, was in as fair way to fail through female rivalries, had it not been brought to an end by other causes. The fact is, the harmony of the community was at no time seriously disturbed by any influences of the kind suggested, but continued to the end. Several socialists did indeed decline to enter, because they thought, by its retention of the ordinary system of marriage, and related institutions of outside society, the community was putting its new wine into old bottles, which must presently burst.

The community was situated on an old farm, about eight miles from the city of Boston; it owned two hundred and eight acres of land: and at the end of two years possessed about thirty thousand dollars, twenty-two thousand of which was invested in the stock of the company, and in good loans at six per cent interest. Among its chief directors were George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, — both good business men, — and Minot Pratt, who was an intelligent farmer, and superintended the agricultural interests of the place. The economic plan permitted residents to board in commons, or to reside in separate houses, as they might select; to choose each what sort of labor each might prefer, the labor to be paid for by the hour, — the times of labor, and its extent, to be also left to individual selection. Afterward, however, the payment was according to the work done. The community had its own warehouses. Bodily and intellectual labor were paid at the same rate of wages. Much attention was paid to the school, to which pupils might come from the outside world, and return, or remain, at will. Provision was made that the children might, if their parents desired, be supported and educated gratuitously, payment to be made subsequently by their remaining and working in the community. Good arrangements were made for giving young men a training in agricultural and mechanical sciences. There is no question whatever that the community fulfilled all of its engagements and promises in these matters. It had the best school in New England: it enabled each of those who resided there to look back, as Hawthorne did, upon "the old and affectionately remembered home at Brook Farm, as being certainly the most romantic episode of his life."

After a happy seven years' existence, however, during which it had gained many friends, the Brook Farm Community came to an end. The causes of its termination were very simple, and purely economical. The relation of its members to the general world led them to select a spot near Boston, though that spot was utterly unsuited to an experiment whose basis must be necessarily agricultural. Brook Farm was, in fact, as barren as it was beautiful. Those who, centuries before, had settled on Plymouth Rock, hardly found the soil more inhospitable than those pilgrims to the New America. Not only so; they did not even have there any one of the many sparkling and vigorous streams which have enabled New England to find in manufactures a compensation for the hardness of the soil. They had to use steam for the mechanical departments of industry. All this demanded more capital than its members could furnish; and it speedily appeared that a blunder had been committed in laying the physical foundation of the community, from the effect of which no amount of moral enthusiasm could rescue it. Indeed, those best acquainted with the history of Brook Farm, so far from regarding its failure as a proof of the inherent weakness of the associative principle, have regarded its continuance for so long a time under such unfavorable conditions, as demonstrating a singular vitality in that principle; an opinion which the subsequent success of various communities, in friendlier relations with Nature, confirms.

Of those who made investments in Brook Farm, nearly all lost them; yet all of them, so far as I have heard, continue to regard themselves as amply rewarded by the returns they received in other than pecuniary forms. Hawthorne, who would have been the last to withhold a penny from anything that interested his intellect or heart, put, I believe, all he had in its stock; but those who have read The Blithedale Romance need not be told that he recovered it a thousand-fold in higher forms.

Of that romance it may be well to state, that while it is true, as its author has earnestly stated, that its characters and incidents are creations of his own imagination, it is also true that those personally acquainted with the Brook Farm Company are able to detect in it reminiscences of the early life that occurred there, and traits of some who lived there. As an artist takes for his ideal statue the limbs and features of many, so Hawthorne has blended the intellect and magnetism of Margaret Fuller with the beauty and passionate energy of another in the character of Zenobia. Only in honesty and homely intelligence can Silas Foster be identified with the real farmer of the community. The seamstress alluded to in this book, no doubt, suggested Priscilla; but there is another fine nature still more discernible in the character. Hollingsworth is, perhaps, more a fiction than any personage in the novel; but Miles Coverdale may be safely regarded as one of the most faithful specimens of self-portraiture ever made by any author, — indeed, Hawthorne has since been, among his literary friends, almost as often mentioned by that as by his real name.

Hawthorne, in using Brook Farm as "a theatre, a

little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives," regretted extremely that the world should have persisted in ascribing a more historical and personal design to The Blithedale Romance than was just. He particularly regretted that so many should have identified Zenobia with Margaret Fuller, or that the death of his heroine by drowning should be associated with the tragic fate of a woman whom he ever held in the highest regard, and who was notably free from the morbid feelings which drove Zenobia to suicide. The terrible intensity of that picture was, indeed, justly regarded as indicating its reality; but it is referable to another case altogether. There was, at Concord, a maiden much esteemed by the literary people of the village, who was compelled by poverty to lead a life of toil so discordant with her poetic nature and aspirations that she drowned herself in Concord River. Hawthorne was called out from the Old Manse after midnight, and, with a neighbor, dragged the river until near morning, when the body of the poor girl was brought up. The scene haunted Hawthorne until he had transmuted it by his art.

As for Margaret Fuller's real connection with Brook Farm, it was very occasional, and, as she said, when there she found herself in the novel position of a conservative. When she went there, the members of the community at once gathered about her, and were enriched by her rare conversation. There are several interesting allusions to her visits among her papers: "All Saturday I was off in the woods. In the evening we had a general conversation, opened by me, upon Education in its largest sense, and on what we can do for ourselves and others. I took my usual ground. The aim is perfection; patience, the road. The present object is to give ourselves and others a tolerable chance. Let us not be too ambitious as to our hopes as to immediate results. Our lives should be considered as a tendency, an approximation only. Parents and teachers expect to do too much. . . . I said I had not a right to come, because all the confidence in it I had was as an experiment worth trying, and that it was a part of the great wave of inspired thought. —— declared they none of them had confidence beyond this; but they seem to me to have . . . . In the evening, a conversation on Impulse." Again, a year afterwards, she writes of Brook Farm: "Here I have passed a very pleasant week. The tone of society is much sweeter than when I was here a year ago. There is a pervading spirit of mutual tolerance and gentleness, with great sincerity. There is no longer a passion for grotesque feats of liberty; but a disposition, rather, to study and enjoy the liberty of law. The great development of mind and character observable in several instances persuades me that this state of things affords a fine studio for the soul-sculptor." Nevertheless, she held to her doubt of the "groups-and-series" plan of reforming humanity: "My hopes might lead to Association, too, — an association, if not of efforts, yet of destinies. In such a one I live with several already, feeling that each one, by acting out his own, casts light upon a mutual destiny, and illustrates the thought of a master mind. It is a constellation, not a phalanx, to which I would belong."

The history — to leave Brook Farm — of the impression made upon him by the incident of the suicide at Concord indicates the character and genius of Hawthorne. He was a man whose nerves were without integument, and terribly exposed to all kinds of impressions without. Those who have met him need not be told how he shrank from unfamiliar persons; and it might well be so, — for if anything came into real contact with his mind, it sank deeply into him, drew upon his heart's blood, and remained until it was born into some mental offspring. Every new experience was a fatality to him for good or ill. Not every one who saw how reserved and gentle he was knew the great struggle by which a nature full of fiery passion had been raised into harmony with its ideal elements. Beneath, there remained the vigorous soil which nursed into some kind of life every seed that managed to get into it. His works have a singularly autobiographical character. His friend, Mr. Bancroft (now American Minister at Berlin), obtained for him the offices which he held in the Custom-House of Boston, and afterwards in that of Salem; and it is certain that the characters whom we met, in the pursuance of his duties, are the Pyncheons, Westervelts, Maules, and Fauntleroys of his stories. No one who has been startled by seeing the strange profile on the side of the Profile Mountain in New Hampshire can doubt where the story of The Great Stone Face was conceived. In fumbling among the old records of Boston, he once came upon a sentence, decreeing that a woman convicted of adultery should stand on the "meeting-house" steps, with the letter A marked on her breast; and a friend who saw him read it said to another at the time, "We shall hear of the letter A again." Soon after appeared The Scarlet Letter, the great New England epic. About the time when Hawthorne was leaving Liverpool for Italy, the volume of Mr. Trelawny's Recollections of Byron and Shelley appeared. Those who have read that book will remember the curious account given by its author of his examination of Byron's dead body: "I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered, — both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan Satyr." I am as certain as if he had told me so, that in this sentence lay the germ of the character of Donatello, "the Marble Faun," in Transformation.

It was just after leaving Brook Farm that Hawthorne was married to Miss Peabody. He was more fortunate in his marriage than it often falls to the lot of men of genius to be. His wife was one of a family variously distinguished in the world of letters; and, besides her personal attractions, she had already shown an ability as an artist which made Washington Allston regard her as a favorite pupil. She was herself a charming writer. Her letters, written to her friends from England and Italy, were regarded by all who read them as due to the public; but her husband shrank from seeing her name in the reviews; and, in this, as in all other things, his feelings were sacredly respected by her. The beauty and joy of the relation between these two was uninterrupted, save by death. Nor was Hawthorne's relation to his children — who were worthy of such parents — less beautiful.

When he first went to reside at Concord, he was regarded by his neighbors with awe; and the air was full of ludicrous gossip and speculations concerning the mysterious man whom no one ever saw, unless some very curious eye managed to surprise him at his nocturnal visits to the river, for a bath or a boating, by moonlight: for no Egyptian ever worshipped the Nile more than he Concord River. In fact, he held water in religious regard; and, though he never went to church, he respected the old superstition that the devil dreads water, as preserved in baptism and holy water.

A very interesting sketch of him, in his relations with others at that time, has been written by his friend, G. W. Curtis, who also went from Brook Farm to reside at Concord. "During Hawthorne's first year's residence in Concord," says Curtis, "I had driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a

great wood fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled; and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his black eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet, — a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there quietly for a long time, watching the dead-white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him; the conversation flowed steadily on, as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed aesthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence, that it presently engrossed me, to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the 'slow, wise smile' that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.'" After he had come to know the silent man personally, Curtis wrote: "His own sympathy was so broad and sure, that, although nothing had been said for hours, his companion knew that not a thing had escaped his eye, nor a single pulse of beauty in the day or scene or society failed to thrill his heart. In this way his silence was most social. Everything seemed to have been said."

I have already stated that Mr. Hawthorne had formed an intimate friendship with Franklin Pierce at college. When the latter was chosen as candidate for the presidency of the United States, Hawthorne wrote a small biography of him, which was used by the Democratic party in the canvass; and when, after his election, Mr. Pierce appointed the novelist consul at Liverpool, there were not wanting many who regarded the proceeding as a disreputable bargain. This opinion, however, was held by none who knew Hawthorne. The truth was Hawthorne could hardly be persuaded of anything against an early friend. In vain was he afterwards told of the violent proceedings of President Pierce, taken to make Kansas a Slave State; a quiet smile and shake of the head was his only reply. There is no doubt that the influence of the President widened the gulf between him and the general opinion of his literary brothers in America; and when the controversy between the North and South waxed more fierce, and he foresaw the war, he said to a friend in Liverpool that he would "go home and die with the Republic." A most earnest patriot, the war wore deeply upon his mind, and, in connection with illness in his family during the residence in Italy, undermined his physical health. He could not share the high hopes which sustained nearly all of his friends during that terrible ordeal; he could not see beyond the black cloud a country liberated from the blight of slavery. To him the war was an overwhelming tragedy, and its inevitable end seemed to be the destruction of the Republic.

Shortly after his return from Europe, I met him at a dinner of the Literary Club in Boston. A larger number than usual had come together for the purpose of welcoming him home. But the contrast between the man I then saw and the one whom I had seen years before at the Old Manse was sad enough. He was now, indeed, more social with the persons about him. There is no doubt that residence abroad had done much toward enlarging his relations with others. Indeed, it had been noted before, by Americans who had seen and heard him on public occasions in Europe, that the silent and shy novelist had exhibited an unsuspected power of public speech and performance. He repaired, on his return, to the village he loved best, Concord; and there built him a charming modest home, which he was received never again to leave. Again the old shadows of New England began to weave their spells around him. Yet he was too ardent a lover of his country to be able to give himself up entirely to the repose for which he longed.

He went off to Washington while the war was still raging; and, in the absence of all faith in any great End, he walked there amid what seemed to be the ruins of his country. When he returned to Boston, I passed a night under the same roof with him, at the house of Mr. Fields, his publisher. He seemed much dejected. Mr. Fields had invited a little company; but, after the first arrivals, Hawthorne made his escape to his room, from which he did not emerge until the next morning at breakfast-time. He then came in with the amusing look of a naughty child, and pleaded that he had become lost the night before in Defoe's Ghost Stories, until it was too late to make his appearance in the company. He must, I should think, have been contemplating some phantasmal production at that time; for I remember his asking me many questions about the ghost-beliefs of the negroes, among whom I had passed my early life.

It was not long after that his friend Mr. Ticknor, — the partner of Mr. Fields, — seeing Hawthorne's declining health, asked him to go with him on a little excursion. When they arrived at Philadelphia, Mr. Ticknor was taken ill in the hotel, and died in his friend's arms. The shock of this event was the irrecoverable blow to Hawthorne. The fearful event in that solitary room of a great hotel never left his mind. His friends did all they could to revive his spirits; but he seemed to feel the shadow of death creeping steadily over him. Ex-President Pierce induced him to make an excursion with him. Once, when they were together in some hotel of the mountain districts, Mr. Pierce having observed one day an unusual dejection about his friend, went softly in the night to his room. Hawthorne was still. In the morning, he repaired thither again. A sudden fear seized him as he observed that his position was precisely the same as that in which he had seen him in the night. Hawthorne was no more. The truest and noblest children of America bore him to his grave in Concord, and dropped their tears on the roses they planted above his breast.

N.Y. Times, 4-24-69.

Times CONCORD 24. 1869.

The Home of Hawthorne and Thoreau and Emerson—Thoreau's Successor—The New Hermit at Walden Pond—His Hut and His Life—His Singular Diet—Hawthorne's Grave—The Old Manse—Concord's People and Its Peculiarities—Mr. Channing.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

BOSTON, Sunday, April 18, 1869.

A day in Concord can be made a red-letter day in one's life. Such a day we have just lived, my companion in tramps and I. And what we saw and heard in this place, whose name and beauties are so familiar to the readers of HAWTHORNE and THOREAU, and which is so pleasantly associated with them in our minds, is well worth the telling. We set foot in the town not long after 7, yesterday morning, and took foot out of it not long after 5, having exercised that important and valuable appendage most thoroughly and "done"

the town to our complete satisfaction. We walked down to Walden Pond and about the woods that surround it, which formed THOREAU'S world of wonder and delight, and was HAWTHORNE'S favorite strolling-place, and is EMERSON'S now; we heardcd the new hermit of the woods in his den; visited the reminders of the Revolutionary War, the skirmish ground and Concord River; reverently uncovered our heads at HAWTHORNE'S grave; glanced into the "Old Manse," and into what was HAWTHORNE'S last dwelling in this world; saw EMERSON'S house and THOREAU'S home; and talked with many of the Concord people about men and things in town, and gained thereby much choice note-book stock. We were most fortunate in our choice of a day. No better could we have had had the time been late May or early June, instead of mid-April. Imagine fleecy clouds, a warm, stiff breeze from the genial quarters, dustless paths, singing trees, bright sunshine, a refreshing half-hour shower, brighter sunshine and clearer clouds, and you have the elements that seemed to make our's a perfect Spring day. Edmond S. Hotham

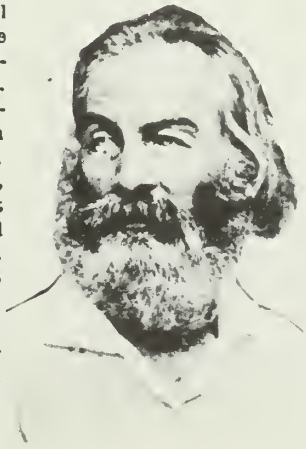
THOREAU'S SUCCESSOR.

We made for the pond and woods the first thing. Our main object was to hunt up the successor of THOREAU, the young man who is living a sort of hermit life, after the example of THOREAU, in a hut of his own making on the shore of the pond, studying books a little and Nature a good deal, and getting nourishment and strength from eating corn and meal three times a day and nothing else. We had heard that such a man was living such a life here, but about him we had learned but little, and of his whereabouts nothing definite whatever. The innkeeper—the only person we came across while strolling through the village, save one good-natured fellow whom we concluded was Mr. EMERSON'S Good Man Friday, for he seemed to be exercising a tender solicitude over the place of the "thrifty Sage of Concord," as if he loved his master full as well as his work—the innkeeper could tell us nothing about him, except that he was "a queer sort of a fellow, and lived somewhere down yonder hard by the pond; he guessed he didn't amount to much, and wouldn't see folks anyhow; and was starving himself on chicken's dough." Therefore we found it no easy task to find him, not unlike "hunting for a needle in a hay-mow," as the homely old phrase goes, but determined to accomplish it if the thing was possible. So we scoured the woods that skirt the pond, pushed our way through tangled bushes, and in and out of picturesque trees, over steep, slippery hills—for the woods are in great part of pine—and across serene valleys, coming now and then upon bits of landscape which would have charmed a painter's eye, and noting, as we passed along, the peculiarly rich deep blue of the pond-water which THOREAU has noted and described before us. And finally, like good and faithful servants, we were rewarded with the fruits of our labor. Over across the pond, looking not unlike a pile of dirt with a hole in its front, and a thin curl of smoke coming out of its top, was the hut for which we were hunting. We had found our needle in the hay-mow. And now, at last on the trail, we make good progress, and soon brought up to the spot where the hut was placed. We came upon it suddenly, after all, notwithstanding our care not to break in upon the hermit's solitude too abruptly, and our intention to attack him carefully and skillfully. We knew we were at our journey's end by seeing right before us, not a quarter of a dozen yards distant, the rude hut and its occupant. They formed a pleasant picture. The hut is built of rough boards and boughs, faced by a small glass window and a glass and wood door, and banked up nearly to the top, except in front, with earth and turf. It is planted in one of the quietest and most picturesque spots about the pond, where the water makes up into a retired cove; the hills and woods around give protection from the cold winds, and the water-scape in front, framed by the trees, is beautiful indeed. In full view of the hermit, as we were, we had no chance to hold a council, so we made hold at once to address him. "Good morning, Sir. Can you tell us where Mr. THOREAU'S hut was situated?" That was a good question to open the heart of a disciple of THOREAU, if it could be opened, was it not? "A few paces to the rear of mine," he answered slowly, looking at us searchingly the while, and seemingly undetermined whether to be friendly or not. An awkward pause, we meanwhile taking as much of a look of the interior of the hut as we could and still remain "within the bounds of politeness." At length he ventured, hesitatingly, "I'm going out in a few moments, and if you'd like, I'll show you place." "We would, indeed," we replied. Another pause. I said, to draw him out a little more, "we have become somewhat interested in you by seeing a newspaper paragraph regarding your style of life here." "Yes," he replied, "some jackass saw fit to publish me." Another pause. And then, perhaps having concluded that our intentions were every way honorable, he changed his manner, looked up into our faces, and cordially invited us to enter his modest house. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and found ourselves in a cosy and comfortable place. In one corner is a diminutive stove, upon which was then boiling a pot of corn; in another is a rough cupboard, and along one side the hermit's bed at night and desk at day. Over by the stove hung a sack of corn and a sack of meal, a "waffle-iron," a tin cup and a poker, and set up against the side of the house a rural broom, or a broom made of boughs, which, by the way, our friend was using when we came up to the hut, so that the floor was as clean and white as any country housewife's kitchen floor. And the walls were rudely adorned with bunches of leaves, highly-colored wings of birds, queer formations of bark, gnarled branches and Indian relics, the trophies of his walks. Entering into conversation we brought out our host by degrees, and found him a genial, pleasant gentleman, in spite of his oddities. We talked about THOREAU and about himself, his life in the woods and manner of living, and got his whole story freely given. He has been living here, we learned, for nearly six months. He built his house at a cost of a trifle over fifteen dollars, and he has lived comfortably and fared sumptuously at a monthly expense of just one dollar. His house has been so warm that water has not frozen in it at any time during the Winter, though he has had no fire during the nights, and while the pond by the door has been bound by ice the season through. He brought down with him from town, a sack of corn and a sack of meal, and has not yet exhausted his store. He generally boils his corn about seven hours, and eats it cold, as it comes out of the pot after the boiling, or varies the monotony by baking it into a hard waffle—hence the waffle-iron in the stove-corner. He says, now that his stomach is fitted for the corn and meal, "the only true food for man," it will receive nothing else, and he would starve on the "stuff that the so-called civilized people exist on." Once a lady in the village taking pity on him sent down to his den a loaf of bread of her own making. But he could not eat it. He could get no nourishment from it, although when he lived in town, and before he had learned the great goodness that he says is in the corn and meal diet, he would have considered it most delicious food. So he fed his rabbits and birds with the Lady's gift, and she sent him no more. We asked him if he kept up with the times at all, and he replied that he did not, for he did not care much for what was going on outside. He didn't care to see any papers at all. His time was fully occupied. He had busied himself upon a certain work that he had laid out for the Winter, read a little, walked a good deal, studied the woods and the banks of the pond, and tamed the rabbits and the birds. He had quite a company of these who called regularly every day at his door for their food. He had calls for the birds, and some of them were so tame that they would light on his head, his face and his hand. He is now preparing to come out of his shell, for the Summer at least, (obliged by the force of circumstances, or in other words, business, to come back to the city.) And so he is educating his stomach to the great change it is to experience from the food of a wild life, as he expressed it, "to that of a wilder called civilized." When we had talked a quarter of an hour or so we started out for the promised walk. He

pointed out to us many of the peculiarities of the woods and many pretty pictures, showing his keen perception, and how carefully he had studied his surroundings. Like THOREAU he seemed to have a great tondness for the trees, and to regard those who cut them down as his personal enemies. Passing by a freshly cleared spot, he remarked that there was recently one of the finest groups of trees in the woods, but "some avaricious farmer cut them down, thinking that they would better be in tubs and pails to soak old women's feet in." Reaching a well-worn path, he said: "This is mine, good-bye;" and we parted pleasantly. I trust tha if he should chance to see these words about him, he will not think me "some jackass." We called on him in good faith, not so much to question him for the benefit of curious newspaper readers, but because we were really interested in himself and his ways, as we said we were. And I will assure him that my friend does honestly think of trying a hut-life for a few months, something like his, as he said, but with a diet what we of "the wilder life, the civilized," regard as more palatable, if not substantial, than corn and meal.

HAWTHORNE.

HAWTHORNE'S grave, the Old Manse, and the last home of HAWTHORNE, will long be objects of the liveliest interest in Concord. The first is in the well-named village burying-ground, "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery." It is in a retired part of the cemetery, in the midst of a cluster of tall pine trees, on the brow of a picturesque hill. The spot was one of HAWTHORNE'S favorite resorts, and is an eminently fit place for the grave of such a man. Two modest marble slabs, one at the head of the grave and the other at the foot, bearing simply the name "HAWTHORNE," no date of birth or date of death, point out his body's resting-place. I recall his funeral. It was in June, '64, I believe, a perfect day. A host of literary people were present, including LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, LOWELL, EMERSON, FIELDS, WHIPPLE, ALCOTT and CHANNING. Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE conducted the quiet services, and a long procession of sorrowful mourners followed the author, poet, scholar and friend to the grave. There was no hearse or carriage, but the old friends and collaborers of HAWTHORNE tenderly bore his coffin between them. On his coffin was carried the manuscript of his last and unfinished romance, and his grave was filled with flowers. Directly opposite that of HAWTHORNE is THOREAU'S grave, the head-stone of which bears the words: "HENRY D. THOREAU, born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862." * * * The "Old Manse," Rev. Dr. RIPLEY'S parsonage-house, in which the "Mosses" was partially written, still makes a picture. The stately avenue of poplars is there, and, as when HAWTHORNE lived in it and wrote in it, so it remains. Its situation is romantic. Before it is the country road and the broad avenue leading therefrom to its door, on one side a generous field, and on the other the fine inclosed monument ground, and behind the Concord River. The descendants of old Dr. RIPLEY, who was pastor at Concord from 1778 to 1842, live in the Old Manse now. HAWTHORNE'S last home is desolate. It is on the old Boston road, over which the Britishers came in the Revolutionary days to inglorious defeat. Its singular tower, in which HAWTHORNE arranged his study, has often been described, and said by many, more enthusiastic than sensible, to have been the model for the tower in the "Marble Fawn." HAWTHORNE'S people are now



living abroad, and so the house is empty and sad-looking, and in its windows is the placard, "For sale or to let."

CONCORD PEOPLE, LITERARY AND OTHERWISE.

There seems to be but little life in Concord. We were in the town a good part of the day, but saw not more than half a dozen people and but little going on. The place was as quiet as most country towns on Sundays. Everything is still, quiet, serene. And this is doubtless the secret of its selection as a home by so many literary people; indeed, we read that "the quiet and repose of the place have made it a favorite with men of letters," and women, too. There is doubtless little sociability among the literary people of the place. They have no club, no meetings, no "conversations." I don't mean to say that they have nothing whatever to do with each other, but that they have no clique such as the literary people in Cambridge and this city have. Perhaps they are jealous of each other; or, more charitably, perhaps they have too much to do to cultivate each other. I found one thing, that Concord people do not appreciate each other. EMERSON tells us in his biographical sketch of THOREAU that "he was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard." But a neighbor told us that he used to pass her door frequently, and she was always reminded of nothing else but an owl when she noticed him. He had a hooked nose, bushy, unkempt whiskers, and his eyes, big, round, sharp and piercing, looked out searchingly through his hair which hung over them. He was short and ungainly, and he had a stooping figure and a shuffling gait. And, she added, "I don't understand why his books should be so popular." Such is fame at home. The towns-people have a lyceum, and now and then EMERSON reads an essay before them. The people generally speak of him with awe, but all admit that he is a kind neighbor, a good citizen, and a pleasant conversationalist. The ALCOTTS, the venerable BRONSON, Miss LOUISA M., who is coming out so well in literature, and her sisters, are liked by all. They live in one of the prettiest cottages in the place, though Mr. ALCOTT adorned it with his own hands. But this letter must be closed. My notes are not half exhausted, but I might as well leave them here as anywhere. I should like to write something about the river and the monument grounds, and give a bit of experience in trying to get an interview with Mr. CHANNING, the other and the veteran hermit of Concord, and tell him we were made to give up our designs in his direction by the narration of the experience of one who had tried before us and was better armed than we, having a "letter of introduction." This gentleman went to the house in which Mr. CHANNING lives with an old housekeeper, and knocked for admission. The housekeeper coming to the door, he presented his credentials, and claimed an audience with Mr. CHANNING. Noticing the letter, she thought that perhaps her master would make this petitioner an exception to his rule, and so she let the gentleman into the entry-way, and went to announce him. But at that moment Mr. CHANNING appeared at the head of the stairs, and looking right into the eyes of his caller, he said: "Tell that person to go away. I don't want to see him."

MUNROE.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPE COD—HENRY D. THOREAU.

PROVINCETOWN — RIDE TO TRURO — SMALL'S HOTEL — RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY D. THOREAU—HIGHLAND LIGHT.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., July 19.—In one of the admirable letters of the late N. P. Willis, written about 20 years ago, he speaks of the Venetian aspect of this town. Being built upon loose sand, with artificial gardens, in the center of each of which stands a house, it reminded him of the palaces of Venice, set in streets of water. But though the poetry of travel could not possibly invest the place with the charms of that city of the sea in the bosom of the Adriatic, Provincetown is not devoid of a certain beauty which I was prepared to appreciate when I came here last week. When I landed the sun was shining brightly upon the waters, causing them to sparkle like so many diamonds; the harbor was filled with shipping, and quite a large number of vessels were standing out to sea. Before me was Long Point, at the entrance of the harbor, with its cluster of white houses, principally inhabited by fishermen. A little to the right, across the bay, rose the Highlands of Truro, crowned with the lighthouse and windmill. As the eye swept up the Cape the churches in the south part of that town, standing alone on those barren heaths, were plainly visible, and several villages lying low upon the shore. As my destination was Highland Light in Truro, and I was in some haste to arrive there, I did not tarry long at Provincetown. I drove briskly down the main street, past the houses with their back yards running to the water's edge, and the bowsprits of the vessels hanging over them, past the windmills, which, in the morning breeze, were pumping up water for the salt works, past the sand-drifts, white as snow, and the fish flakes, and the plank sidewalk, full of people going to their work. On our way we passed the hamlet of East Harbor, now nearly deserted, but once inhabited by some of the best families in Truro. As we rode along I noticed particularly a plantation of small pines, several acres in extent, which were raised from the seed. Up and down the Cape, in quite a number of the towns tracts of desert land have been sown in this manner with complete success.

It was still early in the morning, perhaps not more than 9 o'clock, when we drove up to Small's Hotel. This house is situated in the immediate vicinity of Highland Light, and has long been a favorite place of resort. I have been here in Winter when the storm raged and everything was drear without. But in the cheerful parlors, looking toward Provincetown, with a good fire in the grate and plenty of books, it was always pleasant. I have been here many times in Summer. Then it is especially delightful to visit these highlands. The skies are clear, the sea breeze refreshing, and nature so grand—I wonder why it is that more have not found out the rare beauty of this spot. Quite a number of distinguished men have visited Small's, and tarried for a longer or shorter time. Some years since, John Ross Dix, an English author of considerable note, spent several weeks here, and declared himself highly pleased with the peculiar scenery of this part of the Cape. Theodore Parker came down once or twice before his death to recruit his wasted energies, and draw fresh inspiration from nature. Others, among whom may be mentioned N. P. Willis, have stopped at this house. I happened to be in Truro when he passed through the town, and well remember the spicy letters he wrote at the time for *The Home Journal*. Here also I spent many happy moments with the eccentric Henry D. Thoreau before his remarkable works had gained him such a reputation. It was in the Summer of 1850 when I first saw this distinguished Naturalist. I met him accidentally, or rather found myself in his company one day at Provincetown. I was standing on the wharf waiting to take the stage for Truro. The driver, a small, consequential sort of man, who had recently come upon the route, was bustling around, stowing away the baggage, and helping in the ladies and babies. Most of the passengers were already seated; I had secured a place on the top; the horses were restive; the driver was about to mount his box and take the reins, when a person stepped from among the bystanders and asked *Jehu* for a place alongside of him. He was a man of short stature, compactly built, and of florid complexion. His eyes were blue and singularly piercing, while everything about him betokened firmness and strength of character. As he took his seat I saluted him, and so did the other passengers, of whom there were several. I remarked casually upon the weather and the novelty of the scenery. I did not then know that I was speaking to one "whose opinions, conversation, studies, work and course of life," as Mr. Emerson says, "made him a searching judge of men." Had I known this, I should not have entered into conversation; I should have sat still and studied him. But I was young. I knew nothing of Walden Pond or the manner of life he had been leading. Still less did I dream that the stranger before me was then on the Cape gathering the materials for one of the most interesting and instructive works I ever read. I presume he measured me at a glance. But as I did not realize the fact, it made no difference. I kept up a conversation with him, and ere long he charmed and delighted me as he had many young men before. A day or two after I found out who this interesting person was. He told me then of his strange experience—his excursions—his insatiable love of nature. We took walks together—we botanized—sometimes around the little hamlet on the Highlands, with its white lighthouse and cottage attached, where the keeper lived, and sometimes miles away. Then we would make a perilous descent down the steep bank and enter the Clay Pounds, or on the beach, above the dashing waves, sit for hours, to gaze on the vast expanse of ocean, and see the ships pass and repass. To these scenes does my mind revert as I again revisit the place.

It is with deep feeling that the old lighthouse keeper speaks of him—of his walks, his conversation, his pure and simple life. While there he did not mingle much with the family except at meals. Most of the time when not on his excursions he spent in his own room. Yet the charm of his conversation was such that his society was highly prized. He always found something to talk about. In his walks around the lighthouse, simple objects, such as others had passed by a hundred times without notice, afforded him opportunity to make the most interesting and suggestive remarks. There are certain indefinable affinities that attract certain other beings to us. We cannot help it nor can they. We mold and fashion them as we please. We leave our mark more deeply graven than we think. It was so with the author of Walden in his intercourse with me. I had not then read the great novel of Goethe—the *Wahlverwandschaften* or Elective Affinities. But I know something of these intimate relations now. The natural laws which govern mind may be hidden in this regard. Yet I noticed and felt their effect on me while with Mr. Thoreau. His conversation was what the inclination of my soul and the want of my heart demanded.

A DAY WITH THOREAU—POND VILLAGE—WALK TO THE HIGHLANDS—ANCIENT GRAVEYARD—GREAT HOLLOW—ACROSS THE CAPE—LIGHT-HOUSE, ETC.

HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, Mass., July 22.—A recent perusal of Thoreau's Cape Cod has awakened in my mind many agreeable reminiscences of this remarkable man. It was in 1849, the date of his first visit to Truro, that the Provincetown stage set me down one day in this out-of-the-way place. In the Autumn of the same year Mr. Thoreau spent several days at Highland Light, but I did not see him. The next Summer he came again without a companion, and as I was still here I had the pleasure of meeting him often while he remained. During the time I invited him to spend a day with me, and he consented to do so. I was then occupying rooms in the Parsonage, as it is still called, an antique, low, broad house, with irregular windows, such as he describes, situated in Pond Village. This property had once been owned by the Rev. Judge Damon, an old Arminian minister, who was settled over the parish about forty years, and whose remains lie in the neglected graveyard overlooking the settlement. From this place we started on one of those long, agreeable rambles that the author of "Walden, or Life in the Woods" enjoyed so well. We passed out the back gate of the Parsonage grounds, leaving the little church, the belfry of which Mr. Thoreau had previously mistaken for a summer-house, on the left, and gradually ascending the hill came to a cultivated field. Here I stumbled upon an Indian arrow-head, and looking about discovered several more. Two of them were of quartz, small, and perfectly pointed. The others were of porphyry and not so well made. I kept those arrows for years afterward as mementoes of the day, and shall never forget the interesting conversation in connection with them. Holding up an arrow-head I exclaimed—"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," &c. "That quotation is decidedly out of place, seeing we are not talking of the immortality of the soul. But in consideration of your living in the Parsonage I'll forgive it," he said, laughing. He then astonished me by declaring that our boasted civilization was, in some respects at least, infinitely lower than that of the savage. "I admit that the human race is a unit, and that there are superior types," he continued; "but, after all, the poor, untutored Indian, as you call him, is about the highest style of a man, for he is free and we are not. We are bound by conventional rules and usages, and often cannot do as we would. Not so with the children of the forest; they are more simple; they act and speak the truth." He then went on to discourse in the most charming and instructive manner on Indian relics, a subject on which he seemed perfectly at home—not only the different kinds of arrow-heads, but stone chisels and pestles, and the particular age to which he supposed they belonged.

Leaving the cultivated field, we descended the hill until we came to one of those valleys or gulies so common on the Cape, extending nearly across. We struck into the path leading to the Light-House. Our way, gradually ascending, lay through worn-out pastures where it is said sheep once grazed, though we saw nothing except a stray cow on the hillside. In a short time we came to a patch of shrubbery, consisting of dwarf oaks, pines, a few beach plum trees, and the shadbush, or *Amelanchier*. This was the greenest spot we had seen since leaving the village. Here we stopped for a few minutes, while Mr. Thoreau examined and described the *Amelanchier*, and also the *Similax glauca*, which I had found amid the shrubbery near by. We passed on some distance further, following the same path till we came within a quarter of a mile, perhaps, of the old windmill near Highland Light. At this point we turned abruptly to the right, and soon crossed the county road on the back side of the cape, keeping parallel with it for some time. In this manner we proceeded, bearing south till we reached the shore of the Atlantic, about half way between the highlands and Long Nook. It was not far from this spot that Mr. Thoreau had discovered the Broom Crowberry (*Empetrum Conradii*). He called my attention to the fact, as we walked over one of the green mounds where it was grow-

N.Y. Tribune, 7-24-69, p. 5.

ing, and expressed some surprise, I thought, that it should be found in this locality. We also saw several other plants of which he speaks in his work on Cape Cod: "The pretty *Polygala polygama*, spreading raywise, flat on the ground, white pasture thistles (*Cirsium pumilum*); but prettiest of all the scarlet pimpernel, or poor man's weather-glass (*Anagallis arvensis*) greets you on almost every square yard of sand." I now proposed a walk across the Cape to Great Hollow. On our way we visited the neglected burying ground, to which I have already referred. We climbed over the fence and walked among the monuments. Most of them were of a coarse, dark slate, and rudely carved. At the risk of being tripped up by blackberry vines and huckleberry bushes, which abounded, we made our way to the north side of the yard. Here were three graves more freshly dug than most of the others. In them lay two men and a woman, who had been buried the Autumn previous. As their bodies were picked up soon after the St. John was lost on the Cohasset Rocks, in October, 1849, it is supposed that they were on board that ill-fated vessel. By what strange chance of wind and wave were these three separated from their companions and dashed upon the beach below? From what place beyond the deep waters had they emigrated, to find in this narrow house a home from the storms of life? Alas! none could answer, and perhaps few cared. Yet, around some fireside far away they were missed, and it may be even then hearts were mourning their absence and aching for their loss. As soon as possible after they came ashore the bodies were put in coarse plue coffins, and carried to this lonely spot in a cart. With 30 or 40 of the villagers, old and young, I came here and saw them lowered down. No prayer was said, and but few words were spoken. Yet, in view of the circumstances, and in sight of the ocean that had swallowed up so many, it was all the more impressive. The scene came up vividly before me as Mr. Thoreau and I stood there that June day, although months had elapsed, and as we turned to go, I found myself repeating those lines of Schiller in "*Das Lied von Der Glocke*"—Song of the Bell:

"Dem dunkeln Schoos der heil'gen Erde
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,
Vertraut der Säumann seine Saat
Und hofft, das sie entkeimen werde
Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rath.
Noch hoffnungsvoller bergen
Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoos
Und hoffen, dass er aus den Särgen
Erblühen soll zu schönerm Loos."

"To the dark lap of holy earth
Do we confide our work and deed;
The sower sows the ground with seed,
And hopes 'twill give to blessings birth,
Of Heaven's grace the grateful meed.
More precious seed's in earth's dark womb
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand;
And hope, that rising from the tomb,
They'll blossom in that better land."

At Great Hollow we found a shady place, and sat there while the sun was high in the heavens. It was a pleasant spot, with the beach before us, and the whole bay spread out as a panorama. We could look across to Provincetown, five or six miles distant, and see the harbor and shipping, the green hills rising above the white houses and forming a background to the picture. But nearer objects claimed our attention—the singing bird, the swelling bud and the opening flower. We saw there the Black-throated Bunting (*Fringilla Americana*) which he informed me is not found in the neighborhood of Concord. This led him to speak of the birds of North America, their habits, migration, and many other points of interest connected with them. When he had finished, we rose from the bed of moss on which we had been sitting. "It must be 2 o'clock," said he, looking at the sun. "Where shall we go next? Shall we have time to return to the Lighthouse by way of Long Nook?" I replied that I thought we should, and so we started. Again we crossed the Cape, leaving the ancient burying-ground on the left and bearing south. The scenery was much the same as that already described. Sand hills covered with poverty grass, of which Mr. Thoreau says "there are two species (*Hudsonia tomentosa* and *ericoides*), in little tufts like moss, with its yellow blossoms;" small sheltered valleys, in which would be a house nearly hidden from sight until we came almost plump upon it; a path, darker than the rest of the soil, through which the white sand cropped out, leading from the little inclosed yard to another cottage; now and then a clump of shrubbery, a windmill, or a distant church—with the ever present sea on both sides—were the objects that met our gaze. We did not pass through the Nook, a quiet spot, half-hidden by the hills, with a few houses in it. We avoided the road from choice, as we did not wish to meet any one. Soon we came to the beach. Over this we walked, close by the water's edge, the waves often coming up to our feet. The scene was not novel to either of us. Mr. Thoreau had been here several times before, and once in particular, in October, 1849, when he and his companion walked from Pamet River to Race Point. I had been here often, alone and with others, by night and by day. I had seen the ocean in all its different moods and phases—when it was at rest and during a storm. That day it was the silvery, quiet sea near the shore, growing bluer and darker as we looked out on its immensity. We saw many vessels at different points between us and the horizon, slowly making their way, for the wind was light; and the smoke of a large steamer, bound out, was visible for a long time. By-and-by we came opposite the light house, perched high upon the bank, which is here about 135 feet above the level of the beach. We did not attempt to ascend; it was too steep. We kept on till we came to the Clay Pounds, a remarkable indentation in the land, that has been frequently described. Here we made our way with some difficulty to the Highlands above, and sat down to talk. Our conversation took a wide range. From natural objects around us we passed to books and authors, then to progress and conservatism, in the discussion of which he indulged, I thought, in some severe strictures upon society. Finding him a man of such rare powers, I plied him with numerous questions. I was an admirer of the writings of Margaret Fuller; I wanted to know all about her. I was more or less acquainted with the works of Fourier and Owen; some points in these upon which I was in the dark needed to be explained; he was the man to do it. Brook Farm community was enveloped in mystery, although it was but a few miles from Boston; he could tell me its history, and he did. Many of his remarks were beautiful and striking. As George Sand says in Teverino, "we sometimes listen to those whose sentiments are born of ideas, and they transport us to a region unknown to us before." It was so in my case. The lamps in the lighthouse were already burning when I rose to go. I parted with Mr. Thoreau at the gate. As I walked down the solitary road by the old wind-mill, I turned more than once to look at that white tower standing amid the darkness, and flinging its radiance far out on the deep. Nor did I lose sight of it until I descended into the valley, and the intervening hills hid it from view. I then entered the path we had first taken in the morning, and was soon at the parsonage. It had been one of the happiest days of my life. Ten years after I again visited the Cape. During my absence Mr. Thoreau had been there, and once more made careful observations. It proved to be his last visit. He returned to Concord, with the same love of nature, to resume his walks and excursions, and there he died in a few years. Yet the results of his labors are not lost. They exist—but in no fleeting record of a day like this—they live in a work which will be read by future generations.

The Cosmic Egg, or the Mystic School of Philosophy.

From "The Bucket Shops of New York," by Oliver Dyer, in Puckard's Monthly for January.

Now and then one meets an incomparably absurd genius among those poor waifs of the Fourth Ward groggeries and Bucket Shops. The most sadly entertaining person of the kind that I ever met with, was known as Crazy Crom.—a gray-headed old vagabond, of indefinite age. His name was Oliver Richard Cromwell. He claimed to be a lineal descendant of the old Lord Protector of England, and had vague notions that the people of Great Britain were waiting for him to resume the sceptre which was some time since wrenched from the hands of his renowned ancestor's incompetent son.

But Crazy Crom. cared not for governmental honors. In his own opinion he had won a higher distinction than governments could bestow. He claimed that he was the first man who ever wrote "the Unknown" with a capital U. "That," he said, "opened the door of literature for a new age to come in." He soon afterwards wrote the Future with a big F, then he wrote the Past with a big P. After that he became reckless, quit the University of Oxford, and struck out on initial capitals without regard to consequences. The result was the rise of "The Mystic School of Philosophy," founded on the art of saying handsome things, seemingly as clear as crystal, but which nobody on earth was ever yet able to understand.

"This school," said Crazy Crom. "of which I claim to be the founder, could never have made any headway without the free use of initial capitals. When you write about 'the future' with a small f, you make no impression; but when you write about the Future with a big F, the mind is struck with awe. So it is with the Past—with everything in fact. Who cares a fig for the past, with a little p? or the bad, with a little b? or the good, with a little g? or the truth, with a little t? But when you come to write about the Past, with a big P; and the Bad, with a big B; and the Good, with a big G; and the Truth, with a big T, you evoke an interest which writers may conjure for with little initial letters in vain.

"I tell you, it makes all the difference between Something and nothing—between Somebody and nobody. Fancy Alexander, Cæsar, Washington, written alexander, cæsar, washington! Why, it would be so poor as to do them reverence them? I tell you there's a deep psychological principle involved here. How else could I have founded my School—my school with a big S, mind you; or how else could my Poem—with a big P, mind—on 'The Cosmic Egg,' have been such a success?

"You never saw that Poem—I see it by your looks. You can't deceive Me—not Me with a big M, though me, with a little m, you might deceive. Well, you shall hear the Poem; and what's more, you shall *see* it; and hereafter," and Crazy Crom. unfolded a time worn parte, that he drew from the breast pocket of his coat, and held it before me so I could see the "initial capitals," as he read. "Here is the Poem," he repeated; "and what I wish to say, and what I will say is, that this Poem is the Germ from which all Mystic Philosophy has sprung."

Crazy Crom. then read his Poem, which we give below, with all its capital letters and capital points:

THE COSMIC EGG.

A Poem with a big P.

Upon the Rock yet uncreate,
Amid a Chaos chthonic,
An uncreated Burgomaster—
Beneath him Rock,
Above Him Cloud,
And the Cloud was Rock,
And the Rock was Cloud.

The Rock soon growing moist and warm,
The Cloud began to take a Form,
As though a Something would be Born—
A Form chaotic, vast and vague,
Which issued in *The Cosmic Egg.*

Then the Being uncreate
Upon *The Egg* did Incubate.

And thus became the Incubator:
And of *The Egg* did Alligate,
And thus became the Alligator;
And the Incubator was Potentate,
But the Alligator was Potentator.

"I anticipate your objections to the Poem," said Crom., as he folded the paper and returned it to his pocket. "You think I am too hard on the human race, to leave them no choice except between the Alligating Incubator, and the Incubating Alligator; but what else could a man of Insight do?—what more, in fact, would you have him do? The result meets all demands. If the Productive be demanded, you take the Incubator; and if the Destructive be required, you take the Alligator. And are not all things included in the Productive and Destructive?"

"That's all wery deep, I s'pose," said a tiger-jawed ruffian, standing near: "but what I want to know is, what becomed of that egg?"

"What became of the Egg?" exclaimed Crazy Crom., with amazement. "Why, you mollusk, you must not ask what became of the Egg! No System of Cosmogony could stand such a question as that!"

Horace Greeley, the friend and admirer of Margaret Fuller, who engaged her at one time to write for the Tribune, has just issued, from the Tribune office, a uniform edition of her published books, together with her Memoirs by Emerson, W. H. Channing, and J. F. Clarke, first issued nearly twenty years ago. The set comprises, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "Life Without and Life Within," "At Home and Abroad," and "Art, Literature and the Drama," each in one volume, 12mo., except the Memoirs, in two volumes. These books are full of rich material, and show the high-water mark of womanly attainment in this country in the graver regions of speculation and investigation. The Memoirs contain, besides the estimate of Margaret Fuller by her friends and the story of her life, many of her letters, especially those from Europe. She died on the 16th of July, 1850, with her Italian husband and her child, and nearly all these volumes have been issued since her death.

strong and natural, but neither the eye nor the mouth are life-like, and the whole picture has Scott's manner strongly marked on it. Still, with the exception of Furness's portrait of Emerson, painted five or six years ago, it is probably the best picture of the poet and philosopher in existence. It is well painted, with a background in which a rainbow appears conspicuous. The family of Scott, who own the portrait, have sent it to New England for sale, but the price asked is more than any purchaser is likely to pay. It ought to be bought by Harvard college and placed in the fine portrait gallery there.

THE RADICAL FOR 1869.

With the issue of THE RADICAL for January, the Magazine enters upon its fifth volume, and appears in new type, enlarged and improved.

This is the only journal in America *devoted* to the Study of Religion from the standpoint of naturalism and absolute freedom. It does not aim to present a certain set of opinions, but to be a medium for the presentation of the best floating free thought of the time. The conductors of THE RADICAL do not regard the subject of Religion as exhausted—even though there are sects without number claiming to have thrown all light upon it. There seems to them to be somewhat to learn, that the sects are not like to reach.

There is a large and steadily increasing number of people in America who think for themselves; who have come to learn that the intellect is free-born; who acknowledge no authority but reason, and who have found that Religion is something natural and universal.

THE RADICAL Magazine represents this class. It is a medium for the freest expression of thought on religious and social topics.

During the year THE RADICAL will contain reports of Mr. Alcott's Conversations, and also, it is hoped, of the addresses at the new Sunday meetings in Horticultural Hall, by R. W. EMERSON, JULIA WARD HOWE, and others.

TERMS.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—$4 a year, in advance. Single copies, 35 cents.

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All communications should be addressed to "THE RADICAL," Boston, Mass.

S. H. MORSE, } Editors and
J. B. MARVIN, } Publishers.

for themselves and their friends. The January number contains articles by Johnson, Conway, Alcott, Whipple, and the editors, besides several thoughtful poems, among them one by Mr Blake, the successor of Theodore Parker. Published at 25 Bromfield street.

MR. EMERSON IN CONNECTICUT.—Mr. Emerson read one of his essays on American social life, what it is and what it should be—an essay full of shrewd observation, recondite literary anecdote and quotations, and dry humor. The very hesitation of his manner—a hesitation that seems to be a pause for the best word to clothe a new idea—adds to the piquancy of what he says. To those who give themselves up to the play of his cunning words, to his skillful exposition of the secret springs of life and society, it is a great delight to listen to him. Yet they who listen find they have to watch; he never allows his audience to get exactly familiar with him; when he speaks in plainest terms, and his hearers are surest of him, he is out of sight in a moment. A word suffices to put hearers, as he would say, a thousand miles away. The orators, the Beechers and Phillipses, even the story-tellers and actors like Gough, establish at once a sympathy between themselves and the audience, which they do not permit to be broken in a whole evening long. Not so Emerson. If you are in sympathy with his subtle thought, very well; if not, you can go at any time. So soon as the audience, under the influence of an anecdote or a sharp thrust of native, homely wit, begin to settle into a sense of ease and friendliness with the reader, he is away; by a phrase he vanishes; or if he does not vanish, he puts one to his thinking to follow him; and there can be no undue familiarity in pure thought. Audiences, however, do not go to a lecture to be made to think, but to be amused. The house was only moderately filled—a fair house; but then, Mr. Emerson is not Edmund Kirk. The latter had a rush. It was necessary to see the man who had seen Jeff. Davis in Richmond.—*Connecticut paper.*

—At Hendrickson, Doll & Richards', in Summer street, Boston, the most noticeable picture is a portrait of Emerson by David Scott, the Scotch Haydon, but with traits of character above poor Haydon's. This portrait was painted nearly twenty-two years ago, when Emerson was lecturing in Edinburgh, and represents him in the attitude of speaking. He wears a heavy overcoat, with large buttons, such as were then common, and is making that peculiar gesture, with one hand closed and the other open, the body at the same time half turning from the audience, which those accustomed to hear him will recognize. The features are

The Radical begins the new year with another enlargement of its bulk, but with no material change in its spirit and character. This magazine, in some respects the most interesting of all that are published in the United States, began as a "semi-occasional" newspaper, issued by Mr S. H. Morse, then a settled minister in Haverhill. Leaving his parish soon after, he brought the Radical along with him to Boston, where it soon grew into a thin monthly magazine, to which a few of the radical Unitarians contributed,—among them Samuel Johnson, the clear-headed, downright radical preacher of Lynn. His sermons and lectures, printed in the Radical, drew much attention; and at the same time John Weiss of Watertown became a frequent contributor, as he still is. These two clergymen have written more for the magazine than any others, ~~probably—but Alcott, Wasson; Mrs Cheney, W.~~ J. Potter, M. D. Conway, Robert Collyer, Charles K. Whipple and many others have written from time to time, and there has been the greatest freedom of opinion in its pages. Much of it has been controversial, and much more has been the bold or modest expression of doctrines which are unacceptable to the majority of people. But sincerity and earnestness, not without a tinge of bigotry, have marked its course, and the work of maintaining it has been well carried on by Mr Morse and his later colleague, Mr J. B. Marvin, who deserve great credit for the spirit and perseverance with which they have won a hearing

OBITUARY. 6-14-69

Mr. Richard F. Fuller of Boston, a brother of the gifted Margaret Fuller, and of Chaplain Fuller, who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg, died at his residence in Maryland on Sunday, May 30. Mr. Fuller was among the well known lawyers of Boston, and was respected for his ability; but he was better known for his genuine, hearty and practical philanthropy, and for a genial, social nature which won for him many personal friends. He was an earnest advocate of temperance reform and the prohibition laws of his State. He was interested in nearly all good public or private works, and contributed generously to their support. His age was 48.

Harriet Martineau says of Margaret Fuller that, living in the most pedantic age, in the most pedantic city, her Boston life was utterly destructive, and completely spoiled her in both conversation and manner; it had been better if she had found her heart a dozen years earlier, and that this Miss Fuller herself fully realized.

This portrait is said to be the only painting of his in this country, but there have been copies here of his "Monograms of Man," a series of six outline engravings, displaying wonderful power and originality of conception. Some of the readers of THE STANDARD may remember them as having been displayed by Mr. A. Bronson Alcott in some of his conversation-lectures. His brother, William Bell Scott, also an artist, published a series of twelve emblematic designs called "Chorea Sancti Viti: or, Steps in the Journey of Prince Legion."

The portrait of Emerson above mentioned is declared by competent judges to be an admirable work, both of painting and portraiture, presenting truly the man as he then appeared, and suggesting that combination of intellectual and spiritual power which has always characterized him.

HENRY THOREAU.

A Faithful Portraiture.

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Concord, Massachusetts, on the 12th day of July, 1817. The old-fashioned house, its roof nearly reaching to the ground in the rear, remains as it was, on the Virginia road, when Henry David Thoreau first saw the light in the easternmost of its upper chambers. It was the residence of his grandmother, and a perfect piece of our New England style of building, with its gray, unpainted boards, its grassy, unfenced door-yard. The house is somewhat isolate and remote from thoroughfares. The Virginia road is an old-fashioned, winding, at length deserted pathway, the more smiling for its forked orchards, tumbling walls and mossy banks. About the house are pleasant, sunny meadows, deep with their beds of peat, so cheering with its homely, hearthlike fragrance, and in front runs a constant stream through the center of that great tract, sometimes called "Bedford levels;" this brook, a source of the Shawsheen river. It was lovely he should draw his first breath in a pure country air, out of crowded towns, amid the pleasant russet fields. His parents were active, vivacious people; his grandfather by the father's side coming from the Isle of Jersey, a Frenchman and Catholic at home, who married in Boston a Scotch woman called Jeanie Burns. On his mother's side, the descent is from the well-known Jones family of Weston, Mass., and the Rev Charles Dunbar, a graduate of Harvard College, who preached in Salem, and at length settled in Keene, New Hampshire. As variable an ancestry as can well be afforded, with marked family characters on both sides. About a year and a half from Henry's birth the family removed to the town of Chelmsford, thence to Boston, coming back however to Concord, when he was of a very tender age; his earliest memory almost of the town was a ride by Walden pond with his grandmother, when he thought that he should be glad to live there. Henry retained a peculiar pronunciation of the letter r, with a decided French accent; he says "September is the first month with a burr in it," and his speech always had an emphasis, a burr in it. His great-grand mother's name was Marie le Galais, and his grandfather, John Thoreau, was baptized April 28, 1754, and took the Catholic sacrament in the parish of St Helier, (Isle of Jersey,) in May, 1778. Thus near to old France and the church was our Yankee boy.

He drove his cow to pasture, barefoot, like other village boys, and was known among the lads of his age as one who did not fear mud or water, nor paused to lift his followers over the ditch. So in his later journeys, if his companion was footsore and loitered, he steadily pursued the road making his own strength still serviceable.

> "Who sturdily could gang,
> Who cared neither for wind nor wet,
> In lands where'er he past."

That wildness that in him nothing could subdue, still lay beneath his culture. Once when a fellower was done up with headache and incapable of motion, hoping his associate would comfort him, and perhaps afford him a sip of tea, he said, "There are people who are sick in that way every morning and go about their affairs," and then marched off about his. Of such virtue, so inevitable, was he composed

Mr Thoreau was not of those who linger on the past; he had little to say and less to think of the houses or thoughts in which he had lived; they were, indeed, many mansions. He was entered of Harvard college in the year 1833, and made a faithful and respectable student, having done a bold reading in English poetry, mastering Chalmers' collection, even to some portion of the whole of Davenant's Gondibert. He made no college acquaintance which served him practically after life, and partially escaped "his class," admiring the memory of the class secretary. No doubt, the important event to him in early manhood was his journey to the White Mountains with his only brother John, who was the elder, and to whom he was greatly attached. With his brother he kept the academy in Concord for a year or two, directly after leaving college. This piece of travel by boat and a-foot was one of the excursions which furnish dates to his life. The next important business outwardly, was building for himself a small house close by the shore of Walden pond, in Concord —the result of economic forethought. It was a durable garment, an overcoat, he had contrived and left of Walden, convenient for shelter, sleep or meditation. It had no lock to the door,, no curtain to the window, and belonged to nature, almost as much as to man, He had had an unusual degree of mechanic skill, and the hand that wrote "Walden" and "The Week," could build a boat or a house. Some times, he picked a scanty drift-wood from his native stream and made good book-cases, chests and cabinets for his study. I have seen the friendly "wreck" drying by his little air-tight stove for those homely purposes. He bound his own books, and measured the farmers' fields in his village by chain or compass. In more than one, the bounds were detected by the surveyor, who was fond of metes and bounds in morals and deeds. Thus he came to see the inside of almost every farmer's house, and purse, and "pot of beans" and mug of hard cider, Never in too much hurry for a dish of gos-ip, he could "sit out the oldest frequenter of the bar-room," as he believed and was alive from top to toe with curiosity, a virtue, it is true, not latent in our people. The chief attraction of "The Week" and "Walden" to pure and aspiring natures, consists in their lofty and practical morality, to live rightly, never to swerve and to believe that we have in ourselves a drop of the original goodness, besides the well-known deluge of original sin,—these strains sing through Mr Thoreau's writings. Yet he seemed to some, as the winter he once describes, "hard and bound-out like a bone thrown to a famishing dog." The intensity of his mind, like Dante's conveyed the breathing of aloofness; his eyes bent on the ground, his long, swinging gait his hands perhaps clasped behind him, or held closely at his side, (the fingers made into a fist), yet, like the lock-tender at Middlesex, "he was meditating some vast and sunny problem," or giving its date to a humble flower."

A notice of him, however brief, would be incomplete. which did not refer to his fine social qualities; he served his friends sincerely and practically. It is hard to write eulogies and especially where those who are no more faithfully performed their parts, but such is the scope of his published works and the object of their portraiture, that his private and personal character has been at times misconceived. As if a poet and naturalist could not also be the good son, the affectionate brother, the loving friend. He was one of those characters in his own home, who may be called household treasures, anxious to serve in all its departments, always on the spot with skilful eye and hand, to raise the best melons in the garden, plant the orchard with the choicest trees; act as extempore mechanic; fond of the pets, the sister's flowers or sacred Tabby, kittens being his favorites; he would play with them by the half hour. A pleasing trait of his warm feeling is remembered, when he asked his mother before leaving college, what profession to choose, and she replied pleasantly, "you can buckle on your knapsack and roam abroad to seek your fortune." The tears came in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks when his sister Helen, who was standing by, tenderly put her arm around him and kissed him, saying, "No, Henry, you shall not go, you shall stay at home and live with us."

Some have fancied because he moved to Walden he left his family. He bivouacked there, and really lived at home, where he went every day With his household, he is celebrated as the staff and pillar of domestic felicity. Certain of the critics have not had access to these facts, and conclude that the many sayings on society scattered up and down his pages, applied to his practical social relations. It is needless to dwell on the genial and hospitable entertainer he always was, and to all, the unlearned or the lettered, young or old, he extended the same cordial welcome; his readers came many miles to see him, attracted by his writings; those who could not come, sent their letters, and never heard from either of them anything but the purest admiration and respect. Those who came when they could no more see him, as strangers on a pilgrimage, seemed as if they had been his intimates, so warm and cordial was the sympathy they received from his letters. A great comfort in him, he was eminently reliable. No whim of coldness, no absorption of his time by public or private business, deprived those to whom he belonged, of his kindness and affection. He was at the mercy of no caprice; of a reliable will and uncompromising sternness in his moral nature. he carried the same qualities into his relation with others, and gave them the best he had without stint. This, which in many is an impulse, a sentiment capable of change, in his determined nature was a natural principle. He loved firmly, acted up to his love, was a believer in it, took pleasure and satisfaction in abiding by it. As Thomas Froysell says of Sir Robert Harley; "My language is not a match for his excellent virtues; his spiritual lineaments and beauties are above my pencil. I want art to draw his picture. I know he had his humanities. He was a friend to God's friends. They that did love God, had his love. God's people were his darlings; they had the cream of his affection. If any poor Christian were crushed by malice or wrong, whither would they fly, but to Sir Robert Harley?"

W. E. Channing.

THOREAU'S PERSONAL TRAITS.

A moment may be spent on a few traits of Mr Thoreau, of a personal kind. In hight he was about the average, in his build, spare, with limbs that were rather longer than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His face once seen could not be forgotten; the features were quite marked, the nose aquiline or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar, (more like a beak, as was said) large overhanging brows above the deepest set blue eyes that could be seen, blue in certain lights, and in others grey,—eyes expressive of all shades of feeling, but never weak or near-sighted; the forehead not unusually broad or high, full of concentrated energy and purpose; the mouth with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when silent, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His hair was a dark brown exceedingly abundant, fine and soft, and for several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had no moment to waste. The clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade, or by the wall side, seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. Even in the boat he had a wary, transitory air, his eyes on the outlook, perhaps there might be ducks or the Blondin turtle, or an otter, or sparrow. He was a plain man in his features and dress, one who could not be mistaken; and this kind of plainness is not out of keeping with beauty He sometimes went as far as homeliness, which again, even if there be a prejudice against it, shines out at times beyond a vulgar beauty. Thus, he alludes to those who pass the night on the steamer's deck and see the mountains in moonlight, in place of trying to sleep below, and he did this himself once on the Hudson at the prow, when after a "hem" or two the passenger who stood next, inquired in good faith, "Come, now, can't ye lend me a chaw o' baccy?" He looked like a

shipmate. It was on another Albany steamboat that he walked the deck hungrily among the fine gentlemen and ladies, eating upon a half loaf of bread, his dinner for the day, and very late. A plain man could do this heartily, an ornamental, scented thing looks affected.

His was a broad catholic creed. As he thought of the Hindoo mythology, he said, "It rises on me like the full moon after the stars have come out, wading through some far summer stratum of sky." From Homer, who made a corner with Grecian mythology, to his beloved Indians, whose whole life of scalping and clam bakes was a true religion, he could endeavor to appreciate the good of creeds and forms, and omit the surplus, and speculate with Christian bears and bulls. He says:—

"If I could I would worship the paring of my nails. He who discovers two gods where there was only known to be one, and such a one! I would fain improve every opportunity to wonder and worship as a sunflower welcomes the light. God could not be unkind to me if he should try. I love best to have each thing in its season, doing without it at all other times It is the greatest of all advantages to enjoy no advantage at all. I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world and in the very nick of time, too."

He again expressed himself in a lively way about these matters: "Who are the religious? They who do not differ much from mankind generally, except that they are more conservative, and timid, and useless, but who in their conversation and correspondence talk about kindness and Heavenly Father, instead of going bravely about their business, trusting God ever." He once knew a minister and photographs him: "Here's a man who can't butter his own bread, and he has just combined with a thousand like him to make a dipt toast for all eternity." Of a book published by Miss Harriet Martineau, (that Minerva mediocre,) on religion, he observes: "Miss Martineau's last book is not so bad as the timidity which fears its influence. As if the popularity of this or that book could be so fatal, and man would not still be man in the world. Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may, comparatively, be popular with God." Religion, worship and prayer were words he studied in their history; but, out of doors, which can serve for the title of much of his writing, is his creed. He used this expression. "May I love and revere myself above all the gods that man has ever invented; may I never let the vestal fire go out in my recesses." He thought the past, and men of the past, as they crop out in institutions, were not as valuable as the present and the individual alive. "They who will remember only this kind of right, do as if they stood under a shed and affirmed that they were under the unobserved heavens. The shed has its use, but what is it to the heavens."

The living, actual friendship and affection, which makes time a reality, no one knew better. He gossips of a high, imaginary world, giving a glance of that to the inhabitants of this world; bringing a few mother-of-pearl tints from the skies to refresh us in our native place. He did not wish for a set of cheap friends to eat up his time; he was rich enough to go without a train of country cousins, poor relations, the menagerie of dunces with open mouths; in the best and practical sense, no one had more friends, or was better loved. He drew near him simple, unlettered Christians, who had knotty questions they wished to sit over and discuss; for though nothing was less to his mind than chopped logic, he was ready to accommodate those who differed from him with his opinion, and never too much convinced by opposition. He had his views on disputed matters, and did not change them easily; but to those in need of information, to the farmer botanist, naming the new flower, the boy with his puzzle of birds or roads, or the young woman seeking for books and a guide-post to her reading, he was always ready to give what he had, and would freely call on them; nor were these relations interrupted.

Literally, his views of friendship were high and noble; fidelity and adherence strictly to all its duties characterized him throughout. Those who loved him never had the least reason to regret it. He made no useless professions, never asked one of those questions which destroy all relation, but he was on the spot at the time, and had so much of human life in his keeping, to the last, that he could spare a breathing place for a friend. When one said that a change had come over the dream of life, and that solitude began to peer out curiously from the dells and wood-roads, he whispered, with his foot on the step of the other world, "It is better some things should end." Having this unfaltering faith, and looking thus on life and death, after which the poet says, a man has nothing to fear, let it be said forever, that there was no affectation or hesitancy in his dealing with his friends. He meant friendship and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weather-cock with each shift of a friend's fortune, or like those who bury their early friendships, in order to gain room for fresh corpses. If he was of a Spartan mould, in a manner austere, if his fortune was not vast and his learning somewhat special, he yet had what is better, the old Roman belief, which confided there was more in this life than applause and the best seats at the dinner-table, to have a moment to spare to thought and imagination, and to the *res rusticæ* and those who need you.

W. E. Channing.

COMMONWEALTH SKETCHES.

RAMBLES IN CONCORD—I.

Nature Landscape—Tranquility Exemplified—Eastern Massachusetts Architecture—Walden Pond and Its Shores—The New Hermit—A Peculiar Dish—Traces of Thoreau—The "Old Manse"—The "Monument" and a Nook on Concord River—Mr Alcott's Home—Hawthorne's House and His Grave.

Nothing can be more astonishing than the rapidity with which one gets into a tranquil mood, after he has left Boston on the road to that Concord which so many and so good writers and thinkers have made famous. The "Fitchburg road" has an unromantic savor to it, but the start in the full glow of an April morning, at six o'clock, for an hour's ride to Concord soon convinces you that the picturesque lies often at practicality's very door. As one approaches the town where such difference from those of equal size in that section prevails, he is struck with the resemblance of the scenery to that in some of the highly cultivated and level English counties. It has the garden aspect; and if you dropped a stranger into its midst, without so much as informing him that three Britishers were buried under the Concord monument, or that poetry that will last when St Peter's crumbles was written hard by—he would tell you that it was one of the oldest settled sections of the country. There is that indescribable mature look about it which old lands have just as much as do old faces, and which you never can fully express in words. If we Americans hadn't had a vigorous classical instruction, we never should have thought of calling the earth "mother." It was only that profound veneration for her breast, which to them seemed ancient and consecrated by the scars of progressive struggles, but which was also more venerable because the history of those struggles was so intermingled with dim tradition. The serious observer can really feel that this country has been settled nearly two centuries and a half if he will go to Concord. Not because of the monuments and historic spots here and there; but because he feels that the town is ripe—and the inexpressible maturity convinces him.

The architecture of the towns in the eastern part of the commonwealth is so essentially different from that of the western, that the visitor for the first time is struck with it. The old-fashioned hospitable looking mansion is more frequent; there are fewer attempts at gingerbread effects; the colors of the houses are more sober, uniform, dignified. The streets are wider, and the long avenues bordered by magnificent pines, poplars, or elms, tell the tale against the many scraggy towns in this section.

As my friend and I left the train at the quiet little Concord station, and wandered up a short avenue to the main street, we were impressed with a feeling that the Concordians were all in bed or that the town was deserted. Halting between these two opinions, we reached the substantial old hotel, and shocked the landlord by tumbling into his reception-chamber hilariously, and talking above our breaths. I' faith, it seemed to disturb him. He saluted us gravely, and resumed his seat at the window, evidently timing the progress of the sun as it slowly lit up the quiet valley. Looking here and there in the broad, hard streets, we could see no factory operatives going to work, dinner pails in hand,—no farmer driving his oxen afield—only two or three trades-people storekeepers just taking down their shutters, and one young lady riding a "constitutional" on horseback. No wonder robbers were able to plunder the Concord bank in broad daylight—no wonder no one landlord could ever keep the hotel in his possession a year at a time. This was the arena of reverie, of fancy, of creative genius—not of speculation—of hard driving at the stubborn fields. The only hint which seemed to bind it to the America of to-day was a splendid granite obelisk, standing in the square east of the hotel, with a bronze tablet on its pedestal, offering gratitude and honor to the soldiers of Concord who fell in the late rebellion.

The day promised generous warmth, and we made haste. Walden pond was the objective point for our morning ramble, and thither we started on the road which leads into Lincoln town—a queer community, whose population has increased only about 30 in the last century. This road is one of Emerson's favorite walks, and although there is many another in the town which excels it in picturesque beauty—yet the master can say of it, as he said long ago:—

> "Oft in the streets or humblest places
> I detect far-wandered graces,
> Which from Eden wide astray
> In lowly homes have lost their way."

Here culture was at a discount, and Nature held sway. It is a mile and a quarter from the nook at the junction of the two roads, where stands Mr Emerson's house behind a clump of

> "Snow-loving pines,"

to the shores of the pure, deep, intensely cool pond. Still no living being came across our path; and we had just begun to despair of finding "Walden," although we had caught a glimpse of its waters as we came flying on the railroad from Boston, when a beaten path attracted our eyes, and led our footsteps to the famous shore. Our first view was not pleasing; from the point where we stood the body of water had a prisoned look, like a reservoir; and, shut within the steeply-sloping, pine-clad banks, made us wonder how Thoreau could ever have borne to be so limited in his outlook. But a walk of a mile convinced us that the little pond was panoramic to a degree. We circuited it, three miles in all; and it was not until we had gone around quite opposite to where we obtained our first view that we sighted the "new hermitage." What is that? I will tell you presently. Remember that we are coming around the lake. There are no houses in sight from any part of the shore, save a few boat and bathing establishments, where the railroad deposits innumerable picnic parties in summer. The forest around the lake is full of charming nooks, with tiny circlets of ponds set into their centers, with tall trees, immense in girth, towering out of their recesses—just such retreats as Whittier thinks fit for the thoughtful:

> "In lowliest depths of bosky dells
> The hermit Contemplation dwells;
> A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
> And lotus-twined his silent feet."

The water has a tinge of "Tyrrhene purple," now and then: I have never seen any body of water which so resembled the Mediterranean in its kaleidescopic change of tints. Close to the shore it is greenish—nay, call it opalescent—yet so clear and pure that every pebble on the bottom is distinctly seen. The shores shelve rapidly away, and the water is quite deep hardly two yards from shore.

Either the picnic people, or the good Concordians who make Walden their favorite haunt, have worn a piney path close to the pond's border which, following closely, we found led to the door of the hermit's hut. Who or what this individual might be we were anxious to learn, but hardly dared to cross his threshold, without invitation. • • •

Shall We turn Hermit?

It is now twenty four years, lacking a few months, since Henry Thoreau began to build his house in the Walden woods, beside the pond he has made famous. He lived in it for two years, summer and winter, (for he began in the warm season,) supporting himself by the labor of his hand, preparing his own simple food, and "faithfully minding his business," as he says, which was the closest study of nature and of human life. Now, after so many years have come and gone, and long after Thoreau's death, another youth comes to build his hermitage and live out his thought on the same shore, and in the shelter of the same pine trees. The coincidence is singular, and all the more so because the two men are so wholly unlike in their aims and motives,—agreeing chiefly in a brave spirit of self dependence, and the desire to live within their income. Although Thoreau put his experiences into a book, and a very charming one, he did not expect to convert his fellow men to that hermit's life which he chose for himself, and, in after years, he suffered himself to live much more in the current of society, though still cherishing the delights and rigors of solitude. But Mr Hotham, whose cabin now stands where Thoreau built his cottage, recommends the young men of New York, through the columns of the Tribune, to follow his example, and, when their money is little and daily growing less, to betake themselves to the woods and live by their own labor, and without running in debt to the tailor or the hotel-keeper. This looks like good advice, if, unlike most advice, it can be followed; let us see then if it is such as our young men in cities can avail themselves of. If so, Mr Hotham has taught them a good lesson.

Setting aside, for the present, all higher reasons for turning hermit, suppose we look at the economical and sanitary considerations. Mr Hotham belongs to a family of invalids, and not long since believed himself the victim of an incurable malady; he was out of business, too, and his purse was fast getting into the condition that Falstaff deplores,—"borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable." Finding that an out-door life benefitted his own health and promoted that of his purse, he betook himself to Concord, where he thought a hermit would be less annoyed by vulgar curiosity, and in the beginning of this winter, pitched his camp by Walden Water. It so happened that when he reached the town, where he had never before been, an old house on the street, long occupied by the Thoreau family, had just been torn down. Finding the Irishman who had bought the old boards, the doors, windows, etc., Mr Hotham got enough of them to build his cabin, for the sum of seven dollars. The rest of his building materials and the labor he hired cost him as much more, so that his house stands him at only fourteen dollars. Thoreau's cost twice as much; but then it was twice as large, though no warmer or more comfortable for a single occupant. His furniture consists of a stove, a bed, a table, a shelf or two, a couple of stools, and a few utensils for cooking and for the table. This cost him more than his cabin; but the whole expense, including house and furniture and food for four months, will not exceed fifty dollars. His food costs him about $3 cents a week; it consists of corn for mush, wheat and corn mixed together and baked without leaven for bread, dried apples, and Graham biscuit. He parches his corn and wheat before grinding, grinds them himself in the great coffee mill which for years did service in the Middlesex Hotel, and, of course, does his own cooking and house-work. His health has improved under this regimen; he is growing in weight, sleeps well on his straw, drinks nothing but the "clear water of Walden," and is studying divinity, face to face with the wintry aspects of nature, cheerful and contented. What would not have paid his bills in New York for a month, now supports him for the whole winter, and he views his experiment as a success, even in its material aspects of comfort and bodily welfare.

It is true that Mr Hotham, who spent ten years of his early life in the navy, has thereby fitted himself for roughing it in the woods better than many of our young men. But there are few who could not learn to endure these wholesome hardships; and how many thousands there are who had worse than these to endure in the army! If they have some study or employment which can be pursued in their hermitage, they had better follow so good an example than to pass an idle winter or spring in the hot solitude of a great city. And if they have no task on their hands, let them take the ax and chop wood for the farmers, or go into the camp of the lumbermen in Maine, Vermont or Canada. That will not be a hermitage, but it will have some of its advantages, and will avoid some of its dangers. In the crowded, feverish life of American cities there are hundreds and thousands of young men, poor and rich, who would profit in body, mind and estate by taking the advice of the Walden hermit.

[Sanborn]

WALT WHITMAN.—Walt Whitman, the poet, will complete the fiftieth year of his age the current May 31, 1869, having been born on that date, 1819. His friends in New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, will be pleased to learn that, on the verge of becoming a half centenarian, he retains his accustomed health, "eats his rations" regularly, and keeps his weight well toward 190 pounds.

Of the poetical merits and demerits of the subject of our item, concerning which the contest still rages in literary circles, we desire to say nothing. We will only mention here for what it is worth, the judgment of a late German critic (Mr. Whitman's poetry has been translated and published in Germany), who characterizes him as "the most radically *Christian* and *Socratic* poet of any modern writer," inasmuch as he adopts for the chief reliance and ground-plan of individual and public excellence the elements of friendship, personal purity and disinterestedness, the cultivation of "the inner light," and the like; and also in his treatment of the whole material frame of things, in its particulars and in its aggregate, as but the gateway, through death and decay, to spiritual existence, the only substantial one, and the purport, according to him, of all material objects and persons, and also the true key to all science.

We may add that the poems, "Leaves of Grass," originally published in New York about fourteen years ago, and since added to, and republished time and again in various cities, are still considered as unfinished by their author. But we understand that the collection, revised, and including his new verses on religious themes, and forming probably the final digest and edition of the book, will be printed the ensuing summer. "Democratic Vistas," a small prose book, will also be published during the summer.

Mr. Whitman, at the present date, continues to occupy a third-class clerkship in the Attorney-General's Office, where, since the close of the war, he has been employed successively under Attorney-Generals Speed, Stanbery, Browning, Evarts and Hoar. An inveterate pedestrian, and, like a true Greek, living much in the open air, he has long become a familiar figure in our city, and amid the varied and picturesque scenery of the District. In times past, in New York, he frequented the top of the Broadway omnibuses, and became a well-known pet of the drivers. Here he has to content himself with the platform of the street-cars, often riding out to Georgetown, or to the Eastern Branch. On Pennsylvania avenue or Seventh street or Fourteenth street, or perhaps of a Sunday, along the suburban roads toward Rock creek, or across on Arlington Heights, or up the shores of the Potomac, you will meet moving along at a firm but moderate pace, a robust figure, six feet high, costumed in blue or gray, with drab hat, broad shirt-collar, gray-white beard, full and curly, face like a red apple, blue eyes, and a look of animal health more indicative of hunting or boating than the department office or author's desk. Indeed the subject of our item, in his verse, his manners, and even in his philosophy evidently draws from, and has reference to, the influences of sea and sky and woods and prairies, with their laws, and man in his relations to them; while neither the conventional parlor nor library has cast its spells upon him.

Possessing singular personal magnetism, and frequently beloved at sight, yet Walt Whitman's nonchalance, large adhesiveness, and a certain silent defiance both in his poetry and appearance, have long laid him open to caricature and sarcastic criticism. Then there have been imputations of a virulent description, such as ignorance, drunkenness, and lust, to which mental aberration and moral obliquity have been strenuously added. Very little, however, do these charges trouble the subject of them. "In early years," said Mr. Whitman, lately in conversation, "I suffered much at the fate of being misrepresented and misunderstood—at the lies of enemies, and still more the complacent fatuity of those I loved. But I see now that it is no detriment to a hardy character, but is perhaps the inevitable price of freedom, and a vigorous training and growth; and that even slanders mean something to every real student of himself, and, as it were, betray to the commander of the fort where his embankments are openest to the enemy, and most need strengthening and the guard."

There are numerous pictures, frontispieces, photographic, and other pretended likenesses of Walt Whitman, whose great bulky head, woolly beard, carmine cheeks, and open throat, attract the artists. Most of these pictures are bad, some of them comically monstrous (as in Hotten's London edition of W. W.'s poems).—*Washington Chronicle, May* 10.

THE CARLYLE AND EMERSON ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Standard:

A MOVEMENT has been begun in England which promises to effect a good deal in the way of progress. The Carlyle and Emerson Association professes to call out the choicest of advanced minds by the test of appreciation of the two great men whose name it bears, and to direct and utilize their combined efforts. The following extract from an article in the *Healthist*, the organ of the Association, a magazine issued at 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, every alternate month, will give the best idea of the purposes and methods of the Society:

"The world has often enough beheld the achievements of associated persons, sworn to accomplish some purpose, wise or foolish, to have learnt the power of union. The present generation has been prolific in such examples. It has seen whole classes, by a happy inspiration of practical prudence, combine to secure for themselves provision of cheap food. It has seen a leagued multitude win the recognition of its ideas about Reform. Above all, it has seen all sorts of religious fanatics—Methodists, Mormons, Shakers—unite themselves by the strength of an enthusiastic purpose, and do great things after their own foolish methods; but it has yet to see the strongest and most earnest minds of the age, putting behind them alike the selfishness of class interest and the illusions of the dreamer, sternly resolving to make of their ideas actions to the furthest of their power, that so right, and social good, and beauty, be no longer, for them at least, mere toys for pedantic contemplation. Yet has the call been made, and invitation to such coöperation distinctly given. Carlyle, in his latest pamphlet, has called upon Nature's nobles, and all who would fain endeavor to prove themselves such, to be up and doing as wisely and as silently as they may. It now rests with every one who would not passively help to augment the apathy and indifference of the multitude, to respond. In all parts of the country a goodly number of minds are bestirring themselves, each one of whom is conscious of unremedied poverty and ignorance around him,—of religious bigotries and popular misconceptions on many matters of high import; but is still more conscious of his powerlessness, as an isolated individual, to do aught towards putting an end to this anarchy. Now, however, have some of these already commenced their united efforts, and by and bye a thousand such shall be laboring, under the banner of the Carlyle and Emerson Association, in every county and town, with the common aim of furnishing such facts as shall presently enable us to anticipate with certainty the good that the future promises to bring forth. For one result of these labors we hope to awaken from their stolid disregard thousands of persons whose lives are actuated by no high endeavor or aspiration. How unequalled is the influence of the teachings of Carlyle and Emerson in arousing such minds from their lethargy, many of us can, from personal experience, testify: these then it must be our aim to popularize. But ideas, and not men, are our principles of faith, and the objects of our veneration. We are Eclectics, and would gather from every thinker of the age the truths that promise to aid in the furtherance of our purpose, and those lessons to which we would give practical effect. Is it wondered why we have exalted Carlyle and Emerson to such conspicuous prominence, we reply, because their methods of thought are at once the truest and most attractive, their power in influencing other minds the most magical, their comprehension of the highest needs of humanity, the deepest and most exhaustive. Lastly, in an age of transition like the present, when numbers of earnest intellects are enduring the torturing uncertainties of doubt, an Intellectual Church is a world wide need. Such a church, and such communion, will the truth-seeker find in the Carlyle and Emerson Association.

"Unity of effort and purpose such as this must inevitably result in triumph. The Work of Progress must still be one of generations, but our steps are parallel with Time, and our faces toward the Morning Sun."

The objects and aims of the Association are thus enumerated in one of its prospectuses:

1. To popularise the writings and teachings of Carlyle and Emerson, so eminently calculated to imbue the youth of the rising generation with such high and worthy aspirations as shall render progress possible hereafter.

2. To advocate the cause of a more efficient system of education, which shall make, by means of church machinery, as ample provision for the intellectual as for the moral welfare of the people: see below, (6).

3. To examine the causes of the pauperism and social degradation that afflict some classes, with a view to the discovery of a natural remedy.

4. To advocate a juster appreciation of the rights and true position of woman.

5. To foster, in league with the Continental Peace Societies, a determination to devise some method of amicably settling national differences.

6. To aid in so broadening the bases of the National Church that it may eventually embrace all earnest thinkers to whatever conclusions their reasonings may have brought them.

7. To render more universal a correct appreciation of the beautiful in Art, and to furnish some of the more advanced and refined minds throughout the country with fresh opportunities of culture and enable them to derive pleasure and benefit from intercourse with other intellects kindred to their own.

Emerson and Carlyle represent all that is highest and worthiest in the two countries: let their friendship and mutual sympathy be imbibed by their respective countrymen. Americans, in all parts of the Continent, are now invited to join with their English brethren in identifying themselves with the great work that is here sketched. Representatives are required in all parts, and any person can become such by addressing a communication to the Chief Secretary, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, England.

THOREAU'S TRAVELS—WHERE HE WENT AND WHAT HE DID THERE.

Before Mr. Thoreau set out on a foot journey he collected every information as to the routes and the place to which he was going, through the maps and guide-books. For Massachusetts he had the large State map divided in counties convenient, and carried in a cover such parts as he wanted; he deemed this map, for his purposes excellent. Once he made himself a knapsack, with partitions, for his books and papers; india-rubber cloth, strong, and large and spaced, the common knapsacks being unspaced. The partitions were made of stout book paper. His route being known, he made a list of all he should carry, the sewing materials never forgotten, (as he was a vigorous walker and did not stick at a hedge more than an English racer), the pounds of bread, the sugar, salt, and tea carefully decided on. After trying the merit of cocoa, coffee, and the like, tea was put down as the felicity of a walking "travail"—tea plenty, strong, with enough sugar, made in a tin pint cup, when it may be said the walker will be refreshed and grow intimate with tea leaves. With him the botany must go, too, and the book for pressing flowers, and the guide-book, spy-glass and measuring tape—and every one who has carried a pack up a mountain, knows how every fresh ounce tells. He would run up the steepest place as swiftly as if he were on dry land and his breath never failed, while his companion felt as if a spasm was in his lungs, compelled to sit and blow, like an exploded porpoise. He commended every party to carry a "junk of heavy cake" with plums in it, having found by long experience, that after toil it was a capital refreshment.

He encountered queer adventures, and once as he came late into a town devoid of a tavern, on going to the best looking house in the place for a bed, he got one in the entry, within range of the family; his speech and manners being those of polite society,—but in some of our retired towns, there are traditions of lodgers who arise before light and depart with the feather bed, or the origin of feathers in the hen-coop. Once walking in old Dunstable, he much desired the town history by C. J. Fox, and knocking as usual at the best house, went in and asked a young lady who made her appearance, whether she had the book in question; she had—it was produced. After consulting it somewhat, Mr. Thoreau in his sincere way, inquired very modestly whether she "would not sell it to him." I think the plan surprised her, and have heard that she smiled, but he produced his wallet, gave her the pistereen and went his way rejoicing with the book. Certainly broadcloth and patent leather could never have made that purchase. It was in this same place, that he visited a dignitary, one of the heads of the town, who took the cow hides the wrong way, and though he answered the proper amount of questions, he stood up in his parlor in his hat:

"In that ware where Saadi dwells,
Wisdom of the gods is he,—

Entertain it reverently."

He did his stint of walking on Cape Cod, where a stranger attracts a pleasing share of criticism, and "looked despairingly at the sandy village whose street he must run the guantlet of, there only by sufferance, and feelings as strange as if he were in a town in China." One of the old Cod could not believe that Mr. Thoreau was not a peddler, the popular excuse for tripping the sands on the "light fantastic toe," but said, after all explanations failed, "Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you." One of those idiots who may be found in some of the houses, grim and silent, one night mumbled he would get his gun "and shoot the damned peddler." And indeed he might have followed in the wake of a spectacle-peddler who started from the inn of Meg Dods, in Wellfleet, the same morning, —both looking after and selling spectacles. He once appeared in a mist in a remote part of the cape, with a bird tied to the top of his umbrella which he shouldered like a gun; the inhabitants of the cottage, one of whom was a man with a sore leg, were incredulous about his story, and set the traveler down for a "crazy fellow." At Orleans on the way down, he was comforted by two Italian organ boys, who had ground their harmonies from Provincetown, a hundred miles, in the sand, as fresh and gay as larks. He once stopped at a hedge-tavern, where a large white bull-dog was kept in the entry; on asking the bar-tender what Cerberous would do to an early riser, he replied, "Do, do,—why he would tear out the substance of your pantaloons;" this was a good notice not to quit the premises without meeting the rent.

He made three journeys into the Maine wilderness, two from Moosehead lake in canoes, accompanied by Indians, another to Katahdin mountain; these taught him the art of camping out, and he could construct in a short time a convenient camp sufficient for permanent occupancy. His last excursion of this kind was to Monadnoc mountain in August, 1859, having made two other excursions previously to the same point. He spent five nights in camp, having built two huts to get varied views. Monadnoc is the best place for a travel of this sort near Boston. The railroad touches within six miles of the summit. A sentence or two may be given to this excursion of Mr. Thoreau to give a general notion of his plan. On a walk like this he always carried his umbrella, and on this Monadnoc trip, when about one mile from the station, a torrent of rain came down, (the day being previously fine), when without his well-used aid, his books, blankets, maps and provisions would all have been spoiled, or the morning lost by delay. On the mountain, the first plateau being reached perhaps at about three, there being a thick, rather soaking fog, the first object was to camp and make tea, which was done at about six. Flowers, birds, lichens and the rocks were carefully examined, all parts of the mountain being visited, and as accurate a map as could be made by pocket compass carefully sketched and drawn out, in the five days spent there, with notes of the striking ærial phenomena, incidents of travel and natural history. Doubtless he directed his work with the view to writing on this and other mountains, and his collections were of course in his mind. Yet all this was incidental to the excursion itself, the other things collateral; the capital in use the opportunity of the wild, free life, the open air, the new and strange sounds by night and day, the odd and bewildering rocks among which a person can be lost within a rod of camp; the strange cries of visitors to the summit; the great valley over to Wachusett, with its thunder-storms and battles in the cloud to look at, not fear; the farmers' back yards in Jaffrey where the family cottton can be seen bleaching on the grass, but no trace of the pigmy family; the rip of night-hawks after twilight putting up dor-bugs, and the dry, soft air all the night; the lack of dew in the morning; the want of water, a pint being a good deal; these and similar things make up some part of such an excursion. It is all different from anything and would be so if you went a hundred times; the fatigue, the blazing sun, the disappearance of the boiled salt beef, the face getting broiled; the pint cup never scoured; shaving unutterable, the soap having confided its case to the damp paper in which the salt comes (and a bottle to be sure next time); your stockings dreary, having taken to peat the first day; not all the books in the world, as Sancho says, could contain the adventures of a week spent in camping. —*W. E. Channing.*

EMERSON.

HOW HE SPOKE TO BOYS, AND HOW HE SPEAKS TO MEN AND WOMEN.

N.Y. Tribune, 2-10-70, p. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8.—Seven years ago one Sunday morning I saw a Transcendentalist step from Long Wharf in Boston into a row-boat. Thinking it was too lightly freighted, I jumped in also, as did three or four others, and then the boatman pulled stoutly for the "school-ship" which lay in the harbor. This is a floating House of Refuge for poor little vagabond boys who have committed various crimes from theft to murder. They are disciplined, have school instruction, and are taught sailor-craft.

On Sunday it is arranged that some one shall address "boy-talk" to them, moral and patriotic. I think that they are now infused with the belief that Britannia's ruling the deep is all "fol-de-rol," and that the "meteor flag no longer burns terrific." Judge Russell is the life of this institution and its beloved patron; and I am sure that always after he has addressed them with his spirited words and ringing voice, their breasts so thrill that each boy feels confident of becoming an admiral at least.

On reaching the ship, the boys were found assembled in their school-room on the lower deck. Seated, facing them, were the gentlemen who were to address them. Gen. Butler, in full uniform, spoke clear, forcible, telling words. Gerrit Smith, a mighty figure in blue dress coat with brass buttons, poured over the audience some goodly advice, in a patriarchal manner, his strong voice toned down to sweetness. Then, with a rather timid manner, that showed he was unused to such hearers, arose the "shrewd mystic." It was evident that he did not know what to say. He who has "linked Menu's age of thought, with Fulton's age of steam" was quite misplaced, and showed such hesitation and difficulty that he excited quite a tender anxiety. He couldn't altogether "keep King Charles out of the memorial," and recommended them to read books in their leisure hours. He did not urge them to read Plato in the purple morning, though I think that Phædon and Parmenides struggled upward to his lips. But *what* books? There was the rub! as he plainly showed, while he hooked one hand around an upright iron post, and swayed to and fro, as he bethought him. Everybody present loved him at that moment, I am sure. If some one could only prompt him! I felt so distressed, that I couldn't think even of Robinson Crusoe. Meanwhile the boys were waiting eager-eyed.

Without deserting the pillar, he turned gently to a lady sitting by, and said: "That book about the seal lot me see—round the world—uh! Mr. Dana's book, what is the name?" "Two Years Before the Mast," was the answer. "Oh, yes," said the philosopher, and then cordially commended that wholesome book to their notice, advised them to do well with their opportunities, and to be cheerful and good. As he sat down, I wondered what the numerous Charley Bates's thought of it.

Last night at the Opera House, before two thousand people, calmly stood the same man, "his face with more than eastern wisdom lit." When the lines and soft recorders disappeared, the Rev. Dr. Furness introduced the lecturer as being now the greatest power in the world of thought.

Mr. Emerson then told us that hospitality meant not alone to give bread and fire to the guest, but to show him your books, your pictures, and your *landscape*. Find out his aspirations and encourage them. Give him a noble living opportunity to show what he can do, and what he has in him. Behavior, not performance, is the first sign of force. The cobweb cloth, once made as a garment for the king, so fine as to be invisible, must mean manners. It is only when mind and character slumber that the dress is seen. Conversation is an art that can only be learned thoroughly from women. When you bring a guest to your house, stay at home in your own soul. Don't say anything merely for the sake of saying. If you have nothing to say of your own, say nothing. Learn of him, and don't take it ill if you are overthrown in argument, but rule to battle in future on the logic that has unhorsed you. Mr. Emerson objected to much laughter; for if we give way to the enjoyment of with company, we shall never have an Olympus! (What becomes, then, of the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods?") He told us impressively that we must keep our relations with the middle class if we would preserve our sanity. I think the most of the audience will keep these relations.

There was all his accustomed ease and poise; and if the lecturer displayed less than his usual power, it was, perhaps, because he did not grapple with his subject "Social Life in America," but hovered gracefully about it, touching it lightly, and presenting now and then a shapely

model. Again, if his lesson seemed more familiar than we had expected, it is because he is so incorporated in our modern thought, that we have for years talked Emerson without knowing it. There is a sweet spell in his style, which, when he closes, leaves an audience quite stilled. He ended quietly and abruptly. "He folded his *script* like the Arabs, and as silently stole away."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Mr. Emerson has left his mark on the century: to use a favorite phrase of his own, "he cannot be skipped." Even where his results are least satisfactory, his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and as one of the "genetic powers" of modern literature his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations. His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct, limpid in phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy, he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavors to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he throws his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty; and his lack of sympathy with merely personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race, which recalls the beautiful sentiment of Malebranche. "When I touch a human hand I touch heaven."

We admire his combination of comprehensiveness and concentration of finesse and tenacity, of good sense and reverie, the cheerfulness of his scepticism and the softness of his austerity. Mr. Emerson's is the highest secular form of the Protestant as M. Comte's is the highest secular form of the Catholic faith. His religion of Nature at least teaches us to aspire to the noblest life, and assures us that every resisted temptation is a new source of strength. He has re-animated what is most enduring in Pagan, and borrowed, although it may be without due acknowledgement, a ray of inspiration from Christian ethics. His love of truth for its own sake is one of the rarest virtues in any age; and his idealism is a perpetual protest against the baser materialism of his own—a materialism in the long run far more formidable to religion than any erroneous metaphysics. His practical precepts are all heroic; however his system may be misapplied, he is himself preserved, by the purity of his intuition, from the worst dangers to which it is exposed. His exhortation—"first, last, midst and without end, to honor every truth by use"—is the sum of all morality. His writings are bracing to the moral sense, a tonic to the will as well as the understanding. They recall the magnanimities of the Porch, the amenities of the Academy, and the fervor of the best Puritan models. No one can pass from their perusal to any meanness or sensuality.

Mr. Emerson will never be very popular in England, where his defects and merits are alike generally uncongenial. He alarms our Philistinism by the aggressive independence and strong counter-currents of his thought, and repels our anti-Philistinism by his vehemence of expression. Our middle classes rally against him round the pillars of their Church and State. Of the refined minority, those who hesitate at heart between the liberal creed and ultra montane sympathies turn scornfully from his samplers of excellence to the "Acta Sanctorum." Our apostles of culture intensifying his moral, repudiate his artistic blemishes; they agree with him in theoretically despising plain facts and plain men, and unlike him they carry their theory into practice, but their views of style are hopelessly at variance. The later followers of Bentham, whom he has never fairly appreciated, recognize him only as an ill-informed adversary. Yet the time has come when well-educated Englishmen of all sects ought frankly to acknowledge the high qualities of a mind, on the whole the loftiest that the world of letters in New England has hitherto produced. In memory of these qualities, the thoughts of his countrymen will continue, with or without the sanction of foreigners, to revert, with respect and gratitude, to the old-fashioned village struggling through the meadows where the Assabeth unites with the Musketaquid to creep towards the sea, famous as the first battle-field of the Revolutionary war, and as the birthplace of American Transcendentalism. [North British Review.

Mr. Alcott has an engaging paragraph upon Coleridge; while the Editorials and Notes of the number are prepared carefully and with more than the usual address. Draper's "History of the American Civil War," Brinton's "Myths of the New World,"—an excellent work,—and Cox's "Manual of Mythology" are noticed. The poetry of the number is mostly meritorious, uncommonly so. "Tribute (R. W. E.)" is a really fine sonnet; Lily Nelson's "At Last" is very sweet and touching; "Outward Bound" and "Victory" are good.

The *Radical*, for October, is a superior number. Mr. Mills concludes his excellent and praiseworthy study upon Pythagoras—a beautiful piece of work. Under the caption, "Texts," Mr. Weiss contributes six rarely rich and fine interpretations of capital passages in the Bible; J. Stahl Patterson writes thoughtfully, and with evidence of study and care, though not to our mind altogether, on "The Historical Continuity of Religion;" Charles K. Whipple, under the ominous head, "Pious Fraud," makes a quite tremendous onslaught upon the upholders of sabbatarianism;

MR. BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated into English Blank Verse, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Volume I. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Royal octavo, pp. 398.

The appearance of this work is in more senses than one an event in our literary history. Next in importance to the production of great original works is the naturalization in another land and language of the master-pieces of literature. We cannot say that the labor of translation has hitherto been undervalued; but it has rarely, in our tongue, been performed with that abnegation of the translator's personality, through which alone the original author can receive justice. The fact that our two most distinguished poets, independently undertaking their separate tasks, substantially agree in their method—and that method unquestionably the correct one—confirms us in the hope that the great poets of other lands and ages may receive their fittest English speech through American authors.

The divergence of our national temperament from its original character, is in this respect a fortunate circumstance. A great many causes have combined to make the American a much more flexible, sympathetic, impressionable creature than his ancestor or cotemporary cousin. Not being born to fixed habits of thought, he more easily assumes, or temporarily identifies himself with those of other races; he is more competent to shift his point of view; he is more capable of surrendering himself to foreign influences, and recovering his native manner when the occasion has passed. His power of sensation is keener, his capacity for enthusiasm greater.

The only people who have hitherto possessed a similar sympathetic quality of mind—the Germans—have most admirably transferred to their language the characteristics of foreign genius. For the faithful reproduction of the thought, style, and atmosphere of an author, their translations are unsurpassed. The delightful Sanskrit poet, Kalidasa, is almost an Oriental Englishman in Wilson's translation: whereas, in Rückert's, he is still thoroughly an Indian, expressing himself in German. So the Greek and Latin poets, whose meters have by this time become completely acclimated in Germany, continue to dwell on Attican, Sicilian, or Sabine soil, though their speech is changed. Neither in English nor in French, has the individuality of the poet ever been so conscientiously preserved, as in German. Yet, with the exception of its power of forming new compounds, it possesses no advantage over the English tongue; while in terseness, in direct, noble simplicity it is decidedly inferior to the latter. The English language has resources of sweetness, strength, flexibility, and variety of diction, which eminently qualify it to reproduce many of the finest characteristics of exotic literature. But its poetic translators, unfortunately, have hitherto attempted to represent their author in the prevalent fashion of their day. Instead of acknowledging the supreme authority of his style and manner, they have set about recasting it—a process wherein the pure quality of the author's thought is sure to take more or less color from the translator's individual tastes and modes of expression. Thus it is that no English version of the Iliad has yet been accepted as a permanent part of English literature, each, in its turn, having been superseded by another which better conformed to the taste of the age.

The distinguishing qualities of Homer's genius, and the deficiencies of his translators, have nowhere been

so succinctly stated as by Matthew Arnold. "Homer is rapid in his movements; Homer is plain in his words and style; Homer is simple in his ideas; Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas; Mr. Newman renders him ill because he is odd in his words and ignoble in his manner." To these four must be added Lord Derby, whose translation has become unexpectedly popular because it is a real improvement on the work of his predecessors, and who fails of high success chiefly because he has missed those subtile graces, those fortunate strokes of expression, which only a poet can adequately recognize and only a poet can reproduce.

With regard to metrical form, we presume no one will deny that that of the author must be chosen, where the translator's language will admit of it without too great a sacrifice. If this is impracticable, then that form which is most nearly an equivalent for the original—which will best represent the poet's style and manner. This is a question which, in its application to Homer, has been much discussed by English scholars. The classic hexameter of the Iliad, the old ballad-measure, the heroic couplet, the narrative iambic tetrameter, and the unrhymed pentameter which we call "blank verse" have their zealous supporters. It is unnecessary to review the discussion, for the best authorities seem to have narrowed the question to a choice between hexameters and blank verse. The former measure would seem to be imperatively prescribed to the translator, but for one circumstance—it is not yet fairly established as a legitimate English meter. The ears which delight in its stately march, its richness and variety of movement, are still very few. In spite of the efforts of Longfellow, Clough, and Kingsley to naturalize it, hexameter retains an artificial character for most English readers.

In the German language the case is different. Hexameter has conquered its place, and now finds acceptance from the common as well as the classical ear. One cause of this success, we suspect, is the modification of the meter by the German poets, to adapt it to the genius of their language. Klopstock, Voss, Goethe, and others, write a hexameter which is *German*, not *classic*, in quantity, and the arrangement of the cæsural pauses. No doubt a similar course might in time remove much of the popular distaste to the English hexameter. The difficulty lies, not so much in the language itself, as in the skillful handling of it. The objection, which Mr. Bryant acknowledges, is perhaps a little too forcibly stated in his preface: "I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rythm of which is very difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary meters to perceive." His chief difficulty, however, as he afterwards remarks, lies in the difference between the polysyllabic Greek and the simpler, terser English—a difference which would have compelled him to subdue the thought, by compression or expansion, to the English form.

For these reasons Mr. Bryant has chosen blank verse, as being the measure which, better than any other, permits fidelity of translation and the nearest approach to the style and manner of the original Greek. Certainly no other English measure is at once so simple, so free, and so noble in character, and since the hexameter (for the present, at least,) is both difficult and unwelcome, there is no other form in which the old Ionian could move, without detriment to his simple grandeur. The only two qualities which our blank verse lacks—rapidity of movement, and a certain artlessness which, in the original, is always consonant with the Homeric dignity—must be supplied, so far as possible, by the translator's skill. For this reason, if for no other, only a true poet should undertake a version of the Iliad.

Mr. Bryant combines the necessary conditions to a much greater extent than any author who has hitherto undertaken the task. He is not only a poet, but a poet whose utterances have been singularly free from the varying fashions of his day. Moreover, of all living authors who write the English language, not one has shown a finer natural perception of the best qualities of blank verse, or has employed that simplest, yet most difficult of measures, with more distinguished success. From the "Thanatopsis" of his youth to the latest and ripest production of his age, he has written no poem in this measure which is not marked by a simplicity of diction, sometimes almost daring, yet always sustained by his inherent dignity of style. He is wholly without mannerisms. His art never aims at being effectful, and thus never betrays itself. His blank verse is formed on the best models, yet without suggesting them: it assumed its own independent character from the start. If, here and there, it seems to show a resemblance to Wordsworth's, the resemblance will be found to lie rather in the temper of thought of the two poets, than in the structure of their verse.

Simplicity, nobility, and a plainness which rivals prose without being itself prosaic, are the characteristics of Mr. Bryant's style. A certain intense, nervous force, and a power of rapid movement, are also necessary to the man who would translate Homer. Mr. Bryant is popularly considered to be chiefly a grave, contemplative poet because his Muse, with a Doric severity, holds his passion and imagination subject. The evidence of the latter qualities is latent rather than expressed, and may easily escape the careless reader. Very few understand that the capacity of true repose presupposes vigor. A single passage from Mr. Bryant's "Antiquity of Freedom" is all we need, to illustrate his force and movement:

"Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The bolts are shivered and the prison-walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies."

In his translation of the Iliad, therefore, we are not surprised at Mr. Bryant's power of adapting his verse to the changing moods of the original. His skill is all the more remarkable from the apparent absence of effort. In this respect he greatly surpasses Cowper, the only reputable poet who has made a translation in the same measure. We do not mean to institute a comparison between the two works, for the reason that Cowper's Iliad, although it enjoyed a brief popularity, is now practically obsolete: its languid movement and lack of compact, picturesque diction sufficiently account for its failure. Some comparison with the Iliad of Lord Derby, however, is suggested by the rec publication of the latter, and the very respectable success which it has achieved.

Let us begin with the opening lines, which Lord Derby renders thus:

"Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance deep and deadly; whence to Greece
Unnumbered ills arose; which many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untimely sent; they on the battle plain
Unburied lay, a prey to ravening dogs,
And carrion birds; but so had Jove decreed,
From that sad day when first in wordy war,
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son."

And Mr. Bryant thus:

"O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,—
For so had Jove appointed,—from the time
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes."

We do not need to point out the greater simplicity, vigor and compactness of the latter version. The opening invocation is more direct, and gives the original *thea*, which is finer than "Muse;" the "many a soul of mighty warriors to the viewless shades" of Lord Derby, has not the Homeric plainness of Mr. Bryant's "swept to Hades many a valiant soul;" the latter's closing lines are both smoother and more forcible; and the grammatical structure of the passage, rather clumsy in the former, is entirely elegant in the latter.

As an instance of the superior resonance and harmony which may be attained by a variety of translation so slight as to be of no literal importance, we quote the commencement of the prayer to Apollo, which is thrice repeated in the First Book. First, Lord Derby:

"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale;
Whose sovereign sway o'er Tenedos extends;
O Smintheus, hear!"

Mr. Bryant:

"Hear me, thou hearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Smintheus!"

The meeting of the Greeks, in the Second Book, illustrates the difference in movement of the two versions. One author, the reader instinctively feels, has *felt* the crowding haste of the original lines, and striven to reproduce it, while the other has either failed in the same delicate appreciation of the character of the passage, or has lacked the power of transferring it to English words. Mr. Bryant's rendering of the passage is admirable:

"He spake, and left the council, and the rest,
All sceptred kings, arose, prepared to obey
The shepherd of the people. All the Greeks
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place,
As, swarming forth from cells within the rock,
Coming and coming still, the tribe of bees
Fly in a cluster o'er the flowers of Spring,
And some are darting out to right and left,
So from the ships and tents a multitude
Along the spacious beach, in mighty throngs,
Moved toward the assembly. Rumor went with them,
The messenger of Jove, and urged them on.
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned
With clamor; earth, as the great crowd sat down,
Groaned under them; a din of mingled cries
Arose; nine shouting heralds strove to hush
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard."

Lord Derby's translation varies but slightly from this in substance; yet in execution there is the gulf between the two, which always opens between the best results of Labor and Taste, and the achievements of that gift which is born and never to be acquired:

"He said, and from the council led the way.
Uprose the sceptred monarchs, and obeyed
Their leader's call, and round them throng'd the crowd.
As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream
From out the crevice of some hollow rock,
Now clust'ring, and anon 'mid vernal flowers,
Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly;
So to th' Assembly from their tents and ships
The countless tribes came thronging; in their midst,
By Jove enkindled, Rumour urged them on.
Great was the din; and as the mighty mass
Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groaned;
Nine heralds raised their voices loud, to quell
The storm of tongues, and bade the noisy crowd
Be still and listen to the Heav'n-born Kings."

It would be very easy to run the parallel much further, but we have already indicated the chief points of difference between the two versions; and perhaps, after all, the simplest way of expressing them would be to say—Mr. Bryant is a poet, and Lord Derby is not. The Catalogue of the Grecian army, in the Second Book, is a subject which tests the powers of the translator, by its bare, mechanical character; and we have nowhere found Mr. Bryant's instinct surer than here. In repeating the long roll of names without falling into prosodical tangles, or monotony of phrase, or a formal manner of statement, he exhibits both his mastery of the language and the graceful skill whereby he overcomes the difficulties of the original. The passages are much too long to quote, but the reader who will take the trouble to compare translations will perceive by what slight and simple means Mr. Bryant has set the Catalogue to harmony, and prevented the mind from becoming weary by satisfying the ear.

We cannot resist the temptation of contrasting a portion of the Iliad in blank verse with the corresponding lines in hexameter—that fragment, translated by Dr. Hawtrey, which Mr. Arnold pronounces to be the nearest approach to the effect of the original text, in English words. It is in the Third Book, and Helen is speaking:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember:
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car,—Polydeukes brave with the cestus,—
Own dear brethern of mine: one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedæmon,
Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of Heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened!
So said she;—they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their Fatherland, Lacedæmon."

Mr. Bryant's version of these lines is much more simple:

"'I could point out and name the other chiefs
Of the dark-eyed Achaians. Two alone,
Princes among their people, are not seen—
Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
In boxing, Pollux,—twins; one mother bore
Both at one birth with me. Did they not come
From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war?
Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships,
Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame?'
She spake; but they already lay in earth
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land."

Here each translator has his special merits. Mr. Bryant is plain, compact, and gives the words of Helen a practical directness which scarcely hints at emotion. Dr. Hawtrey's lines, on the other hand, somewhat amplify the text, yet exhale a sentiment of regret and tenderness. Perhaps no better specimens of the two measures could be selected. To our thinking, they justify both Mr. Bryant's choice of blank verse for his version, and the prospect that at some future day—fifty years, a century, two centuries hence,—the ears of English-reading people will be trained to a proper delight in one of the richest and stateliest of meters—the dactylic hexameter.

As we turn over the clear, deliciously-printed pages, we find ourselves constantly arrested by passages which tempt quotation for their rhetoric, rhythm, or movement; but the finish of all parts is so equal and admirable that we are forced to select those portions which are best known through recent discussion. We find no sign of languor or indifference in any part of the volume. The labor of translation is most effectually concealed, and the reader is carried forwards as on a broad, swift stream, brimming full to its banks, and unruffled because of its depth and volume.

We quote (because we suspect the reader will look for it) the famous description of the watch-fires, at the end of the Eighth Book. First, Lord Derby:

"Full of proud hopes, upon the pass of war,
All night they camped; and frequent blazed their fires.
As when in Heav'n, around the glittering moon,
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And ev'ry crag and ev'ry jutting peak
Stands boldly forth, and ev'ry forest glade;
Ev'n to the gates of Heaven is open'd wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart,
So bright, so thickly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships
And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watch-fires blaz'd.
A thousand fires burnt brightly; and round each
Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glare;
Champing the provender before them laid,
Barley and rye, the tether'd horses stood
Beside the cars, and waited for the morn."

We add, for the sake of further comparison, Mr. Tennyson's translation of this same passage:

"And these all night upon the ridge of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed;
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every high cones out and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each,
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And champing golden grain, the horses stood
Close by their chariots, waiting for the dawn."

This is Mr. Bryant's version:

"So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships

And eddying Xanthus: on the plain there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood,
And waited for the golden morn to rise."

Mr. Bryant omits the lines we have italicised in Mr. Tennyson's translation, for the reason (stated in his preface) that they are regarded by the best critics as not properly belonging to the text, but as transferred to it by some interpolator from another simile in the Sixteenth Book. With this exception, we find the two latter versions equally picturesque and elevated in tone: their merits are so fairly balanced that we should find it difficult to choose between them. Both, however, are indisputably closer, stronger, and more symmetrically constructed than Lord Derby's

Another passage, from the Fifth Book, which we give as an illustration of the unforced strength with which Mr. Bryant attains the simplest and noblest manner of blank verse, while retaining all the original Homeric plainness of speech, must close our quotations from his volume:

"So spake she, and her bidding was obeyed
By blue-eyed Pallas. Juno the august,
Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste
The harness, with its ornaments of gold,
Upon the horses. Hebe rolled the wheels,
Each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends
Of the steel axle—follies wrought of gold,
Bound with a brazen rim to last for aye—
A wonder to behold. The hollow naves
Were silver, and on gold and silver cords
Was slung the chariot's seat; in silver hooks
Rested the reins, and silver was the pole
Where the fair yoke and poitrels, all of gold,
Were fastened. Juno, eager for the strife,
Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.
Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears
The ægis, on her father's palace floor
Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe
Of many colors, wrought by her own hand,
And, pulling on the mail of Jupiter
The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms
For the stern tasks of war. Her shoulder bore
The dreadful ægis with its shaggy brim
Bordered with Terror—there was Strife, and there
Was Fortitude, and there was fierce Pursuit,
And there the Gorgon's head, a ghastly sight,
Deformed and dreadful, and a sign of woe
When borne by Jupiter. Upon her head
She placed a golden helmet with four crests
And fair embossed, of strength that might withstand
The armed battalions of a hundred towns;
Then stepped into her shining car, and took
Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,
With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown
Before the daughter of the Mighty One
Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash
And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,
On sounding hinges, of their own accord,
Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore
The Hours are watching—they who keep the mount
Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power
To open or to close their cloudy veil.
Thus through the gates they drive the obedient steeds,
And found Saturnius, where he sat apart
From other gods, upon the loftiest hight
Of many-peaked Olympus."

So far as regards an intelligent comprehension of the text of Homer, we suspect there is no very marked difference among his translators. But, since so many words are represented by numerous synonyms—since there are always two possible modes of translation, one barely prosaic, divested of any poetic atmosphere, and the other in accordance with the poetic truth of the theme—we find, unfortunately, that the original poet takes much of the tone and character of the medium through which he is transferred to another language. We reckon it as one of the great excellences of Mr. Bryant's version, that it suggests nothing of the individual manner of the translator, except, indeed, those pure artistic qualities which are above all individual characteristics of genius. We need not refer to the translations of Hobbs, Sotheby, Wright, and others, all of which have passed into oblivion; but those of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper betray, in almost any passage that may be selected, the individual character of the translator's style. Lord Derby is free from this defect, because he is no poet and therefore has no special poetic style wherewith to clothe his author. The same may be said of Mr. Newman. We find this in Mr. Bryant (as recently in Mr. Longfellow, in translating the *Divina Commedia*), a poet satisfied to suppress every manifestation of himself—to abnegate his own poetic personality, except in so far as it may assist in the conscientious reproduction of the foreign poet in his own language.

We have made a closer comparison with Lord Derby's Iliad, both because of its recent appearance, and its resemblance, in form and literal fidelity, to Mr. Bryant's. Both versions will probably have their advocates; but those who appreciate purity of diction, the balance and the harmony of rhythm, variety of movement, and that native poetic instinct which combines the simple and the picturesque, the bare prosaic fact and its dignified expression, will prefer that of Mr. Bryant.

Three years ago we welcomed Mr. Longfellow's *Divinia Commedia*—a translation which, for the first time in English, gives the very spirit and atmosphere of the original text. We believe that Mr. Bryant has now given us the standard English Iliad, which is destined to supersede all previous versions. In any case, he has produced a work which reflects the highest honor on himself, and on the country whose literature he has already so nobly enriched.

N.Y. Tribune, 2-10-70, p. 6.

MR. EMERSON AS A TEACHER OF ELOQUENCE.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

This illustrious man, by those who do not know him, is usually spoken of as a dreamer of transcendental dreams, which neither they nor he can understand; and by those who are afraid of him, because they care more for a creed than for truth, he is described as a terrible iconoclast, as an unslumbering arch-heretic, as a pagan, who would bring in again the Greek gods; while by those who have pondered with open minds his full-freighted pages he is regarded as one of the few great seers and prophets of all time; lifting up his own age and land by the unsoiled dignity of his mind and life; an emancipator from every kind of serfdom; a quickener of innumerable other minds; a strong, sincere, serene, far-shining soul.

In Mr. Emerson's latest volume, however, there is a graceful and stirring essay, which presents him to us in a character that we do not remember to have seen hitherto referred to—as a teacher of eloquence. We do not mean that in this book he appears in that character for the first time; but that the book, in one of its chapters, is particularly calculated to suggest him to us in that character.

For, now that we think of him at all as a teacher of eloquence, it appears to us that among the many gracious functions of this wonderful life that he has lived among us all along, unconsciously to ourselves, has been this very noble one of teaching the men and women of English speech how to speak English.

In the first place, we should say that Mr. Emerson has always been a teacher of eloquence in the very best of all ways—by example.

We do not care to insist upon the application to him of the rather vague and grandiose word, orator—a word commonly used by people under the impression that it means utterance with extraordinary elegance and force, and with a manner mysteriously different from that of everyday communication. If to be an orator one must have the mouthing declamation and the strut of a professional elocutionist, then Mr. Emerson is no orator. Dropping that tremendous word, we will content ourselves with claiming that in his own unique way he is really a marvelous speaker. Let him the fit audience find, though few, and he will illustrate what it is to speak golden words in that natural style of perfect sincerity, tenderness, and thoughtfulness by which every syllable is conducted straight home to the faculty it was meant for. For the enunciation of his own sentences we call him simply a perfect speaker. The manner fits the matter as if cut out for it from eternity. We would not alter it in one particular. Even those qualities which some call faults in his speaking seem to us merits—the hesitation, the awkwardness, the peculiar prim intonation; they endear him to us all the more, as tokens of the absorption and homespun simplicity of the speaker. Therefore, we agree with James Russell Lowell in thinking that Mr. Emerson was almost perfectly described two hundred and fifty years ago by Ben Jonson, in his ac-

count of Lord Bacon. "There happened in my time," said Ben, "one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end."

Of that eloquence, then, which has the tongue for its organ Mr. Emerson is a great teacher by example. But he is in the same way still more a teacher of that eloquence which uses the pen—the eloquence of written style.

The qualities of his style are familiar now to all select minds that understand the English language; yet it may be of service to allude to some of those which bear particularly upon the present subject.

We should select three.

The first is the felicity of his range and choice of words. The treasures of the English language are culled out and deposited in Mr. Emerson's books. All sorts of words—stately, sharp, and blunt, Norman and Saxon—come at his call; and as they come trooping to him, in herds and phalanxes, he has the exquisite gift of selection. Turn over any volume of Emerson, and find a sentence, if you can, which would not be spoiled by pushing out a single word or pushing in one. Whoso would learn the magic of getting the right word for the right place must give his days and nights to the study of Emerson. He, in the Nineteenth Century, partakes of the glory of Chaucer in the Fourteenth:

"—well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled."

Then, second, he has the art, so rare among Americans, of verbal continence, or of what might be described as *just-enoughness* in words. As he chooses the right word, so he chooses the right number of words. Herein he is a much needed teacher, if they would but accept him, to his own generation of fellow-citizens. They all have an aptitude, almost Hellenic, for eloquence; only, at present, their aptitude needs chastising, that it may be saved from plenitude and windiness. No one could save us better than Mr. Emerson.

In the third place, Mr. Emerson has a quality of style which some call a fault, but which we think is greatly wanted in America to antagonize the American habit of running sentences together in rhetorical climaxes. His style is not periodic. He does not swing his words in balanced clusters, nor cumulate them in swelling declamatory passages. American rhetoric just now seems a composite of Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, and Artemus Ward—that is, it is inflated, has a brass ring, and is fringed and tasseled with slang. To our style of rhetorical gust and momentum Emerson is the exact antidote; he falls into no periodic tune, has short sentences, and hates all mere sonorousness. He emits sharp, concise statements, each one independent. We pour out long rhythmical sentences, bound together in a sort of rhetorical confederacy. His eloquence ices: ours spouts. The latter habit, having now reached a very bad eminence, needs correction by the former.

If we are satisfied that the great thinker has long been doing us this service of teaching his countrymen eloquence by example, it will be no task at all to show that he is now doing the same thing by precept. His chapter entitled "Eloquence," in the newly-published volume, to which we have made reference, is in a small space a whole body of profound, stimulating, witty, and wise instruction upon that science which an ancient poet has called "the queen of the world." To that class of literature of which Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian are the founders a real contribution has now been made by Emerson—*par inter pares.*

A. Bronson Alcott on the Authors of New England.

It was an intelligent and highly appreciative company which assembled in the Drawing Room of the Mansion House last evening to listen to the venerable philosopher and genial gentleman, A. Bronson Alcott, whose topic was New England Authors. The topic being purely a personal one, the company were content to listen to the calm, earnest utterances of the sage without attempting to draw him out beyond what he felt prompted to offer. A few questions were asked in the course of the evening and were promptly answered, and to the entire satisfaction of all assembled.

Mr. Alcott upon being introduced took his seat, and discoursed for something over an hour and a half, in that serene and undemonstrative manner for which he is so well known; and if there was one in the company who didn't fall in love with the great conversationist, that person did not come under our notice. He commenced by speaking of such conversations as the one under consideration, and said if they were not good it would be the fault of the leader, and not of the company; because if a person cannot talk in a way sufficiently suggestive and lively to provoke thought in his company he might as well have remained silent. After a few preliminary remarks Mr. Alcott proceeded to speak of

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Referring to Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott said that now wherever he went he found great interest expressed in Emerson, and people are beginning everywhere to think it will almost do—that it is beginning to feel safe—to read Emerson, that "he is a very fascinating person. He may possibly lead people into some very refined sins, but on the whole it will do to read Emerson," and so we think it will.

With Washington we had an old Englishman, in a good measure; he dealt with political questions very much in the old English style. We can hardly call Washington an American in the fine sense of that word. It was very little better with the presidents immediately succeeding. Jefferson had a little of the French modes of thinking and introduced something of that element into our politics, but was essentially an Englishman in his political genius and his modes of treating matters.

I think the writers of that period were still largely English. We have forgotten Trumbull and some of the wits of that period. Not until Washington Irving's time did we begin to speak of American books; indeed it was thought, in this country, that our writers wrote after the English type, and we cannot really say that Irving was an American. He treated American topics something after a German or Dutch style and Cooper essayed to create an Indian. I do not know that he did much more, so that perhaps with him we did get something a little indigenous to this country.

Then came perhaps the first touch of truly American genius, in a certain vein of piety, brought out by Dr. Channing, who was somewhat unlike any of his predecessors in the pulpit, which was something which could not perhaps have sprung up anywhere else in this country.

I think, however, we cannot properly pronounce as, American, in any proper sense, any literature or thought, until we name Emerson, and with him we have a truly American man, a man who has dealt with American themes in an American way—not a new Englishman—at least not an old Englishman, although familiar with old England; but an American, as popular at the West as at the East, and as popular almost, and as intelligible to, the people of the middle states; not probably much known yet at the south.

Mr. Emerson is a man unlike all other men which this country has produced; in the topics he treats which are more universal, and belong to all ages; and has brought them out according to the habits of his own peculiar genius, unlike his predecessors.

A pure thinker, we may say, we had not, till Emerson came.

Such a man is not to be born in days, but in years—in centuries. He descended from ancestors, many of whom have been in temperament and culture of the finer old English stock. He descends from a race of thoughtful men and women on both sides; his mother, a remarkable woman, so opposite in temperament to his father, that one finds both in him. I think, when he speaks, it is the mother who gives the force and gist to his speech; it is the father who gives the fluency to his genius. She was a dark eyed brunette, very stately and very discreet, a lady of the old school—his father was of the opposite temperament, fair, gentle and amiable; a man of culture and fine manners, so that we may say what must be spoken always, when it is said of genius, that he was nobly born.

It is the dark brunette which gives force and great common sense, and it appears in this motion of the hand, (illustrating the same) the only one he indulges in. That is the mother doubtless, while from the father comes the fluency that characterizes his genius; a remarkable combination of force and fluency, so that he holds fast what he finds and takes his prey on the wing, which is the habit of genius always.

Mr. Alcott, after some further description of Mr. Emerson's character, and peculiar habits of thought, took up the subject of his manner of writing. Emerson lives for thought. Here is one man in this broad America who believes that thoughts are realities and that an idea is precious, and as valuable as the globe; and as he possesses several of them he is unquestionably the millionaire of the times; and let no man who has millions of bonds pretend to anything like being a Croesus in his company. He has his ideas, and he has earned them by living for them; the experiences and changes of life, society and books, are simply to give him

thoughts, and living thoughts to refresh himself and all mankind; and so he keeps a commonplace book and diary. I suppose he began very young. If a thought occurs in his study he puts it in his commonplace book. He knows where to stop and never takes up his pen until he has something to write. Suppose he takes a walk in the woods, some new thought or association occurs to him; on his return it is put in his diary. If he has a conversation that suggests anything fresh and new, and fine, that also goes into his commonplace book. Suppose he dreams a dream and anything fresh and new comes to him, that also goes into the commonplace book. Any image that occurs to him, any picture, or book, may suggest thoughts, and they go into this book. And so these books are filled. How many there are I cannot say. Perhaps he may fill more than half a dozen in a year, of thick volumes. Now what is to be done with these detached paragraphs. He looks them over occasionally, when he has an essay to write or a lecture to deliver.

Anticipating the season when he shall have such work, he looks over his common place books and sees what he has been thinking about. Suppose he has twenty passages on "Beauty," that the ruling sentiment or thought or tone of these passages relates to Beauty, he has then the materials for an essay on Beauty. He did not choose his theme, it has chosen him. He then writes out on a slip of paper sometimes a single sentence, sometimes a paragraph and also looks over his common place books and selects from them what has not been used and traces a line over those he has used Then a paragraph is selected which may serve as an introduction I went to see him once in the morning, and upon entering his room found him in one corner of the room, and a large number of papers spread out before him. He wanted, as I suspect, to see them all at once, in order to determine which to commence with. That was my inference. At length these paragraphs are got into something like order, and then usually the first thing to be done is to snatch up these leaves and go to a platform; and he expects that the inspiration will be given him at the moment, which to skip and which to read The public are now taken into his confidence, so far as they listen to what he has written, but the public are not aware of the service they are doing him when they give him their hospitable ears; for he is learning which is good and which is not; he is learning which to omit and which to keep in his essay. And so, after having read his lectures for four or five seasons in various places throughout the country, he learns what is good, supplies deficiencies, makes omissions, and after five or six years prints his essay.

His way of reading was sketched felicitously and the picture could not fail to be recognized by those familiar with Mr. Emerson's style His hesitancy between the delivery of his periods, his perilous passages from paragraph to paragraph, each paragraph a star which shone by its own lustre, was happily dwelt upon. His rhetoric dazzles by its circuits, contrasts, antitheses; imagination is his wand of power. He comes along his own paths, too, and always in his own fashion. What though he build his piers downward from the heavens, and throw his radiant span across the fissures of his argument, his masonry is none the less solid. But we must bring our somewhat imperfect sketch of the talk on Emerson to a close, for want of space.

THOREAU.

Mr. Alcott then referred to the acquaintance of Emerson with Henry Thoreau, and to Thoreau' enjoyment of "out doors," and his familiarity with animals and plants. He took it into his head that the best thing any young man could do to prove how little he could survive and feed his genius on books, would be to leave civilized society since there were so many hindrances in civilization—it cost so much to feed and clothe one, which is all superfluous, and therefore he went to Walden Pond about a mile and a half from the village of Concord, and there built a little hermitage of the plainest materials.

THE OTHER AUTHORS,

of whom he discoursed namely Hawthorne, Channing, Whittier, Longfellow, Margaret Fuller, and (by request) his daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, the author of "Little Women." At another time we shall try to speak of these as Mr. Alcott so charmingly described them.

FURTHER CONVERSATIONS.

The company of last evening unanimously and with enthusiasm resolved to invite Mr. Alcott to give two more Conversations; and he consented to meet them this and to-morrow evenings. The Conversation this evening will be held at the Committee Rooms of the Young Men's Association, commencing at 7½ o'clock, and the topics will be "Social Life," and "Temperament, Complexion and Descent."

DAVID A. WASSON.

This gentleman is a native of the coast of Maine, and has all his life been familiar with the sea, and those that go down to it in ships. He is a good sailor and skipper, and has been known to bring a vessel into port when he was a passenger with an unworthy sea captain With all this, he is by no means rugged or athletic; but a great invalid, who for many years has been a stranger to the rude health of his childhood. He is, perhaps, fifty years old, and not, I believe, a college bred man. He studied theology at the Bangor Seminary, and was settled as colleague of an old Congregationalist doctor of divinity in Bradford, near Newburyport. His parish soon became a separate town, called Groveland. And his church at the end of his first year—say about 1852—divided on the question of his theological soundness; and he continued to preach for some years longer to an independent congregation there, his followers buying a Methodist church for the purpose. Gradually he became an advanced Rationalist; and, coming forth from his retirement at Groveland, where Whittier and Higginson and a few clergymen and lecturers who went there to speak were his chief acquaintances, he was admitted to the Boston circle of radicals about 1855. There he met Parker, Emerson, Phillips, Garrison, George Stearns, and the coterie of good women of their acquaintance. About this time his health broke down, and he left his parish. Afterwards he preached awhile in Worcester, and lived there longer; then went to England for a health-voyage, and again to the Levant; took a house in Concord, and was a neighbor of Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau for a year or two; then preached for a year to Theodore Parker's congregation; and finally set up his household [illegible] West Medford, six or seven miles from Boston, where he has lived for the last three years, and for the greater part of that time has been an inspector in the Boston custom house During his dozen years of invalidism and wandering he cultivated literature and philosophy assiduously, and wrote several of his remarkable essays for the Atlantic, the Christian Examiner, and other periodicals, developing a style of thought and expression which places him among the first of American essayists. He has written fine poems, a few of which have been printed. Of late he inclines to political writ[illegible] and is disposed to take a sad view of our [illegible]tions and tendencies, particularly in regard to the suffrage.

Mr. Wasson is rather an essayist and critic than a preacher or popular speaker, and does not magnetize his audience in sympathy with his mood. He discriminates, and refines, and abounds in suggestive thought; but he neither condenses into epigrams like Emerson, nor flowers into eloquence like Phillips He is of middle height, handsome and genial countenance, with a sweet voice and a manner somewhat affected and lingering, not to say drawling. He has long ceased to preach, but often [illegible] is generally present at the Radical Club, where he takes part in the discussions.

MARGARET FULLER.

A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL AT BOSTON—ADDRESSES BY MESSRS. CLARKE, DR. HEDGE, MR. CHANNING, AND COL. HIGGINSON—POEM RECITED BY MRS. HOWE, AND LETTERS READ FROM FRIENDS.

BOSTON, May 23.—Every day, for some days, the New-England Woman's Club has been engaged in vigorous preparation for a high festival, to take place on the occasion of Margaret Fuller's birthday. If living in the world she would be 60 years old to-day; now she lives always young in our memories and our thoughts. Always radiant with the glory of an inspired, far-seeing, richly-cultured youth, so that while one laments the world's loss in her departure, yet, for her own sake, one can hardly regret that God opened to her the floodgates of his Heaven before she had been touched by the leveling finger of time. It is most fitting that a Club of women should do honor to this woman who was a glory to womanhood. The desire of the public to share in this expression of feeling has been made manifest by the crowds who have besieged the officers of the Club for tickets. As an illustration of the severity with which the attendance was limited to the members of the Club and the score or two of guests invited because of old friendship for Margaret, it may console some of the excluded to mention that permission to bring the Rev. Robert Collyer was resolutely refused to one of his friends. The hour named for the commencement of the exercises was 3 o'clock; but it was half an hour after that before Mr. Clarke took the chair. Meantime one had leisure to note the very beautiful decorations of the rooms—the club-house parlors in Tremont-place. A prominent object was a portrait of Margaret Fuller, by Thomas Hicks, hung around with a royal purple which befits a queen, with white day-lilies heading over it from above and lilies-of-the-valley clustered beneath it. In another recess was another portrait of her—a colored photograph—surrounded by pictures of four of her dearest friends, James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Henry Channing, Seth Cheney, and Theodore Parker. Elsewhere hung portraits of the children whom she loved, and of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Casts from antique statues were here and there; choice bronzes, and, above all, flowers in such profusion that it seemed as if all the gardens of the Summer had blossomed in advance in Margaret's honor.

Mr. Clarke was the first speaker. "It is twenty years," he said, "since the friend we have met to honor went from us in a stormy night on the very shore of her native land, returning to it, hoping to see again the friends of her love, enriched by her European tour, her life full of hope and ambition. Twenty years; and always more and more. We who knew and loved her, think of her as one of the best blessings of our lives. The greatness of her mind was matched by the largeness of her soul. She passed through every stage of culture, and devoted herself at last to the help of humanity as the best thing. She was not only a woman of genius, but she was a woman whom self-consecration made holy. It is in vain to try to put her into words. No one has drawn a satisfactory portrait of her. Try as one

will, some fine aroma escapes us always, and we cannot make those who did not know her understand why she was nobler than all, and scarcely any one was worthy to be called second where she was first. Large, and deep, and high—she was all these. She had a wonderful comprehension of character, at once clear, critical and sympathetic. She had a capacity into which all rivers ran, and yet it was never full. She gave her friends all they could take and had infinitely more to give. The Mahometans call Abraham "The Friend;" and that is Margaret's truest title. She was eminently The Friend; and we wait now to hear her spoken of as she only should be, by her friends.

Dr. Hedge came next. His friendship with Margaret antedated that of any of the others. He found it impossible to conceive of her as the sexagenarian she would have been to-day, for there seemed to him in her constitution no provision for old age. He knew her first in Cambridge when she was 13 years old—a child in years—a woman in physical development, and already in society. Recalling her image, full contour, opulent development, stately carriage, it seemed that nature intended her for beauty but missed the aim by giving her an undue proportion of brain, which induced premature consciousness and prevented the repose necessary for beautiful development—as when the mould is too much shaken, the statue comes out awry. In those days it was hard for Margaret to forgive nature or herself for this want of beauty. She would have given all the powers of her mind for the pink and white prettiness of some other girls. This made her bitter and sarcastic. She became very popular in Cambridge, and was sent to school for a year in Groton. She passed through some terrible mental experiences at Groton, and came back to Cambridge so changed that she won not only popularity but devoted respect. Whatever else she was, and she was much, she was most of all a critic; and no criticism has been written in this country to compare with hers. She understood the highest minds, and she sat in judgment on them not with presumption but as a peer. Then, taking out of his pocket some private letters from Margaret, he read extracts from them which seemed to place us curiously *en rapport* with her. They were written in a very simple straightforward hand, and were full of individuality; so alive with all that Margaret was, that it almost seemed as if she herself had come into our midst. Toward the end of her life he again saw a good deal of her in Italy. She was physically worn and faded, but her soul was indescribably glorified and enlarged. She was working day and night for others, and so continued to work till the last.

Mr. Channing next took up the word, and said that Mr. Emerson not being present, he came in due order of succession. "If she is here among us," he said, and his whole rapt face looked as if by some sense unknown to us he saw a face we did not see, "I should like to say to her, 'Dear friend, I did not know you, love you, estimate you as I ought. Slowly I have been growing toward you, and the higher I climb the nearer I come to appreciating you.'" Hers was the noblest and fullest life he had ever known. No other had ever given him such a comprehension of what a grand thing human life ought to be. If ever there was a Great Heart on earth, she was the one, and in her great-heartedness lay, to his thinking, the secret of her power. In the early days of his half-knowledge of her he used to think this great-heartedness was arrogance, and sometimes to reprove her for it, but he learned at last it was simply a capacity to appreciate great things. The ear accustomed to listen to the lyre of Apollo could not tolerate a meaner note. The reason she was so fine a critic was because she went to great men and to her congenial peers. She penetrated all characters by going straight to their core, so that one seemed not to have satisfactorily known oneself till one had seen oneself in her mirror. She was the most devoutly religious person he had ever known. When she was about 21, an experience came to her which more orthodox persons might call a new birth. It transfigured life for her, and filled her soul with something divine which never left her afterward. He was with her in the Highlands of the Hudson when she was writing her *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*. And the mask was lifted then which showed him how noble a being a woman might be. What she said was infinitely more than what she wrote. Indeed, no description could ever do justice to the power of her conversation. The last and most profound word in regard to her was tenderness. He had heard her called masculine, but most unjustly. Strong she was, but it was the strength of a deep and pure womanhood which drew other women toward her. One Christmas she stood among the convicts at Sing Sing, and said to them a few words of Christmas greeting with such gracious sweetness that, visiting them one by one in their cells afterward, they sobbed out before her the deepest secrets of their lives. Just at the last, in Rome, what a passion of self-forgetful tenderness it was which drew her away from her own little child to care for the wounded heroes, who blessed her name like a saint's in their prayers.

He loved so well to linger among the familiar scenes of this beautiful life, that one could see he gave way, with something of the reluctance one feels at saying farewell to a friend, for the next speaker, Col. Higginson.

Unlike the former speaker, the Colonel could not talk of her from close personal knowledge, having seen her only a few times; but her younger brothers and sisters he knew well, and one of the brothers was his classmate. Through all these an intimate knowledge of her had come to him, for they one and all ascribed to her

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Just as Col. Higginson sat down, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson rose to go, summoned by an inexorable railroad bell. Mr. Clark said she was leaving just as he was about to say that Margaret Fuller was the American discoverer of Mr. Emerson. Margaret, he said, also discovered Mrs. Farrar, and many another whose gifts and graces she revealed to the world. He spoke of her long and close friendship with Geo. T. Davis, and read a letter from Mrs. Davis, who was unable to be present on the occasion. Mr. Spring, an old traveling companion of Margaret, read a letter from her, in which she spoke of her marriage and its effect in enlarging her range of experience, and blessing and enriching her life. Mr. O. P. Cranch followed with a poem as pleasant as it was long, and its length indicated how dear and agreeable to him was his subject.

Mr. Clarke then called upon Mr. Alcott, who excused himself. Dr. Hedge read another charming extract from one of Margaret's private letters, in which she alluded very pleasantly to Mr. Alcott. He was followed by Miss Peabody, who talked lovingly of this rare Margaret, and read letters about her from Mr. Hicks, who painted her portrait, and Miss Martineau, who was her friend. Mrs. Spring wished there was time for her to tell of Margaret's life in Italy, where her life blossomed anew into such youth that it seemed not unnatural for her to love a husband younger than herself; and of their acquaintance, which was the prettiest love story in the world. Mr. Clarke said: "There was always time for love stories."

Mrs. Spring then commenced to read a letter which was among the last Margaret ever wrote, and was so full of feeling that it brought tears to the eyes of the hearers, and made the reader's voice husky. Mrs. Cheney read one from Miss Anna Parsons, a friend of Margaret; and Mrs. Howe dropped into the full cup of the occasion a very pearl of a poem, which was so beautiful that under its spell we could go away satisfied.

L. C. M.

A VISIT TO OLD CONCORD.

CONCORD, Mass., August. 1870.

From old, familiar Boston take the four o'clock train, Fitchburg Road, and you will be under the escort of that noble conductor who, by the direction of his departed lady, always carries for protection, summer and winter, a little flower; today a pink, tomorrow a rose. He carries it between his teeth with a determination seeming to say that if death comes the flower shall be there. Long may that brave and faithful knight run his trains out of the castle depot. The route is one of the pleasantest out of the city, although through a country the least populous. Innumerable unimproved sites and locations for building invite investments, and the attractive woodlands and rising grounds suggest happy retreats to tired mortals. But better shut your eyes until past the uproar of the fading city, past screaming engines and schooners discharging their loads, past the flats, juvenile swimmers and sea smells, past the brickyards of Cambridge—when, look! The beautiful suburban villas that crown the long hill range at Belmont, graves that beset the way, orchards whose long rows of regularly-planted apple trees run far up the hills, hedges and gravelled walks of country-seats, French-roof cottages embosomed in green, glimpses of willow-skirted brooks, low marshes reclaimed by ditching. Suddenly, Waltham with its great watch factory; then a more broken country, rocky pastures with feeding cows, ragged ledges, sun-scorched hills and stunted pines, grass-grown roads leading to old-fashioned farm-houses. Soon a rush past Walden pond, the greenish waters of which have such a marvellous clearness, and, finally, Concord. Those lumbering sign-boards with the inscription, "Look Out for the Engine when the Bell Rings," stretched across the roads, have suggested the propriety of substituting here, as elsewhere, the single upright supporting just the words, "Railroad Crossing." There is more Yankeeism and nationality in "Look Out for the Engine when the Bell Rings," than in "Yankee Doodle" or "Hail Columbia." Nothing else, indeed, comes so naturally to the lips of a wide-awake Yankee as "Lookout," and the representation of a gaunt Down-Easter furiously ringing the bell of an engine at full speed, and, with coat-tails flying in high glee, plunging finally into the darkness of some Hoosac Tunnel, would well exemplify the full life career of many a driving business New Englander. The condemned expression, occurring as formerly all along the railway lines, was a standing caricature.

WHY GO TO CONCORD?

Would you answer, to look at the battlefield, to sail on the Concord or Assabett, to hunt for arrow-heads on this Indian village site, to attend a meeting of the Farmers' Club, to get a bunch of Mr. Bull's grapes, to see the crazy man who, undertaking to dig through the earth, got so far he heard the Chinese pots and kettles rattle, to learn the story of the sad girl who drowned herself in the sluggish river, to do business, be among friends or enjoy a picnic in the woods? No; not, at least, chiefly; but rather to seek out the haunts of that powerful recluse who erected his hut in the woods, of that sweet romancer whose simple stories have a subdued glow like that of the firefly when you have caught it; to see Emerson, Alcott, Channing and a host of others. You would go to Concord to breathe the air of poetic philosophers and philosophic poets; of novelists, Grahamites, seers, artists, antiquarians, Brook-Farmers, retired editors, members of the Cabinet, other United-States and State officials, distinguished physicians, Masonic authors, great agriculturists, men who gloried in abolitionism, teachers, hermits, strong-minded, literary and æsthetic women. All these classes are represented. You would go to Concord, moreover, to experience

QUIET.

The town seemed a little rural world contained off for slumber and drowsy dreams. There was naught to disturb the sweet rest of the lowlying village. The great trees stood like watchful guardians of the peace of a town asleep. As I gazed into the wide-spreading elms on whose trunks queer little leaflets, like the whiskers down an old man's neck, the music of a piano broke the stillness of the air. "Ah," said I, "this is some modern Calypso endeavoring to persuade her lover not to render the solitude of her native town unendurable by his absence." "Stay," I cried, "thou modern adventurer, and satisfy the longings of love." Such is the proverbial moderation of the people dwelling on

the banks of the almost stagnant river, that Thoreau speaks of a proposition to give the town a coat of arms having "a field verdant with the Concord circling nine times round." Why not represent, seated according to his wont, beside a stone wall, Thoreau in peaceful discourse with a farmer—the philosopher telling the farmer in the soil of the inner and higher life and more too than the latter knew of clays and sands;" or, what would be more suggestive still, an old inhabitant in his front yard notching, like Robinson Crusoe, the day of the week upon a post. The few white-washed stores, with their wooden awnings, remind you of an impromptu business street in the West. That unpretending sign, "Bank, Institution for Savings," indicates no uncertain risks are taken. At the centre of the village, a plain, but peculiar, simple, but imposing soldiers' monument greets the eye. The square granite pedestal or block upon which the shaft rests looks rather small. The shaft itself consists of rough blocks of granite hewn at the edges, and surmounted by a smooth piece, whittled to a perfect point. The inscription, "The town of Concord builds this monument in honor of the brave men whose names it bears, and records with grateful pride that they found here a birthplace, home or grave," is by Judge Hoar, it is said. But surely never during the present period of absolute human subsidence gathered here such a crowd nor became there such a commotion as must have been incident to the raising and dedication of such a monument.

THE SCENERY

is not of the wild and picturesque, but of the tamer, English sort. The river is not restricted to a narrow channel between hills, but flows aimlessly through broad meadows. Distant views of it are spoiled by the indirectness of its course, and its fair bosom hidden by the bushes. Its fertility nourishes. It is a river with volumes of unspeakable knowledge, and to know it, love it and enjoy it you must be upon it. Here the smooth meadow spreads its green carpet to the water's edge, here grows a detached elm, here a grove sufficient for a single nymph of the stream, and here cluster the trees in numbers sufficient to accommodate a whole village troop. On one side the bank will shoot high as array of red and white berries, leaving at its base trees of leaning evergreen to mirror themselves in the water. As if the oaks were not laden enough, the grape vines have added their ponderous weight of fruit and foliage. The dwarfed willows impart variety to the panorama of green. Everywhere the fertile earth rejoices in growth and profusion, and, when the skirting woods part, there is the same richness and variety to the hillside scenes, the cattle look over-fed, the barns like bursting, and you village, as if glutted with the products of this agricultural realm, lies down among her shade-trees to take sufficient sleep.

EMERSON.

The Boston Turnpike, which for the first mile from the village centre is accompanied by a steep ridge, crowding the houses on the left almost into the road, and rising far above the level of the housetops, conducts to a plain mansion with limited outlook on the right. This is Emerson's. The right half of the grounds, as you enter, is thick set with pines, as also the triangular space where a branch road intersects the Boston Turnpike in front. A straight walk of white slabs conducts you to the door. About to knock, I thought of a sentence in the "Over-Soul:" "Where I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in?" I was afraid of *that presence*, and had it not been for a newspaper correspondent's principles, I would have turned back. Mr. Emerson is, as most everybody knows, very tall, a little stooping, with a thin, prominent nose, thinking eyes, and a smile, such that no wonder Frederika Bremer said it was the most genial smile she ever saw. I brought away the question—enough indeed to bring—"Are you learning the lesson of yourself?" Walden had been discussed, and Mr. Emerson drew a rough pencil sketch of the pond, woods, a grove of three hundred young pines set out by Thoreau's own hand, the true location of his hermitage (since removed to the north part of the town and now demolished), and an excavation frequently mistaken for the same. The recollection of that visit cannot fade. It will be a frontispiece to every page of

EMERSON'S WRITINGS.

According to the conundrums of the newspapers, Emerson is, like Homer, blind, and writes an odd essay (Odyssey). Sometimes when steaming along upon an express train of thought and making commendable progress, as you think, one or two alarming lurches bring you up suddenly in some dismal place where you do not comprehend the nature of your situation. But the meaning will finally out of every obscure sentence, and you will feel an increasing love for the book which opens to you new worlds of thought—whether the lights on the coast die out or not. This paragraph, like a carved panel where rises, amid a confusion of chiselings, a definite and describable figure like a horse's head or a warrior's helmet, will all take living and moving shape yet, under the steady illumination of truth. There are writings that, owing to an awkward style or repulsive sentiment, resemble a sluggish stream, unsightly with snags; others are sunny, sandy shoals a barefoot maiden may splash through; but Emerson is deep wading in a clear flood, where strength is gained for the task. His books are for all men, all minds, and all hearts. "Sweet, lyrical and universal as the rising of the wind." They are full of magnificent distances and outposts of thought, reaching out to all the world. Yet most people do not read him because they fully appreciate and understand him. They read him because reputed excellent, and he is in fashion in their set. Theirs is a sort of intellectual tasting, like learning to like olives. They would be like their neighbors.

Beyond Emerson lives Capt. John B. Moore, one of whose three accomplished and highly-esteemed daughters is distinguished for her skill in professional skating. He is Deputy-Sheriff and farmer of much note, having the finest if not the largest vineyard in the grape-growing town. It is planted on the sandy ridge in the rear of his house, and renders the barren site beautiful. Decisive and out-spoken, the red-faced, sandy-bearded and full-formed police type of the man, he is shrewd, successful, over-ambitious, well-informed on the farming question, and never caught enduring foolish theories. His specialty is the raising of small fruits, in which Concord is beginning to take precedence—being likely, indeed, to supplant Belmont in the strawberry trade.

THE FARMERS' CLUB

is frequently overlooked by those who make pilgrimages to this American Mecca. It was established in 1852, and is, if I am not incorrectly informed, the oldest existing Farmers' Club in the State. John S. Keyes, formerly United States Marshal, is President of the club, and Minot Pratt, who with his wife is the only member of the famous Brook Farm Association still residing here, is the Secretary. Such men as Simon Brown, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and now agricultural editor of the New England Farmer, Judge Henry F. French, author of a standard work on subsoiling and draining, F. G. Pratt, the husband of the oldest Alcott daughter, the subject of the above paragraph, and other well-known gentlemen—in all thirty-one—belong to this useful organization. The meetings are holden weekly from October to April, at the houses of the several members. An essay is read at each meeting, and a collation, usually of oysters, cake, tea and coffee, provided. The places of meeting and the subjects of essays for the following year are appointed in April. The writer has therefore the whole summer for preparation. The essays are neatly transcribed into the record books of the club, and volumes of elaborate and carefully-prepared articles and reports have accumulated on the Secretary's hands. These are invaluable depositories of practical knowledge; practical, I say, because these men are not farmers by book and precept, but by shovel and hoe; men generally who get their living by farming; men who work with their hands, and have no theories until they have gone abroad in the fields and developed them there; men who work directly to their end, and theorize only when knowledge and experience warrant; men who, having strong hands, would also have the culture of the intellect attended to, would *know*, *reason* and *reflect*, and not men who, by exercising weak brains in devising poor ways for the employment of other people's limbs, would get "a sound mind in a sound body." They are practical Middlesex county farmers, who can give you more information upon town and society matters, a better version of what their neighbors, the closeted thinkers, are doing and what Concord philosophy is, than the philosophers themselves. A Transcendentalist, indeed, is like a poor watch—you must consult the sun of your reason and the opinion of the people to find out what he is. I bespeak for the club a long and vigorous life. The work of the past is promise for the future. The members are of the right character and true spirit. The best proof of all is, that in the literary labors pertaining to membership they do not dodge their duty. As the one who reads the essay is the host of the evening, and entertains the others in his own house, it becomes a part of his hospitality to furnish a literary treat. He must descend into the cellars of his experience, and sweep the stairways of his memory. May I express the hope that some member abridge and prepare for press the papers and proceedings of the club.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Next to Moore's is Alcott's. The owner is distinguished for "Conversations," dieting, building rustic summer houses, and being the father of Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and of Abbie May Alcott, the artist, who recently put out "Concord Sketches." I had the pleasure of examining this under the eye and comment of the father. Both the daughters are in Switzerland now. They have probably done much to correct the views of Mr. Alcott, who is, as he ought to be, very proud of his children. Years ago he was a strict vegetarian, but now the butcher's cart stops at his door. The following anecdote was told to me. Observing a neighbor killing squash bugs one morning, Mr. Alcott addressed him:

"You are doing very wrong; you are inflicting pain; you are destroying life; you are taking away that you cannot restore."

The neighbor asked a season for deliberation. This over, he went to Mr. Alcott, whom he found murderously engaged as he had been.

Assuming a voice suited to the occasion and a face of long dimensions, he addressed, in turn, the white-haired old man.

"You are doing very wrong, you are inflicting pain: you are destroying life; you are taking away that you cannot restore."

"Why I [illegible]" interrupted Mr. Alcott: "but I found it was no bug or no squash, and finally I thought it better be no bug."

The neighbor never felt bound to show additional mercy to bugs after finding the teacher did not practise what he taught. The anecdote shows how necessary a persistent purpose to all reformers. Nothing but unvarying conduct and unbroken resolve draw adherents to new and problematic measures. The tide of popular opinion is strong; and to stem it, there must be no cessation of effort, no abating of stroke, no giving up. On the other hand, contormity to principles, unchanged through years, will accomplish wonderful results. Were an Alcott in every township, beloved and kind as he is, never to intermit an effort to make people adopt a vegetarian diet, and never compromise himself once, the whole American population would give up meat within six months.

It was very pleasant to sit in the old brown house with wide-open windows; and there in the philosopher's library, with old furniture, shelves in the walls, and thin, leather-bound books, to listen to his rambling discourse. Formerly he was superintendent of schools, and with the children, whom his visits delighted, he would hop and skip or sometimes to their infinite amusement read, substituting names of his own, in Pilgrim's Progress. His grounds are adorned with rustic seats, arbors and summer-houses. The front fence, also rustic and built by himself, is wonderfully unique.

The woods were ransacked for misshapen trunks of trees, distorted limbs and twisted roots, for any woody warts or ugly gnarls, and these, when collected, were put together into a substantial fence supplying its own ornamentation, and, for aught I know, its own hinge and fastening.

HAWTHORNE'S.

Next to Alcott's is Hawthorne's. The house is almost entirely concealed in shrubbery, but nearer the road than could have suited the tastes of the owner. Yet a part of that ridge which here continues its course was dug away to locate the house as far back as possible. Upon the summit of the ridge, amid whispering trees, is a rough seat, whose back is a simple board nailed to two trees. Here Hawthorne in the summer time used to sit in the solitude he loved so well. In front is a well-trod path, which he used to pace like a grenadier, turning and composing. The house below is not remarkable for its architectural beauty, the parts being somewhat huddled together. It is surmounted by a square tower, to which Hawthorne in winter time retired when he wrote. The entrance is by an ordinary stairway, although the owner used to threaten to substitute a trap-door, and, pulling his table upon it, effectually to bar admission. Two mottoes in white letters on dark wood-work immediately attract the eye: "Abandon all care, ye that enter here;" and "There is no joy but calm." The wife, the two daughters (to whom President Pierce willed $5000 each), and the son are in England. The house recently sold to a family of Grays, for $4000.

HAWTHORNE'S WRITINGS.

Little interest would be taken in the house but for the distinction earned by the master. "Marble Faun" lies before me, cold and unemotional like the statuary of which it treats. You are chilled by the thin air of art, the presence of so many busts and models and chiselled fragments of the unsympathizing marble, and at length are forced down upon a freezing block of Carrara yourself. The book, though it may be cold and unemotional, even dull and dismal at times, yet is never in the least distasteful, muddy or unchaste. All Hawthorne's writings are polished and perfect, almost sacred for their smoothness. They remind you of the burial place of the Capuchin monks where no disagreeable scent arises. They are simple and subdued—less like the luxuriant growth of a tropical region, where nature is lavish of winds and storms than the paler products of a temperate one, where the sun scarcely wilts the flowers at noonday. There are no high colors nor overwrought pictures, but quaint old wife's tales, that suffuse insignificant things with a gentle glow and make little *nothings* blush. Perhaps the author carried out in writing the injunctions he gives to portrait painters, "Side-glimpses often bring home richer results than a broad stare."

Hawthorne deserves the thanks of us all in that he has caught up many scattered memories of New England times, that, like vagrant children, he has trained and reared in the beautiful asylum of the mind, to go forth finally to be heard of men. Old and young have been happy to gather around grandfather's "armchair." Children's stories and histories, indeed, are often as much valued by the mature as the tender.

Next to Hawthorne's is the house of Ephraim W. Bull, the original producer of the Concord grape, a hardy variety adapted to the climate of Massachusetts. Originally a resident of Boston, he moved to Concord, fancying he could rear and maintain a vineyard here with no difficulty. But he was obliged to spend thirty-five years in study and experiment before he could get a vine that would thrive. Probably no other man in New England is equally well acquainted with the grape, its history, growth, and culture among the ancients, in France and America. A man of general powers large information and liberal culture, he has been himself to a work no less than that of reforming agriculture, or rather enlarging it, by making our barren hillsides bloom under the vine, and rendering thousands of untilled and neglected acres a source of wealth to the farmer. A temperance man, and a temperance lecturer for twenty years of his early life, he cherished the hope that the introduction of a pure, light, healthy wine will, in a great measure, do away with the use of the deadly adulterated liquors. Already do the vines of the Concord grape grow on about two hundred and fifty acres in Massachusetts, of which about one hundred and twenty are in Middlesex county, and twenty-five or thirty in Concord. It seems highly appropriate that here, where authors allude to the inspiration of draughts that redden in the light, and poets sing of the beaker and the cup, the vine first should grow. As Bacchus always had his place among the gods, so Concord be forever known for her native tales and her native grapes. These reflections seem just to me gazing into a glass of Mr. Bull's pure grape-juice. Assuring him I was no wine critic, experienced in the brands, "All the better," he exclaimed, "the more you had taken the adulterated drinks, the less you would be prepared to enjoy a pure article"—an opinion new to me, but evidently correct. My judgment thus flattered, I felt the fullest assurance in pronouncing his wine highly delicious and agreeable; and the last swallow went down with a secret "Here's to that genial gentleman, E. W. Bull. May he live to see the hills of New England vine-clad like those of France, and to have his name pronounced on many lips as that of the 'father of our vineyards.'" Mr. Bull is, I believe, a member both of the Farmers' Club and the

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

This organization shows the stability and permanence of things in Concord. It took its origin from the Safety Committee of the Revolutionary War. Of course, from the nature of varying circumstances, it has undergone some essential modifications. At present it is a powerful and select clique, greatly aspired to. The number of members is limited to twenty-five—two black balls preventing the admission of a candidate. The object of the organization is to discuss what is best in the village and what best for the village. It notes the changes which have occurred, the progress which has been made, and consults future advantage. It is the village chronicle and cabinet. Many leading movements have had their birth in its discussions and many privileges sprung from its wise counsels. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening from October to April, and partake of the festal as well as the critical, literary and legislative character. Expensive entertainments are provided—the rich establishing a standard, and the less able not being willing to depart from it. How much eating, public and unseasonable, is accomplished in America! No literary or labor society is able to do without it. The Crisphus, college alumni, Odd Fellows, and even newsboys, have their dinnings-out. Every centennial, semi-centennial, inauguration, laying of cable or corner-stone, opening of railroad, or distinguished foreign arrival, is celebrated by an ovation at Parker's or Young's. Shakspearian club and sewing circle, the silver, tin and woolen weddings, all have their clatter of crockery. On the close of theatres come salads and jellies; Sabbath schools and temperance societies have their picnics, and the fat men an annual clam-bake. Thanksgiving degenerates into an emptying of plates, and life itself is little else than a picking of the teeth at an anniversary or a rubbing of the belly after a national repast. When we are to be visited, the question is not, What thoughts shall we air? but, What joints shall we roast? The disciples also ate together, and dipped sop in the Saviour's time.

A great work is being performed, and will have been completed before the winter is gone. General interest and the private needs of the circle demanded the biographies of deceased members; and, accordingly, a law was passed requiring every person belonging to the circle to prepare at least *one*. That of Dr. Ezra Ripley is by Emerson, and is replete with anecdotes illustrative of the character of the rigid old shepherd of the Lord's sheep.

THE OLD MANSE,

whither we may now feel at full liberty to go, having done the Boston Turnpike, is upon a road running along the river in a direction northwesterly from the village centre, and quite near the monument erected on the spot where the British, when fired upon by our hardy sons, fled. It is a square, two-story, gambrel-roofed structure, of the ancient order of architecture, and a very home-like appearance. It is considerably removed from the road, and to approach it you enter between two tall, plain, granite posts, upon a straight path, bordered by two thin rows of lofty trees. The mansion has undergone repairs and certain alterations, so that it does not answer exactly to Hawthorne's famous description. It was erected by the Rev. William Emerson, the grandfather of Waldo Emerson, a great preacher and patriot, of whom Dr. Ripley, who succeeded him in the pulpit and the manse, who married his widow, and to whose heirs the estate now belongs, speaks in

the highest terms of commendation as "distinguished for his ministerial talents, social disposition, love for his country, for human happiness and immortal souls." Here Emerson's father was born, and here he wrote "Nature." Here Hawthorne lived long enough to write a book which he said would be his last, but which, much to everybody's delight, proved otherwise.

REV. DR. EZRA RIPLEY.

was a representative clergyman of the old New England school. Nearly all the class have passed away. By their force of mind and character, their sharp intellects, their tongues fearless to approve or blame, their pure lives and strong Puritan principles, they were a power felt alike in the pulpit and when they descended among the people. Not only was the spiritual voice heard through them, but they grasped the learning of the age, and were the educators of mankind. They preached for a lifetime to the same flock, they grew gray in the ministry and were respected as patriarchs and rulers of tribes. Such was Dr. Ripley. He reigned, says Thoreau,

"With a vigorous crook,
By precept of the sacred Book."

A man severe in the government of others and himself, even imperious and exacting in the treatment of his congregation, but talented and imbued with the deepest sense of the divine duty and right. It is related of him, that when two members had had a long-standing difficulty much to the scandal of the church, and both were right and both were wrong, but neither willing to make concessions, he invited each to his house without the knowledge of the other. When they had met in his library, the old clergyman turns upon them and says, "Now this must be settled;" and under his stern influence they settled it. Again, there had been a long drought, and the deacons of the parish desired Dr. Ripley to pray for rain. No sooner had he prayed than the rain fell and continued falling until it seemed the deluge raged on the earth once more, and the old ladies exclaimed, "Ah! just like Dr. Ripley; he always overdid things." He died aged 90.

WALDEN POND AND HENRY D. THOREAU.

Leave the village now and take a narrower road; go through the woods south of the town, wending your way among trees so low that you must sometimes bend to avoid the overhanging branches; proceed to the picnic grounds immediately contiguous to Walden Pond and the Fitchburg Railroad. Behold the beautiful lakelet reposing before you. Walk along the shore to the left until you come to Thoreau's Cave, as it is called. Near at hand is the site where the recluse built his hut, "squatting" on Emerson's land. Some sumachs mark the spot; but the hut, after being removed to the north of the village and used for a corn-crib, is now demolished. Although writers lament the disappearance of the habitation, still Thoreau would doubtless be pleased that such secondary traces of him are gone.

Would that some one might give to the world an account of all the hermits that ever lived in tub, cave, and shanty. Certainly, Thoreau is the representative American hermit, and perhaps the richest character that ever lived in Concord. He was a little below the medium size, with rather broad shoulders, and arms so long that stooping to the earth was a matter of no difficulty. He wore a full brown beard and had a rounded contour of feature instead of the pointed nose and sharp visage I had fancied.

Thoreau's books are fast gaining in the popular favor. They are like so many brooks, that leap in their course. They take hold of the inner and material alike. In he in the valley, he appears to have but just come down from the mountain; and on the mountain, to have but just come up out of the valley, either to aim at the buried root or the uppermost branch—the earth clinging to the one, sunlight to the other. Mechanic, mathematician, naturalist and dreamer alike, when the most absorbed and abstracted, when he has pushed himself the farthest into the regions of twilight and transcendentalism, he flies back to the common things of clay. He continually evinces that he has worked with his hands, seen with his eyes, heard with his ears, and been much enriched with outdoor life and physical contact with nature. At the greatest elevations he has a way of suddenly darting at the earth like a swallow. He seeks the commonest illustrations. He drops a stolid word now and then that comes down to us like ballast from a balloon. He makes even raw statements, in which he exposes the flesh and fibre of what he writes about. "When," he says, "you get God to pulling one way and the devil the other, each having his feet well braced—to say nothing of the conscience sawing transversely—almost any timber will give way."

His sentences are home-made. His "Letters," in which he often speaks of himself, and which contain some of his best thoughts, are especially of this character. There is nothing more thoroughly Thoreau than the following: "Know your own bone; gnaw at it, bury it, unearth it, and gnaw it still." His philosophy is gritty. There is grit in the character of this great walker, thinker and *solitaire*. It is pleasant in all respects to contemplate the man. "I love to live," he writes.

THE HOAR FAMILY.

On the way from the centre of the village to the depot, lives the Hoar family, proud, opinionative and strong. Judge Hoar's services and talents are known. His father, Hon. Samuel Hoar, was commissioned by Massachusetts to go to Charleston, S. C., there to inquire into the imprisonment of certain colored citizens against whom no crime was alleged. The authorities and the people received him ill, and finally expelled him from the city. But for his daughter, he would scarcely have escaped with his life. The Chair of Mathematics, Harvard University, was offered to him in 1805.

ELLERY CHANNING.

Near the depot, in a bare-looking, double tenement, (certainly very unpoetical this,) lives Ellery Channing, to whose poems the world has never given a very cordial or careful reading, although they are faithfully prized and perused by those who have learned his genius through private acquaintance. It is a matter of regret to his friends that he does not attend more carefully to the revision of what he writes, instead of sending to the printer the first rough sketch. He was often Thoreau's companion in walking.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Josiah Bartlett, M. D., formerly President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, whose son wrote and dedicated to him a volume of poems on the Concord fight, is one of the old residents. As Ezra Ripley is the representative divine of the old school, so is Josiah Bartlett the representative doctor. Mr. Frederick Hudson, formerly associate editor of the New York Herald, and Mr. Louis A. Surette, author of the History of the Corinthian Lodge of Free Masons, live here. Mr. S. was educated for the priesthood.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

Margaret Fuller, who linked her fortunes with the Italian marquis, and whose tragic fate filled America with sadness, was, by her queenliness, thoughtfulness and spirituality, most fit to represent her sex at Concord—the sex to which, as here represented, belonged Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Samuel Ripley and others.

Of New England Authors.

Upon the invitation of a select literary circle of St. Louisans, the celebrated A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, Massachusetts, has for several years past occasionally visited our city, and delivered a series of his literary and philosophical "conversations," which are held in high esteem. Mr. Alcott prefers the form of discourse as insuring a greater degree of freedom of thought and of expression and a closer sympathy of auditors and speakers. He is now in his seventy-eighth year, yet in admirable possession of all his powers, and brings to his congenial class of topics the discipline and culture of a life spent in devotion to them. He recently visited St. Louis, and gave a series of three conversations, the concluding one on Thursday evening of last week. His subject was "New England Authors," and we are quite sure that a very large number of our readers will thank us for the extended report of the conversation which we give below.

Mr. Alcott spoke as follows:

The noblest power of which we know, or can conceive, is what we call

GENIUS.

It appears to be the highest, fullest and subtlest of all powers—a name so inexplicable that neither critics nor scholars—perhaps we may say hardly the philosophers, who have solved the highest problems—have yet defined it. A power that requires all nature for its background, needs the world for its canvas.

In attempting to paint them, such illustrations of genius as our country has exhibited to us, we need a background—we need to spread a canvas which shall be adequate to illustrate their powers and modes of work. If we look backward in our history we find it opens in New England largely. At any rate, if it does not geographicly open there, I think I am right in saying that it does intellectually, since the great influences which have made our civilization on this side of the water date so largely from New England; and still that influence sways.

THE PURITANS

were devout persons, and they brought the religious element with them. They sought to incorporate it in institutions, and that spirit predominating has not only molded our institutions, but in a great measure maintains them to-day. The West is new New England, since the spirit which here prevails is so largely New English—a step of refinement on the British spirit, or the old country, but having its roots largely in the ideas which they have brought across the water.

We have a pre-revolutionary period, a period succeeding the revolution, and the period in which we now live following it.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION,

as we call it, I recognize very few influences which could be called other than old English. Was not Jefferson an Englishman? with a little touch of the French revolution certainly, but still an old Englishman in the quality of his thought. Washington still more than Jefferson, I think I may say, and Adams less than either, having more of the Puritan spirit, more of the newly imported spirit. But I think we may say that nearly all of these political characters were chiefly Englishmen in their modes of thought and work. In Franklin we discover something which we may call American. A mind dealing directly with affairs in an American way. Perhaps we could hardly call him an American in a refined sense.

Of the poetry of that period there certainly is little to be said. The people were too much occupied in the struggle of independence to produce literature, and had not leisure to produce verses. It looks almost ridiculous, in our hemisphere, to mention the names of those who were esteemed poets in their day, for they hardly dealt with American subjects. "Hasty Pudding," it is true, was peculiar to this country, but Barlow was abroad when he wrote the poem. There was a little touch there of something American. Few people now read Dwight's verses; and who has read lately Barlow or Humphrey? Of course in a discourse like this I am not aiming at exhaustion, but only intend to name a few persons; if I omit any names that might deserve a place, the company will supply them.

We come down to the revolution, when our independence was achieved.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

It seems as if the American spirit began to exhibit itself. There was the metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards, celebrated for his metaphysical abilities and style, holding a high place. Beside him I do not now recall any name of eminence deserving to be mentioned in the field of pure thought. I think we must come to Dr. Channing to find a theologian who dealt with problems in a finer spirit, and in something of an American style. I am not now dwelling on his theology at all, but on his style and work and method. A little previous to this Goethe had been mentioned on this side of the water, chiefly, however, through the influence of Carlyle, who first made us acquainted with Germany. Wordsworth and Coleridge had also done a similar service for old England. It happens, however, that Dr. Channing was indebted little or nothing to either Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle or Goethe, as he never read German in the original.

A little later than Dr. Channing came Bancroft, the historian, who dealt with American topics, not, however, I think, in an American way. I should say the readers of Bancroft discovered that he has a theory, and it is given in a very rhetorical way, but one would not look to his history for pure fact, and consider it reliable.

When, then, did American thought begin to exhibit itself?

I should think not until a little after Dr. Channing's time in the early part of this century, not much before the year 1820. The revolution had then sufficiently passed behind mankind to give them time to consider literary questions and religious questions. Goethe was then, you may say, the leading influence, and still is, with his contemporaries, Schiller, Richter and Herder. They were the men to whom this country is most indebted to-day, and whom younger persons are beginning to study.

Not until somewhat later, since poetry precedes philosophy ordinarily, did Schelling, Kant, Fichte and Hegel begin to be known, much less studied; and even till this very day one can count on his fingers the readers of these master minds, so that we may say that the era of philosophy has hardly come to this country.

It would be a little ambitious and certainly impertinent, in this company, to speak of an American philosopher, though I think the American philosopher is appearing, and perhaps more than one, who will not only comprehend German thought, but doubtless add to it. In this city you have the merit of having carried philosophy beyond any other city in this country; so that already New England begins to look to the West. It is due for a person coming from New England to say that.

After referring to Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, and Sylvester Judd, and reciting some pleasing reminiscences of them, Mr. Alcott proceeded:

A LITERARY TRINITY.

I have now my trinity of persons to deal with, Mr. Emerson, Margaret Fuller and Henry Thoreau. What we have been upon so long is a kind of dull background.

MARGARET FULLER.

Margaret Fuller is almost as American. If she had not that strong-headed papa I think she would have been quite. He taught her Greek and Latin in the old style, and insisted that her task should be got, and did not always praise her, perhaps, when she got her lesson. It was doubtless good drill for her, but I heard her say, and I have heard it said of her, that she dated her ill health, and her faults in composition to some extent, to her having studied so much Latin and Greek. It spoiled her style. It certainly is not a style to be imitated. But she had something better in reserve than her pen. Of all the conversationists in this country I consider Margaret Fuller to have been the superior, the queen of simple and genial discourse. There she was herself. Those who heard her converse still bear testimony to her remarkable power, not only as a thinker, but as one who could magnetize her whole audience, and lift them up into a higher sphere, which is the great merit of conversation.

She had the best company which Boston could give for her auditors, and she was among her peers, certainly, when Emerson, Henry Thoreau and many others, since become eminent, were her hearers. There was one quality which I think she had which no woman I ever met possessed—the subtlety of her thought was surpassing. She seemed to like to deal with the mysteries which most Americans avoid. Her power was in her conversations and I believe that she was the first woman in this country who invited her friends to come and take part with her in discussing such theories as she brought before them. Mythology, the Greek gods and goddesses, social life and all those fine topics that we seldom hear discussed, were her delight. In conversation she was imperial, knew her place and kept it. The way in which she carried her head was very impressive and lofty. They say that gods and goddesses are known by the manner in which they carry their head, and certainly she carried her head like a goddess. One would say that her face was plain, that she had no special charms, so far as her features were concerned; but her chief attraction was in the *tout ensemble* of her personality rather than in any special feature, unless, perhaps, it was the eye. Her eye was very deep and dark, and although not of the dark temperament, she had of that element, and knew how to deal with the dark side of life.

She had the peculiar art of discovering the secret soul of her auditors, and knew how to speak to each person. She knew what a question meant, which is not what every person does. It is said that whoever asks questions classifies himself. Not only the contents of the question, but the mode of asking it, determine precisely to a scholar or thinker where the person is in the scale of culture and education. I suppose she answered more questions than any other person, or as many as any other person of her times. You find all over the country persons who have read her book, expressing their exceeding obligations to her; and certainly in what concerns women she was the first to speak of and write about it. If the present company are really interested in what really concerns womankind, let them read Margaret Fuller's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." They will there find, I think, most of the great questions better treated than they have been treated on any platform. She anticipated even many of them with great modesty and fineness of discrimination.

It is not necessary to dwell upon her sad fate; her going abroad and taking a part in the Italian revolution, where she became the intimate friend of the leaders of that revolution and wrote its history. That history went down with her on the fatal night when she and her husband and child perished near the shores of New York.

HENRY THOREAU.

Mr. Henry Thoreau was perhaps the most original mind the country has produced. If he had not had a little touch of the old Thor in him coming all the way down from the north and still retained in his name, I should say he would have been an American. But not quite, we have not got him yet. We shall pour into the cauldron all the populations of the world as soon as they get over here, and out of them all we shall get an American.

Mr. Thoreau was a genuine Saxon—perhaps I should say a North man with a touch of the Saxon, and one must needs see him to describe him. If one would like to see a frontispiece, and they say no man or woman is of any great importance unless they have a rather prominent one, I should recommend his as a model. His eyes were orbed, and I imagine that he saw on the other side, commanded the whole horizon. He thought he would play the American, or play himself at any rate, for he said "I am I, and nobody else; I should like to have the liberty, since I am I, and do not mean to be enslaved, of choosing my own country; for I really do not see, because I happened to be born in New England, that I am a citizen of New England, and because New England is a part of the United States I am, by accident of birth, a citizen of the United States. I thought that democracy meant entire liberty, and therefore I wish to choose my own country. "But the State did not wait for him to do that; they levied upon him for his poll tax, which was a dollar and a half. He said he thought his head was worth more than that, but he had no thought of paying even so much. He thought the State, if it set the right value on his head, was hardly able to pay for it, since it had not money enough in the bank, for he was a millionaire in thoughts and ideas. They put him in jail, however, and there he became acquainted with murderers and other criminals, and he half converted them. He staid there two or three days; and he was very indignant because the squire of the town paid his tax and let him out. He said he thought democracy meant absolute liberty; and as the State had put him in jail, it ought to carry out the penalty, and keep him there always until he paid the tax. It had forfeited its claim, broken its rule, and he had no very high respect for such a State as that. He took his revenge, and wrote such a story about Concord that everybody hung their heads, and I don't know but they do still.

That was his notion of liberty which fairly carried out I suppose is American. But how is man to get his bread, his clothing and his shelter? That is easy enough of course. He has his hand, and he can buy an axe and go into the wood and make a hermitage there. This he did, by the side of a lake, a mile and a half from the village. He wanted to be near enough to civilization to ridicule it, because it was his fool, and he played Æsop with it all the time. There, on the margin of the lake, he built his hermitage; dug a hole in the sand for his potatoes, which he knew how to grow. A friend gave him a little spot to build a house on, and there he lived and received high company. Whoever wanted to see a man went to see Henry Thoreau of course. The Bible and Homer were his companions. He was able to read them both in the original tongue, as he was educated at Cambridge, but the diploma of that institution was not worth a dollar and a half, and so he would not have it.

There he wrote his "Walden, or Life in the Woods," a new Robinson Crusoe, only it is a real one through and through. He became acquainted with all the birds and beasts and fishes, and all the wild wood-choppers, and studied the stars. He was out night and day after some game or another, and was always sure to run it down. He ran down stars as easily as anything else; he ran down everything; he never stopped until he had it. When he had it he put it in his book; and such stars, fishes and creatures there never were; better never were made. Any one who reads his book will see fishes that they never saw; he made them himself.

Then he had his affections too; his loves. Flowers were his especial favorites. He fell in love with one, and it was said that that flower always waited in the Spring time till its friend came, before it blossomed, and as he arrived it bloomed. This, however, is only a pretty fable. Another fable about him was that all the creatures wanted a representative. They met in convention, every one of them by delegate, (of course the stars also were present) and they chose Henry as their representative since, they said, he knows not only all that we do, but he tells us all we wish to know. Doubtless he was a man of such subtle sensibilities, instincts and sagacities that he reminded one of those animals which are distinguished for that peculiarity.

He was very fond of the Indians, and if any one wanted an Indian arrow as a relic, they always sent to Thoreau, for he knew where they were. I remember one time, in walking with him through the fields, I said to him, "It is not so easy to find Indian arrows, is it? I seldom find one." "Why, yes," says he; "here is one." He put down his hand, and there was an Indian arrow. He wrote a great deal about the Indians.

He kept a diary, and everything went into it. He was up all day, and all night except when he slept, and when he slept he dreamed. He put everything in his journal, and from it made six volumes of very wonderful books. If any one would wish to see how an American has lived and sympathized with nature, and told its secrets, let them buy his books. He has a very remarkable volume of letters, too.

He was very courteous, and wasted no time. If he made a visit he carried some of his notes with him, and when he said all he had to say, he left. He knew when to go, which is not what every one does. I think you will agree that Mr. Thoreau, in these respects, is an original. But what was the value of all this? To show how simply a scholar could live—at how little cost—and devote all his time to his genius. I believe his dwelling cost him $33 21 1-2 exactly, omitting labor. He raised his own potatoes and cooked them himself. He raised his own peas and beans. He had no dread of beans, like Pythagoras, except in one sense; if a bean meant a ballot, he had, for he never voted in his life. The State, he said, was altogether too despicable for an honest man to deal with.

He walked in clothes cut after his fashion. A modern tailor of course would not find them quite to his taste, but it was very well adapted to his wild life.

EMERSON.

We come now to Mr. Emerson, since we have left him for our central figure. I suppose the present company have all seen Mr. Emerson; perhaps not any of the others I have mentioned. He is a very plain, simple man, graceful manners, and fine culture, and modesty becoming his eminent talents. A scholar by genius, culture and habit. His books are more read, perhaps, by thoughtful persons all over the country than those of any other author; and it would not be an unfair test, in my judgment, if one were to go into any city and take the census of the readers of his books, to find the number of thoughtful and earnest people.

I will tell you a secret about his method of composing his books, since it will explain what a great many people have not comprehended, and will really show them how to read his books. It makes no difference, they say, whether you begin at the last paragraph and read backwards, or begin at what he meant for the beginning. There is some principle in that. There is, nevertheless, a thread running through all his writings; it takes a very subtle, fluent and sagacious reader to find that thread; but he assured there is a thread on which he strings all his pearls; it is not accidental.

He is a man who lives for thought, and who is a thinker. He is a benefacent man, since, on all occasions when the town of Concord wishes his aid, Mr. Emerson is ready to perform any service for his fellow towns-people. On many great occasions, as we are aware, he has given his voice to determine questions which arose in the history of our country, and if the speeches were collected which he made we should see how much he contributed in that way, perhaps more than any other person except Mr. Parker. He lives for thought, which means life, since those who do not think do not live in any high or real sense. Thinking makes the man.

How does he live, and what are his habits? Imagine a man who says: "Here is a day now before me; a day is a fortune and an estate; who loses a day loses life. Therefore he is alert, busy, awake. If he walks he sees what there is to see, and remembers it. He has a tablet in his pocket, and puts it down on the spot, not when he gets home. If he has visits to make, which is not often, any conversation that occurs goes into his common-place book without order. If he dreams, and any thought occurs in his dreams, that goes down also. If he reads a book, and it suggests a thought, that goes down in his common-place book. Whatever he hears, or sees, having all his senses awake, whatever product they give him goes into his tablet; and any time he has an invitation to speak, or that he knows he is to speak, he sits down and reads what is in his common-place book.

Perhaps some topic has been growing on his mind for some time. In every true man and woman things grow and get the ascendancy, and all who are fruitful will give birth to their thoughts. How shall it be

clothed? is the next question, since before the arrival we prepare the garments. The garments are already partially prepared; the material, at least, is there for dressing the thought. He finds what he has in his common place book; looks over it and sees what passages he has written, perhaps during the last twenty or forty years, touching the question. He copies them off; sees in what order they can be strung together; perhaps spreads them before him. I remember of hearing of an instance where a neighbor went in to see him, and there was the philosopher and poet leaning over his papers spread out on the floor before him, singling out paragraphs, perhaps, or trying what would be best for the introduction.

After going over many times, he goes to the lecture room and reads to see whether it has any connection or not. If the people think he is turning somersaults and cannot get from one paragraph to another without some explanation, he must continue to build a bridge, so that he may at least seem to get across; how he gets across is a miracle to most people. Sometimes it seems as if he had a bridge let down from above. He never falls or stumbles; there he is on the other side, and how he got there is a miracle. When you get acquainted with his style, however, you begin to feel confident he will pass over, and that there will not be a fearful plunge into the chasm between his paragraphs. I mention this for the information of those who read Emerson. They see no connection between one paragraph and another; but there certainly is, or he would not have classified them as he did.

Something has to be said about his style. That is entirely his own. It is Emersonian; it is not imitable. It is ridiculous for young men and women to try to imitate him; it cannot be done. The style is his, and purely his, and we are happy that it is. A good style fits like a good costume. His thought is deep and measures the intelligence of his readers. His suggestions are good. He helps us most who helps us to answer our own questions. Of what special value is a lecture in which the speaker does all the thinking for us, and we go away and say, "How good that was!" We have merely given our ears, and we praise the speaker for his wonderful knowledge. Babies can do that; they can hear what is said. The beauty of a speaker is that he answers no questions for us, but starts innumerable questions, and gives us work enough for a day, or a week, or a month, or forever. That is the value of his lecture. He sets us to do our work, does not do it for us. He does his work well, for he never produces an unfinished piece of work. That is his great excellence.

By so doing consider what a lesson he teaches those young authors who rush into print with the first little essay they write, instead of keeping them for years, and letting them ripen and mellow, and looking at them. A thing that has not been slept upon and talked about is not worth printing. Sleep upon it, talk about it, sit upon it, think it, digest it, incorporate it in your flesh and blood, make it yours and then it will do to print. Never show it to anybody. If you ever write anything tell scholars that it is good, but by no means show it to anybody; they will take all the charm out of it. The best of the great books are so simply natural and fine that we don't know that we wrote them; we didn't write them, they wrote themselves. Such are all his books. When he has thought a thing and committed it to paper he stops. It is a great thing to stop; it is as hard to stop as to begin.

Mr. Emerson has certainly been a universally to our people. Think of his value as a lecturer. For thirty years every winter he has traveled from East to West, and been heard by select audiences. Now no lecture course in any State of intelligence is thought to be perfect without at least one lecture from Mr. Emerson, for those who wish it and can enjoy it; because the best things are not enjoyed by all. I think we may say that he made the lecture. The Lyceum is Emerson's work really, since he began lecturing earlier than any one, and holds his place as no other lecturer has. A great many of the lecturers have fallen away, but Emerson is still a bright star, and sought after, though now beginning to be 70 years of age.

I will not speak of his verses particularly; I suppose they are less poetical, as a whole, than his prose. A poet by genius, he always writes poetry, though it be in prose form.

This evening I have done all the talking. Usually by conversation we imply what the word means—that more than one person takes part in it. But the company has listened so very patiently, that I have spoken until our time is nearly past. Nevertheless, if the company please we will have some questions now.

A good deal of verse is made in that mood, but I think one will find less in Emerson than in any other writer except Henry Thoreau, who has none at all. He is as whole some as spring. With him it is all fair weather, all out of doors. On a hot day let any one take up Henry Thoreau and drink out of that spring. He is the divine mood; but when you get into that week mood you had better not drink very deep. His is a grand mind which is pretty nearly divinized.

Major Irwin. There is a question I would like to ask. Do moods come upon authors, and do they write when under the inspiration of those moods?

Mr. Alcott. By a mood we mean, usually, that we are a little taken possession of by devils, do we not? We have often moods, I know. I should suppose that almost all men and women who have written have some quality of that kind, and that very few can always write in the divine mood. There is a divine mood and a demoniac mood, and the demoniac mood is very apt to take possession of most people; hence we get "Ravens" that in Edgar Poe's verses are very black, and we ask, Don't these come from the pit? It is so easy to descend into the pit; indeed it seems that some people never get out of it. It requires such prodigious illumination to escape from the pit, with its dolor and misery and suicide all life long.

I imagine the time is coming when some people will always stay in the clouds and look down on others; and we will look up and wonder whether these lifted people up there do us any good. But the way to see what is going on down below is to climb the mountain, and if you cannot get into the clouds, you will, at least, have a wide horizon. I take it that is just what genius does.

Moods are unfortunate demons. I think I suppose saints never have any moods; but sinners cannot escape them; it is the sinner's unavoidable trouble; he cannot keep out of the pit. See how refreshing Shakspere is; and how wholesome. It is the wholesomeness that means integrity—the wholeness, the entireness.

I would recommend to the one at the very bottom of the pit to understand himself, and see about getting out.

Professor Stone, of Washington University. I heard you, some years ago, say it is a very difficult thing to give definitions. Can you give us some definition of the term American, which you have used a good many times?

Mr. Alcott. I take it an American is a person who believes so entirely in himself, and at the same time so entirely in all mankind, that he goes straight forward and does what he thinks is exactly right, without fear or favor.

Mr. Harris. I suppose you have read the history of David Crockett, of Tennessee? He said, "Always be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

Mr. Alcott. Yes; only don't go too fast. I am afraid that is the trouble with Americans; it is going so fearfully fast. All the world seems to be on the race—nobody can be kept still a minute. What a phenomenon it would be to find a mortal man sit still a minute to-day—one single minute! I think the beauty of the new American the real American—will be serenity, quiet, peace and leisure. A little leisure—a little moment of leisure. That will be the American, I judge.

Mr. Harris. Then Emerson would not be so good an American as Thoreau?

Mr. Alcott. No; I think Thoreau is the nearest the American on the whole. We have another sort of American that Wall-street or Broadway is making. He celebrates liberty in a grand style; he thinks it is not worth while to indorse any of those little conventionalities.

Mr. Harris.—In speaking of what an American is, it seems to me that a little more might have been said to show us the negative limits of Mr. Thoreau. He was a man that believed in individualism, and did what he could to get rid of society. He never married, did not practice any of the trades or divisions of labor. He took it all as a whole, and did it himself, and did not wish to have anything to do with the state. He was, therefore, trying to get rid of the institution.

Mr. Alcott. See how fine that was, since it was his task. Having done that it required some one to take up the other side. The trouble is we have not cleared ourselves; we are individuals yet; and our individualism is in our way.

Mr. Harris. Adam had a rare advantage over Mr. Thoreau in that respect.

Miss Brackett. But it was by means of civilization at first that Mr. Thoreau was enabled to build his house, and survey his fields. If he had not that he could not have lived to himself.

Mr. Alcott. It is good to have a Thoreau, but one is enough when that thing has really been done. No man can educate himself, and feed and clothe himself, and produce books that will live forever with the help of society. He never entered society. What we call civilization was history; he played Æsop with it all the while; something outside of what he was. Concord was the universe, the world; and he remarked that he intended to annex all the rest of this continent to it.

When he took a walk, he said he did as much as Drake. He certainly navigated the globe. He went over the brook and lakes; the great oceans were nothing to them. And in his writings he gave us quality, not quantity.

Mr. Harris. Would you allow a Western man to give his idea of what an American should be?

Mr. Alcott. Certainly, sir.

Mr. Harris. The East has had some three hundred years of civilization, and may be by this time tired of it. Out West, where we are in the backwoods or on the borders, and can just keep ourselves free from the Indians and wolves, we look to combination as our safeguard, and believe in institutions, the family society and the State. By combination we conquer nature. We look forward to an Ideal American, a man who shall believe in institutions. I think there was a poet living in New England who said:

> I drank delight from every cup,
> Arts, institutions, I drank up,
> Athirst I quaffed life's flowing bowls,
> And sipped the flavors of all souls.

He was speaking of enjoying the world and all its institutions.

Mr. Alcott. We are not here to teach doctrines, but we are in the secret of it. Henry Thoreau's liberty was away from our individualism. We can look at society, and begin to do something. Of course society means all our institutions beautifully harmonized into one; and persons into individuals. Henry kept out of institutions. We have a great deal of that keeping out of institutions; but you can go a little further than he did.

Suppose you should conceive of an existence in which one would say: "There is only one thing a man can do and preserve his integrity entire. He cannot get his bread, nor shelter, nor clothing, nor anything, without breaking the Ten Commandments; for all is so mingled with sin that there is only one thing remains for him to do. No man can arrest his arm and say, "You shall take something; you shall eat and drink something." That would be individualism; and if Henry's doctrine had been pushed further you would see where it would have led him. It would have let him to the Ascension after awhile.

Of course we are not defending Mr. Thoreau. One Thoreau is enough for New England; but I don't know but it would the West good to have one, though the West has run pretty strong in that direction.

Mr. Harris. But he is copper colored. We have plenty of them here.

Mr. Alcott. We should pass around, and look at institutions and build them up anew. I have the impression that of the two modes of culture going on in the community, the one is the most effective which says, "I can solve all the problems of the mind; I will run everything through to its extremity and see every mind." That is the great way. The great minds have all been trained so. They not only read about experiments, but made experiments. They met the subject face to face, and having gone through it, said, "Now we have the basis; we have got rid of the Old Nick." The trouble with individualism is that it has got so much of the other self to get rid of; when it has got rid of that, then they can have society.

Mr. Emerson is not one of that class, since he has always remained within institutions. Thoreau went out. The "come-outer" we call him. Mr. Emerson has always remained inside, and done his work inside. Doubtless that is the better way; but if one has not that art he had better go out and say, "I against all the world; and if I am right, one with God is a majority."

Now let me say in closing, that throughout the Western States it will be found that conversations are as important an instrumentality as lectures, and that in cities where earnest thoughtful people wish to come together and talk upon fine questions, they will find it exceedingly attractive and edifying to do so. This evening there has been more said by one person than ordinarily. We only began to have conversation at the close. But you advertised me to talk upon a certain topic, and I did so.

I shall always have a vivid remembrance of the pleasant time I spent in St. Louis, and its pleasant memories shall go with me from it.

ALCOTT'S CONVERSATIONS.

Interesting Conversation vs the Authors of New England.

Last evening a very select audience assembled in the Polytechnic Building to converse with A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, Mass., on the subject of "New England Authors." We say converse because it is a conversation carried on between him and his audience. Last evening he spoke for a considerable time on the subject before any questions were propounded. Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and Henry Thoreau were each taken up, and discussed in the most elaborate manner. The merits of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Whittier were discussed upon in a way which one seldom has the pleasure of hearing. He complimented the West very highly, her literary attainments and rapid development, and said that the pleasant memories of the time he spent in St. Louis would always go with him.

This is the third and last conversation with which Mr. Alcott has delighted the people of St. Louis. The impression which he leaves behind him of his erudition and conversational ability will ever be remembered by those who had the good sense to go and hear him.

A casual newspaper paragraph in regard to Hawthorne's juvenile novel, which he never acknowledged, has brought out some hints in regard to it, and an authoritative contradiction of the statement that Hawthorne himself attempted to destroy all the copies of the edition printed. The tale was called "Fanshawe," and was published here in Boston, in 1828, soon after the author left college, one of the publishers being that Mr. Nahum Capen who was long afterwards Postmaster of Boston, and who had a literary turn, and liked the manuscript offered him well enough to print it, Hawthorne thought he could do better things, and not only never put his name on the title-page, but kept the authorship of the story a secret, and within a year before his death charged Mr. Capen never to reveal it. He used no influence to destroy the book, however, but rejoiced at such sale as it obtained. Books published anonymously in this way, and which do not make a hit, soon get out of print, and only three or four copies of "Fanshawe" are known to be in existence, and these in the possession of Hawthorne's friends, here and in Salem. N.Y. Tribune, 11-1-70.

The Boston "Journal" says: "The Post of this city has a very ill-natured article upon Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and his want of respect for newspapers and reporters. It is true that Mr. Emerson sometimes objects to having a lecture reported in full. To see the product of six months' thought taken from him without leave creates a very reasonable objection. For many years that we have had occasion to solicit favors from public speakers, we have found no one more willing to accommodate reporters. On one occasion Mr. Emerson, who left his notes at Concord, wrote out his remarks long after midnight, it having been understood that his copy would be furnished." ——

This is the way that Emerson makes his books: Every metaphor that occurs to the Concord sage is put into his commonplace book. Once in a while it occurs to him that he must have material for a winter lecture. Then he looks over his commonplace book and finds, perhaps, twenty pages here and there, on separate sheets, on "Beauty." After having collected these pages, he reads them before a Lyceum, and those passages which are applauded he forms into an essay, which he sends to his publishers.

CONVERSAZIONE.

A number of the most intellectually inclined of our Davenport population, assembled by special invitation, on Tuesday evening last, in the parlors of Ex-Mayor George H. French, for the purpose of having one of those delightful re-unions called a "Conversazione." It is enough to say, that the seating capacity of the hospitable mansion was fully absorbed.

Dr. A. Bronson Alcott, father of Miss Louise M. Alcott, the distinguished authoress, of Concord, Massachusetts, and a guest of the host, was present. This venerable gentleman, of dignified and commanding presence,—perhaps now three-score-and-ten,—has long been known in, and identified with, the literary circles of the East, and has the reputation of being a profound and original thinker and writer. With this gifted person present, so full of knowledge and so ready to impart it, no surprise was evinced when the "Conversazione" resolved itself into a delightful, familiar, parlor discourse, interspersed now and then by pertinent inquiries on the part of eager and deeply interested listeners. The Doctor, we must add, was one of the twelve associated together, having Garrison, Phillips and others as coadjutors, in that historic and early Abolition movement, which met with so much opposition in the beginning, and eventually, was crowned with such signal success, in the city of Boston.

Occupying the centre of the circle, Dr. Alcott easily led the company up to one of many subjects indicated, by some preliminary remarks upon the objects of such meetings, showing that interchange of earnest thought and the elimination of mutual sympathies, were more likely to be the result of parlor gatherings, where woman reigned supreme, than of much of the teaching from the pulpit or platform. He then, by request of the company, threw before the mind, in some of the most agreeable and piquant word-painting we ever listened to, the mental and personal characteristics of certain distinguished authors called American.

The idea was advanced that because a man was born on this continent he was not necessarily American—that English, and French, and German Associations, from which we were not as yet, remotely removed, influenced the thought and actions of most of us, authors and all. The intellectual standing and peculiarities of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry Thoreau, next door neighbors and friends in Concord—to which, as he naively remarked, Boston has recently been annexed—were graphically portrayed: as also were the traits of George Ripley and Margaret Fuller. Thoreau, with his intensity of democratic feeling, was perhaps the only one truly American; but the opinion was advanced in this connection, that perhaps it would be well to have only one Thoreau in the world, constituted as it is at present, good and wise and really great, though he might be. Emerson is evidently his ideal as a great thinker: Hawthorne, as the vivid delineator of the dark and sombre side of human action: and Margaret Fuller as the exemplification of that profound, aesthetic, and we might almost say, prophetic, nature, so deeply implanted in woman, and finding, in so few instances, complete development for the world's benefit.

By request, the Doctor was prevailed upon to run over the career of his daughter, Miss Louise M. Alcott, from her infancy forward. Starting with the presumption that he knew something of her early history, he followed her step by step, showing the early tendency of her mind towards literary pursuits, as well as for obtaining a practical knowledge of life; until the culmination was reached of being an authoress, with a hundred thousand of the most popular of her half-dozen productions sold with an abundance of money earned by the pen well in hand, and with the enjoyment of the privilege of traveling in Europe, at present, with a younger sister, upon means exclusively her own.

At a late hour the company dispersed, having arranged previously, to meet again on Wednesday evening at the same place for the purpose of listening to a dissertation on "Social Life"—or rather for the purpose of having a a "conversazione" wherein this topic is to be the one chiefly claiming consideration.

Many present on Tuesday evening were so enamored with the style of treating distinguished authors, and with the glimpses afforded of the inner life of those whose thoughts we read and love, that they desired to hear of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell and others—and the promise was more than half exacted that if opportunity presented, this feeling should be gratified.

We doubt if any company of people ever went away from the doors of Mayor French with feelings of more intense satisfaction than on the evening of the "converzations," wherein his friend Dr. Alcott contributed so much to intellectual enjoyment.

CONVERSAZIONE.

Dr. Alcott, at the gathering on Friday evening at the house of ex-Mayor French, had the matter pretty much his own way. In other words, those assembled felt more inclined to listen than to engage in conversation. The consequence was, a most excellent and profound dissertation on the subject of "Culture," every word of which was taken in by his attentive audience, and the views advanced will be long remembered. It is not our business to skeleton out his line of thought—in fact we cannot do it with any degree of satisfaction. Dr. Alcott must be heard to be properly appreciated. His views are expressed clearly, pointedly and with no redundancy of language. What his remarks suggest, and the activity which he imparts to the mind of the listener is one of his commanding, and we may as well say, charming peculiarities.

In speaking of books, libraries, and associations for literary advancement as a means of culture, Dr. Alcott paid a compliment to our sister city of Dubuque, which we cannot refrain from giving publicity to, so creditable is it to the population of our thriving neighbor. We were told plainly that Dubuque was ahead of us in the particulars mentioned above—that a club was formed by the gentlemen, called the "Round Table," and that the ladies, also, were organized as a literary coterie. He had the pleasure of attending both, and was instructed as well as greatly gratified. He also spoke of the library at that place in terms of unqualified praise. In conversation we heard him allude to a lady in Dubuque, the gifted wife of a gentleman of considerable note, and to express the opinion that the day was coming when she would be heard from and recognized as one of the most powerful of her sex in mental development.

When the gratified assemblage dispersed, it was with the understanding that they should meet again at the same place on Saturday evening, with the expectation that the conversations" would then conclude.

And the last evening of privilege of sitting at the feet of this Gamaliel, afforded the same satisfaction that previous interviews had given. The number of listeners was the largest yet present. The topic for conversation was "the Pagans and their Doctrines." It embraced reference to the belief, personal peculiarities, teaching, method of instruction, mode of intercourse, and quality of heart of Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato. As at other times the views of the Doctor were expressed with that remarkable directness and simplicity of language which characterized the treatment of the other topics, and no one could fail to get clear ideas of the subject presented. Then came the comparison of the teaching of these "Pagans" with those of Jews, with especial reference to the first direct affirmation of the immortality of soul. This portion of the conversation was especially interesting and instructive, as several important questions embodying various views with reference to the origin of the doctrine of immortality, the belief in resurrection, and the changes taking place in the religious world, were asked, and the answers were replete with the same wisdom that had marked the principal discourse. The conversation ended with the declaration that the churches are coming nearer to each other, year by year, and one day what is good and in harmony with the lovely character of Jesus will be accepted—in fact a high degree of broad spirituality of belief, without so much reference to precise personality of God will be reached—and a new era of religion will bless the world.

So the conversations were at an end. All felt very much indebted to Dr. Alcott for several evenings of delightful intellectual entertainment, and bade him good-bye with the wish that they may be some day renewed. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. French in throwing open their spacious parlors for the use of the attendants, was appreciated, and the mansion will be connected with feelings of gratitude, and with some of the most pleasant memories of those who have attended the conversations.

DR. ALCOTT AT GRISWOLD COLLEGE.

Dr. J. Bronson Alcott paid Griswold College a visit yesterday afternoon, and while there gave the students an extremely interesting address of over an hour's length. He recited many entertaining reminiscences of his distinguished daughters. The students of the College have had a rare treat, and esteem it highly.

Another Parlor Levee by Bronson Alcott.

Hospitality, Diet, Ornamentation, and Kindred Topics.

Bronson Alcott presided at his second "conversation" last evening, at Mr. Wilmarth's residence, No. 222 Michigan avenue. The audience, though composed very largely of the same interested listeners and speakers of the preceding evening, was considerably larger, and at the same time freer from restraint than before. There were over fifty persons present, among whom were many of the most distinguished thinkers of the city, all naturally deeply interested in the subject before them. The preliminaries all disposed of, Mr. Alcott said that it was proper to remark again that the law regulating and inspiring a conversation differs from that which inspires the speaker on the platform, resembling more that of the preacher. It was, indeed, a species of finite preaching—a kind of simpler fellowship than the church permitted. Bashfulness,—diffidence seemed the best preparation for a conversation, by which he meant that feeling that prevented one's giving full utterance to thoughts almost too precious to be spoken. "Is it not so," he said, "that the most beautiful things are not easily voiced? Hence, we sometimes think silence to be the finest speech."

If there be anything precious in this world, was it not the domestic ideal "those associations that cluster around the house, not only the house, but the garden, orchard, and even the neighborhood? Our houses are hot, yet—are they?—harmonious to the domestic ideal. We build as our fathers did; take our plans from our ancestors. We spend much on our houses; much in ornament,—not symbolical, but such as the architect chooses. We build for show, I sometimes think." He questioned whether a sacrifice of ornament to utility would not be an advantage in a great many cases. He asked: "Shall it be a house in the city, or a country house? Shall it be a house in the city for winter, and in the country for summer? Ideals never descend to meet the practical world. They say: 'Come up to me,—I am beautiful; I am immortal; come up to me.' Christianity is an ideal. Some day it will be an actual. The lovers picture a cottage, they say. They always are in heaven when they are picturing. If they are very beautiful, the cottage may be plain, they being its ornaments."

The host and hostess were the ornaments of the house, and were the central objects, and he would first glance at them, they being the ideal. "Say a house represents its owner, its builder, its inmates. It should be symbolical and represent them who live in it. So, I take it, the happy pair will sketch their house. The chief room in the house is the parlor. A good conversation room, is it not? The good old word is parlor, where men parley. We say drawing-room now. The good mantel-piece—the friendly fire, worth half a dozen friends—the incense of the flame are taken away." He thought we must revive the good old mantel and blaze. So if we have no conversation the flame may prompt it.

What was a house without a garden? A woman without flowers? Six or seven generations had inhabited the homestead. Now every one was on rails. "The whole family is afloat, I hear." He lamented the absence of the herb garden, and grandmother's herbs. They were not salutary; it was grandmother who was salutary.

Where were our pastorals? Whittier sang something. But we have nothing now pastoral or idyllic. Had we not as good elements for a pastoral as Virgil had? Of the house he said: "If there is any prose in the house, it is in us. We are the prose—things are poetic."

He thought beauty was the most useful thing in the world, and added: "Utilitarians are dying for a little beauty. It has everything in a title. Hence the beauty of beauty."

Hospitality, he thought, was to be named as the first virtue. Who were the hospitable people?—those who are humane, sweet, kindly, frank, open? "Hospitality consists, does it not," said he, "in welcoming every one and putting ourselves as soon as possible out of sight, making them the true inmates? Egotism cannot be hospitable. Everything in the field moves by platoons, but hospitality cautiously and with much subtlety. We become the pictures in true hospitality; they hang no longer on the walls." Of visitors, he said, warmly: "I think the frankest manner is best. Ask your friend to come in as a neighbor, not as a fine gentleman or lady. Oh, deliver us from these fine people! We want human beings."

Dwelling again on the question of hospitality, he said: "Then I believe it's a custom in hospitable houses to call out the best qualities of your guests. Celebrate the beauties they bring. Never criticise. The house is not the place for criticism, I take it. Editors and writers may criticise. But there must be no cynicism in the house. Good-natured satire, if you please, as much as you like, so long as it is good-natured, so that your visitor may go away and say, 'I never knew how beautiful he or she was before, indeed, how beautiful I am.' This will be charming." This subject led to that of diet for the guest, of which he said: "I suppose we owe it to our guests to take it for granted that they are above temptations. I don't know whether we ought to speak of rations to be taken. We have not arrived at that time when we celebrate three sacraments in one. But when the person is ideal, I take it the diet will be ideal." His vegetarian principles came out pretty strongly; when speaking of the appetite he said that as man had become civilized, the appetite should also become so. The ideal diet would exclude all slaughter and feeding on flesh. When that was done the animal man would become civilized. Taking up the carving knife, for the act of dissection could never become ideal, there was something in it we shrunk from. "The saints can live without murder," said he; "I take it there was no slaughter house in Eden. I never heard of it. When Messiah was to be tempted do do you recollect what was offered him? A modern table." As an ideal, diet he read the following from his 'Tablets:"

> Takes sunbeam's spring waters,
> Earth's juices, mead's creams,
> Bathes in floods of sweet ether
> Comes baptized from the streams
> Guest of Him, the sweet lipp'd,
> The Dreamer's quaint dreams.
>
> Mingles morals idyllic
> With Samian fable
> Sage seasoned from cruets
> Of Plutarch's chaste table
>
> Pledges Zeus, Zoroaster,
> Tastes Gaea's glad cheer,
> Suns, globes, on his trencher
> The elements there.
>
> Bowls of sunrise for breakfast,
> Brimful of the East
> Foaming flagons of frolic
> His evening's gay feasts.
>
> Sovereign solids of nature,
> Solar seeds of the sphere,
> Olympian viand
> Surpassing as rare.
>
> Thus halting his genius,
> His wonderful wand
> Brings poets and sybils
> To sup at his board.
>
> Feeds thousands fairies, he,
> Speeds thus and thus cares he;
> Thus faces and graces
> Life's long euthanasies.
>
> His gifts unabated
> Transfigured, translated;
> The idealist prudent
> Saint, poet, priest, student,
> Philosopher, he.

But he would not insist upon this diet for purposes of nutrition. He believed the Saints dined on fruits. The sinners, having satisfied

their baser parts, say, "Now I'll have an apple," with a shrewd desire to keep the best for the last. We dine frequently with an eye; we devour each other. Of diet, he said: "I judge our diet is the root of the crimes we complain of, and of our dispositions." In the case of women, this was peculiarly plain. The question of diet involved that of climate, and provoked an inquiry as to whether diet should not be regulated as by nature and the demand of climate. In reply, he said: "We each live in a climate of our own. Every dark complexion lives in the torrid zone. Migration has brought them together. Why, don't we say 'that person's hot—he's cold.' The question of food could not be taken up geographically so much as temperamentally. Though we sit at the same table, we do not eat the same food." But this subject was one on which the sage would not go further. "Let us drop it," he said; "you won't trust me on it. Let us drop it with this remark: 'The more sunny our diet, the more do we become the children of light; and the less sunny our diet, the less do we become so.'"

Mr. Collier said: "In the domestic ideal, is the unit in each or in the two?"

Mr. Alcott said: "No; in the two. It takes two to make one."

He went on speaking of man in his unmarried state as seeking for his complement, and never gaining his personality until he had found that complement.

The difference between a man and a woman would seem plain, probably, but Mr Alcott's definition puts it in a new light. "A little more sentiment than intellect determines the sex." When intellect leads, that's the lady. But the woman's head followed her heart. The woman's rights movement caused him to say that the fact that some women were unworthy, was unfortunate for the movement, but it should not disparage it. If a woman had public gifts, and could use them in a womanly way, why shouldn't she? Not at the sacrifice of their private gifts, however.

In reply to a question by Mr. Collier, whether in any man or woman could be found traces of both sexes, he said: "Sentiment is woman in a man, where expressed chastely. And so in the woman. They are not qualities of body, they are attributes of a soul. The ideal woman would be one whose intellect would be magnetic and divine. See how beautiful it was in the Greeks to select their most beautiful maidens for their priestesses. Women were chosen to publish the words of the Gods." Margaret Fuller was a Greek sybil of the pure type. She spoke better things than Emerson and other distinguished men.

"Heaven," he pursued, "was when the genius was so perfect that one made one; and still further, paradoxically, ideally a man could marry a man. Indeed, the ideal society was when there was no reference to sex. We never know whether we are a dunce or deity until a woman tells us."

Rev. Robert Laird Collier thought that in the two testaments was no instance of strong friendship between opposite sexes. He went further. "Was not the ideal friendship a high spiritual marriage?" and the sage agreed.

Mr. Collier inquired: "Can a woman ever feel that her first best is on the platform—outwardly—objective?"

"By no means. It is not the highest place. But the same is true of any official position. The highest place is at home. The same applies to a man."

"But if her gifts are in that direction?" pursued the questioner.

"Certainly, in that case, but I think her unfortunate. I say, let a man or a woman go in that case. But they are unfortunate. I think the highest man would be more domestic than any other."

Mr. Sheldon's inquiry as to whether it would not be better to have a woman's element in the Senate, provoked the reply: "Yes, and it will not be long before we have one."

Mr. Walker inquired as to whether we are tending to the ideal through present civilization.

"I imagine so," said Mr. Alcott. "Never since the time of Greece have women played so great a part as to-day." The centre figure of a galaxy of intellect was a woman. The most intellectual era was named Elizabeth, after a woman. He thought that the girls, as far as he could reason, were not being taught the domestic arts, and so the barbarian spy came in and took the place of the servant.

Rev. R. L. Collier took very opposite ground. The blame was largely with our inexperience, and heads of our families. No servant but was received with suspicion.

But whether the daughter could be brought to occupy the place of the servant, was an important subject. To secure the ideal household, he had this plan. Let one woman try and live out her ideal, and convert and magnetize her daughter to do it, and, taking all the criticisms, carry it out. She has wealth, and the comforts thereof to commence on. "The women to-day are victims," he thought, "to the appetites of men, in laying the table—the table—eternally the table."

A lady inquired where could the line be drawn between the Patagonian and his blanket and modern civilization.

Well, it was a difficult question. Culture could determine much.

The ideal house created much merriment, and the discussion of this and kindred subjects whiled away the hours until 10:30 o'clock came before any one knew it. It was determined to hold another conversation at the residence of General N. B. Buford, No. 81 South Morgan street, to which interested friends are invited.

REV. A BRONSON ALCOTT.

Conversation at Avenue Hall Yesterday.

Immortality.

Mr. Alcott gave another of his unique conversations yesterday afternoon at Avenue Hall, on Twenty-second street, and, notwithstanding the exceeding disagreeableness of the prevailing storm, there were from seventy-five to a hundred present, all of them evidently prepared to participate. Mr. Alcott is some seventy-five years of age, and he sits during the interview, speaking familiarly and informally, but always with singular preciseness of language, and with little gesture or motion except a slight weaving to and fro.

Mr. Alcott began by saying that the subject of immortality was one that people could not avoid being curious about. It excited the closest attention of the philosophers and profound thinkers of Greece, yet the world does not seem even yet to have settled the question beyond controversy. Most congregations to-day take the decision upon trust—not because they *know* it, but only because they believe it. Most thinkers hold it with some doubt, not being able to say "This is my soul" with the same certainty that they say "This is my hand," "This is my body." Among Christians the doctrine is mostly founded on the resurrection of one person—God, if you will—who is held to have said that his soul should survive his body, and is believed to have made that assertion good. Say they, because He, the supreme truth-teller, promised to rise from the dead, and fulfilled his promise, therefore we, too, shall rise immortal. This is the basis upon which nine-tenths of Christendom rest that doctrine. The foundation is wholly authority. Well, we take a great many things on Authority, and consider ourselves safe; but at this point Authority leaves us adrift, and does not satisfy. Is it worthy of the bold Anglo Saxon race that they cannot affirm the existence of the soul as undoubtingly as the existence of the body.

The old doctrine was that nothing comes into the mind except through the senses. What they could see, hear, smell, taste, feel, *was*, and there was nothing else. But one of the wisest philosophers said, "There is the mind besides. The mind is not physical. We cannot conceive of any aggregation of material atoms that would be capable of loving, willing, hating, choosing." He was right. The body is obviously not Us. It is only our clothes. And even if it were us, how long would it remain us? Our bodies are constantly passing off, dissolving, undergoing some chemical change, and becoming some other us. And so we should go on, using all the while, and pretty poor using at that. These bodies of ours are constantly in a state of combustion. We are surrounded by chemistry's invisible flames—a very halo. We are salamanders, living in the midst of a fire that consumes and restores us. We are miracle-workers, all the while undergoing death and resurrection. The eye can be melted to a jelly. So the body is disposed of. It is already gone, but the person, the *I* lives on. They say that Roger Williams has pretty much all turned into a peach tree, at whose roots they buried him. [Laughter.]

The physical is the negative side of us. In the absolute and fine sense, matter is nothing—no-thing. Matter is only the apparition of our actual self. The person—the spirit—the *I*—this is the only real thing. Matter is subordinate; the senses only the tools we work with. Every inventor accomplishes his task by thinking—that is, literally, by thing ing. Master minds are thingers—the common folk are only dealing with things.

At this point there was a lull, and a gentleman asked how to answer the materialists who reason from analogy that as the mind was not conscious before the birth of the body, therefore it will be no longer conscious when the body shall have perished.

Mr. Alcott said: Ask them where we get the words eternity, infinite, always? Do we see eternity? Do we smell eternity? Do we get an idea of "always" through the senses? No; the senses are finite, and "always" has neither beginning nor end. Then there is something in the mind which it did not derive from the senses there. And the Good Father will not tantalize his creatures. He will not mock any divine hope, but will allow any sinner to escape his love and care.

Being asked by a gentleman if we have reason to believe that the life principle of animals would consciously survive the death of their bodies in another state of existence, Mr. Alcott remarked that nothing unconscious could die. So far as it is a personality, it is a personality for all time and eternity. If life could perish, it would not be life. We are all animals, and we shall all live in our different spheres. Instinct alone will not do an animal, it takes the addition of sense; add memory and observation, and you have a higher form of animal; add ideality and imagination, and you have a poet or artist; add reason and logical faculty, and you have a Judge; add moral sentiment, and you have a saint; and combine them all in one being, and you have our conception of a God.

Asked if Spiritualists have not a strong assurance of immortality, in believing that they can hold communion with their departed friends, Mr. Alcott said there are two kinds of Spiritualists—objective and subjective—the former, those who need to seek for ghosts and shadows outside of themselves; and the latter, those who seek to know their own spirits intuitively, and needing no apparitions. If a man once recognized his own supreme personality—the all-conquering *I*—he would require no further proof of his immortality. He would say, however, that Spiritualism had done a good work in its way, having convinced many of an immortal existence.

Heaven is not *up*. It cannot be located. If Heaven is above us, where is it to the Chinaman? Are you going up out of yourself to get to Heaven? The word "where" does not belong to it. Your where is not my where. Heaven is not any where, nor any which, nor any what. These are time and

space terms. We shall live in the next world just as we live here, minus our bodies.

In reply to the question whether idiotic and other deformed minds would suffer in the next world for their misfortune, he said that when obstacles and encumbrances should be lifted, oppressed souls would doubtless recover their natural stature. We call ourselves contemporaries. But there are persons in this room who are doubtless a hundred years older than others. Margaret Fuller was a century ahead of the women of to-day. Whoever thinks, lives. Whoever does not think merely vegetates. There is a good deal of this sort of vegetation—rather luxuriant.

Mr. Alcott gives another of his conversations this evening, at No. 125 Michigan avenue. All are freely invited.

NEW ENGLAND AUTHORS.

A large company gathered, on last evening, at the residence of Mr. George S. Bowen, No. 125 Michigan avenue, to listen to the talk of Mr. Bronson Alcott, who may be regarded as the Boswell of New England literateurs. These *conversaziones* have already become well known in Chicago, and need no particular description beyond the record. Shortly after 8 o'clock, the white-haired old gentleman, who seems to be making it his present mission to graft somewhat of New England idealism into the grain of western thought, entered, and proceeded to discourse in a simple, unaffected way. His talk was substantially as follows:

As this was a conversation, he wished it to be subject to all the conditions of conversation, viz., free enquiry and questioning. All had their curiosities and private questionings, and in the interchange of these with perfect freedom stood the charm of conversation. The intimate method of its bringing thought home to thought made it after all the most fruitful source of instruction.

The subject would be New England authors, but it would be seen before the evening was over that the true subject was rather Concord authors. The Concord celebrities would be pointed on canvas; other authors would be merely photographed, or sketched in light outlines. Portraits could not be painted without canvas, and American literature was only half a century old, furnishing but little background. Barlow, Humphrey, Dwight, *et. al.*, were not read now. As far as revolutionary literature is concerned, Franklin and Jefferson could only be called distinctively American, the other writers of that day were not really national. Dr. Channing was the first American author who was colored with New England tints, and was the only great man of his day, who could be called so in a fitting sense. About this time Carlyle commenced to build up a school of thought, and in connection with Coleridge had commenced to import Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, Richter, etc., into English mind. Dr. Marsh translated Goethe's life at this time for America. So there also arose a school of young enthusiasts in New England, who assimilated this fresh stream of thought with New England local characteristics.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson would be the central figure he should sketch, as he regarded him with more love and reverence, and believed that his influence on the mind of the age had been greatest, on the whole, of any of the great minds of the country. Around him stood Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller. At an early period he became acquainted with all these minds, and met them often. A company called the Transcendental club often met together at that early time. In it were Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Dwight, W. H. Channing, Ellery Channing, Dr Francis of New York, Theodore Parker, O. O. Bronson the great Catholic champion, with some others of less note. He would also mention Mr. Lowell as belonging to that company. This was to be said to the credit of Emerson, that any distinguished foreigner coming to this country always sought an introduction to Mr. Emerson first of all. Tom Hughes, to be sure, had not considered Emerson the greatest man in the country, but he was the exception, and made a great mistake in so judging. Mr. Emerson was the most simple, affable man we ever knew; the best listener when a man had something to say, the poorest when a talker had nothing to say. Emerson could not only entertain his company but his own thoughts. The latter was a rare art, and he would talk something about it. He would tell them how Mr. Emerson got together the material of his books. His way was to go out and study nature by sunrise, and then go to his library and record his impressions in his commonplace books. Any bright thought struck out in conversation, observations of art, dreams, in short anything of value, was thus recorded. After a time, he could look over his book, and perhaps find a dozen paragraphs on beauty, genius, or any great topic. These he would take and bring together and write a preface, stringing them together. But oftentimes at the early stage of the growth of these essays and lectures, thoughts were shuffled about in promiscuous confusion. His lectures oftentimes were full of passages that he skipped, or lost by the displacement of the leaves. This seemed to make no difference to the lecturer, who proceeded as if nothing had happened. Often in commencing, he would stop and seem to be lost in thought, but this was not because he had nothing to say; but on the other hand he was preparing to make a plunge into deep water. Emerson struck for deep water the first thing, but yet never got out of his depth. To use another comparison, he would build bridges to the stars, but always flew so high in the attempt that he built from the stars downward.

It did not seem to make much difference where he commenced, or in what order the thoughts came. His essays could be read to equal advantage backward as well as forward.

For this reason, many had complained that there was no method or logic in his thought, no symmetrical development of truth. He would remark that logic was not by any means the highest characteristic of thinking. No man ever thought of logic or order when he gazed at the glorious stars of the firmament. Their lessons could not be explained on the theory of arrangement. So was it with Emerson's thoughts. So his reading was very remarkable and peculiar to himself. His elocution gave a new depth, beauty, and significance to poetry.

Emerson's first book was "Nature," next a volume of essays; following that "English Traits," "Conduct of Life," and a volume of poems.

Query—Why did Gough draw an audience of 500, where Emerson drew only 50.

Answer—Because dunces always run where dunces talked. This was hyperbolical; but it was natural that the commonalty should go where a little thought was dramatically represented to the senses. Thinkers went to hear Emerson, because they wanted pure thought.

Query—Did not the old Anthology club influence thought more than the Transcendental club?

Answer (with a pitying smile at the query)—I think not. The Anthology club was made up of solid old gentlemen, whose minds never overflowed certain grooves. They had not influenced American thought, because they had very little genuine original thought in them.

But Emerson was thoroughly hospitable to all thoughts from whatever source they come. He was not a propagandist in any sense, but always respected other thoughts, however diverse from his own. In answer to a question whether Emerson was as entertaining to literary men as other men of less talent, the answer was that men's food depended on their appetites. Emerson was a university in himself. A man need not graduate from any other school. A community could be accurately measured by its interest in it by genius, by adapting it to become the Emerson, for he was the most perfect symbol of spiritual food for the masses. The *North American Review* was distinguished by its ta- the thoughtful scholar in America.

Query—Whence did Emerson draw his inspirations?

Answer—From Germany more than from any other source. Emerson was not an imitator of Carlyle, though they were friends. Carlyle was grim, fatalistic, and only interested in those who could dog him. He was, in short, a hero-worshiper. Emerson was genial and thoroughly sympathetic. He was fond of Oriental and Platonic literature. His vein of mysticism, like that of all great minds, was original.

It was true that the *North American Review* had grown out of this club, but the review was simply a receptacle for solid and substantial old fogies to pour their opinions into. The only kind of thought that moulded or inspired other thought, was that of genius, the creative type of intellect. Talent simply used the material given

well, although a next-door neighbor. Hawthorne was as coy and bashful as a bride. He was a Puritan idealized; full of night, and melancholy in appearance as well as thought. He thought his heart and nature against all intrusion. His wife had the grace to say he was not at home to visitors. And really he never was at home in any essential sense. He was always seeking for a home and never found one. His sympathy was with the dark side of nature and thought. A gloomy strand of fate ran through all his writings. His darkness was not like Poe's. The latter was simply desperate. Hawthorne was always out of what he saw,—a seer of spectacles not an actor in his own spiritual drama. His art was perfect, because it was so simple and spontaneous. Hawthorne was not an American, though born here. He was rather an old Norman, wakened from the tomb, and never acclimated. He became a thorough Englishman while abroad. So complete was he alienated from American sympathy that, during the late war, he was undecided and his mind hedged, as to what opinion he really should entertain. The living questions of the hour he could not appreciate. So he rather acted with the party with which he was politically affiliated.

MARGARET FULLER.

He would speak of Margaret Fuller. A long and well, and could speak from experience. Her indignation was nobly terrific, as endurable as that of the old Eumenides. A person who really deserved indignation never desired to enter her presence again without making the most free and ample confession.

She spoke first or last in the club, she always made the deepest impression. Her book on "American Women" was one of the greatest books of the century. When she gave conversations in Boston they were attended by the best minds of the day. Many of the greatest thinkers of the day, as will be many of them be later known, owed their best inspiration and impulses to her. She always got the secret of those she came in contact with—brought these heart of hearts to the surface. Margaret Fuller was not a beautiful woman, but her carriage, her voice, and eye were unequaled. The influence of her voice and eye made itself felt on even the most rocky nature. He had known her enter her presence again without making the

sational power was supreme. Whether

THOREAU.

Mr. Alcott proceeded to discuss Thoreau at considerable length. He regarded him as the most wonderful and original man he ever knew. After he left Cambridge (where he refused to pay for his diploma, because he regarded it as mere waste of money, he obtained the gift of a little patch of land on Walden pond. Here he set himself down to show how a man could get a living and yet be thoroughly independent. Building a little hermitage he studied the bible and Homer. He hunted at night, and chopped by day. He did not carry a gun, but always got what he wanted, whether a star, a bird, a fish, or a flower, but he wanted the living game, not the dead. All the creatures knew him as a brother, for he loved them and studied them constantly. He was in more thorough sympathy with Nature than any man that he ever knew. His books gave the deepest insight into the life of nature in its visible and invisible daily phenomena. Mr. Alcott continued his analysis of Thoreau with much detail, and made a few remarks of other less distinguished themes. The *conversazione* closed at a late hour.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

DETROIT, Jan. 20, 1871.

DEAR MR. ALCOTT:—The good people of Detroit have had a rare, never-to-be-forgotten treat in a two days visit from Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has come and gone, and, besides many delightful memories, has left a "hunger and thirst"—after righteousness, I hope. What he says and is, and the whole manner of the man, are stimulants to all true living. I never meet him without being reminded of his advice to the Divinity student—"Be the divine man, and where you are, men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals."

(I quote from memory, and I presume not correctly, but give the idea.)

He gave us an evening of reading and conversation in a parlor which certainly seemed hallowed by that radiant, wise face of his, though he a little disappointed many in that he would hide behind the words and thoughts of other writers, which, though rendered with a new meaning and beauty, were not quite what they wanted. But to have done other than evade us in this way would not have been Emerson, I suppose. This modesty seems temperamental with him, pervading even the estimate in which he holds his own face, where he declares there are no Greek lines, nor anything to justify its repetition upon canvass or by photographic art—as if Greek culture and more than Greek philosophy could for forty years dwell behind any face without moulding it to beauty.

In this, I think, we may fairly charge him with lacking faith in the formative laws of the spirit. Flesh would be stubborn indeed that did not yield to the gentle persistence of such persuasive ministers as have him in charge. Yet, while others divine in his face much of the beauty of his thought, he seems half to suspect that the Great Artist, if he has not placed him in the wrong body altogether, has at least given his soul a sadly deficient likeness.

We have hope that he will come to us again next winter. His friends multiplied most encouragingly during the few days of his visit. He certainly cannot come too often, or stay too long.

Yours,

L. T. I.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Lecture on New England Authors.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott entertained a large and appreciative audience, at the Lecture Room of the Unitarian Church, last evening, upon the subject of "New England Authors," a brief synopsis of which we herewith give to our readers.

He commenced by saying that he would present the names of those he intended speaking about upon an ascending scale, first giving those authors to whom the country was least indebted, and then going forward progressively. Oliver Wendell Holmes, he thought, took rank lowest in the scale of American authors. He had wit and humor and conversational powers, but he was a man of society and not one of genius. If an author at all, it was by accident, and not because he had the genius for it. He was a man of six nationalities—now one, now another—but never an American. He was one of those men that considered himself first and others afterwards. He wished to know who people were before being introduced, and was always the principal man at a dinner party, etc.

The next to whom the country is least indebted, in the opinion of Mr. Alcott, is Mr. Lowell, who, he said, had written admirable verses—a few—but whose best writings were found in the Biglow papers. He is of Scotch descent, on one side; is now a professor in Harvard, and one of the editors of the North American Review. He is a man of wit and humor. If a man has the dumps, reading the Biglow papers would give him the ecstacies.

Next in order, he placed Longfellow, (poor fellow say we), whom he described as a delightful musical poet and gentleman, but not thoroughly an American. Has a wonderfully fine mind possessing all the gifts of poetry. He treats of common things and speaks to the average mind in language they can understand. But he originated no character and was not a genius. He was a genial, kindly, respectful man, easily approached and a thorough gentlemen. He now lives in Cambridge, in the house formerly occupied by Washington as his headquarters.

Whittier was next introduced and pronounced the most popular poet in this country. He commenced early in life and never laid any pretentions to education. He was a plain person, domestic and retiring; would rather write than make a speech. His great merit consists in his patriotism. All great events of the past 40 years can be found in his verses. He is entirely reliable and the only pastoral poet we have.

Hawthorne came next, and was represented as a very different man from any of the above, and very difficult to describe. He was a dark man—a melancholy, singular man, who looked into the dark side and treated of it thoroughly. Alluded to all his productions as indicating that he lived on the dark side of life, though now and then a twinkle of humor cropped out. He was described as being in his essential qualities a girl—a blushing, diffident damsel inhabiting the dark exterior and form of a man. The others spoken of were men of talent, but Hawthorne was a genius, a creator of characters. He lived next door four years and was seen but twice by Mr. Alcott. He was shy when young and never seen out till just before he married. Many incidents relating to his diffidence and solitary habits were given.

Next in course came a woman—Margaret Fuller—whom he said met the conception of all as the true type of woman. She represented the true "coming woman," not one of extremes, but where they met—an equipoise. She sat beside great minds and was their peer. They even deferred to her, as all high minded men will to a woman such as she was. But as an author she was only second to what she was as a conversationist. She had a broad and comprehensive understanding with a capacious memory. She was the first woman to give a conversation lecture in Boston, which was attended by all the great minds of that city. Mythology was her special theme and History could take the subtlist theme and work it out to a perfect understanding. She wrote six volumes, which were commended to the audience. A personal description followed with an account of her tragic death.

Theodore Parker was regarded more as a patriot than an author—a man terribly earnest and equally dogmatic, performing an important part in the civil troubles of

our country. He also did much to elucidate the the difficulties arising concerning social rights. A strong anti-slavery man, and a dauntless leader.

Mr. Alcott then mentioned the name of Wm. Ellery Channing (not the Divine) whom he said was a man almost unknown but a peculiar genius—a man of moods and solitude. He has written some, but did not push himself forward. He was a disconsolate, melancholy man who lived behind a mask and wrote the saddest words ever written.

Henry Thoreau was described as an original—a genius no one like him ever existed and no none ever can be like him again—one is enough. A great many of his peculiarities were given at length. He was one of nature's children and acted it out in every walk in life.

The last name presented was Emerson, who he also called a genius, giving his characteristics and dwelling upon his peculiar manner of lecturing, etc.

On Monday night Mr. Alcott will appear before the Literary Society at the Library Rooms, where he will entertain the association and their friends.

New England Authors. — About one hundred ladies and gentlemen convened last evening in the Sabbath School room of the Maine Street Unitarian Church, to hear one of Concord's silvered sages discourse on those remarkable personages with whom he has been personally acquainted. Although a verbatum report lies on our table, space will compel us to omit a portion. However, what follows is in the speaker's language.

There is quite a number who premise an entertainment of this kind not to be conversations. Perhaps they are not to be measured by the same rules which would govern the lecturer. This is their right road. It allows a wider range of rhetoric. The company certainly expect more liberty in a discourse than in a conversation. Although not restrained in kind and general character, it takes its color from moving external conditions to which the lecturerer is not subjected. This takes in every attitude of a parlor talk. Becomes more familiar. It is very sensitive to interruption. I find it unwise to open one until every one is in his or her seat, and satisfied with it. He did not expect such a large company, and would not promise to be in his best mood. Before proceeding it was necessary to obtain a canvas on which to speak. This would be American literature or a literary period when they (American authors) became known. American authors, he believed, was to come next, but American authors may not have arrived up to this period. We have had English authors and we have had old English authors writing on this side of the Atlantic. If we might discriminate in that manner, we might perhaps say with correctness that until the time of the first Revolution there were no writers in this country that might be called American. Those who wrote like Jefferson or Dr. Franklin, could be called American. Although they resembled, their treatment, until the time of Franklin, gave not the least intimation of our American author. Franklin was himself more like a Frenchman, and so after a long period there was little or nothing that could be called American. Trumbull, Humphry and Edwards could hardly be called American, nor until we come to Dr. Channing could our authors be called American. He talks in a new manner, as if he wrote like an American. The authors who followed him, such as Bancroft, readily justifying our American thought, are the American authors. He had to speak of a number of persons who appeared all at once. There was then, perhaps, a revival of thought in this country; so far that it did not spring from foreign thought—neither French, nor German, nor Italian. Mr. Marsh introduced Coleridge to this country who was read largely. Then Wordsworth began to be read. These owed their inspiration to authors he had named. They are a galaxy of fine scholars.

A good test of scholarship wherever one travels, is "do you read such and such authors." The answer of scholars is, "we have been more largely indebted to that class than any other." The persons he had in mind, were Mr. Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Dr. Holmes, Longfellow. Thought he need not go into a regular memoir of these characters; such information could be found in books.

These are the remarks of Mr. Alcott on American literature, which might be regarded as introductory to the authors and times he was about to treat of. He now proceeded to take up, in the order of their importance, the American authors, compared with the one he considered as having contributed least to it, and presenting them in the order of this classification: Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Henry Thoreau, and Ralph Waldo Emerson—to his mind, the crowning genius of American authorship.

Many personal incidents connected with these several characters were narrated, with their excentricities; temperaments; their works, and the excellencies of them—pointing some out as *par* over others; their habits of life and writing; their sociability or predisposition to solitude; with their familiarity in conversation. However, in so easy topics we believe he did not show to his hearers what was expected of him. The profundity of his mind is far better qualified to investigate the deep things of nature and adjust the obstractions of metaphysics, than the narration of incidents in the lives of men. That can be reached by common biographers, hence, some were disappointed in not having been treated to a feast of profound things, not taking into consideration the impropriety of resolving the elements into intelligible *formulae* in connection with the life of a man. Notwithstanding what may be thought, it is hardly to be believed that there lives a man who could have filled his place last evening. The calculations should have accorded with the field in which he was to perform. We believe that there were very few who were other than highly entertained.

A Talk with the School Teachers — Quite an audience, composed of teachers and citizens, gathered yesterday afternoon at the Washington High School room, to listen to Dr. Bronson Alcott, who is visiting the schools of the west, holding conversations, and doing good—in his peculiar way. His talk—as he terms it—was full of instruction and rich with thought and interest. He not only encouraged the teachers in their work, but suggested many valuable thoughts and hints which a successful teacher could not fail to appreciate. He spoke of the home idea in teaching in schools, and colleges, believing that the affection must go with the intellect, a lesson addressed to the intellect alone, without some teachings of the affections to mellow it would prove futile. On the other hand the affections loose their balance without the intellect. Women have more of the one, than the other. In man the affections lie behind the intellect, consequently the

men get the credit of having less of the one and more of the other. To illustrate this principle, he said boys had often been turned out of school because the teacher, a man, did not know how to approach them, while the same child afterwards became suddenly docile when sent to a woman, at the same time he did not know of a man who had failed as a teacher whose affections led him out. Genial manners, forbearance, and kindness are the traits of character for good teachers. A melodious voice, social qualities, and patience also go far to win over the roughest heart. The moral quality is also needed. Knowledge is important in a teacher, but not absolute. Knowledge and the power to impart it are two different things. Harsh manners, rough speech, and high temper are against the success of any teacher. We all know the influence of women upon us, and in that the woman has the advantage. A child is more susceptible to these qualifications than we are. Children who are ruled by force at home are always those who are brought to the rod in school, and the result is a failure to conquer them. He believed, that teachers who use the least force are the most successful, and while he was not prepared to say that the rod should not be used at all, he believed the time would come when it would not be allowed.

His remarks were exceedingly interesting throughout, and were listened to with marked affect. At the close Prof Olcott arose and offered the following resolution which was passed by a unanimous vote, all standing:

Resolved, That for the pleasant, instructive, truly eloquent, eminently practical as well as ideal address to which we have listened, we tender to Dr. Alcott our sincere thanks—and that we manifest our feeling in this matter by a rising vote

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AN HOUR WITH AMERICAN AUTHORS.—A very select and literary audience convened last evening at Music Hall, to listen to Dr. Alcott in one of his conversations on American Authors. He took his seat at the side of the hall, on a platform arranged for the purpose, having a small table in front of him, the seats being arranged in a half circle. His conversation is very free, and his ideas expressed in the most simple manner, yet his language is chaste and elegant. He commenced with the early men of the country, statesmen and men of learning, but said, not until the present century had we any authors who were really Americans, but he would spread the canvass and paint their portraits as he saw them. He gave all the distinguished men of the age, from Washington down to the present time, allowing each a short description. Franklin was, he thought, the first real American scholar who was not tinged with the English type, though he had a little of the French. We have not space to follow him through the list, as it would require his own words to do him justice. He dwelt largely upon New England authors of modern times, whom he called the galaxy of American thinkers and scholars, such as Longfellow, Hawthorn, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and many others, closing with the female authors, all of whom he eulogized in the most frank and artless style. It was a real literary feast, which would be enjoyed by any literary circle, and relished by all who have any taste for intellectual culture, and we trust may be repeated.

[To the Springfield *Republican*.]

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

The courses of University lectures established in connection with the college are persistently kept up by President Eliot, who has faith that they will eventually create an audience, or, rather, draw one to his pleasant university town. It cannot be said that they are successful as yet, for of the thirty-odd courses that have been given or are still going on there not more than a third part have had a paying audience averaging half-a-dozen persons—and the ten most attractive courses cannot boast an average of twenty paying hearers, although the fees have been greatly reduced since a year ago. Setting aside the courses given in the Law School, by Profs. Torrey and Hadley, where the numerous law-students make up a good audience, the best attended lectures have been those of Mr. R. W. Emerson and Mr. Charles C. Perkins, neither of whom have more than seventy-five hearers, including professors, undergraduates and other non-paying persons. On the other hand, Mr. Elliot Cabot reads Kant to a single student—a young lady—and Profs. Lane and Goodwin have no larger audiences for their readings from Juvenal and Plato's Republic. Indeed, Prof. Goodwin's student could come but once a week, and could not follow the reading of Plato in the original, and so the Greek course disappears from among the university lectures for the present. Prof. Sophocles, who lectures on the patristic theology of the first three Christian centuries, has a few more hearers, among whom are Mrs. Howe and one or two other Boston ladies. Prof. Child, expounding "Chaucer and Contemporary Poets," has ten or a dozen hearers, and Prof. Lowell on old French poetry has scarcely more. These lecturers are all masters in their specialty, so far as this country is concerned, and some of them are unmatched in the world; yet they draw only these meager audiences. It the courses can be kept up for three or four years, without exhausting the patience of the lecturers, it is hoped that they will gradually bring to Cambridge a sufficient number of real students of these specialties to maintain them. But at present it is by heroism and self-denial on the part of the professors who give the lectures that they are kept up.

MR. EMERSON'S COURSE.

Take Mr. Emerson's course as an example. He is the most widely known, the greatest and the most attractive, of all the present lecturers. In Boston, three miles from where he is lecturing today to seventy or eighty hearers, he would have an audience of 600 or 1000 for this same lecture on "Memory." Indeed, if I am not mistaken, he has read it to such an audience in Boston and elsewhere several times since it was first written, a dozen years ago. But in Cambridge he delivers the whole course of eighteen lectures, traveling back and forth from Concord to do so, and is paid for all scarcely more than he would receive for a single one in Boston or Philadelphia. And he has given to their preparation and revision the precious hours that he values so much for two successive winters—declining other engagements, and thus diminishing his annual income as a lecturer, in order to diminish it still more by giving this course in the university where he took his degree half-a-century ago. He does this because it has been asked of him, and because he loves to serve his *Alma Mater*—but it is a hard service for her to lay upon him. I wonder sometimes if the president and corporation and overseers know how much they are exacting from a generous giver to whom in past years they have scarcely been just, not to say generous. What they should do is to obtain subscriptions and found a professorship solely for Mr. Emerson, from which he should receive, say $1000 a year, with the liberty of lecturing as much as he chose, and to such classes as he should choose. Any arrangement less liberal than this, toward so eminent an scholar, savors more of advertising than of appreciation. Why cannot the admirers of Emerson—now so numerous—quietly go to work and effect such an endowment? Meanwhile, let them testify their sense of his self-denial in this matter by taking tickets to his present course, whether they can personally use them or not. The lectures were eighteen in number originally; six have now been delivered, and they will continue, two a week (Tuesday and Friday, at 3 P. M., in Boylston Hall), till about the 20th of April. The fee is $10 for the course, and no single tickets are sold. But Mr. George Dexter, college steward, will furnish any number of course tickets.

THE EXCLUSION OF WOMEN FROM THE COLLEGE.

Although at least half of the bearers of these "University lectures" are women—there are over 200 of both sexes—no women are as yet admitted to the college proper. But, among the many changes now going on here, the admission of women will come along, perhaps, in due time.

The Ideal Church—A Discourse by A. Bronson Alcott.

The venerable Platonist and Idealist, A. Bronson Alcott, delivered a discourse at the Unitarian church, last evening, to a large assemblage. The Pastor, Rev. Frederick Frothingham, conducted the usual exercises. The subject of Mr. Alcott's discourse was "The Ideal Church" and his treatment of it was serenely thoughtful and reminded one not a little of one of his "conversations," albeit he is not so thoroughly at home in the pulpit as in his chair. The following is a mere outline of the discourse. He said:

An observer of the present aspects of the religious world, not only in our own country but in others, must be struck with the wish apparent among many, both in and out of the church, that worship should be conducted in a manner more pleasing to the worshippers. I have no desire to speak of creeds. Many of these bear the approval or endorsement of venerable ancestors. It may be surmised that many, though creeds may suit, would be pleased with a change in the mode of worship, or, at least, find a change acceptable. Our children, however, will not think as we think, as we do not think as our ancestors thought. Go into all the churches, and among all sects, and we will find a tendency in this day to unity, and, although Truth is as old as the Godhead, we find continual change in forms. No church can stand on any other faith than a belief in a personal God.

Let us begin with architecture. We build after an ancient type, which came over with the Puritans, but which has been modified to suit modern times and tastes. But I wish to deal with ideals. If we build houses, and surround them outwardly with everything that beautifies, and adorn them internally with all things that cherish friendship and kindly feeling, should we not apply the same principle to the construction of our temples of worship, with a view to the satisfying of the general taste?

The seats in the coming church will be in form semi-circular, which is the natural form. Ancient people once had precedence in churches, and for good reasons. They had families, and were sometimes not in full possession of their faculties, and were for these reasons placed nearest the speaker. This is natural and reverential. Gold should not have precedence in the house of worship. Many a poor man carries with him more piety to the house of God than many a rich one, and should be allowed equality of location.

Shall not the pulpit come down, as it has already to some extent; a little elevated it will be, I judge, in the ideal church, and the entire person of the speaker be made visible to the audience. Pulpit oratory, also, will take on a more simple form,—be more extemporaneous and less rhetorical. Congregations will ask for greater variety of speakers, and will not ask the same individual to address them every Sunday, much less twice each Sabbath. They will feel the minister's is brain-work and that they sometimes break down. This is the case with business men, and they can appreciate the situation of the minister. This is a fast age—an age of telegraph and steam; ministers must avail themselves of their knowledge of this fact, and give to business men, in their sermons, the advantage of practical lessons. In the coming day congregations will select some particular friend as pastor, who shall perform all the social and other necessary duties of a minister, but who will be relieved from constant preaching; and will have a change of speakers, so that they shall have the best minds and freshest thought of the country, and thus the monotomy of public services will be relieved.

But shall these speakers be men alone? Has woman nothing to say? Why is she woman, if she has not something that we have not? Can she not speak always with discretion and becomingness? What can not be spoken in the presence of a woman ought not to be spoken anywhere. So pure are they, that the ancient Greeks, in their homage to their gods, chose young virgins as their priestesses, as the best and most acceptable for the position. But I do not wish here to advocate the cause of woman. She has proven her own capabilities. She is private, and carries private life with her always.

Here is a Hebrew book—the Old and the New Testament—a book wanting study such as it has never yet received. But, do we not owe it to ourselves to compare our own sacred book with the sacred books of other great races?—and I do not think our book will suffer by the comparison. Other sciences are comparative, as physiology, &c., why not have comparative divinity as well? And by way of ornament, do we not delight in pictures of our friends on our parlor walls, and the better painting and statues as adornments to our houses? Why not, then, place up the portraits of the great founders of religion, as of Socrates, Plato, and Christ? We should yield to the spirit of the age and compare notes.

If we can afford to spend anything, excepting upon our own houses. It should be upon the church, which comprehends all things.

What about the music? All mankind have ears, and are charmed with melody, and when all children have acquired at school a knowledge of music—and, after all, the children are they who will form the congregation of the coming church—they will constitute one grand choir. These children will be inclusive and not exclusive, and we elders should do them an intolerable wrong by indoctrinating upon them our own religious opinions. Give them principles and truths, but let them do their own thinking.

About prayer: Prayer is a need of the human heart. It may be spoken or it may be unspoken. It doesn't always come when we say "Let us pray," and the minister does not always find the words in him, and the congregation cannot always follow in heart.

And the sermons? Shall they always be read or delivered extemporaneously? Or shall the minister sometimes, instead of preaching, read sacred poems, or the sacred literature of all nations? Will he sit or stand? Just as he or she may please. Shall not a morning be sometimes devoted to children? for the man who can speak to children can speak to genius—and we all are fond of parables. We must carry into our services a greater variety, and if preaching itself teaches nothing there is no use attending it—our bodies may be there, but not ourselves.

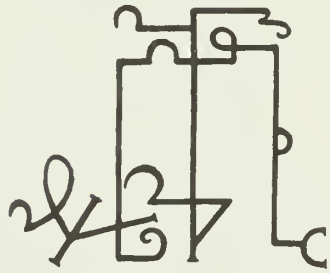
We have not assumed to follow the speaker with reference to anything approximating to a full report, or to set forth what might be considered the beauties of his discourse; but have simply jotted down a few of his most practical and unideal suggestions for the consideration of the reader; and as for the charm of his voice or the singular simplicity of his style—these we cannot describe.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The appearance of Horticultural hall at the closing address of the series delivered before the Free Religious Association, was strikingly different from that which it has presented at the previous lectures of the course. Although the attendance has never been meagre, it has not been sufficiently large to fill the hall, not even when the most talented of Mr. Emerson's predecessors spoke. But on Sunday last, not only the regular seats, but the aisles and the area before the clerk were occupied by ladies and gentlemen, many of whom have been successful in winning distinction in special spheres, and most of whom, if faces be indicative of power, would seem to be gifted with talent to gain renown. For, casting backward glances at the silent and interested throng, one could not help but say that few audiences are made up of nobler brows or clearer eyes, or more intelligent countenances than this. Surpassed without doubt by twice a dozen congregations in the city in point of style, in point of intelligence it was surely equalled by none. The ladies present were richly and unobtrusively habited, and the gentlemen were for the most part of an age that disdains extravagance and loudness in apparel. From two of the clock until five minutes past three, singly and in couples the audience was gathering, and it remained until the close. At three Mr. Emerson appeared accompanied by Rev. John T. Sargent, by whom he was introduced in such felicitous style that the audience stirred with pleasure. "I hardly know why I am here," said Mr. Sargent, "surely not to introduce Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Boston audience. I should as soon think of introducing daylight."

Then Mr. Emerson came forward to the simple stand, and laying his roll of manuscript upon it, began the delivery in strong, clear, and not unmusical tones, of the address which is accurately reported below. A singular looking, and in figure, not handsome man, tall and slender, with sloping shoulders and striking personal characteristics, using no gestures, the arm not once extended or raised from the beginning to the termination of the discourse, the only outward signs of earnestness and emphasis the old movement of the hand touching the desk lightly, now with all the finger tips, and then with only that of the third one. But if nature has denied him a form of fine proportions, how generously bountiful she has been in giving him gifts more priceless in value.

The expression which animates his face is one of these. In the upturned lines which curve from his full lips there is such an expression of geniality that it seems impossible they should ever be made to frame and utter the scorching



and bitter words of denunciation which have passed them when stirred to indignation by the recital of wrongs perpetrated on freedom by slavery. His smile is exquisitely charming, spreading quietly and slowly over his countenance, but it is best described when it is called "childlike and bland." Wisdom seems to shine forth in every lineament. It is a speaking mouth from which even a child would expect to hear sentiments precious as gold. Mr. Emerson has none of the graces of oratorical manner which lend a great charm to the eloquence of Phillips, and yet, from the reputation which he bears and from the value of his thoughts, few speakers can be placed in a hall more popular than he; yet is he tantalizing to his audiences. For either for the reason that he is little accustomed to lecturing, or from the fact that he is used to holding conversations in more contracted apartments than public halls are commonly found to be, it is certain that the patience of hearers is largely tried by the habit he has acquired of speaking with bated breath. Probably on Sunday, two-thirds of his auditors lost one third of his discourse, and there were times when even the listeners on the front row of chairs had difficulty in catching what he said. In producing the lecture in full, therefore, precisely as it fell from his lips, we give gratification not only to a large class of readers but to numbers who were present and unable to hear the discourse to which they were solicitous to listen.

We have a few ideas to correct still, my friends. We can hardly take up a pamphlet or a journal in these days which does not announce some new and important discovery in science, or in practical art, in astronomy, in chemistry, in navigation, in mechanics, and these announcements are no longer turned over to adepts, but are examined with avidity by all readers as something directly to be realized and made useful to the community. Not only so, but we have long ago found that these facts of nature react directly on our opinions of society and life. When Copernicus dismissed our little ball to its tiny insignificance in the solar system, and then in the vast ether in which the system revolves, the mortified inhabitant was forced to abate his claim to hold longer the central city of the god of nature. The nebular theory spoiled our nursery clock. The new measures by geologists of the antiquity of the planet interfered with our sacred chronology.

The new doctrine of the correlation of forces, showing that all force was one, and whether in the form of gravity, of polarity, of heat, of light, of electricity, or of muscular force, suggested also that will was not far off. Each is convertible into the other. That doctrine showed one all-dissolving unity in one.

Then chemistry lately came to the aid of astronomy, and showed the substance, the atoms of the sun and stars, to be identical with our own, the same chemical elements. Then the doctrine of compensations—the very word analogy—the doctrine of correspondences showed a unity still stupendous. Still the animals disclosed the same intellect as in the complete man, though only initial, only working to humble ends; but so far as it went, identical in aim with his, full of good sense, baffling him sometimes by showing a more fertile good sense in the animal than in the hunter, but everywhere intelligible to us, because like ours. Science corrects theology, line after line, until few of the lines are left. Its irresistible generalizations destroy the importance of persons and anecdotes, as this astronomy dealt with the old legends of Orion and the Milky Way and Hercules and Cassiopeia's Chair, or with the gypsies and the astrologer's heaven to tell fortunes by at a shilling a day. As the old astrology did, so does this astronomy make a mean, or national or personal interpretation of the universe impossible. It requires a history up to the style of the works, makes miracles, which were the material of the religious history of all barbarous nations, impossible, by supplying a truth which defies all prodigy to equal it in wonder. But if we see these grand laws only in glimpses, the glimpse is final, and the smallest arc of the ecliptic being once positively ascertained determines the entirety of the enormous round for me as surely as if I saw it with the eyes. Science has made it impossible to introduce persons or places or the schemes of theologians into the mind.

The vast generalizations of science destroy such toy heavens. In this nineteenth century everything told us of a creator must be on a scale in which he is known to us in his works, and not on the fond legends of an ignorant tribe. Astronomy, chemistry, botany, zoology, have made the old Calvinism and other once popular creeds impossible to be the food of a new age. The tradition of the ransom of atonement, the song of the angels and the like, justification by faith, the vicarious sacrifice, are only a petrifaction of momentary tropes by too frequent use into articles of a creed. The unsparing impersonals through light of science have disposed once for all of the dusty corners and cobwebs, and the middle-age Christianity is as dead as Paganism. Well, whatever pain our imagination may suffer, whatever pain our attachment to the old chronicles may give to the sensitive, we must reconcile ourselves to the new order of things. But is it a calamity? The poet Wordsworth greeted even the steam engine and the railroad when they came into his poetic Westmoreland, bisecting every delightful valley, deforming every consecrated grove

In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

And we can keep the sentiment, which is the fountain of our religion, despite the railroads of generalization, whether French or German, that intersect and block our old parish highways.

I confess our later generation appears ungirt, frivolous, compared with the religions of the last or Calvinistic age. There was in the last century a serious acknowledgement and habitual reference to the spiritual world running through the diaries, letters and conversation—yes, and into wills and legal documents also—compared with which our liberation looks a little foppish and dapper; but I hope that the defect of faith in us is only apparent—that we shall find freedom, too, has its own guards. And as soon as in the vulgar it runs to license, it sets all reasonable men to exploring those guards. The Roman Catholic church had a power which appears still in its early literature, its alms-giving, its monastic orders, and how wonderfully in its architecture in France and Germany, which the English and Reformed church have never reached. St. Augustin and Thomas a-Kempis and the Latin hymns breathe that religious genius which is still delightful and salutary meditation. But it does appear to me as if we have a defect of manliness, as if we were the sport of gnomes and witches, and had a great talent of losing the substance for the shadow; that we are very smooth and very plausible about the meaning of creeds and texts; that we affect a sympathetic interest in what we do not care for, and tenderly abstain from saying "I don't know," and "I don't care." Thus when you are urged by the theologian, you are really interested in your thought. You have meditated in silent wonder on your existence in this world, and the Creator.

The opinions of men on theological matters differ widely in every nation, and often in every town. Each nation has its own religion, and each religion its several sects. In the Christianity of this country are wide differences in the opinions held in regard to inspiration, to miracles, to the future state of the soul—every variety of opinion, and a very rapid revolution in opinions in the last half-century. It is simply impossible to read the old history of the first century as it was read in the ninth. Read it in the nineteenth century as it was in the ninth. To do so you must abolish in your mind the lessons of all the centuries from the ninth to the nineteenth. The word miracle, as it is used, only indicates the ignorance of the devotee, staring with wonder to see water turned into wine, and needless of the stupendous fact of himself being there present. If the water became wine, if it became fire, if it became a chorus of angels, it would not compare with the stupendous fact of his own perception. Here he stands—a lonely thought—harmoniously organized into correspondence with the universe of mind and matter. What narrative of wonders coming down from a thousand years ought to charm his attention like this ineffable personal experience of his own? This fact of his existence in harmonious relations with this universe of worlds which actual science has disclosed to him by means of experiments which he can repeat if he will.

Meantime, there is a great centrality, a centripetence equal to the centrifugence. If theology shows many opinions that are fast changing, it is not so with the convictions of men with regard to conduct. These remain. Thirty years ago Dr. Spurzheim drew general attention in this country to phrenology. I suppose no man ever

have perceived that the first fact of your conscious life is a miracle so astonishing, such a miracle comprehending all the universe of miracle to which your intelligent life gives you access—a to excite wonder, and leave you no need for hunting here or there for any particular exhibition of power. That fact, that experience, is the whole world for you, and should be. And then up a man comes with a text of St. John, V: 7, or a knotty sentence from St. Paul, which he considers as the axe at the root of your tree. You cannot bring yourself to care for it, and you say to him, "Cut away if you please; I am the tree Igdrasyl." But he only interrupts for a moment your peaceful trust in the divine Providence. Rest in that peace. Let him know by your security and self-trust that your conviction is real and efficient, that, though he were Paul or Apollos, that you also are here, and with you creation

had so many statues raised to him as this professor, since the land was filled with plaster heads on which he had marked and numbered the faculties of man. The new science was everywhere discussed and carried out to its results. The adepts undertook to examine the head of the clerk whom you took into your store, and the scholar entering college, and pronounce on his fitness for each employment. Presently in the progress of the doctrine, it came into the courts, and when a man was arraigned for theft, embezzlement or arson his counsel pleaded in defence malformation of the skull: that it showed acquisitiveness or destructiveness large, and conscientiousness small. But although this philosophy made easy, was very widely received, and though I do not know of any neology that left so many marks on the language, it made no difference in practice. The jury convicted the thief without taking into account the protruberances or depressions of his skull. (Laughter). The real life of the time is always quite independent of occidental systems. And so it is on much the same terms, with all politics and manners, that while men have lacked variety of opinion they have lacked stability in conviction in all ages and in all nations from the beginning of mankind. It is a necessity of the human mind that he who looks at one object looks away from all other objects. A man may throw himself on the sharp statement of one fact, some prominent creed, with such concentration as to hide the universe from him. But the stars all roll above him; the sun still warms a million energies co-operating through him as if it were not mortifying to them at all. With patience and fidelity to truth he will work himself out of this narrowness, which is his blindness, if it be only by coming against somebody who believes more fables than he does and in trying to show him that it will open his eyes.

It is the sturdiest prejudice in the public mind that religion is something by itself, a department distinct from all other experiences, in which the judgment and consideration men show in other things do not apply. I sometimes talk with the gravest and best of citizens, and the moment the topic of religion is broached he loses his wits and is filled with superstition. His face looks infatuated, and his conversation is so. If you could make men feel that this also was properly the domain for reflection, and that every one was to act for the benefit of the public or universal man, that his welfare was sacred, injury to him was injury to all, injury to the malefactor even, then you would introduce a better sense into our religious controversies. When Mr. Watson Haynes undertook to enlist the clergy in the protest against flogging in the navy he was answered that their duty was to preach the gospel and not to interfere with the regulations in the navy. And when a noble man prayed one of the greatest of Massachusetts' statesmen to sustain the cause of freedom, his reply was that the province of religion was to touch the heart and not to abolish slavery. But the moral sentiment, the conscience, is something which does not rest on tradition, on any doubtful history, on any assertion of any man who lived a long time ago, and about whose real history there are or may be many conflicting statements—it is that which is in the heart of every sane man of whom we have any knowledge; that which being in all sound natures, strongest in the best and most gifted men, we know to be implanted by the creator of men. It is a commandment at every moment in every condition of life to do the duty of that moment and to abstain from doing the wrong. It is so near, so inward, and constitutional to each, that no commandments can compare with it in authority. All wise men regard it as the voice of the creator himself, and they cannot listen to the commandment of any priest prophet or saint, as the representative of deity, without impiety in the presence of deity himself, made known to us by this private influence. I conceive a man as always spoken to from behind and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. Among all the millions who have heard the voice none ever saw the face of the speaker. As children in play run behind each other and seizing one by the ears make him walk before them, so it is with the spirit of the unseen. A well-known poet speaks of the voice which speaks in all things and governs all men, and none ever caught a glimpse of its form, but if a man will exactly obey it, it will adopt him so that he will not be any longer separate from itself. Not that he shall seem to be it, he shall be it.

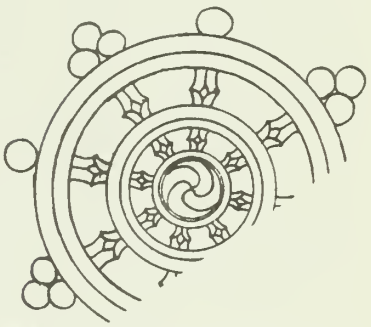
But the truth is simple. It will not be antique. It is ever present; it insists always on being of this age, of this moment, and what men need in their moral and religious thought is a stern realism, such as they use in mathematics and in physics. When I talked with an ardent missionary, and pointed out to him that his creed found no support in my experience, he replied, "It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world." I answered, "Other world! There is no other world. God is omnipresent, here, or nowhere; as the whole facts of the universe prove, and there is but one being, one creator, one mind, one right. I use the same measures for the doctrines. I do not ask how many councils or how many ages have propounded and endorsed them. I ask the doctrines themselves. That doctrine is true that makes me better, and therefore happier. And I wish this realism to be in all our judgments. It is what you see that alone tells. Do not magnify the circumstances; look to yourself. What we are that we see, love, hate or enjoy. Events are only leaves of your tree. A man externalizes himself in his friends, in his enemies, in his parasites. Tell me what the man is and I can securely tell you what his company and his fortunes are. The evils we suffer are the just measure of what we have done. Reality realizes destiny. They may well fear fate who have no uniformity of habit, or aim. He who rests on what he is has a destiny above destiny, and can make mouths at fortune, for we pass for what we are, not what we pretend. The want of profound humility is the cause of our failures; the evils we suffer are the just measure of what we have done. Nothing befalls us that we do not invite, and for our conduct there is but one verdict needful—that is your own; but it must be of the whole man and not the man in passion. I should never feel that any man occupied my place, but that the reason why I do not have my wish is that I want the faculty that entitles me to it. All spiritual all real power makes its own place. Revolutions of violence are scrambles merely. Men do not appear to see the essence of things, the self-creating, self-defending power of the moral nature. The ancients believed in fate, that it was irresistible and would surely overtake and punish all wrong. That is a true statement of facts. They only used the questionable word fate. He who seeks to hide crime or to commit crime with impunity, is one who watches when nature will take her eye off him: when he can dodge the law of gravity. No history is true but what is always true. The real life of the times is quite independent of all accidental systems and manifests itself on much the same terms under all politics and manners.

The action will carry all the qualities of the actor as the egg does of the bird. I am revealed in my face, form, station, manners, speaking, unity, expenditures, dealing, everything which shows the will of a person.

We are thrown back upon rectitude forever and ever. Only rectitude is the sum of duty, and that is all we can do, yet this is sometimes stigmatized as a sterile chimney-corner philosophy. I find myself always struck and stimulated by a good anecdote, any trait of heroism or faithful service. I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference—no, nor the language, or the religion which they profess—whether Arab in the desert or Frenchman in the Academy.

I see that sensible and conscientious men all over the world, of whatever century, are of one religion, the religion of well-doing—are all men of integrity, sturdy truth, and feeling for others. Yet history can spare nothing of good. The virtues of paganism are instinctively a tonic to us. The Hindoo, with his monstrous privation and self-torture, the hair-cloth and penance of the monks; the iron bands of New England Calvinism, yielded a rapture and self-abandonment which we must revere and thank, however impossible to accept the creed of the devotee. I see that it sprang from the Divine presence, which rushes through all his pragmatic straw. The emphasis of that doctrine lay in the lowliness of the low devotee. He took on the infirmities of other. He was fallen in one, he was raised in another. He rejoiced that God had made him wiser. What matter by whom good is done? This was the sentiment of Marcus Antonius throughout his philosophy, "What matter by whom the good is done, by you elf or by another? If it is the truth what matter who said it, yourself or another?" That firey soul said "Let me be a blot upon this fair world; the lowliest, obscurest of all, with one proviso, that I know it is of his agency, that my affliction or my prosperity comes directly from the cause of causes. I will love him though he shuts darkness on every way of mine." Nay, it came up to the point of saying, "To obey God is joy though there were no hereafter." The doctrine of the Hopkinsians and of Hopkins, their elder, is a sublime paradox, which does honor to the heart and soul of its teacher. I remember it coiled in the paradox that we must be willing to be damned for the glory of God. It is wonderful the way in which the world is saved by an unfailing supply of the moral element. There are ever being born men who, as soon as they are born, take a bee-line to the rack of the inquisitor, the axe of the tyrant, for example, see Foxe's Lives of the Martyrs. This virtue is never extinguished. We have ourselves seen John Brown and other martyrs set this country on fire with the flames of their spirit. What hecatombs of heroes did the last war turn out, and every one with a history full of tears, this fire never goes down.

There is not one of us who has not known, in his own circle of family anecdotes, a virtue in peace and in private that keeps his heart warm. And it is pleasant to think that such things happen also every day, near and far. I think we



must accept thankfully all the lights and influences of the time. But that which is adequate and harmonious with astronomy and zoology is the moral law as mankind begins to see it in this age, self-executing, instantaneous and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet and no miracle besides its own irresistibility. It is impossible that these external triumphs of the intellect to which I have alluded should be without effect on theology. The mind and heart perpetually react and revivify each other. The earth revolves in the solar system with a certain obliquity of the plane of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic producing the change of the seasons and the climate of the planet. It keeps to the ecliptic invariably. There are abundant examples in nature of the eccentricities of orbits which are uniformly restored by the opposite eccentricities, so that the eccentricities on the one side and on the other make the cycle. The errors are periodic, as the seasons, and the eternal equilibrium is always restored. Nor can anything be so great as that inner Copernican system, that inner economy whose equilibrium is as perfect as that curve, whose periodicities are as compensatory, which never tilts and never decays, to which and from which nothing can be added or subtracted, which was before the other and will be after it, and of which that was a shadow and a type, which builds and unbuilds the men and kingdoms of the earth, and is the source of law as of all existence.

What is this intoxicating sentiment which allies this scrap of dust to the whole of nature and the whole of fate; that makes this doll a dweller in the ages, a mocker at time, able to spurn all outward advantages, the master of all elements? I am taught by it that what touches any thread in the vast web of being touches me. How came this creation? I am taught by it that I am a representative of the whole, of the good of the whole, and I what I call the right, makes me invulnerable. How came this creation so magically woven that none can do me mischief but myself, and that an invisible fence surrounds me, which screens me from all harm if I will to resist? If I stand right the creation cannot bend me; but if I commit a crime lightning is surpassed by the speed of retribution. Every act is not hereafter but instantaneously rewarded according to its quality. We pass for what we are. We do not live by time, but by qualities. The evils we suffer are the just measure of what we have done. It seems to me, then, impiety to listen to one or another saint, when the pure heaven is pouring itself into each one of us on the simple condition of obedience. To listen to a second-hand Gospel is to discard the first doctrine which is your own.

There is one Jesus who was better than others, because he refused to listen to others, and listened at home, and hence his munificent power over the affection, and sympathy, and practice of all ingenuous men throughout the world.

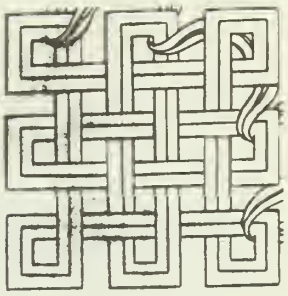
The idea of abstract right exists in the human mind, and allies itself to the equilibrium of nature, to the equalities in the periods of our system, in the level of the seas, in the action and reaction of force, and nothing is allowed to exist and absorb the rest; if it do it is diseased and is quickly destroyed. Among men there is a limitation of my liberty by yours,—the largest liberty to each, compatible with the liberty of all,—protection in seeking benefit, as long as it does not interfere with your benefit, is justice, which satisfies everybody. It was an early discovery of the mind—this beneficial rule; and as such should all things work for it. This law—to each shall be rendered his own; as thou sowest thou shalt reap; smite and thou shalt smart; serve and thou shalt be served—this law never fails. If you love and serve men you cannot, by any hiding or stratagem, escape your reward; for blessings will be rained upon you. The sacred equilibriums are always restoring the level when the divine justice is disturbed. It is impossible to tilt the beam. All the toilers and holders of the world in vain set their shoulders to heave the bar. It settles for evermore as the ponderous equator to its line, and man, and mote, and star, and sun must range with it or be pulverized by the recoil. Every attempt to resist it is punished. If you treat a man nobly he will make an exception in your behalf. You cannot use a man as an instrument without being used by him as an instrument. If you take advantage of him, and steal from him, he watches his opportunity to make the account square with you. If not strong enough to resist you, he will be cunning enough to cheat you. Nature is not so helpless but it can rid itself at last of every crime. An eastern poet, in describing the golden age, said that God had made justice so dear to the heart and nature that, if any injustice lurked anywhere, the blue vault of the heavens would shrivel like a snake-skin and cast it out by the spasm. The spasms of nature are not in years, but in centuries, and it taxes the faith of men to wait so long.

Truth is uninjurable; it gathers itself spotless and unhurt after all our surrenders, and concealments, and partisanship; never hurt by the treachery or ruin of its defenders, whether Luther or William Penn or St. Paul, whose shortcomings are told us. We answer when they tell us of the bad behavior of Luther or of Paul: Well, what if he did? Who was more pained than Luther or Paul? It was only the pain of Luther or Paul. And so of the best, as well as the humblest. We attach ourselves violently to our teachers and historical personalities, and think the foundation shaken if any fault is shown in their record. But how is the truth hurt by their falling from it? The law of gravity is not hurt by our neglect, though our legs may be broken. No more is the law of justice by our dishonesty. Do you know how simple a faith has sufficed for the Quaker, and has given him an energetic piety which has brought about great social results? They have but one principle—the perpetual presence of the spirit in the human heart. They call it by several names, but they prefer to indicate it in a negative way by suggesting an obstruction whenever they are about to do anything wrong. Whatever the plan or purpose they entertain the Quaker lets it lie quietly in the mind, and perhaps presently, there appears an obstruction, a feeling that it should not be done. Then he lets it remain longer, thinking that perhaps this obstruction will pass off, and if it remains he gives up his design.

Certainly it is human to value a general consent, a fraternity of believers, a crowded church, but as the sentiment purifies and rises it leaves crowds. It makes churches of two, churches of one. A fatal disservice does this Swedenborg, or any other who offers to do my thinking for me. I know there are those to whom the question of what shall be believed, is the more interesting because they are to proclaim what they think or believe. They do not wish to shake the faith of people who believe in old interpretations unless they can help them by purer truth, and often the part of one is to hold firmly what he values and not obtrude it on those who do not want it. But one thing is plain: we must not be content with the literature of virtue, but we must try the essence of the article. Let us keep ourselves every day a little in practice. Let us try to keep the truth a single day. Perhaps the suffering may come in the very necessity of speaking frankly all that you believe, and then you expose yourself to resistance. And persecution even in New England is never very sound asleep. You may be attacked and defeated. George Fox, the Quaker's father, said to his son, after many years' observation of his ways, "I see that if a man stand by his principle, it will after a time bear him out." I don't see how a man whose eye has once apprehended the moral laws that traverse heaven and earth alike in all ages, which are the legislative and executive in all human action, how such an one can stoop to consider seriously such monkish studies as the polemics of the sects, or waste time in their too pagan pictures.

The man that carries intellect and the moral sentiment, carries the arsenal of the divine power in his breast, carries that which is victor forever more. Can humanity or the thirst for knowledge be defeated? Impediments are the very stairs on which he climbs who understands their meaning. Almost in America there need be no poverty to the wise. America is the glorious charity of God to the poor. If you go out West—and you need not go very far West—you shall find multitudes of men who bought last year a piece of land and materials for a house, built the house with their own hands, and raised a crop which paid for their land and buildings in a single twelvemonth. They can defy the cold patron, the official sectarics, the conservative committees who refuse on account of knotty text to give you the employment you desire.

It does not appear what forms the religious feeling will take, but one would like to see moral changes and reforms. We have seen every other kind. Here is now a new feeling of humanity infused into public action; here is contribution of money on a more extended and systematic scale than ever before for the repair of disasters at a distance, and in conflicts, famine and war; political support for oppressed parties; money for the preservation of the souls of the people of France alive. Then there are the new conventions of social science before which the questions of the rights of women, the law of free trade, the treatment of crime, and the regulation of labor are brought. If these are tokens of the steady current of thought and will in these directions we might well anticipate a new nation. I know how delicate this principle is; how difficult the management of practical and social arrangements. It cannot be profaned. It cannot be forced. To draw it out of its natural current is to lose at once all its power. But I think that such experiments as we recall are those in which some sect and dogma was made a tie, and that such a dogma was the artificial element which chilled and checked the union. It is quite impossible that men drawn to each other by the simple respect which each man feels for another, should not desire to be the friend of some man's virtue, and that underneath the obligations which artificial society threw around him, he would like to serve somebody and



make himself useful and indispensable in some quarter.

If now in the spirit which six years ago armed this country and put forth such gigantic energy in the charities that attached to that war should be awakened to the conserving and creating duty of making the laws of the country, its steadfast legislation, just and humane; if it were to place a great constituency of religious, self-respecting, grave, tender, faithful obeyers of duty, lovers of men, filled with loyalty to each other, and with the simple purpose of carrying out in private and public act the desire and need of mankind, here is the post and here the patriot should plant himself, here the altar where virtuous young men, where those to whom friendship is the dearest covenant should bind each other to loyalty, where genius should kindle its fires and bring everything true to the eyes of men. This wonderful sentiment we have endeavored to present, which endears itself as it is obeyed, seems to be the fountain of intellect; nay, it absorbs everything into itself. Beauty, truth, goodness, power are but its varied names. They are phases of its one substance, the heart of all, and a lowly adoring man finds his own heart to be the temple of the cause of causes.

THE PROPOSED DINNER TO JUDGE HOAR.

THE HONOR DECLINED.

BOSTON, May, 1871.

Sir—The undersigned wish to express their appreciation of the manner in which you have filled the various positions of influence and responsibility to which you have been called in the course of your public life.

They are anxious especially to signify their high estimate of the distinguished service rendered by you, in connection with your associates of the Joint High Commission, in negotiating and concluding the Treaty of Washington, which has been approved with such a remarkable approach to unanimity by the press and people of the United States and Great Britain, and which has just received the sanction of the Senate and the signature of the President of the United States.

They desire further to indicate their sense of the vast importance which attaches to this treaty, as an adjustment of all questions in dispute between two powerful nations, as an assurance of perpetual amity between them, and as an illustration of the more excellent way in which grave international differences may be fairly and honorably reconciled by the exercise of a conciliatory spirit, and by calm and candid negotiation, rather than by recourse to the dreadful arbitrament of the sword.

They therefore cordially unite in inviting you to meet them at a dinner to be given in the city of Boston, on any day which it may suit your convenience to name. With great respect, etc., etc.,

To the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Boston.

Charles Francis Adams,	Richard H. Dana, Jr.,
John H. Clifford,	Henry W. Paine,
Charles W. Eliot,	Phillips Brooks,
R. W. Emerson,	George L. Ward.
Mark Hopkins.	B. E. Bates,
Alexander H. Rice,	Edmund Quincy,
Samuel H. Walley,	Edward Atkinson,
James M. Beebe,	John D. Parker,
E. R. Mudge,	Austin Sumner,
William Gray,	Samuel Frothingham,
George S. Hillard,	Alanson W. Beard,
George Tyler Bigelow,	William Endicott, Jr.,
William Perkins,	John C. Lee,
Sidney Bartlett,	J. Ingersoll Bowditch.
Martin Brimmer,	J. Q. Adams,
George C. Richardson,	George Baty Blake,
Arthur Palmer,	Henry Lee,
Wm. Amory,	James Russell Lowell,
Gardiner Brewer,	Dwight Foster,
Alex. H. Vinton,	Wm. I. Bowditch,
John M. Forbes,	E. W. Hooper,
Benj. S. Rotch,	M. D. Rose,
George O. Shattuck,	Edwin P. Whipple,
B. F. Nourse,	John F. W. Ware,
Charles H. Dalton,	C. Wm. Loring,
Henry B. Rogers,	Francis L. Lee,
George Higginson,	E. W. Kinsley,
James Horswell,	J. N. Denison,
J. W. Brooks,	John A. Blanchard,
R. S. Watson,	George H. Chase,
Charles B. Codman,	Edw. S. Philbrick,
Edward C. Cabot,	Richard D. Rogers,
Joseph Burnett,	John W. Candler.
Thomas B. Fox,	Charles W. Scudder,
William B. Wood,	Charles Carruth,
F. L. Richardson,	R. C. Waterston,
Theodore Lyman,	Francis F. Emery,
E. H. Clarke,	P. T. Jackson,
E. W. Gurney,	A. J. C. Sowdon,
Samuel Bowles,	David Thaxter,
Lyman Nichols,	Walbridge A. Field,
George H. Snelling,	George H. Gordon,
William W. Clapp,	James Freeman Clarke,
H. H. Coolidge,	George Wheatland, Jr.,
Darwin E. Ware,	John Cummings,
D. A. Goddard,	R. M. Morse, Jr.,
George Putnam, Jr.,	Josiah Quincy,
Ezra Fairsworth,	Edwin B. Webb,
William B. Spooner,	Hamilton A. Hill,
Warren Sawyer,	George S. Hale,
James A. Dupee,	F. K. Parker,
H. P. Kidder,	John C. Ropes,
Harvey Jewell,	E. H. Sampson,
Henry Mayo,	J. H. Dauforth,
E. T. Russell, Jr.,	Francis Dane,
J. D. Runkle,	Willard P. Phillips.
Edw. C. Pickering,	

CONCORD, June 8, 1871.

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 27th ultimo, inviting me "to meet you at a dinner to be given in the city of Boston on any day which it would suit my convenience to name," was received yesterday.

For its very kind expressions of your estimation of my public services permit me to return most grateful acknowledgments. The greater part of my active life has been occupied in public employments; and while profoundly sensible of the imperfect manner in which the duties attending them have been performed, it is extremely pleasant to learn that the result is thought worthy of some approbation by friends and neighbors whose good opinion I value so highly.

But, with the highest appreciation of the honor done me by your invitation, I must respectfully ask to be excused from accepting it. I have no longer any connection with public affairs, and have retired to the quiet practice of my profession. I can see no reason, therefore, for being to any extent an object of public attention. Besides, the Treaty of Washington has not yet been made effective by the exchange of ratifications, so that it is hardly time for an exchange of congratulations; and it is certainly better that one who has been concerned in making it should abstain from extended comments.

That the work of the Joint High Commission receives your approval, as it has received the sanction of the Senate, and, so far as indicated, that of the great majority of the American people, is a cause for satisfaction. The sending of such an embassy of conciliation and amity was honorable to Great Britain, and the whole negotiation was conducted on that side with delicacy, friendliness and consideration. We could hardly do otherwise than endeavor to meet their envoys in a like spirit. The great soldier under whose authority as President the representatives of America were commissioned, adhered with consistent sincerity to the purpose he had so emphatically expressed, "Let us have peace;" and desired and sought a just settlement of all differences with England by peaceful means. The character of my colleagues was a sufficient guarantee that, while the interests and the honor of the country would be scrupulously cared for, they would bring to the discussion nothing of party spirit, certainly nothing of the temper of the demagogue or the bully.

The treaty was the product of nearly three months of earnest, patient and anxious labor. As was said by Mr. Jay of the British treaty of 1794, "they who have traveled uneven grounds know how little of the work afterward appears." It is always easier to criticise a result than it is to remove the obstacles in the way of reaching it. The work was arduous; and there were several occasions during its progress when we began to think the difficulties of an adjustment would prove insurmountable. But it has been completed; obnoxious, perhaps, to some criticism; not the best, on our part, that could be imagined or desired, but, as I believe, the best attainable. It contains nothing of which either nation should be ashamed,—and I trust that for us it may

"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

May we not also indulge in the confident hope that it will do something for the advancement of civilization and peace among all the nations of the earth, and in this hope invoke for it "the considerate judgment of mankind, and the blessing of Heaven?"

With renewed expression of my esteem and gratitude for your kindness, I have the honor to subscribe myself, gentlemen, very respectfully your obliged friend. E. R. HOAR.

To Messrs.

Charles Francis Adams,	H. W. Paine,
John H. Clifford,	Mark Hopkins,
Charles W. Eliot,	Alexander H. Vinton,
R. W. Emerson,	Edmund Quincy,
Alexander H. Rice,	J. Ingersoll Bowditch,

Samuel Bowles, and others.

WALT WHITMAN RECOGNIZED.

It is now sixteen years since the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared—a broad, thin quarto, with verses unrecognizable as belonging to any of the meters known in English literature—and containing utterances that few undertook to understand. Its author, who put his portrait fronting the title-page,—a figure dressed like a New York Bowery boy of the period, and displaying brawny arms and a serious, cheerful, bearded face,—its author, Walt Whitman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was then so utterly unknown, that those who received his book from him were not certain that the name accompanying it was anything more than a disguise. No disguise could have been more perfect than the poet's real name, for nobody knew him, and very few paid any attention to his book. A great thinker and critic, however, to whom he sent it, and who spoke of it to his friends as "a strange mixture of the Bhagavat-Gita and the New York Herald," received it gladly, and overlooking much that was distasteful to him in the details of the work, and fixing his regard on the grand and noble temper of its better parts, as a good critic always does, gave it warm praise. The letter which he wrote to Whitman in 1855, and of which the poet made an unworthy use, printing it as an advertisement of his second edition, is so characteristic of Mr Emerson, and so creditable to him and to the obscure poet he was welcoming, that it deserves to be reprinted after the lapse of sixteen years, and when Whitman's credit as an author stands higher every day. This is Mr Emerson's letter:—

CONCORD, Mass., July 21, 1855.

Dear Sir—I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seems the sterile and stingy Nature, as too much Landlord, or too much lymph in the temperament were making our western wit fat and mean.

I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

I did not know, until I last night saw the book advertised in a newspaper, that I could trust the name as real and available for a postal-line. I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

When, the three dozen people, chiefly acquaint-

ances of Mr Emerson, who read the new author, compared their impressions of "Leaves of Grass" with the praise implied in this letter, they were generally dissatisfied, and declared that it was too bad for the Concord philosopher to recommend such a book. They found it, for the most part, tedious, fantastic, egotistic, absurd and depraved. There were certain ithyphallic passages not to be commended, though no worse than are to be found in Shakspeare, Montaigne, Chaucer, Horace, Catullus and Aristophanes,—and these though a small part of the book, brought the whole under censure not unjustly, but excessively. A few persons, however, took the same, or even a deeper interest in Whitman than Emerson did, and were prompted like him to seek the personal acquaintance of the man, and among these was Henry Thoreau. In a visit to New York, made in 1858 or thereabout, Thoreau sought out Whitman in his humble home, where he lived domestically with his mother and performed his filial duties as punctually and affectionately as Thoreau himself; and the two men recognized each other's genius. The impression thus made on the mind of Thoreau was a deep one,—so much so that, in his funeral eulogy on his friend, Mr Emerson felt justified in saying, "There were three persons during his life who profoundly impressed him,—John Brown, Joe Polis, his Indian guide, and a third person not known to this audience"—meaning Whitman. This passage does not occur in the eulogy, as printed in the volume of Thoreau's "Excursions," and may have been omitted from a doubt in the author's mind that he exaggerated Thoreau's estimate of Whitman. But he did not—the fact being as stated in the eulogy, with the addition of a fourth person, who made a deeper impression on Thoreau than either of the three—namely, Emerson himself.

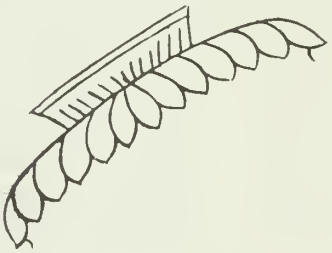
There was no general appreciation, however, of Whitman's powers as an author, or his originality as a man, for years after his first book came out. He added edition after edition of "Leaves of Grass," and in the spring of 1860 published in Boston the last and fullest edition that we have seen, with the offensive passages enlarged and in no degree softened. His Boston publishers were Thayer & Eldredge, who had risen into notice by the great success of Redpath's "Life of Captain John Brown," published by them in January, 1859. This firm soon failed, leaving a large part of their edition of Whitman's book unsold, and we believe it may still be found in the market. It may be worth mentioning that while Whitman was in Boston correcting his proofs, in April, 1860, the decision of Judge Shaw in a habeas corpus case which then occasioned some excitement, was rendered; and there being some expectation that the United States marshal might attempt to re-arrest his released prisoner, Whitman was in the court-room, along with Wendell Phillips, James Redpath and many others, interested in preventing such an attempt, which, however, was never made. This is probably the only occasion when Judge Shaw, Judge Hoar and Walt Whitman ever sat in the same court-room, giving judgment on the same case.

With the war, Walt Whitman entered upon a new epoch of his life and of his verses. Profoundly American in every part of his being, he felt the magnetic thrill of the contest between freedom and slavery, for the nation's life. It does not appear that he took part in it as a soldier, though then of the military age and in robust health. But he soon became a constant visitor of the wounded soldiers, on the field and in the army hospitals about Washington, and none was more welcome to the poor fellows, more tender in his handling, more considerate of their condition. The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, from one of whose recent letters we have borrowed much in this article, thus gives his own experience with "the good gray poet:"—

I remember very distinctly, while lying in one of the army hospitals in this city, in 1862, suffering from wounds received at Antietam, my first impression of Walt Whitman. He came into the ward in which I lay. It was late in the fall, and the cold wind had given additional color, and his great big face glowed all over with warmth and freshness. It was the first time I had seen him, and he seemed to be, in my mind, something like Dickens's Peggotty, the boatman, who had such a time looking for little Emily. His arms were full of books and funny newspapers, the illustrated weeklies, and all such things. His pockets, large and roomy, were filled with pipes and tobacco, writing paper, postage stamps, pencils, combs, and a hundred little things of daily personal use. The poor sick and wounded boys were glad to see him, you may be sure. This convalescent, who was just able to limp about on crutches, was most grateful for the pipe and tobacco; that one was glad to get the papers with pictures; another one wanted a comb, another pens, ink and paper, and another wanted to read the anecdotes which Walt had collected. If a sick soldier, too feeble to write, was anxious to let his mother or his wife or his sister know of his condition, Walt Whitman wrote the letter for him. If one of the boys, with an amputated leg, wanted some one to assist him to dress, Walt Whitman was by to lean upon. He looked after this man's pay; he wrote that man's letters; he went to town with another. He seemed to have ready what everybody wanted. I know how it was with myself. I was in an army hospital wounded. The doctors and nurses didn't care whether one died or not, and when this old heathen came and gave me a pipe and tobacco, it was about the most joyous moment of my life. It was just what I needed. I had no money and no friend about the hospital, and if Walt Whitman had written ten thousand poems like those of the "Children of Adam," I should like him and respect him to-day.

At this time, Whitman was a clerk in the Interior department, with a salary of $1200 a year. He did his work, drew his hundred dollars a month, ate sparingly, slept in a garret, wore old clothes, and lavished perhaps $30 a month on himself in this way. With the other $70, and with all his spare time, he devoted himself to the wounded soldiers, seeking, expecting and receiving neither fame nor reward therefor. On the contrary, when the war was over, Lincoln dead, and when Whitman had just published his tribute to the memory of Lincoln—the most touching of all that appeared—James Harlan, then secretary of the Interior, turned him out of his poor clerkship, because of his verses, written ten years before. He was soon restored to a better place in the attorney-general's office, where he has had a desk under Evarts, Hoar and Akerman, and, we believe, several of their predecessors. His salary is now $1600 a year, which, with his simple habits, is a competence, but which does not yet permit him to accept the invitation of Tennyson to visit him at his new house, Aldworth, in Surrey. This invitation comes in a long letter from the English laureate, who has read and admires what Whitman has written. In this Tennyson is by no means singular among Englishmen, for Whitman has received there a much more general recognition than among his own countrymen; just as Carlyle, for long years, was more read in America than in England, as, in fact, Tennyson was also. It is some six years, we believe, since the English magazines began to notice Whitman and his books, and now nearly all of them have had articles about him. The latest is in the July Westminster, which contains a very friendly and appreciative paper 35 pages long, by Edward Dowden, a professor of English literature in Trinity college at Dublin. Mr R. W. Tyrrel, Greek professor in the same university, has lately mentioned Whitman with great praise in his lectures, perhaps calling attention to the fact, noticed in The Republican some time since, that Whitman, in his last book, uses effectively and naturally several of the old Greek meters. The outbreak of Joaquin Miller's poetry in England, "like the Irish rebellion, forty thousand strong," as was said of Byron in 1812, has also called attention afresh to Whitman, between whom and Miller there is the sharpest contrast. Undoubtedly all this will lead to a better appreciation of Whitman at home. His personal appearance, always striking, is thus described by the Washington correspondent above quoted:—

Walking down the avenue, with his deliberate and heavy step, his appearance is picturesque. His hair is white, but thin and unkempt, and grows quite long. His whiskers are full and long and shaggy, white, with here and there a touch brown hair. His forehead is high and broad, and his complexion very florid. His forehead is red, his cheeks are red, his nose is red, and his neck is red—just as if they had been sunburnt. It is hard to describe his face. No description can give any idea of it to a stranger. His eyes look leaden, languid and sleepy. At first glance his face, owing to its size, its redness and the whiskers and hair, is coarse; but you look again, and it is full of gentleness. His walk is majestic, because it is unstudied and natural. His form is large and full, his figure straight and well knit. He has a presence that commands respect. He has a figure and a gait that people turn to look at in the street. His voice is full,



and soft as a woman's; his speech is deliberate, and he talks little. But he is an admirable listener, especially with young folks, who are very fond of him, and give their half-formed ideas without restraint.

His dress need not cost more than thirty dollars a year, and I presume it does not. His clothes are of coarse material, and simply made. His coat is ordinarily a thick sack, with big pockets on the outside, and of dark color. His pantaloons are coarse and full, and his vest is of the same, if he happens to have one on. His hat is a lightish-colored gray slouch, with a broad brim, which is worn generally on the back of the head, well off from the forehead. Under that hat is a head as big as a water-pail, and this head is chuck-full of something besides clothes and fashions and frivolity. His shirt is sometimes white and sometimes colored—check, plaid or striped—but whatever it is, it is scrupulously clean. His shirt collar probably costs more money than all the rest of his clothes, owing to its size. It is wide and long and full. It is never buttoned, but is tucked back from the throat down to the first button on his shirt bosom. Sometimes the collar is over the coat, sometimes under it, but it is clean and tidy. I don't believe Walt knows how he wears his clothes, but he knows they are clean.

Whitman's age is now fifty-two, and with his white hair and vigorous health, he can quote of himself old Adam's familiar description:—

> Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
> Nor did not, with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

He purposes visiting Europe next year, and will then, no doubt, make the acquaintance of famous men in England, who have long wished to know him. He does not much seek society, especially that of literary men, but neither does he avoid it. Of his merits as a poet we shall have occasion to speak when his collected works appear.

We did injustice to Walt Whitman's popularity as a poet when we said, the other day, that his Boston edition of "Leaves of Grass" was still in the market. The publishers inform us that the copies were all sold long ago, many of them having gone to England; and that there have since been two or three editions of the book with alterations. One of these was published in London by J. C. Hotten, and another, quite recently, in New York. The stereotype plates of the Boston edition are in existence, but Mr Whitman does not permit their use, because he has made so many alterations in the text. The newspapers are still exercising their wit, such as it is, over his American Institute verses, which have been more generally copied than any of his previous productions.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

Mr Channing's "Wanderer."

Comparatively few of our readers can have seen the volumes heretofore published by William Ellery Channing, and which are now so entirely out of print that it is impossible to buy a copy of them. They were issued by the long-departed publishing house of James Monroe, from 1843 to 1858, and were five in number,—a book of early "Poems;" a second series of "Poems;" "Conversations in Rome," (a prose book with verses interspersed); "The Woodman," (a small book of verse); and "Near Home," a blank-verse descriptive poem of about a thousand lines. The last-named book came out in 1858, but never was published in any proper sense of the word, and was scarcely noticed at all by the critics. The same may be said of the "Conversations" and "The Woodman,"—but the two earlier volumes of poems were harshly treated by the reviewers generally, as, no doubt, this new book—*The Wanderer, a Colloquial Poem*—will be by some of them. It is published by J. R. Osgood & Co. in a handsome volume of about 130 pages, with a brief preface by R. W. Emerson. The Wanderer is a blank verse poem in three cantos or books, entitled "Wood," "Mountain" and "Sea." The first two books are divided into two chapters each, and the third book into three chapters, making seven subdivisions of the whole poem, namely,—"The Wood," "The Hermit," "The Mountain," "Henry's Camp," "The Island," "The Cape," and "Hillside." The first two chapters describe the scenery of Concord, the third and fourth relate, with some changes and additions, to the New Hampshire mountain, Monadnoc; the last three chapters deal rather indirectly and irregularly, with Clarke's Island, Plymouth, and Cape Cod,—the sea being the all-embracing element in the whole third book. From each of the three books we extract, to show the quality of the poem, which is unique in its aim and scope, and unequaled in recent days in the melody and force of its best passages.

In "The Wood" we find this passage, commemorative of the poet's friend,—

HENRY THOREAU.

> Methinks I knew or heard of such an one,
> Who sometimes came in winter, when the year
> Seemed early flowering, and the first explored
> The willow in its island; if the heat,
> Hid in the dark ditch-bottom, did not stir,
> And silver its spruce catkin, and insist
> That late or early she should show her flowers.
> He traced the warmish wood depth, glad to explore
> The sheltered darlings of the spring, whose leaves,
> Earliest unbound in broad veratrum, please
> The gazer's eye; and snatched the cowslip's gold
> In a foreboding mood, and heard the bee
> Hum o'er the calla, while the beetle's rings
> Drew their white circles on the gleaming sand.
> For he could see and trust—see and delight,
> The compensation in his element
> Came forth didactic, cousin to the scene,
> Still flowering as it should. He faithful thus
> Unfolded in propriety the suits
> That his long practicing in Nature's court
> Had settled with the costs. Sometimes he heard
> The partridge in the spring, like a low thunder,
> Muffled in the wood, swell through the verdure,
> And the wood-thrush chant in the green alcove.
> I think whatever he found he loved,—kneeling
> As some dread worshiper before the shrine,
> *Wholly desirous to become with God,*
> Nor summer's fire, nor winter blasts, nor life
> With its unnumbered sorrows for all hearts,
> *Nor that which shuts the door to mortal thought,*
> Could blot away the fond belief in him
> That even through all nature he must pass,
> So having known her.

And here is one of the many striking passages in which the mountain scenery and its influence on the soul of the poet are portrayed:—

MONADNOC.

> Here haunts the sage of whom I sometime spake,—
> Ample Fortunio. On the mountain-peak
> I marked him once at sunset, where he mused,
> Forth looking on the continent of hills;
> While from his feet the five long granite spurs
> That bind the center to the valley's side
> (The spoke from this strange middle to the wheel)
> Stretched in the wild torrent of the gale,
> Bleached on the terraces of leaden cloud
> And passages of light,—the ranges long
> In archipelago of mountain sky,
> Where it went wand'ring all the livelong year.
> He spoke not; yet methought I heard him say,
> "All day and night the same; in sun or shade,
> In summer flames and the jagged biting knife
> That hard, white winter spills upon the cliff,—
> From earliest time the same. One mother
> And one father brought me forth, thus gazing
> On these summits of the days, nor wearied
> Yet if all your generations fade:
> The crystal air, the hurrying light, the night,
> *Always the dry that never seems to end,*
> *Always the night whose day does never set;*
> *The harvest and one reaper, never too ripe,*
> *Storm, the self-preserver, free from mud,*
> *And buoyed in the gaseous arches of heaven,*
> *And ever living purity of air,*
> In these perpetual centers of repose
> Still softly rocked."

Another of Mr Channing's personages—the Hermit—thus images the frailty and the grandeur of human existence:—

MAN.

> If I note my powers
> So poor and frail a toy, the insect's prey,
> *Picked by a berry, pistered by a plum,*
> *The very air affecting my thin frame*
> *With its minutest tricks, whom every day*
> *Pushes upon and hustles for the grave;*
> Yet raised, by the great love that broods o'er all
> Responsive, to a light beyond all thought!

Again we have this picture and reminiscence, Idolon being Henry Thoreau:—

EVENING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

> Thus could Idolon image his red race
> While o'er our heads the night-hawks, darting swarm
> (On slanted wing the canary beetle,
> Like Indians to the gods, falling in),
> Ripped through the early space. And the young stars—
> The glittering Pleiades and Orion's crest,
> Or he who holds the chair, Cassiopeia,
> Or swift Bootes driving from the north,
> And the red flame of war, the torrid Mars—
> Off added to our strange society

On those religious nights, when all the air
That lingered on the rocks was fragrant with a flower
Not of this lowland life. Now flit abroad
Dim figures on the solitary stones.
Almost I see the figure of my friend
Scaling the hight, or running o'er the slabs;
I hear his call for which I listened long;
His fresh response, as swift I shouted back,
Echoes in the space; see his light form
Bound o'er the dark crevasse, or thread the slide
Where never from the year deserts the ice.
Stay! 'twas a shadow fluttering off the past,
A multiplex of dreams that kindled thus;
And, if near eve, the circle of small lakes,
Around the mountain's foot securely drawn,
Like smoothest mirrors sent me back the face
Caught from their cheerful shores; and, slow revealed,
Came forth new lakes, or even seemed
A river in one path. I thought I heard
My old companion's voice, who in his heart
Did treasure all these joys.

We are still on the side of Monadnoc, and here is a description, made with the most utter and even grotesque fidelity, of

THE CAMP BY DAY AND NIGHT.

I might deem
That rarely yet had royal halls more seat,
Richer supply of furnitures produced,
Rococo or inlaid, and what more light
The Renaissance supplied. The tables, rock;
The seats carved of the like; and so the hall,
For matutinal or vespernal rite.
And truly nobler ceiling was not framed
Than that that dome of heaven above our heads,
Dapp'ing afar the lazy afternoon
O'er twice a hundred valleys: or, intent
To march upon our banquet, seven wild showers
In misty columns making for the plate.
And much supply of couches spread along.
Behold the mountain's floor! protend your robe,
Caoutchouc's glory and the woolly friend,
And lumped within so cure, fast on your rock,
In some sharp crevice where the cornel paints
Immenser scarlet and more smashing reds
Than gorgeous Turner's palette, drop thy bones;
Soothed by the hillside's murmuring in thy ear,
The ever-rising, ever-falling sigh
Of the perpetual air, and with the night,
Reserved companion, cool and sparsely clad,
Dream, till the threefold hour, with lovely voice,
Steals whispering in thy ear, "Rise, valiant youth!
The dawn draws on apace, curious of thee,
And polar in his gait: advance thy limbs,
Nor strive to heat the stones."
And great those days,
And splendid on the hills, when the wild winds
Forever sweep the cloud, at once re-formed
From off the plateau's slope; and at a breath
Upstart the sunlit valleys sweet with morn,
The hamlet's homely grange, the moving shades
Thrown from the sultry clouds that sail o'er heaven;
And in a second instant, the wild mists
Instantly obscure, the valley vanishes,—
Gone as a flitting vision from the skies,
While by our side the spruce in brightest green
Laughs at our brigand jackets shining wet.
And night, that eateth up substantial things,
Leads us strange dances o'er the chopping shelves,
Down bosky slides and gravitating cliffs,
Where we go plunging madly for our lives,
All safe divisions, paths, and tracks foregone;
And balances we strike, and learn the rule,
That downward motion soon appears reversed.

The third book of the poem—"Sea"—is about as long as both the others, and, although it contains many good verses and passages of peculiar beauty, is neither so coherent nor so impressive as either "Wood" or "Mountain." We shall make but a single brief extract, from the chapter entitled "Hillside." After describing the country house within sight and sound of the seashore where the Pilgrims landed, the poet cherishes this graceful reminiscence of

JULIA.

When evening calls the family within,
Social and warm the ruddy curtains fall
Around the dreamy casements, till the roar
Of the continuous surf upon the ledge
That shores the ocean's progress, whispering lulls,
And Fancy brings the forms of other days.
O, loved and gone, the darling of our hearts!
With thy soft winning ways, caressing smiles,
And step more light than tracks the forest-fawn;
Who taught the old how kind the young might be—
How often thy soft figure, wandering o'er
The breezy lawn, or couched within the shade,
Made sweeter music than all sounds beside.
Gone—O, forever gone! alone she sleeps
Upon the hillside looking o'er the sea;
Alone!—when every heart, full of thy worth,
Enchanting Julia! sends its love to thee.

In this notice we have essayed to do little more than present our readers with specimens of the new poem, without subjecting it to the criticism, favorable or adverse, which it merits in various parts. It is as peculiar in its kind as the poems of Walt Whitman or Joaquin Miller,—which it does not resemble in the least, however,—being of a higher and more delicate strain, when at its best, than they or any of our American poets ordinarily reach.

EMERSON IN THE PARLOR.—The parlor rooms of Mrs. Austin Adams's residence were lighted up with a three-fold brilliancy last evening. The soft radiance of the chandeliers was intensified by the intellectual nemen, the wit and beauty of a goodly number of our prominent citizens, and in the center of the group sat Emerson, the philosophical old gentleman whose brain seems a well-furnished, neatly-swept museum, where, in speaking silence, sit all the fraternity of *literatures* of times past, and as obedient to the will of the living philosopher as the entranced subject under the hand of the most positive manipulator; as ready to come at call as a hungry school boy to answer summons to dinner. Mr. Emerson has a well stocked port-folio. His quires of manuscript are thickly dotted with the pencilled thoughts of numberless savants, philosophers, poets of both ancient and modern times; and with these all about him he commences to talk in a low monotonous tone, varying but little except to go a little lower—still he talks on, and reads on, much of the time appearing in a kind of dreamy abstraction, as though he was more conscious of the presence of his companion authors than his audience. His manner is peculiar, not unimpressive, cool as he seems. And he is a most delighting reader of poetry. Emerson occupies a world of abstruse subtle philosophies, it might almost be said—all to himself, and to pass an hour in a parlor with Emerson is certainly a great pleasure and full of benefits.

Inspiration was his theme of discourse last evening. Inspiration, he said was organic with us all. Watts told King George that Kings dealt in that which they were most fond of: power; and that he said is what every soul wants and for which it would give all things else, but we do not know where we may go and buy. If Watts knew the store where it was kept he forgot to tell us the number of the street. Every youth, said the speaker, should know how to prophesy; but what we all need is consecutiveness. We forget to-day the thoughts of yesterday. Our business and our houses serve as ropes to make for us a kind of rough continuity. In speaking of the importance of the imagination he said Blake the artist said that he who does not imagine more than the eye can see, sees not all. The speaker remarked upon the conditions necessary to the most exalted states of mind, such as health and its adjuncts: sleep, exercise, fruits, wine, &c. He talked and read, suggested and answered questions for two hours or more, when the company quietly broke up, and those who felt inclined partook of the table bounties of the generous hostess.

RELIGIOUS.—Services in the Universalist church this morning at 10½. Discourse by Ralph Waldo Emerson on the immortality of the soul. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Lecture by the pastor. Subject: The influence of Judaism on Christianity. Seats free. Sunday school at 2 P. M.

Emerson as a Conversationalist.

At the residence of Austin Adams, Esq., last night, Ralph Waldo Emerson appeared in the role of conversationist. The gentleman intending to spend the Sabbath here, it was thought a favorable opportunity to secure his services for an evening's conversation, and the parlors of the host were thrown open to a number of invited guests, about thirty in all. It was nearly 7½ o'clock when Mr. Emerson relinquished his chat with the company and took his seat in an easy chair to fulfil the purpose of the evening. He suggested that perhaps the subject of "inspiration" might be acceptable for their consideration, and opened by reading an essay on the subject, which he hoped would not be too long. Pertinent fact and incident impressed on a delicate background of language, were the leading characteristics of the paper. The different kinds of inspiration and the incentives thereto were separately taken up and an opinion given, accompanied with some fact or incident in illustration. Then there was an interchange of thought on the subject by a few of the gentlemen present; Mr. Emerson invited the ladies to join, but as they were unusually taciturn, he resumed his reading, entertaining the company with rare selections from the richest leaves of ancient and modern literature, a precious hoard, which he has gathered during long years of diligent literary search. In conversation the beauty of Mr. Emerson's literary attainment shines forth in all its lustre; on the lecture stand he appears at disadvantage, but in a conversazione, in the midst of a few chosen friends, he is perfectly at home: the little oddities of his manner assume a becoming grace, and the vividness of his mental apprehension is appreciated. Mr. Emerson is a wonderfully well preserved man for one of his years; he is now bordering on three score and ten, and looks as youthful as the majority of men do at forty; his hair has not really turned gray, though its original brown hue is slightly dimmed with age, and there are one or two bald spots on his head. We may say that his productions do not rightfully belong to the literature of this day; the men among whom he commenced his career, have nearly all put off the traces of toil in death and he remains among the lingering few. He has been an intimate friend and associate of the most eminent literary savants on both sides of the Atlantic, and there was a peculiar satisfaction in having a man so steeped in literary lore, and so ripe in experience, to cater to our enjoyment on such an occasion. Every good thing must have an end, and this conversazione closed at a late hour, all feeling that the evening had been profitably spent, and having partaken of the most fragrant coffee at the hospitality of the hostess, the guests departed.

THE OLD MANSE AT CONCORD.

A FEW years ago business or pleasure took me into the neighborhood of Hawthorne's Old Manse at Concord, and I waited over a train on purpose to go there. It was not at that time occupied by him, but by some members of the Ripley family, whose property it was, and to whom he had given it up on their return to Concord.

There was no difficulty in finding it, for it was so unlike all the other houses, and had such an air of antiquity, that it was impossible to mistake it. The front-door stood wide open with a most cordial look of welcome, and I went down the long, tree-lined avenue, and gave a rap with the antique iron knocker. While waiting, it was not easy to refrain from looking in. The spacious hall extends through the house; in front is the avenue; at the back an orchard; and, at the foot of the orchard, a river—the Musketaquid, "river of meadows," as the Indians called it. One standing on the front-door-step can look through the house and see through the opposite door—as if it were a picture set in a frame—a grassy walk shaded by old apple-trees leading down to the water.

The hall had stained panelling, dark and rich, and dark paper; and the walls were hung with many pictures. The room at the left, into which I was shown, is the one which Hawthorne described as he had fitted it up when he took his bride there, and made for himself a home—the first time in his life that he ever had a home, he said. It had once been the sleeping-room of old Dr. Ripley, and his portrait still hung there. It was rather low, with dark panelling like the hall, and a beam crossed it overhead, as one sees in so many of the early New-England houses. A fire was burning brightly in the old-fashioned fireplace—it was November—giving it a cheerful, cosy aspect.

This was the room which, with the aid of "a gladsome carpet, pictures and engravings," and fresh flowers each day, Hawthorne had declared had become "one of the prettiest and pleasantest rooms in the whole world." To it, in those halcyon days, came Hillard, and Emerson, and Margaret Fuller, and, from his hermitage on the shores of Walden Pond, only a few miles below, Thoreau and many others. There they discoursed of poetry and

Mr. Emerson has been elected one of the foreign associates of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the fifth coordinate division of the Institute of France. Many men of distinction in philosophy have sat in the six chairs set apart for foreign associates in this section of the Institute, but no greater name is recorded there than that of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The good Mr. Emerson has met with something in California which has made him mildly dubious of one branch at least of his own philosophy. To a friend who hoped that he was not disappointed by the Yo-Semite Valley, he replied: "No, no; it is the only thing that quite comes up to the brag." Mr. Emerson, we believe, was once theoretically of the opinion that a man would not find anything abroad which he might not have found at home, although practically Mr. E. has been given to what the old lady in Dickens's novel called "meandering." But the Yo-Semite, we are obliged to believe, is beautiful enough to disturb any mild, stay-at-home conclusions—is one of the few localities in the world worth the trouble of a journey to look upon.

philosophy, of things terrestrial and celestial. To this room the host and hostess added every decorative charm that flowers can give —all the wild things of field, and forest, and stream—trailing clematis, and pond-lilies, and autumn leaves, every thing lovely in its time. There they watched moonlight "the most beautiful that ever hallowed this world;" and there, once upon a time, says Hawthorne, in his pleasant little items of their happy, domestic life, "we sat up late and told ghost-stories."

I had scarcely a moment to wait before the door opened and admitted the mistress of the house, who hastened to make me welcome, stranger though I was. The gracious kindliness of her manner one could never forget. She said, "Few persons have ever taken pains to come to see the house," and seemed to rejoice that here was one who cared enough about its associations to do so.

She took me into the orchard, and pointed out the stump of the famous willow planted by Dr. Ripley more than fifty years before Hawthorne came there to live, and which had been the admiration of the latter as he watched it from his study-windows, which it shaded. Not a single phase of its beauty was lost to him, from the tender green with which it mantled itself in the spring to its "golden crown over the roof in the winter." He took keen delight in its soft and pensive way of swaying in the wind, and in the drip, drip of the summer rain on its leaves.

We went down to the bank of the river, and, indicating a little ridge crowned with trees on the opposite side, she said: "There the American soldiers stood." Indeed, so near was the battle-ground that Mr. Emerson, predecessor of Dr. Ripley, watched the fight from his study-window. We stepped over a low wall, walked a few rods, and were in front of the monument. Near the wall were two rough stones, one of them broken, where two British soldiers were buried.

When I took leave of the hospitable mistress of the house, it was without the slightest expectation of ever being there again; but, last spring, I found myself once more journeying through Concord, and the same impulse seized me to tarry and go down to the Old Manse.

It was a lovely day in April, a peculiarly sweet and soothing day, quiet as a Sabbath, and there seemed nothing in the world to be done but to idle away the hours about the place which Hawthorne called his paradise, and to look at the landscape which he made a part of his very life. It did not seem at all like the common afternoons of every-day life, but as one set apart and full of a nameless charm. I thought of him all the way, and how his eye would have delighted in the tender loveliness of that perfect April sky —a sky of sapphire blue, with pure white clouds in great, fleecy banks, like snow; and against that crystalline clearness of blue, a half-moon, soft, faint, and silvery fair, waiting for the coming of the night.

I wondered if, in this age of renovation, the house could have remained as it was through all these years; and, while wondering, caught a glimpse of the two square, low, red chimneys, and soon the whole was in sight. The same, only looking more solemn and unsheltered, and far older, and more a relic of the past. It had become of the very color of dust—no common, unpainted, weather-worn hue, but a dead, ashen gray. It gave me a feeling as if a shadow had suddenly fallen upon the afternoon.

The aspect of the place is unlike any thing of to-day. It is out of harmony with progress. It has nothing in common with the activities of modern life. It belongs to another world than ours. One cannot conceive of it as the scene of gossipings and visitings and gayeties of any kind; of neighbors dropping in, of children running about, of young people flitting hither and thither. It is a house apart, set solitary; a lonesome house after dark, and on rainy days.

Nothing could be more suggestive of Hawthorne and the introspective habits of his mind. The air is haunted with the beings who peopled the chambers of his brain. I should not have been startled to have seen the door open, and the long procession of them, sad-browed and heavy-laden with cares and sins, come marching out, and, in strangely-assorted pairs, move like a funeral-train up the avenue, and along the village streets to the crowded old burying-ground on the hill-side—Hester and the guilty minister leading little Pearl between them; then the gloomy tenants of the House of Seven Gables, followed close by grim and strangely-attired figures, in tarnished and mildewed garments, with smileless faces, and heads bowed by some terrible weight of sorrow and remorse.

The house is set low down in the midst of a large enclosure. It has a settled, sunken, unsheltered look. On the side toward the village is the patch of ground where Hawthorne had the vegetable-garden which he took so much pride in—now treeless, shrubless, flowerless. In his time there appears to have been a fence on each side of the avenue, but now the land belonging to the house has nothing to separate one portion from another.

Of the trees which bordered the avenue when he lived there, perhaps a dozen remain, and some of these are full of dead limbs, and are blasted and broken by storms, so that all their symmetry is gone. They are only the gaunt skeletons of what they were, covered with gray lichens, and fast hastening to decay. In the gaps where some have fallen, young ones have been set to keep the stately line complete.

Next the highway is a common stone wall; a rustic gate, set wide open, invited entrance, and kindly indicated that any one might pass in. I did so, and once more went down the broad, turfy way. The long grass, now blasted and dry from the severity of the winter, grows almost up to the door, and tries to cover the row of sunken steps that pave the path, looking like so many square gravestones laid flat and pressed into the earth. A few vines grow against the walls, and at one corner is a screen of lilacs; but, saving these, the front is all open to the eye of day and the glare of light.

A quaint iron knocker, with a head which may symbolize silence (it looks as if it did), is on the door. Over the door is a row of panes of curious glass, which, by some law of convexity, presents a bulged-out centre, so that there seems to be an eye looking out from each one. Still above, in the second story, is a window in the gallery; and higher yet, in the roof, an arched pent-house—sharply arched—with a double window of many panes, having a strange and rather dismal effect. All the panes in the windows are small, and set in black sash, which may be of lead. The roof is what is sometimes called "hip-style," overwhelmingly heavy, and very roomy; shutting down so low over the front, that the chamber-windows are close under the eaves. The front-door is narrow, and the windows are all small. At the back is a latticed door, and up at one side on the outer wall is a little windowed room, built out, making one think of a pepper-box or a bird-

cage, it is so small and so queer.

The place, on that afternoon, was left to silence. The inmates were absent, and there was no living creature about, not even a stray hen, not a spring butterfly, nor bee, nor bird, not so much as a droning fly; only across the orchard sped a gray cat—persistent guardian of the seclusion.

The cherished pear- and peach-trees are no more; but the gnarled apple-trees, of most venerable aspect, still survive, and so do the aged lilacs under Hawthorne's study-window. There is still the grassy, unobstructed walk down to the river, which almost reaches the orchard-wall. In its half-stagnant waters, doubtless, still bloom, in their season, the white pond-lilies, for which he named his boat, believing that he should often freight it with these perfect flowers; and on its margin still grow the pickerel-weed and the fire-bright cardinal-flower, which it was his delight to gather and bear to the house. One after another the trees have dropped away; but, except for this, and that the house has been growing grayer and more gray, it cannot be greatly changed since thirty years ago. He came there another Adam, with another Eve, as he delighted to say.

From the old manse it was not unnatural to pass to the burying-ground on the side of the hill, where you step from the sidewalk right in among the thick-sown graves. The slate head-stones are as close as the hills of a field of corn, and rise, tier above tier, straight up to the top of the hill, so that the dead can almost be said to look down over one another's heads into the town. Right there, before the eyes of the inhabitants, this vast assemblage awaits in silence the resurrection morning, while busy life goes on below them—with cross-bones and skulls on their head-stones, with hour-glasses turned on one side to signify that their use is ended, with death's-heads, and cherubs with wings growing out just under their ears, with many a quaint inscription and grotesque device.

Some of them have lain there more than two hundred years, unconscious alike while their townsmen fought the British out on the plain, while the village was growing up around them, and while a second revolution came and passed.

A. B. Harris.

WHAT BOOKS TO READ.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LAW STUDENTS OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

Washington, Jan. 7.—The announcement made to your correspondent, this morning, that Ralph Waldo Emerson would lecture to the law students of Howard University, was received with great incredulity. Could it be *the* Emerson, the sweet-hearted philosopher and poet? But the bare possibility of seeing and hearing the Sage of Concord speaking to an audience of colored students was a bait too strong to be resisted. So, conquering all incredulity, I went to the lecture-hall. An audience of 150 people, composed of professors, teachers, and law students, and a number of young lady students from the academical department, filled the body of the room. Nearly all the faces were dark as night, with here and there a pale contrast or a compromise between the two extremes. On a slightly raised platform, in an arm-chair, sat Ralph Waldo Emerson. There was no mistaking that calm, serene, and thoughtful face. It seemed more than usually full of interest. Perhaps never before had the sage addressed such an audience. I soon learned that it was not a lecture we were to hear, but a simple informal talk, fresh and new-born.

Mr. Emerson was introduced by Prof. John M. Langston. Without rising from his chair, and without note or manuscript, he began his talk. He seemed a little embarrassed at first for want of a text, but soon found one on which he could talk from now till doomsday—Books. He has a horror of extempore speaking, and never speaks in public without preparation, when he can avoid it. He has a further horror of reporters, who seize and slaughter his fresh utterances. On this account, I suppose, no public notice was given except to students and teachers, and all unnecessary formality was dispensed with. He spoke with deliberation, with now and then a pause in his delivery, and his face lighted with a radiant smile as kindly and benignant as his speech. Mr. Alvord hit the nail when he said, afterward, that it was a pleasure to sit and see him think.

SELECTING A BOOK AS A FRIEND.

Mr. Emerson said:

I ought to say that my understanding of the conversation with my friend, the Professor, yesterday, certainly did not lead me to believe that I was expected to address the College in any formal manner. I came as a hearer and a witness of the exercises of the hour, but not understanding that I was to take any active part in it, by no means that of a leader. I am very glad this morning to see this institution, and to see so many of its scholars. I have been very happy in hearing the many details of the design of the actual direction and management of the institution. It certainly is making a movement of great promise in this country. It is one from which great good may be expected. I can easily see that it is only in its beginning, and that these results are only the seed-corn.

If I had prepared myself at all to address this company of young men and young women, I think I should have called their attention especially to the books which they should read. My own familiarity is not at all with directing the attention of classes, except as the public sometimes gather in miscellaneous classes to hear lectures; but whenever I have to do with young men or young women, I always wish to know what their books are; I wish to defend them from bad; I wish to introduce them to good books; I should speak of the immense benefit which a good mind derives from reading—probably much more to a good mind from reading than from conversation. It is of first importance of course to select a friend; for a young man should find a friend a little older than himself, or whose mind is a little older than his own, in order to wake up his own genius. That service is performed for us oftener by books. I think if a very active mind, if a young man of ability, should give you his honest experience, you would find that he had owed more impulse to books than to living minds. The great masters of thought, the Plutos—not only those that we call the sacred writers, but those that are called profane—have acted on the mind with more energy than any companions. I think every remarkable person whom you meet will testify to something like that, that the fast-opening mind has found more inspiration in his book than in his friend. We take the book under great advantages. We read it when we are alone. We read it with an attention not distracted. And perhaps we find there our own thought, a little better, a little maturer than it is with ourselves.

To-day is the Sabbath. Are any of this company accustomed to read any of the divine songs of George Herbert, the poet? He is called the divine George Herbert. He lived in the time of King James. He was a person of singular elevation of mind, and I think every young man and every young woman who wishes inspiration from books, should find for their Sunday reading and their Monday reading the little volume of George Herbert's poems. I suppose George Herbert's poems are in your library. If not, I should like the privilege of presenting the book. I speak of that because it is a little the best religious English book that I recall. I don't know any one who has spoken so purely and so sweetly to the religious sentiment in us as George Herbert. You all know the verse:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew must weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas, must die."

EVERY MIND HAS ITS SPECIAL CAPACITY.

I am of the opinion that every mind that comes into the world has its own specialty—is different from every other mind; that each of you brings into the world a certain bias, a disposition to attempt something of its own, something *your* own—an aim a little different from that of any of your companions; and that every young man and every young woman is a failure so long as each does not find what is his or her own bias; that just so long as you are influenced by those around you, so long as you are attempting to do those things which you see others do well instead of doing that thing which you can do well, you are so far wrong, so far failing of your own right mark. Everybody sees the difference in children. They very early discover their tastes. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing, the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct in your conception of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now I conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it; freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to do something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and can do. One person persists all the time in disappointing his friends because he wishes to be a painter, and they have no desire that he should be. Another does not like that his father should insist upon sending him to college, because he really wants to be a merchant or a manufacturer, or has a whim of his own. Now that is easily mistaken by an obstinate young man who has taken a fancy and is not really pursuing that which is his proper calling. Though one may easily be mistaken for a time, yet there is in his mind this particular fitness for a calling; and some things that he can do, as in mathematics, or the right arrangement of facts; he being able to distribute the duties of the day; the distribution of facts in his mind, so that he understands and can recite history better than any other; or the perception of his aim, and keeping that through all the particulars by which a logical mind acts, in various ways, as some eyes are made for color and some for form.

SPECIFIC AIMS AND OCCUPATIONS.

The multitude of professions is endless, and in a right state of society the objects and aims would be much more numerous. For instance, in the German Universities now, instead of having five or six or ten professorships, they have 60 or 100—the division of the sciences, the division of the parts of great classes of knowledge requiring so many instructors. Well, I think that with the progress of society, the divisions of employments will not be 60 or 100, but thousands; and finally, if one should say it, as many as there are men, as many as there are women, that the aims will be as many as there are individual souls. Therefore I wish that each young person should learn that secret, that he only can tell himself what it is that he is to do. It is revealed to him in the progress of his mind, always becoming revealed more distinctly, what that object is. He did not know it when he was a child; he did not know it when he was a boy; but, as his mind, all is slowly revealed to him; revealed to him by every effort he makes in this direction or against it. For, when he is laboring against his proper calling, he finds himself met with obstacles that increase as he goes. When he is following his proper mission, the leading of his inward guide, he is assisted by every step which he takes. The purpose for which he is made is always becoming more clear to him. I believe that for every active mind, in its own direction, there is a thought waking every morning—a new thought; that every day brings new instruction and facility; that even in the dreams of the night we are helped forward. There is a great difference in our activity of mind. Sometimes we have heavy periods, when we don't think for days, or weeks, or months; then periods of activity. I think these depend very much upon ourselves—upon our good behavior. If we use our opportunities, opportunities are multiplied. If we neglect them, if we give up to idle pleasures and amusements, they are withdrawn. The idle person ceases to have thoughts. The active person is always assisted. There are a great many mysterious facts in our history which the mind attentive to itself will always discover, and the admonitions that come thence.

I am not in the habit of speaking with classes of young persons very much. And I myself, I ought to say, am a solitary man, living in the country and seeing few people. Now and then I go to Boston or elsewhere and read a paper to a class, but seldom speak in any other manner. I regret that it was not intimated to me that I should speak. I came to hear and see, or I would have brought with myself some text, some clear purpose. If this were a convention, if any of the young men or women have any question, perhaps it might be better for us all.

Prof. Langston then arose and made an apology for Mr. Emerson, saying that he called on Senator Sumner yesterday and found Mr. Emerson at breakfast with him, and then exacted a promise from him to visit the University; but did not feel privileged to ask of one whose time is so valuable a formal and prepared address. He was glad that he had come and talked to them in this informal way. Suggesting a topic for further conversation, he said: If there is any one thing that we do not quite understand it is the effect of books upon us, for the reason that almost all of these students had been without fathers and mothers so educated that they could say: "This is the book to read. This book has done so much for me. It has given me this purpose, that thought, this information, that power." He would like to have Mr. Emerson in a conversational way tell them more about books.

Mr. John Alvord, President of the Freedman's Bank, who was present, very happily said that they were all very much instructed by looking at Mr. Emerson's face and seeing him think; they needed to look at him to learn how to think. The remark secured a verdict of approving smiles, and Mr. Emerson resumed:

GIBBON—BOSWELL'S JOHNSON—THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

I trust that every man has his own ways, as I say, and perhaps no method or matter would become another; and always the instruction, the hint, is given to the young mind from its own desires. It is urged in a single direction, and that is the direction it is to take. It soon knows what is a wrong urgency and what is a right. All things are propitious in one direction; all things are adverse in the other. Every book has its own attractions; but certain books would charm us all—charm every good mind. I should give every young man "Gibbon's History of the Roman Empire" to read as an education in itself. No one can read it without seeing that Gibbon was the best read man of England in his time, and that, therefore, few men could have accomplished so much. He was a perfect library himself; a man of a brilliant mind; not a man of a high *morale*—at least a skeptical man, and a man of the world also. But his moral sentiment was always erect for justice and truth: yet not a man of quite pure mind. He was a clean man in his life, but his moral sentiment was not equal to his intellectual. Still, "Gibbon's History of Rome" cannot be omitted by any intelligent young man who wishes to have, in English, the best history of the past.

If he wants, however, a moralist; if he wants a noble soul, every way instructive, he should read the "Life of Johnson." Boswell's Life of Johnson is an excellent book to read; one of the most entertaining, one of the greatest variety in its charms, because it brings in the history of the brightest men in England, at a time of great brilliancy; that is, when Burke and Fox and Gibbon and Goldsmith were on the stage together, and were continually meeting in conversation. I should think Boswell's Life of Johnson is a good book for a young man, out of the line of difficult study; for it should be an entertainment to him, and nothing more. No wise young man can do without reading "Bacon's Essays." They are a little bible of earthly wisdom. They are full of sense and truth. If he is led to the "Life of Lord Bacon," he thereby becomes acquainted with the most important period in English history; the time when the two greatest lights of England at that period, and one of them the greatest light that ever was in England—Shakespeare—were surrounded by able men; the time of Elizabeth and of James; the time of the great concentration of intellectual light in England. There never was such a period in the world. The only one comparable to it is that of the Greek age when Pericles was surrounded by the great artists, the great poets, the great historians and philosophers of Greece. These are the two remarkable periods of intellectual light—the time of Elizabeth and the time of Pericles.

SHAKESPEARE THE ONE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

No one can speak of books, however, without saying to you, what you already know, that of all books depending purely upon their intrinsic excellence, Shakespeare is the one book of the world. I leave out, of course, the religious books, which depend directly upon the reverence of mankind, addressed according to the opinion and sentiment of each, according to his education in this or that church, in this or that society. Heaven has provided each nation with its own religious instruction. We have had, in Asia, the grandest revelation that has been made to the world. It is very curious that these Asiatic minds seem, more than any other portion of the world, to have had the religious inspiration; not only in our gospels and in our Jewish histories, but the Hindoos have also the most extraordinary books, which they compare with certain happiness to those of our own, which we also owe to Asia. So the Chinese have also their books of Confucius, in which we are very happy to trace almost identical inspirations with those which we have received from Judea. For instance, the great doctrine, "Thou shalt do to others as thou wouldst have others do to thyself," is 600 years before the coming of Christ, as given us by the Confucians. This singular genius the Asiatics seem to have had for moral revelation; and it is given in these commanding forms to the different nations there. Ours, which we owe directly to the Jewish nation, we esteem the most pure and most commanding of all. But it is delightful to me, as a believer in the universality of religious truth, to find that it is framed in similar and almost in the same language in distant nations.

But out of the circle of religious books I set Shakespeare as the one unparalleled mind. No nation has produced anything like his equal. There is no quality in the human mind, there is no class of topics, there is no region of thought, in which he has not soared or descended; and none in which he has not said the commanding word. All men are impressed, in proportion to their own advancement in thought, by the genius of Shakespeare. The greatest mind values Shakespeare the most. It is wonderful that it has taken ages to esteem him. We find with wonder that he was not appreciated in his own time; that you can hardly find any contemporary who did him any justice. Still, his fame and the influence of his genius have risen with the progress of time. As there has been opportunity to compare him with other poets and writers, his superiority has been felt, and never so much as at this day. In reading Shakespeare, you will find yourself armed for the law, for divinity, and for commerce with men.

EDMUND BURKE—GOETHE.

Burke is an author that no young man, certainly in the law, can live without. For the nobility of his sentiment, for the truth, honor, and justice of the man; for his great powers, for his fine perceptions, I should think it would be the pride of all the young men studying law, that they had a master so commanding and so beautiful as Burke

always before them. His character was as pure as his mind. There is a period in the education of every young man liberally educated, when Burke is his master. Happy is that young man. I have found such young men always in colleges. They always came to a time when Burke seemed their only guide. It is commonly about the time of leaving college that they find out that Burke is a charming writer. They read all his speeches. They read his letters. You will find him again in Boswell's Life of Johnson. The Regicide Peace, all the Letters on the French Revolution, his speeches on the American question, all his writings, his letters to the noble lords, every one of his papers is deserving of your reading. In teaching you to form your style. The Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful had once a certain attraction which it has not now. It is not superior, and I would not commend it.

If any of you have a taste in letters you must take the German Goethe, whose books are now almost all translated into English. Since Shakespeare there has been no mind of equal compass to his. There is the wise man. He has the largest range of thought, the most catholic mind; a person who has spoken in every science, and has added to the scientific lore of other students, and where represents better than any other individual, the progressive mind of the present age. He is the oracle of all the leading students in every nation at this time—Goethe, who died in 1832. If you want a pleasant introduction to him, take the book of his Conversations with Eckermann. Prof. Eckermann lived in his house for a time, and just as Boswell wrote out Johnson's conversation, so Eckermann wrote out the conversation of Goethe. That book is a very entertaining and instructive one. Opinions upon every modern question are there. If you want his more serious books, I should say "Faust." Faust is the book by which Goethe is best known. It is one of the most disagreeable books that I can read. While I consider Shakespeare's Hamlet a great and noble work, Goethe's Faust is to me a very painful work. And yet that stands with society generally as the leading work. It represents the modern mind, and that is what he aimed at. But it does not represent the Eternal Mind, alone of value in every age. It is a very painful book. The "History of Poetry and Fiction" is the name by which Goethe calls the memoirs of his own life. Then there are his poems in general, and his prose writings on art, on society, on light. He was a student of light, and made important discoveries. His book upon optics contains a history of progress and the history of Sir Isaac Newton; and his relations to that science are given, as the whole history of philosophy in that direction. A book which is not yet printed in English, I believe, is his Sentences—Sprüche. It will be immediately put into English, I presume, for they are multiplying it in German. It was printed originally in Schiller's work. They edited together The Hours ("Horen"), and in every one there were certain collections of sentences. Goethe wrote whole essays, but also a continual redundance of maxims and rules. These are now gathered in a book that I think is one of the most important that we possess. I believe that more of his books are in English every year, so that you can always find access to them. The "Italian Travels" is another important book of his.

The time for closing had now arrived, as many of the teachers and students had engagements to attend church; and Mr. Emerson brought his remarks abruptly to a close. Prof. Longston thanked him in behalf of the school, and a vote of thanks was tendered him. Prof. Langston congratulated the students on their rare good fortune in hearing the address. If it had been known in the city, there would have been many Sunday morning pilgrimages to the hillside. As it was, Mr. Emerson was saved from a large audience and the pencil of all but one reporter.

The Mother of Thoreau.—Mrs Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau, who died in Concord, Mass., on the 12th inst., was the widow of John Thoreau, and the mother of the naturalist and scholar, Henry D. Thoreau. She outlived her famous son nearly ten years, and had almost reached the age of 85. For several years she has been an invalid, though not confined to her room. She had spent most of her life in Concord, though not born there, as Henry Thoreau was; her maiden name was Dunbar, and she was descended of mixed Scotch and English ancestry, as her husband was of French and English. Mrs Thoreau was a woman of more than common powers of mind,—witty, resolute and vivacious, warmly attached to her family and friends, and to the causes she espoused. Her house was one of the places of resort for the early abolitionists, and she enjoyed the friendship of Garrison, Phillips, Francis Jackson, Nathaniel P. Rogers, and others of that brave company. With a moderate share of this world's goods, she gave her children a superior culture, befriended the poor, and exercised hospitality with a liberal soul. It was from her that her sons, Henry and John—the companions of that celebrated voyage of a "Week on the Concord and Merrimac"—inherited their humor and some of their other marked traits. Of her four children—two sons and two daughters—only one survives her,—Miss Sophia Thoreau of Concord. She and a maiden aunt, are now the sole representatives of a name that will be long remembered in American literature.

[By Sanborn]

[April, 1872]

Few invitations of the past Winter have awakened so keen an interest as those which were this week given out to a select few to listen to Mr. Henry James on Ralph Waldo Emerson. The two men differ so widely in faith, in manner, in method of thought; in short, are each so individual, that there was plenty of room for conjecture as to what the one would say about the other. The paper by which this questioning interest was satisfied was one of the most sincere, sweet-tempered, and reverent essays in personal criticism to which I have ever listened. Mr. James began with the impression which the Concord seer produced upon him when they first met, full 30 years ago, in New-York, where Emerson was reading a course of lectures. These Mr. James diligently attended, seeing the philosopher at the same time often in private, and becoming what he has ever since remained, his loving bondman. To solve the problem of Emerson's fascination became an earnest pursuit; but it was far easier to say what the charm was not. It was not intellectual mastery, or conventional graces, for Emerson had not command none of the ordinary means of conciliating the self-love of other men. One thing only was certain; his influence was intensely personal. "If this man were a woman, I should be sure to fall in love with her," was the frequently recurring thought which gave the first clue to the solution of the riddle. For you could not know Emerson intimately or even hear him frequently without feeling the spell of his intense personality. And yet his demeanor upon the platform is modesty itself. His deferential entrance upon the scene, his look of inquiry at the desk and the chair, his resolute rummaging among his embarrassed papers, his uncertainty and irresolution as he rises to speak—no maiden's shyness ever appealed more potently to your enamored and admiring sympathy. Then, as his words flow on, now loud, now low, and you watch his clear, eloquent eye, his attent face, which seems set toward some other world whence whispers of inspiration come to him, how the charm of his personality grows and grows upon you! The deference of Mr. Emerson's mind is a prominent quality. No man of half his renown was ever so gracious as he to the claims of others. His worship for men of science or knowledge is so great that he even seems to estimate the scientific mind as, if anything, beyond the philosopher. He is debtor to the man who gives him a new fact, and his indebtedness he will not forget or hesitate to acknowledge. His influence is personal, too. You instinctively desire to please him as you would a beautiful woman. You cannot read his books, especially when you are young and ardent, without being fired with noble ambition to begin to lead a perfect life. No one else so shows you the dignity of clean living. Following him, you may grow disheartened, by and by, for he is no school-master, and if you want exact guidance you will not find it there. But he inspires and stimulates as no one else does, though his influence is not that of command, but of attraction. The quality of his genius is not moral or dogmatic; it is altogether magnetic, seductive, winning. He addresses you as a free being, absolved from all allegiance save that to your own nature. Personality is the very essence of his power. His supreme authority consists not in his intellect, not in his culture, not in his knowledge, but simply in himself. He has no desire to subjugate any other man, but pays to every man's freedom an exquisite, unconscious deference. We are both things and persons. Usually we are born things and we become persons; but Mr. Emerson seems to have been born person. He is purer in and of himself than culture could make any man; and so we find ourselves welcoming him as a new and blessed augury for the race. From the creative power patent in him, we infer the same power latent in us, and argue from this wonderful type of the incarnation—the God in man—a future race-incarnation for us all. Between Emerson and a man like Carlyle the contrast is wide enough to be instructive. Carlyle is an egregiously secular person, and you go to Chelsea as you go to the play—for entertainment or diversion. Emerson, on the other hand, is an eminently sacred person, and you frequent Concord as you do a cathedral, for self-examination. Carlyle suggests absolutely nothing to your devout imagination, but appeals with irresistible vivacity to your sensuous wonder and love of fun. Emerson makes a most modest appeal to your senses, but he is brimful of

significance to your imagination. Carlyle estimates men not for their representative but their actual worth; not for the light they reflect upon nature divine and human, but for their cheap and vapid private superiority to other men. Emerson, on the other hand, is an idealist, and sees the man only as a person or mask of a humanitary substance. His great men do not seem to him heroes, but representative men, types of humanity. His Platos, his Shakespeares, his Napoleons, his Goethes, each is to him the embodiment of some greatness of which he rejoices to find human nature capable. His own individuality belongs to the great race, and is but a blossom of its sole divinely real personality. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin"—there is the same difference between Emerson's naked, unconscious manhood and his overdressed cotemporaries, as between these ineffable lilies and our proverbial friend Solomon.

L. C. M.

MR. EMERSON'S MONDAY CONVERSATIONS.

The Literary Seances at Mechanics' Hall.

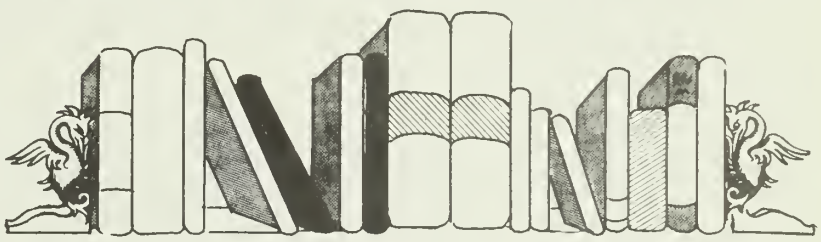
It has of late years, and in many circles, become the fashion to cavil at the Concord coterie of writers, and to bliadly deny Mr. Emerson, especially, many things which are emphatically his right. Vast numbers of people, actuated by the spirit of curiosity, go to hear him, and come away, dazzled, puzzled, and amaz d. They dimly glean some paltry sheaves from his great granary of thought, and hurry out of the presence of the master, fatigued and angry with themselves. The terrible force of his assertions—the overwhelming logic of his style, blind and terrify them. The pitiless assumption of certain standards—the accurate and startling judgments of life and art—shock and astonish. To stray out of the harsh and practical life of the present into the serene and impressive calm of one of the "Conversations," is indeed a startling contrast. When you ask the ordinary man what he thinks of Mr. Emerson's last, he is almost sure to answer, "I don't know." And he doesn't know. Time, and reflection, and the sober combating of certain established prejudices, are necessary before a real opinion can be formed.

A venerable gentleman, well preserved, elegant in manner, takes his seat upon the platform of a cosy and comfortable hall at three o clock on a Monday afternoon, when the rush and roar of business in practical Boston is at its hight, and gently arranging his papers before him, looks serenely around upon the large audience gathered to hear him. It is the *causerie* which he has undertaken—the familiar and delicate enunciation of his ideas in the form invented by our sprightly yet thoughtful French friends—and the ladies throng to hear him in greater numbers even than when he appears in the attitude of the lecturer. A red curtain hangs behind him, setting off in sharp relief the keen and noble outline of his features—the head thrown forward with the poise of daring assertion—and the face now animated with all the warmth and enthusiasm of a genuine poetic admiration, now saddened and reserved with the diffidence of the habitual student and the man of reverie. Side lights from each wing of the stage throw a sharp light upon the ample manuscript on the reading desk, for the philosopher and poet is now rapidly nearing seventy years of age, and the fatigues of the lecture room are easier felt than thirty years ago. Yet the same consummate magnetism lingers around and upon every word and phrase; there is the same thrilling earnestness of antithesis, the same delight and gloating over poetry and excellence of expression, as of old. There is no other man in America who can, by the mere force of what he says, enthrall and dominate an audience. Breathless attention is given, although now and then his voice falls away so that those seated farthest off have to strain every nerve to catch the words. The grand condensation, the unfaltering and almost cynical brevity of expression are at first startling and vexatious; but presently one yields to the charm, and finds his mind in the proper assenting mood.

The conversations attract more women than men, but they are of the more intellectual and reflective class of our New England women, who find in the intensity and wonderful precision of Mr. Emerson's mind something inexpressibly pleasing. Nor are they blind worshipers merely at a shrine before which they kneel in wonder: but the large majority appreciate and enjoy to the uttermost the continual-unresting surging of thought thrust upon them. Mr. Emerson's plea to the "pestilent reporter" haunts our mind, and forbids us to instance from the rich *causeries* of the first Monday and of yesterday the effects upon the audience. Mr. Emerson is greeted by a class of people who are rarely seen together on any other public occasion in Boston. Aside from the large number of professed admirers and disciples, and the literati, who are present each time that he speaks or reads in Boston or vicinity, the men who go to hear him are many of the desire-to-be-dazzled-and-hocked-order, who seem disagreeably surprised when they do comprehend what he says. Mr. Emerson's terse and vivid sentences cling in the memory, and will not be effaced. The conversation of yesterday (Monday) afternoon gave an hundred ideas upon poetry, and the relations of nature to man, which will be henceforth grafted inseparably upon the common mind. The emphatic New Englander listens, incredulously at first, but finishes by saying, "That's so!" Ideals and beacons far remote attraction are brought down to the sphere of daily life—admirably illustrated—made plain, and tethered where even the humblest can appreciate them as realities. And in all cases it seems to the listener as if the phrases uttered were sculptured in the thought of the speaker—as if they had been so from the beginning, and could never be otherwise.

The loving tenderness with which Emerson lingers over a fine and thoroughly expressive phrase is beyond description. It thrills the whole audience—arrests universal attention. The sacredness of the printed word is interpreted in a new and wondrous light. There is the same passionate adoration displayed over a fine line from a sonnet—or lavished upon one of Thoreau's quaint conceits—which Ingres bestowed upon a specimen of pure drawing. The innate and mechanic-like love of beauty, softening and permeating every utterance, infusing its delicate glow and its delicious harmony into each idea; and investing abstractions with the charms of real and vivid beings, triumphs over diffidence and age; gives to the austere and unworldly philosopher the idiom and enthusiasm of the lover and the poet, and makes an afternoon attendance upon the conversations of Ralph Waldo Emerson an oasis in the desert of practicality, where sweetest refreshment is obtained. What wonder that each succeeding Monday is looked forward to with impatience by those who really appreciate and admire the heart, the intellect and the polished manners which bear three score and ten so lovely and gallantly?

were to be found upon close observation—the spectacled spinster who sits absorbed and intent, with note-book and pencil in hand. Let some unusually ponderous polysyllable or hitherto unheard-of quotation greet her expectant ears, and away flies the pencil over the paper, the subject being one upon which she feels herself bound, as Capt. Cuttle would say, "to overhaul the book, and when found make note on." Mr Emerson comes to his desk with the air of an enthusiastic teacher meeting his class, full of a subject upon which he and they have much to say to each other. If he reads a poem or quotes some fine passage it is with such evident enjoyment of its beauties and peculiarities that one feels he speaks truth when he says it is "something which he has very much at heart." His sincerity in giving an opinion or a criticism and the entire absence of all dogmatism and assumption, bring his audience at once into sympathy with him, and make them follow whither he will the lead of his guiding thought. And where could one be furnished with better guide or one more thoroughly familiar with the heights and depths, the dry land and the ocean, the travelled ways and winding paths, with half-hidden flowers and all the by-ways of the world of books! It is something even to see the face and hear the voice of such a man. To the native Bostonian both are familiar as those of an old friend, but a stranger would be intensely interested in observing all those little peculiarities of manner which are almost as strongly marked as those of mind, and which go so far to make up the man as he is known among men. He walks the streets even as no one but Ralph Waldo Emerson would walk—head and shoulders above many of the



EMERSON'S "CONVERSATIONS."

Close of the Monday Literary Seances at Mechanic's Hall—A Glance at the Lecturer and His Audiences.

May, 1872

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON POST.

One might think the interest in literature among Bostonians was chiefly manifested by ladies, were he to judge from the Monday afternoon lectures just finished in Mechanics' Hall.

"Of women there seemed an innumerable throng.
But the men you could count as they passed along."

flocking down the four flights of stairs, with mingled murmur of pleasant voices and fluttering and rustling of garments. The reason for this is of course obvious, but certainly no lecturer could wish for more attentive or appreciative audiences than great Mr Emerson. If they do not noisily testify approval after the manner of masculine assemblies, sure signs of it are nevertheless apparent in the smile or meaning glance from friend to friend, or an expressive little nod of approbation, or, better still, the rapt attention with which they listen. There is something sincere and genuine in the everywhere evident admiration for the lecturer and interest in his subject. Let him discourse as learnedly as he will, he does not go beyond the comprehension of his listeners or touch upon subjects for which they have no relish. A merely fashionable woman, gorgeous in toilette and rejoicing in the very latest novelty, would be strangely out of place among this company of quietly-dressed ladies, with their earnest, intelligent faces, and tho few of that class who by chance strayed thither were to be detected with amusing readiness. Occasional specimens of another class of literary aspirants

tripping them in speed, and steering his [illegible] all his life had been spent in thridding the [illegible] and intricacies of narrow streets, and making a path for himself through Boston's crookedness and waywardness, just as he has been leaving far behind him so many shallower thinkers and imitators, and marking out for himself with his own philosophy and his own clear head a straight course through some of this world's muddles. Whether sitting or standing before his audience, whether reading from his manuscript or recalling some stray thought in his peculiar and almost dreamy way, there is always the same extreme simplicity of manner, the same delightful absence of self-consciousness and self-assertion. His impressiveness as a speaker, his eloquence, if one might so name it, is in his interest in his subject, his conviction of the truth of what he says, no less than in the changing expression of his face and the unconscious variation in the tones of his voice. Of oratorical tricks and graces, flourishing of hands and striking postures, there are none, and certainly upon no human being would they sit less naturally or gracefully. If he repeats himself somewhat, and brings forward in these later years the ripened fruits and full-grown blossoms of the buds of earlier times, surely no one can complain or say that the added flavor and fragrance are not better and more satisfactory than anything new could be. In the present course of lectures he has carried his subject, by a natural and essential process of development, from a foundation in simple definition and example up to the uses and aims of culture in the highest sense of the word, giving a practical lesson not only of what books are literature and what to read, but also of how and why they may be made profitable, and bringing forth from the treasure house of his knowledge things new and old and quaint and beautiful by way of illustration. Their effect can hardly fail to be salutary in various ways, in the quickened impulse and ambition for the attainment of something of real worth in culture, and in the greater power of discrimination between the true and the sham. To be set upon the right track and to have the way clearly pointed out is of use, though few are able to do more than follow at a great distance in the path which Mr Emerson has endeavored to lead "his class," as he pleasantly terms his audience. It is impossible to listen to him without gaining food for thought and feeling that thought finds freer and more natural channels. Yesterday's lecture closed the series and showed no diminution but rather an increase of interest and attention. The subject was treated in a manner most distinctly Emersonian—the results and effects of culture upon the soul, and its influence in the formation of ideas and theories upon its future life and destiny. Mr Emerson made a few farewell remarks expressive of his satisfaction with his class, and pleasantly apologized for coming before them without some worthier material and more careful preparation—whereat a quiet smile was visible upon every countenance. With murmurs of approbation and regret, and with the usual hand-shakings and cordial greetings of Mr Emerson and of each other, this company of seeming friends and acquaintances separated. Mr Emerson's respectful request "not to be reported" has been respectfully observed by the press of Boston during this course, though any attempt to reproduce in a condensed form what he has said would have been futile.

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN.—During the months of October, November and December of this year, on Saturday afternoons, at three o'clock, in the large hall of the Technological Institute, there will be given a free course of twelve lectures to women on subjects connected with *English literature*. These lectures are not to be reported in the papers, or printed in book-form. The following eloquent lecturers are already engaged for each Saturday in the above months, beginning October 5:—

Ralph Waldo Emerson,	George S. Hillard,
Phillips Brooks,	James Freeman Clarke,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,	William R. Alger,
Edward P. Whipple,	John Weiss,
Wendell Phillips,	George William Curtis.

It is the design, we presume, of this course of free lectures to introduce a scheme of instruction for women which shall give to them the advantages so long afforded to students in universities. It is the beginning of a plan which will be hailed with delight wherever the full and proper education of females has been discussed. This course will no doubt be followed by others in the sciences, etc., and Boston will have the credit of starting a plan which is sure to end in *universities for women* in various parts of the country.

We understand there are to be no tickets of admission issued, but that all women (and only women are to be admitted to the hall, as there will be no room for others) who wish to avail themselves of such a course in English literature will go early enough to take their places. The hall will seat between eight and nine hundred only, and is to be opened at 2 o'clock and closed promptly at 3, to avoid any interruption after the lecture of the day has commenced. Female school teachers especially are to be benefited by this course, and if the hall were double its size it would not be large enough to accommodate all the ladies who will wish to be present.

The idea of this provision for the instruction of women is a noble one, and is another evidence that the *world* moves.

5-29-72

THE BURNING OF MR. EMERSON'S HOUSE, at Concord, was not so complete a conflagration as the Boston papers represented, and the house is to be rebuilt at once on the same spot, and probably of the same form and size. The wing containing the kitchen was not burned at all, and half the walls and the lower floor of the main house are but little injured. The furniture was nearly all saved, and all Mr. Emerson's books, manuscripts and pictures are safe, and have been deposited in a room under the town library in the public square. The books, papers and photographs in the attic, where the fire began, were more or less injured, and some of them are destroyed.

The fire was first discovered by Mr. Emerson himself between five and six o'clock in the morning, when the flames were dropping through from the attic into a closet in his sleeping room. He gave the alarm to his family and the neighbors, who gathered hastily, and under his direction, with the help of the fire companies, saved the valuables and finally extinguished the fire. The fine trees about the house are uninjured, and nothing except the upper part of the main house is burned. A chimney has fallen, and the water from the engines and from a subsequent rain has added to the injury done by the fire. The small amount of insurance will not cover the loss, however, and the trouble and annoyance caused by the fire to a quiet student like Mr. Emerson are very great.

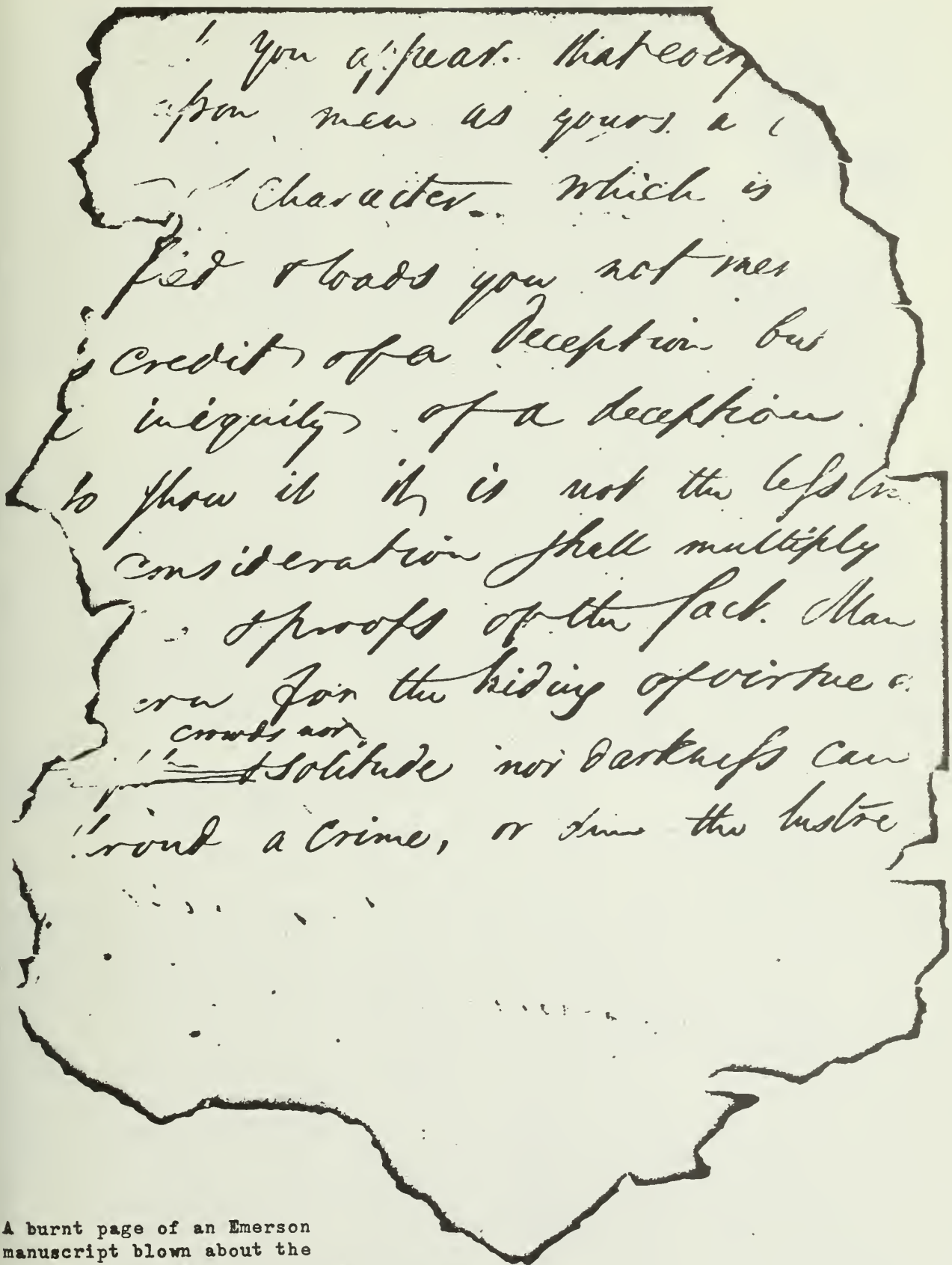
He has taken shelter with his family in the Old Manse, belonging to his cousin of the Ripley family, in which his father was born, and where he lived himself for a while in 1835 before occupying the house that has just been burnt. It is said (by Hawthorne, too, if I mistake not,) that Mr. Emerson's first book, "Nature," was written in that home of his ancestors, which Hawthorne has made famous. But his own house, though much more modern, is endeared by more intimate associations than the historic Old Manse. In it his children were born, and from it his mother, his first-born son and the last of his brothers were buried; his books were nearly all written in the now dismantled study, and there he has received hundreds, perhaps thousands of friends and strangers, who have made pilgrimage to Concord to see and hear him.

If there were any doubt or delay about rebuilding this house, these friends and admirers might well put their hands to the work and rebuild it themselves, as a memorial of what they owe to the gentle spirit of its hospitable host. The plain library, with its simple bookshelves and cabinets, its heads of Dante and Carlyle and Tennyson on the walls, and Michael Angelo's "Fates" over the mantlepiece, will dwell in the memory of many a scholar, and should be as imperishable as the recollection of it in their minds, and as the thoughts that have there found expression. It is pleasant to hear that it will be restored to its old aspect and proportions. [Correspondence Springfield Republican.

THE BURNING OF MR EMERSON'S HOUSE.

From Our Boston Correspondent. July

The burning of Mr Emerson's house at Concord was not so complete a conflagration as the Boston papers represented, and the house is to be rebuilt at once on the same spot, and probably of the same form and size. The wing containing the kitchen was not burned at all, and half the walls and the lower floor of the main house are but little injured. The furniture was nearly all saved, and all Mr Emerson's books, manuscripts and pictures are safe, and have been deposited in a room under the town library in the public square. The books, papers and photographs in the attic, where the fire began, were more or less injured, and some of them are destroyed. The fire was probably set, for it could not have caught from the kitchen chimney, and there had been no fire for some days in the chimney near which it began. It was first discovered by Mr Emerson himself between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, when the flames were dropping through from the attic into a closet in his sleeping room. He gave the alarm to his family and the neighbors, who gathered hastily, and under his direction, with the help of the fire companies, saved the valuables and finally extinguished the fire. The fine trees about the house are uninjured, and nothing except the upper part of the main house is burned. A chimney has fallen, and the water from the engines and from a subsequent rain has added to the injury done by the fire. The small amount of insurance will not cover the loss, however, and the trouble and annoyance caused by the fire to a quiet student like Mr Emerson are very great. He has taken shelter with his family in the Old Manse, belonging to his cousins of the Ripley family, in which his father was born, and where he lived himself for a while in 1835 before occupying the house that has just been burnt. It is said (by Hawthorne too, if I mis-



you appear that every
from men as yours a
character which is
fed & loads you not men
credit of a deception but
iniquity of a deception.
to show it it is not the less in
consideration shall multiply
proofs of the fact. Man
can for the hiding of virtue or
crowds nor
solitude nor darkness can
round a crime, or dim the lustre

A burnt page of an Emerson manuscript blown about the garden on the day of the fire.

take not,) that Mr Emerson's first book, "Nature," was written in that home of his ancestors, which Hawthorne has made famous. But his own house, though much more modern, is endeared by more intimate associations than the historic Old Manse. In it his children were born, and from it his mother, his firstborn son, and the last of his brothers were buried; his books were nearly all written in the now dismantled study, and there he has received hundreds, perhaps thousands of friends and strangers, who have made pilgrimage to Concord to see and hear him. If there were any doubt or delay about rebuilding this house, these friends and admirers might well put their hands to the work and rebuild it themselves, as a memorial of what they owe to the gentle spirit of its hospitable host. The plain library, with its simple bookshelves and cabinets, its heads of Dante and Carlyle and Tennyson on the walls, and Michael Angelo's "Fates" over the mantel-piece, will dwell in the memory of many a scholar, and should be as imperishable as the recollection of it in their minds, and as the thoughts that have there found expression. It is pleasant to hear that it will be restored to its old aspect and proportions.

Note From Mr. Emerson.

CONCORD, July 29, 1872.

Dear Sir—I desire to express to you, and through you to the engineers and members of the Fire Department of this town, the sincere thanks of myself and each one of my family for the able, hearty and in great measure successful exertions in our behalf in resisting and extinguishing the fire which threatened to destroy my house on Wednesday morning last. We owe it to your efficient labor and skill that so large a part of the building was saved, and let me say that we owe it to your families and a great number of generous volunteers that almost all the furniture, clothing, and especially the books and papers contained in the house were saved and removed with tender care. I hope to have the opportunity of thanking, sooner or later, every one of our benefactors in person.

Yours, most gratefully,

R. W. EMERSON.

To J. C. Sanborn, chief-engineer Concord Fire Department.

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY BY THE BOARD OF TRADE.

An Elegant Banquet at the Revere House—Speeches of Distinguished Gentlemen.

The complimentary banquet tendered by the gentlemen of the Board of Trade to the members of the Japanese Embassy now visiting our city was one of the most elegant ever given in Boston, rivalling in its completeness of detail the banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis, and alike creditable to the hospitable donors and the gentlemen who prepared it.

In the large and elegant dining hall of the Revere plates were laid for about two hundred guests, and the tables were nearly all filled by the leading business men of Boston, national, State, and city officials, and gentlemen distinguished in the various departments of science and literature. At the head of the hall were the intertwined American and Japanese banners, on the centre of which was emblazoned the coat of arms of the chief of the embassy, Sionli T. Iwakura, this constituting the only symbolic and heraldic decoration of the hall, the elegant and elaborate finish of which would scarcely be improved by the art of the decorator.

The tables were profusely ornamented with rare exotic flowers in large floral designs and hand bonquets. In the centre of the president's table was an immense silver centrepiece, containing beautiful flowers, with side dishes of the most tempting and luscious fruits of the season. Large bonquets were alternately placed on the remaining tables, and opposite each gentleman was set a fragrant nosegay. The Germania Band were stationed in the corridor adjoining the hall and furnished most excellent music throughout the evening.

The company assembled in the principal parlors and reception rooms at four o'clock. At five o'clock the president of the board, the Hon. A. H. Rice, who presided with accustomed dignity and grace, led the way to the dining halls, escorting his excellency Iwakura. The other members of the embassy followed, the most distinguished ones leaning on the arms of other gentlemen. The guests at the table of the presiding officer sat in the following order:

Hon. Alexander H. Rice, president of the Board of Trade, occupied the position of honor, and to his right sat the ambassador extraordinary, Sionli T. Iwakura; Hon. George S. Boutwell, secretary of the treasury; associate ambassador extraordinary, Jussammi T. Okubo, minister of finance; Hon. Thomas Russell, collector of the port; his Excellency A. Mori, minister at Washington; Ralph Waldo Emerson; F. Hida, commissioner of dockyards, Public Work Department; Alderman Samuel Little; Hon. Charles Wolcott Brooks, Japanese consul at San Francisco; Tato Iwakura, student; Jushie M. Yamaguchi, assistant minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Tada, commissioner of census bureau, Treasury Department; L. O'Hara and N. Gah of the Foreign Department; N. Yosio of the Treasury Department. To the left of Mr. Rice sat his excellency Governor Washburn; Jussammi T. Kido, privy councillor; Mayor Gaston; K. Souguiyama of the Treasury Department; Hon. E. R. Hoar; Jushie H. Ito, acting minister of Public Works; Professor C. W. Eliott of Harvard College; Y. Tanabe, first secretary of the Foreign Department; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; T. Ando, Foreign Department; K. Koume, private secretary to Iwakura and clerk to the Legislative Code; A. Shioda, Foreign Department; N. Tomita, Treasury Department and the remainder, G. Fonkontsi, Treasury Department; I. Comatz, T. Hy-ash, K. Soogiwoora and K. Nagano of the Foreign Department; D. Fukui, physician, and Mr. William E. Parson, tutor, were seated at the other table.

The bills of fare which the guests found on entering the hall were not such as to tickle the palates or sharpen the appetites of those for whom the committee had intended them, that important document having been printed in Chinese in honor of the antipodal guests of the evening. The weird hieroglyphics were subsequently supplemented by others in the queen's English, tastefully printed on silk and set off with floral emblems.

IWAKURA'S RESPONSE.

At the close of Mr. Rice's remarks, which were much enjoyed by all present, he introduced His Excellency Iwakura, who delivered, in his own language, a response which was afterward interpreted to the company by Shioda. Previous to this, however, Soogiwoora, one of the youngest attachés, delivered the following speech in English:

Gentlemen—We have been commissioned to visit this country from Japan, and it gives us the greatest pleasure to accept of your hearty welcome at this banquet. We find it almost impossible to express our great joy tonight. We drink with you here tonight in order that we may signify our good wishes for the health of the President of the United States and the wide diffusion of peace among all the citizens of this country. We call upon our secretary, Shioda, to express more fully in your own language the deep gratitude we all feel.

The following able speech was then delivered by Hon. A. Shioda, first secretary of the Embassy:

Mr. President—I have often heard people say that Boston is the brain of the American Union. By this I understand is meant that your city is the point where the human mind has received the greatest attention and culture in the different departments of science and learning. It is indeed a great honor and a sincere pleasure for all connected with this embassy, to meet you here today as the representatives of a people whose fame has gone around the world, everywhere known as a community who have reached a very high degree of distinction in the literary, the scientific and the educational branches of civilization. In such agreeable society I am tempted to trespass upon your generosity and venture a few words concerning my own native land. It seems needless to remind you that our country is much indebted to you for having induced us to open our ports to the external world, the result of which we feared at first, but now we fully appreciate as a blessing which has already brought us many advantages and from which we now look for greater good. Under the wise advice of your country we now find ourselves moving in the right direction, taking steps to elevate and instruct our people when otherwise we might have remained in ignorance of the actual condition of the world we live in, and never have realized the thousand good things we are now acquiring.

Since opening our country to foreign nations, commodities of every variety have been exchanged in the interest of commerce, and our people have been entirely engaged in developing our industrial resources and mechanical arts. Prominent among our benefits has been the commerce of ideas, no longer inactive. New thoughts, heretofore unknown to our people, are constantly imported by our travellers and students, who have been abroad. Our beloved country, old in years, is now emerging with all the freshness and ardor of youth. Old systems of administration and primitive modes of education are gradually changing and being largely replaced by those adopted from this noble land. Not least among our important changes is the social improvement which our people are seeking. A still more important result than any other is the steady removal of prejudice which is fading from the minds of the great masses of our own people towards foreigners and was formerly a chief obstacle to free and friendly intercourse with foreign nations. My best observation leads me to believe that today our people at large are beginning to understand their relations to the world, and our greatest national wish is to gain and preserve the sincere friendship of your people and that of all progressive nations. All this favorable change and progress is evidently due to what I have called commerce of ideas, to the development of which America has so largely contributed. The friendly sentiments so universally expressed in this country towards our people appears to us a strong guarantee that our nations are designed to be the best of friends forever. We rejoice in the constant steam communication you have already established across the Pacific, and shall eagerly welcome an ocean submarine cable, whenever laid, to unite us with our nearest neighbor who shares with us the shores of the great Pacific Ocean. We deeply regret that the time remaining at our disposal is so limited that we cannot longer enjoy and appreciate your kind hospitalities. But we are deeply impressed with what we have seen, and shall, we assure you, carry full tidings of this splendid reception and these cordial greetings to our sovereign, through whom it will be made known to our people, giving them universal joy.

Thoreau's Cairn.

WRITTEN ON A LATE VISIT TO WALDEN IN COMPANY WITH THE CONCORD SEER, A. B. ALCOTT.

[The remains of Thoreau, with those of others of his family, lie in the burial-ground of Concord known as "Sleepy-Hollow."]

The friends of Thoreau each now drop a stone
Upon the place where stood his rustic cot,
To rear a monument unto his name;
A simple mound to memory ever dear,
Such as the philosopher himself might choose.
Here in his early manhood came this man,
And built his cabin near his favorite pond,
Since known to thousands who his works admire
And venerate the soul to nature dear.
The stately wood then standing, and the pond,
Were his great source of study and resort,
Forgetting not his books of ancient lore
In winter's hours, or summer's sultry heat.
Here close to nature as her child he lived,
And found such wisdom from her ample store,
And made such record for the after-time,
That a large class of young ingenuous minds,
As well as older, now regard his works
Among the choicest of our noblest minds.
O! happy Concord, still the chosen home
Of wise and learned in poetry and prose,
Once friends of him who more than all the rest
Took up his darling Concord for his theme,
And brought his pictures for the public view.
This air he breathed, these scenes he loved as life;
No tree, nor shrub, nor bird, nor insect small,
Escaped his notice—all were dear to him,
And full of wise instruction. The pilgrim
Here with meditative steps may wander,
And learn from the works of this noble man
How much the common food of life affords
Of nurture to the seeking, thoughtful soul.
At nature's table all may fare alike;
She spreads her feast for all with loving eyes,
And feeds the soul with true, substantial bliss.
Then ever-sacred may this spot remain
To nature and her worshippers sincere
Who still can see an ever-present God
In all his works, and reverently adore.
O! may no sacrilegious hands disturb
These haunts to virtue and to memory dear;
But in the after years let others come,
As we now come, and reverently place
A monumental stone unto his name.

DANIEL RICKETSON.

CONCORD, MASS., Aug 12, 1872.

Burning of the House of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From the Boston Journal, July 26.

The house of Ralph Waldo Emerson, situated in one of the pleasantest parts of Concord, was burnt early on Wednesday morning. The fire was first discovered by persons passing by, who gave the alarm. Mr. Emerson and wife were at home, and, assisted by friends and neighbours, saved nearly everything of value on the first and second stories, including Mr. Emerson's valuable library. In the attic were a large number of books and valuable manuscripts belonging to the late William Emerson, of New York, which were very badly damaged and many of them destroyed. The fire took in the attic, in a closet where there had been no fire, and it is thought must have been caused by spontaneous combustion. Mr. Emerson's residence was one known to a large circle of friends, who will readily sympathise with him in this calamity. The Fire Department of the town, which consists of two hand-engines, was early at the fire, but were of little account in saving the house, the fire seemingly burning in such a manner as to disappoint all their efforts to save the house.

From the Boston Advertiser, July 26.

The burning of Mr. Emerson's house in Concord, yesterday morning, will call forth many expressions of regret and sympathy. Many interesting associations have gathered around it, aside from the sacred attachments of those who lived in it since the sketch of it was written for the "Homes of American Authors," twenty years ago; but even then the house was in a sense historic. It was built in 1828 by Charles Coolidge, of Boston, and was bought by Mr. Emerson seven years later. Enlarged, it has been occupied by his family since that time. "If the memorabilia of the house," its accomplished historian wrote in 1853, "could find their proper Xenophon, the want of antecedent arrow-heads upon the premises would not prove very disastrous to the interest of the history. The fame of the philosopher attracts admiring friends and enthusiasts from every quarter, and the scholarly grace and urbane hospitality of the gentleman send them charmed away. Friendly foes who altogether differ from Emerson, come to break a lance with him, with all the cheerful and appreciative zeal of those who longed

To drink delight of battle with their peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

It is not hazardous to say that the greatest questions of our day, and of all days, have been nowhere more amply discussed, with more poetic insight or profound conviction, than in the comely, square white house upon the edge of the Lexington turnpike."

Chicago Tribune,
8-2-72, p. 2.

[August] ... one of Mr. Alcott's most striking sketches of modern persons is that in which he tells us what he knew of his next neighbor's way of life. It is interesting, but we are not prepared to think it entirely true, because we surmise that some of Mr. Alcott's less commendable peculiarities were so far from agreeable to Hawthorne that the latter was constrained, by stress of sensibility, to conceal himself from the former. It is one of the broad avowals of Mr. Alcott's life, character, and manner, that he consciously presents himself as a sage, obstinately resting in his own wise moods, whatever the convenience, interest, or necessity of those about him. Impressive as this large innocence is, it also suggests doubts, very grave doubts indeed, to one who considers how little the real sagacity of common life lies in great knowing, as compared with tender and faithful doing. It is impossible, you see at a glance, for Mr. Alcott to forget himself, and you learn but too surely that he reallily and inevitably forgets others, whatever their claim on him, in his lofty puttering with the stars. Admirable at a fine thought, a noble conception, a deep insight, he is but an empty and useless stare in the presence of most of the practical aspects of life. Probably Adam poked about in just that way before he knew anything but that God had just made him and given him everything. The great hulking innocence meant well, but he did not, in practical and social ways, know anything as yet. This method of life in Mr. Alcott must have struck Hawthorne, in whom every delicate sensibility of life was marvellously perfect, as an offence, a comprehensive nakedness, impossible to look on. And so regarding it, we doubt not that he hid himself, and left Mr. Alcott to walk about Eden with the Lord, or with such mortal peripatetics as could accept his garb of character, the undisguised egotism of a deliber-

ate sage. Hence we are not surprised to read in Mr. Alcott's pages:

"His reserve and imprisonment were more distant and close, while the desire for conversation was livelier, than in any one I have known. There was something of strangeness even in his cherished intimacies. . . Yet if by chance admitted, welcome in a voice that a woman might own for its hesitancy and tenderness; his eyes telling the rest. . . During all the time he lived near me, our estates being separated only by a gate and shaded avenue, I seldom caught sight of him; and when I did it was but to lose it the moment he suspected he was visible; oftenest seen on his hill top, screened behind the shrubbery and disappearing like a hare into the bush when surprised.. I remember of his being in my house but twice, and then he was so ill at ease that he found excuse for leaving politely forthwith."

A great variety of topics come up in Mr. Alcott's pleasant and profitable *Concord Days*, but all illustrate in some way his radical mode of thinking. Few men dig open deep things with more of the skill of real thought, at once uncovering the heart of the subject, without inflicting any of the wounds which a rude radicalism is very commonly guilty of. Persons impatient of absence of system, and sensitive about the integrity of orthodoxy, will perhaps read Mr. Alcott without offence, but they will hardly conclude him a wholly satisfactory guide to wisdom. Thorough thinkers, however, who, whatever the own opinions, are glad to trace out any paths of able and honest meditation, and to themselves prove what is good, will cordially welcome *Concord Days*. The religious position of the author is partially indicated in the following: "Plainly, the drift of thinking here in New England, if not elsewhere, is towards a Personal Theism, inclusive of the faiths of all races, embodying the substance of their Sacred Books, with added forms and instrumentalities suited to the needs of our time. The least curious observer cannot fail to see that at no previous period in our religious history, had so profound and anxious inquiries been made into the springs and foundations of spiritual truths. The signs of our times indicate that we are on the eve of a recasting of the old forms. . . Let us respect all races and creeds, as well as our own; read and expound their sacred books like our scriptures. Constituting a body of comparative divinity, each is a contribution to the revelation made to mankind from time to time. Could any one well remain exclusive or local in his thought from such studies and teachings? Christianity, as the religion of the most advanced nations, is absorbing the beauty, the thought, the truth of other religions, and this fact should find expression also."

Baptist.

Rev. Dr. Fulton has this week disposed of Dr. Channing. Whose turn next, and how long can civilization endure this putting out of its brightest luminaries one by one? Think of it. Emerson and Channing, both gone in a single fortnight. We have not many such to lose. But let us struggle on in partial darkness, trusting, whatever may betide, that nobody will extinguish Dr. Fulton.

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
* * * * *
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume."

[Transcript, March 25.

Rev. Mr. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple, Boston, must be in a state of chronic irritation, for most matters and men in this world are not to his mind. We hope the newspapers do him some injustice when they report him to have said, last Sunday: "Judas was a gentleman compared with Ralph Waldo Emerson." What Mr. Emerson has done or said, or left undone or unsaid, to provoke this unsavory comparison we do not know; but it is probable that the person who could conceive and utter it has not the clearest notions in the world of what makes a gentleman, and what a vulgarian and blackguard. Of all writers and thinkers in Massachusetts, Mr. Emerson should have been the last thus to be scolded; because he happens to be precisely in his speech, manners and habits just as true a gentleman as possible; and as for Judas, what does Rev. Mr. Fulton know about him except that he made a great mistake, and that he most bitterly repented? There is, to be sure, that little legend about the money-bag, but does Rev. Mr. Fulton mean to say that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson was ever trusted with money, and feloniously stole the same? That he has been caught filching about twenty dollars? It is a fine thing, perhaps, to startle a congregation, but cannot it be done without disgusting the rest of mankind?—[N. Y. Tribune, March 20.

Æsthetic Papers, edited by Elizabeth B. Peabody. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1850

Here is a pleasant pamphlet to carry up into the country, and read under the elm-trees. It contains many things to admire—some to smile at—and a few that to plain understandings will appear absurd. Among its papers is an article on Criticism, by Mr. S. G. Ward; another on Music, by Mr. Dwight; another on Language, by Miss Peabody; one upon Genius, by Mr. S. Reed; one upon Organization, by Parke Godwin; besides others which we shall more distinctly mention. Some verses are interspersed, the most striking of which are extracted from a former writer, named Pope.

Another year will just complete a century since Baumgarten commenced the publication of his Æsthetics, at Frankfort on the Oder. When one considers how much has been done since 1750, in the way of political revolutions, steamships, railroads, cotton manufactures, chloroform, and Californian discoveries, it certainly does not seem a very great stride from Professor Baumgarten's book to Miss Peabody's. As yet, Æsthetics have not done much. Anæsthetics—in surgical parlance—have effected, during these two or three past years, far more good for man and womankind.

Yet we would fain disclaim all kin with those practical *cui bono* people who demand that metaphysical and intangible things should be trip-hammered and rolled out with as much expedition as iron rails, to supply the public need. It is something of a step, after all, to have got a new word. The term is a useful one—a new tool for Truth to work with. Those who do not believe in phrenology, are yet convinced that there is an acquisitiveness, an ideality, et cetera. Therefore let us not throw away old Dr. Baumgarten's phrase, but see what hereafter thinkers may make of it. Miss Peabody sums up her use of it in this explication:—

"The word æsthetic is difficult of definition, because it is the watchword of a whole revolution in criticism. Like whig and tory, it is the standard of a party; it marks the progress of an idea. It is a watchword. We use it to designate in our department that phase in human progress which subordinates the individual to the general, that he may reappear on a higher plane of individuality."

There are some articles in this pamphlet that do not seem naturally included in the above explanation. Emerson's Essay on War is an excellent and thoughtful disquisition, that is not addressed only to readers within the Eleusinian pale of a sect. It is a paper of great merit, and, like that of Miss Peabody upon the "Dorian Measure," cannot fail to detain the eye of all who admire Emerson, or who are glad to freshen their remembrance of Müller.

The most charming thing in the book, however, is a retrospection by Hawthorne, called "Main Street." It is an exceedingly natural and poetical picture of the growth of said street, in Salem, from the first faintly traced forest-path, through all its changes of primitive woodland silence, the early settler's hut, the thickening cottages of the growing colony, the close-built wealthy town—down to the modern splendor of the same thoroughfare, "from Buffum's Corner downward, on the night of the grand illumination for General Taylor's triumph."

To say nothing of the skill and humor with which the *machinery* of the piece is managed, the scenes are exquisitely drawn, and colored as only a true poet could paint. If Irving is our Addison, Hawthorne is our Goldsmith, or rather our Charles Lamb, for he combines the humor and the tenderness of both, with no common or cockney feeling for the beauty and the glory of nature.

We must dismiss Mr. Thoreau, with an earnest prayer that he may become a better subject, in time, or else take a trip to France, and preach his doctrine of "*Resistance to Civil Government*" to the red republicans. Of Miss Peabody's poetry we have little to remark, save that we wonder how so good an Italian scholar, as she is reputed, should venture to "*cast a coolness o'er Cocytu's glow*," without shuddering at the recollection of that icy realm in Hades—*Ove Cocito la freddura serra.*—*Boston Courier.*

SOPHIA THOREAU.

Thirty-five years ago, there lived in Concord four brothers and sisters, one of whom, a recent graduate of Harvard college, had begun to acquire fame among the transcendentalists and abolitionists by the courage and genius of his writings. John and Henry Thoreau, with their sisters Helen and Sophia,—the last the youngest of the family,—were all teachers, or had been, and all had displayed peculiar gifts in that profession. But they were all something more than school-teachers, and, becoming enlisted early in the anti-slavery cause, or in that broader service of humanity which "plain living and high thinking" imply, they gradually withdrew from that occupation, declining the opportunities by which other young persons, situated as they then were, rise to worldly success, and devoting themselves, within limits somewhat narrow, to the pursuit of lofty ideals. The death of Miss Sophia Thoreau on the 7th inst., at Bangor, closes the record of this family,—for she was the last of the four children of John Thoreau and, with the exception of an elderly maiden aunt, the last of the name in America. There are still Thoreaus, it is said, in the island of Jersey, from which her grandfather, John, emigrated to Boston, soon after the Revolution—but there are none in America, except the lady above mentioned. And now the four children lie buried, side by side, at the foot of their parents' graves in the Concord cemetery, not far from Hawthorne's last resting place.

The family was a remarkable one, full of talent, rising in one or two of them to genius, and overflowing with affection for each other. John Thoreau, the grandfather, was the son of a French woman resident in St Helier, Jersey, Marie Le Galais by name,—he was born in 1754, and confirmed in the Anglican church at St Helier in 1773. Before 1785 he had married, in Boston, a Scotch woman, Jeanie Burns, and, in 1787, his son John, father of the poet, was born in Boston. Early in this century, John Thoreau, the elder, who was a merchant in Boston, removed to Concord. There his son engaged in trade, and, about 1810, married Miss Cynthia Dunbar, daughter of Rev Asa Dunbar of Keene, N. H. The four children inherited from their mixed ancestry, French, English, New-English and Scotch, very mixed and lively qualities, as well as serious characters. John Thoreau, the younger, was Henry's companion in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac," and was a youth of remarkable promise, who died early; his sister Helen also died at the age of 37, in 1849—the year in which Henry Thoreau published his first book. This left the brother and sister, Henry and Sophia,—the younger half of the household,—and from that time they were never long separated till death divided them. Henry had completed his life of solitude at Walden before this, and was again at his father's house in Concord village,—sallying out from that to make his long excursions by land or water, in many of which his sister accompanied him. Contrary to the common estimate of his character, he was eminently domestic, and when, as a youth, his mother told him, "You may buckle on your knapsack and roam abroad to seek your fortune" Henry shed tears and was unwilling to go away from those he loved. His sister had the same strong affections, and much of Henry's humor, but she had also a brilliant dramatic wit of her own, which made her one of the most entertaining companions. Since the death of her mother, four or five years since, she has lived chiefly in Maine among her nearest relatives, but away from the scenes with which her dearest memories were associated—the fields and woods of Concord. She has also been a suffering invalid, and for the past two years has been slowly dying, by an incurable disease, the end of which she clearly foresaw. Yet the cheerful temper, mingled with caprices and asperities, which belonged to Henry Thoreau, was hers also, and she met the approach of death, not only with serenity, but with a laughing mien in the midst of physical torture.

The foundation of the family character was serious, notwithstanding the gayety of their spirits. They all became abolitionists early, and were among the zealous supporters and warm personal friends of Garrison and Phillips, N. P. Rogers, Parker Pillsbury, and the anti-slavery come-outers of 1840. Their house was hospitable to fugitive slaves and to all who loved the good cause of emancipation. John Brown found his way to it in 1857, and, from that time, was an object of admiration to Henry Thoreau and his sister. On the day of Brown's death, she joined with her brother in the funeral honors paid to him at Concord, and the rose which bloomed in her window, that December day, sent by her to Miss Alcott, brought back the graceful verses which were then read everywhere, though the author had not yet become illustrious. After her brother's death, two years later, Sophia Thoreau inherited his papers and published many of them in volumes, as he had expected her to do. Of late years she has published little, and now has placed the papers in the hands of her brother's friend Blake, who will print portions of them. Her funeral took place in Concord on Sunday, with rites not unlike those of the Anglican church, of which she, like her ancestors, was a member, though hardly a communicant. In anti-slavery days the church did not stand on the side of freedom, as she thought it should, and she preferred the substance of religion to its forms. But she died in the Christian faith, and was upheld in her last days by that strong consciousness of immortality which was a trait so marked in her brother's nature.

Death confers a momentary distinction on every son and daughter of Adam. But the claim of Sophia Thoreau to a place in the memory of others rests neither on this, nor alone on her devotion to the poet-naturalist, her brother, of whom she was as much the worthy associate, as Dorothy Wordsworth was of the English poet. This New England household, of which she was a member, had, like some other American families, a distinct and individual existence, in which each person counted for something, and was not a mere drop in the broad water-level that American society tends more and more to become. To meet one of the Thoreaus was not the same as to encounter any other person who might happen to cross your path. Life to them was something more than a parade of pretensions, a conflict of ambitions, or an incessant scramble for the common objects of desire. They were fond of climbing to the hill-top, and could look with a broader and kindlier vision than most of us on the commotions of the plain, and the mists of the valley. Without wealth, or power, or social prominence, they still held a rank of their own, in scrupulous independence and with qualities that put condescension out of the question. They could have applied to themselves, individually, and without hauteur, the motto of the French chevalier:—

Je suis ni roi, ni prince aussi,
Je suis le seigneur de Coucy.

They lived their life according to their genius, without the fear of man or of "the world's dread laugh," saying to Fortune what Tennyson sings:—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,—
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down,—
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands,—
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands,—
For man is man, and master of his fate."

May the turf be green and the autumn leaves fall gently above the graves of so much wit, such high courage, and so many of the milder virtues!

The Poet in the Old and New Times.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

In olden times the poet sang,
The ancient halls his ballad rang,
Wandering, he touched his golden lyre
By the ancestral castle's fire;
A sacred man the poet then,
Beloved by gods, beloved by men.

The careful shepherd, on his hill,
Heard from his hight the child of skill,
And left his timid flock to go
And meet the bard who mused below;
The brown mechanic dropped his work,
His hammer rested on the berk.

The blushing ladies smiled and heard
The carols of the tuneful bird,
With fine regard they noticed him;
He sang, their soft eyes swam so dim
They often wept; the poet's song
To the fe heart's secret did belong.

The minstrels recked not of their fare,
Their comfort was the people's care;
They spoke, the doors flew open wide;
They loved, the nation dowered the bride;
They felt the wealth around them flow
Of Princes. 'Tis no longer so.

The wandering bard no city claims,
The nation loves not poet's alms;
A lonely man he bides afar,
His halls are fields, his lamp a star;
Nature's so handsome, she can wait
And half observe his ancient State.

The brook performs his music now,
His organ is a dark pine bough,
For ladies' eyes a floweret's dyes,
The southern rain his lady's sighs,
The grass the carpet of his hall,
The trees his pillars, smooth and tall.

No doors flash open when he sings,
No splendor off his lyre he flings,
Cold eyes from him avert their gaze,
The world suspects his idle ways;
He sits not by the hearth so wide,
Nor clerk or monk him threat aside.

Fair world! thou lov'st the poet's art;
Thy child, he counterfeits thy part,
And of his age the minstrel's lyre
Is instrument of pure desire;
Oh! joyful let the poet see
For him it is that all things be.

Not always springs the sunshine clear,
Unreasoning clouds perplex the mere;
Not always bears the fruit-tree proud,
Dull worms may weave its yellow shroud;
Yet laughs the sky, the tree grows green,
The poets shall be heard and seen.

My country, in thy novel hour,
I feel the presence of thy power;
Thy hands are strong, thy arms are long,
To thee brave minstrels raise the song!
I mark thy pride in them, and they
Shall sing thee in heroic lay.

For in thy promise is there strength,
And in thy aims unmeasured length,
And bards shall hymn thy features fair,
And poesy usurp thy air,
Clear as the dazzling sunshines are,
Deep as thy forests waving far.

Mr. R. W. Emerson at the London Workingmen's College.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

The visit of Mr. Emerson to London has been enjoyed only by private circles, with the exception of a semi-public appearance, which he made at the Workingmen's College on the occasion of the inauguration of his friend Thomas Hughes as its president. This event was very interesting. The college was founded (1854) by the late Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, who remained its president until his death. Mr. Maurice was much moved at that period by the declaration of a large number of workingmen on strike, who said that their lives were so pressed into endless drudgery that they had no time for reading or obtaining any kind of knowledge. He (Maurice) delivered a series of lectures which were afterwards published under the title of "Learning and Working," in which was evolved the idea of a college, which has been realized in this institution of Great Osmond street more nearly than most philanthropic ideals are realized in this world. Maurice had always about him the most ardent disciples—such as Thomas Hughes, his brother-in-law, and Edmund Ford, the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, and Mr. Litchfield (who married a daughter of Charles Darwin). All these threw themselves heartily into the work, and were inspired by the devotion of Maurice, who, having quietly accumulated a considerable sum of money, one fine day gave it all to purchase the grounds upon which the college now stands, thus transforming it from a feeble germ to a flourishing tree. The death of Maurice was a terrible blow, and it was for a time feared that the college would not survive it, but other men have come forward, and Thomas Hughes consented to give his heart and hand still more to it; and thus it was that the large room of the School of Art in it was on Monday evening crowded to the utmost to welcome the new president.

Among the persons present were a number of aristocratic personages, including Lady Keppel and Lady Stanley of Alderley, warm admirers of Emerson, who had learned that he was to be present. Mr. Emerson happened to sit immediately under a bust of Marcus Aurelius—of whom he might be considered an enlarged and refined reappearance—while on his right was Thomas Hughes and on his left Mr. John Ball, the distinguished Alpine botanist. Mr. Hughes gave, in a very simple and touching manner, an account of the rise of the college and the connection of Maurice with it. The institution was, he said, the chief incarnation of Maurice's spirit, and the truest monument of his labors. He gave also a somewhat amusing narration of his own connection with it. He had at first been appointed one of its examiners, and had especially to examine the pupils in arithmetic. But he met with a difficulty. At Oxford, where he had studied, they formerly did not condescend to study arithmetic. Those who studied in the course of logic did not take arithmetic, so he found one day that the men he was examining knew more about the rule of three than he did. Next he was made a teacher, but on a rather unattractive subject—sanitary laws. He began with two pupils, both of whom soon left him. His friend Mr. Ludlow was sent to teach about joint-stock companies, and, he believed, got on better. [Here Mr. Ludlow, who is Hughes's law partner, interrupted, and said he began with five pupils and was soon reduced to one.] Hughes then came to the conclusion that he could teach the workingmen some of the athletic exercises which had once been so useful at Oxford, but were now of overweening importance there; and so, as President Maurice had no other use for him, he was allowed to establish a boxing-class. This, he said, amid a great deal of laughter, proved a great success. He kept it up until he became forty, when he concluded that a man who was getting bald, and had a large family, had better stop boxing. Then he resolved to start a class for discussion. Maurice hated what he called "debating societies," but was pleased when the new project ultimately included the whole college in its friendly and improving conferences and discussions. During all this time he (Hughes) said he had found the tone of the college higher than that of any institution with which he had been connected. It had also developed among those who had studied in it a fraternity of a truly intellectual kind, and knit ties between them that were never broken. As an example of this, he related that when he was in New York he called upon an old pupil of the college who had emigrated to America—a Mr. Reebuck—and he found him surrounded by five or six others who had also gone from the college to live in America, and where they still cherished each other. In the course of Mr. Hughes's speech he made allusion to many who had aided them in feeble times, among others to John Ruskin, whose name was received with very hearty applause, showing that the workingmen do not reciprocate that gentleman's recent expression of anger at their indifference to his now (it is supposed) abandoned Utopia for them.

Mr. Hughes's simple story of the college evidently interested Mr. Emerson very much. The speaker's style is very different from that likely to be witnessed with any one in America in a similar position, being hardly so much a speech as a conversational talk, accompanied by no gesture whatever, and hesitating. Mr. Hughes shows how constant and loving a reader of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" he has been by generally dropping "ing" at the end of words to which they belong, and saying, like Hosea Biglow, receivin', learnin', and the like. However, I believe there is an orthoepical school which contends that this phraseology is the correct thing. Among others who spoke was a fine-looking youth who had just become a teacher of physiology at the college—Mr. Darbishire, hitherto distinguished as the stroke-oar of the Oxford crew in its race with Harvard. A friend of Mr. Emerson whispered to him that this young gentleman was received with vociferous applause in part because he had conquered some of his (Emerson's) young friends in the boat-race, and the Sage of Concord thereafter gave him undivided attention, and seemed charmed by a beautiful quotation the new professor made in faultless Greek to the effect that "neither a ship nor a tower was strong unless there were men inside of it." Emerson had been, it would seem, beguiled

with the vain delusion that he could appear at this meeting and go home without standing on his feet to say a word; but his delusion was speedily dispelled. The first word which Mr. Hughes uttered in allusion to his presence was the signal for a prolonged storm of applause such as that building never before knew, and when at last Emerson was compelled to rise to his feet the enthusiasm became almost indescribable. When the deep hush came, the low, musical voice which has charmed so many ears and minds in both countries was listened to again breathlessly. Mr. Hughes, in introducing Emerson, mentioned that long ago Hawthorne had visited the college on the occasion of one of its soirees, and that in no other company where he had been had he ever known that author so unreserved and genial. The students had sung on that occasion some patriotic airs—such as "The Tight Little Island," and Hawthorne said that their heartiness had given him a new insight into English feeling about their country, and he had not observed any similar kind of feeling in America, which he (Hawthorne) attributed to America being so big that the affection of an ordinary breast could hardly take it all completely in.

In the vein of pleasantry awakened by this story, Emerson said that he had observed that while each nation regarded itself as the best, all agreed that England is the second best. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he said this. But, he continued, he should hesitate to classify the England in whose presence he stood at that moment as second to anything, represented as it was by a work so pathetically noble as that which had brought them together, and one which had such noble godfathers. He said he had long known of the beneficent labors of Mr. Maurice, and now rejoiced in the excellent counsels to which they had been listening. He could but assure himself that such an institution was a benefit to England, and to mankind. As part of themselves America might well be proud of England and rejoice in what was for her good. He hoped, therefore, that this institution might serve as a model for others here and in every country, and he wished and predicted for it the best fortunes. This brief address was given with a grace and feeling which might have been taken as an illustration in Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Gospel of Sweetness and Light."

So ended a day which included a visit to Sevenoaks and its old mansion, and to the House of Commons during the University debate. Perhaps it is rather fortunate for the good that the voyage to Egypt has done him that his experience of the London season is to terminate next Sunday, albeit that departure is deeply regretted here, especially as there are so many devoted readers and disciples of his who have not been able to see him. I saw a workingman yesterday who had come all the way from Sunderland, near a day's journey, simply to try and set eyes upon Emerson; and this is hardly an excess beyond the enthusiasm which his works have awakened. Mr. Emerson leaves on Sunday next [April 27] for Ravenscroft, the residence of Lord Amberley, and will then visit South Wales, when he will be a guest at Cyfarthfa Castle, Merthyr Tydfil, the residence of Robert Crawshay, Esq., the "Iron King." Passing through Wales, he will visit Oxford, then Edinburg, and afterwards go to Manchester on a visit to the earliest of his English friends, Alexander Ireland, Esq., proprietor of the Manchester *Examiner*, sailing from Liverpool on the 15th of May—so ending the third of his visits to this country, each of which will be always cherished among its literary annals.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

upon being asked to give the substance of what the Sphinx said to the "philosopher of Concord" while he was in Egypt, spoke as follows:

I have to thank you for your kind and extravagant acknowledgment of the presence of a very modest member of your society, who is very proud to be one of it. I am told by my friend, the president of the alumni, that he wished to hear something of Egypt. I had heard in my youth that he who has once drunk of the water of the Nile never rests till he can drink it again. Not for the same reason that has been expressed by a lively French writer, who says that the water of the Nile stands to all other waters as champagne does to other wines. That is not the meaning of the proverb of which I speak, but it is that Egypt attracts a certain class of men as Rome does others, and Paris and Florence others. My opinion is that there is something very attractive in that silent land.

Cheops with its vast antiquity, its mysterious wisdom in art, in science, in those inventions which constitute civilization. I had read what the Hebrew prophet said of the Egyptians—that their strength was to sit still. They do not travel, they have no ships, they do not sail; and when people will not come to us we must go to them. And I therefore felt, when I was turned somewhat abruptly out of my house, some years ago, urged by my friends to try a change of air and climate, and I did not rest till I saw Alexandria and presently the city of Tyre; at Tyre the pyramids, then Thebes, Luxor, the Dardanelles. Egypt is a country that is easily seen. It is practically nothing but a strip of land, a green belt, on either side of the river Nile, but it is more than five hundred miles.

The country has great attractions for the farmer, as they have three or four crops instead of one. And if it has no rain, it needs none, for the gracious river supplies its wants. The people are a perpetual study for the grace of their forms and motions. No people walk so well, none are so upright, so well developed, so strong. It seems as if our artists should go to them for perfect models. The country is as safe as any city or town of ours, and the general tone of the people is excellent. Mr. Emerson then spoke of several friendships which he formed during his stay, with Americans and natives, among whom was the khedive, whom he thought had done well in placing General Stone upon his staff. The latter had effected a great improvement in the Government of the country. He had made education a requisite where ability and intelligence were essential, and now no man can be an officer, not even a corporal, in the army, unless he can read and write.

[June]

SCHOOL FESTIVAL IN MUSIC HALL.

Addresses by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mayor Pierce, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Mr. F. H. Underwood.

[July]

John Brown's good old teacher used to notify his scholars of the end of their vacation and the commencement of a new school term in the laconic message, "Boys, trouble begins next Monday." The boys and girls of the Boston schools had a much pleasanter message in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, that trouble had ended, and the long summer vacation had begun, and with some of them the end of their school days had come. It was the gathering in the annual school festival of the graduates of the various schools and their friends in the delightful reunion which has for several years marked the close of the school year and become somewhat famous as a Boston institution. Both the balconies were filled with the scholars and their teachers, the girls far outnumbering the boys and making a delightful scene with their white dresses and gay colored ribbons. The floor of the hall, from which the seats had been removed, was about two-thirds occupied by the parents and friends of the scholars who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets. The heat was very oppressive, but in spite of it the festival was one of the most delightful ones which the city has ever given.

The hall was never dressed in better taste. Instead of the conventional flags and bunting long festoons of strips of red, white and blue gauze hung from the centre of the ceiling to the faces of the balconies and at their junction depended baskets of flowers. At the centre of the ceiling hung a mammoth floral basket and the face of the platform was completely covered with flowers and plants and garlands of leaves. In the centre of the platform was a floral grotto or arbor, which was covered with smilax in festoons, and its pinnacles surmounted with *generia argentium*, imported specially by the florists for this occasion. Large groups of the same appeared on each side of the organ. The sides of the grotto, up to the height of six feet, were filled with bouquets for the graduates—about 600 being thus used—and presenting a beautiful effect. The remainder of the 1200 bouquets were arranged in pyramids everywhere on the platform. The bouquets were notwithstanding fine, and the whole decoration was airy, beautiful and in admirable taste.

The full Germania orchestra occupied places on the platform and interspersed the exercises with some of their choicest selections. Seats upon the platform were also occupied by His Honor Mayor Pierce, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. A. J. Gordon, and by Mr. Francis H. Underwood and other members of the School Board having charge of the arrangements.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Gordon, after which Mr. Underwood delivered a very appropriate opening address, which was loudly applauded. He found a remembrance in our annual festival to the special joyful occasion of Harvest Home, which he beautifully described. He spoke of the beauty of the scene before him and closed with congratulatory words to the teachers and scholars that their year's work was done, and an appeal to the graduates to make the most of the training they had received. He closed by introducing Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was greeted with long and prolonged applause, which drowned several attempts of the philosopher to begin his remarks. When quiet was restored he spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

My friends, my very kind country men and country children and country friends—I have the pleasure, certainly, here at this moment, to remember with joy and pride that my own birthplace was a few streets off from this spot in Boston; that all my education was here; all my friends were here, and although now for thirty years I have been absent from the city, and I am sorry to think that not for forty years have been a school festival, it was yet my pride at times to let me think that eight years old to go to Mr. Haskell's reading public school in School street, to Mr. Bulling's writing school in School street, a public school of that day, and shortly afterward to the Latin School in School street, in time which—well, none of you present can remember or know.

I congratulate the children who are to-day leaving their school. I congratulate the children who are still to remain. I think there is no city in the world that offers you greater advantages than this. The climate is good, the laws are good, the people in which you have grown are good, and the advantages afforded to the scholars in Boston are not surpassed by those in any city of the world. It is always a joy to me to remember the provision in regard to the Bates Library, the Public Library of Boston, that a boy or a girl who should bring a medal from the school should be entitled to be a proprietor in the Library as his or her fathers were. I do not know any more graceful act a city could perform to these children and to make a public reward so commendable. I was saying, that all the incidents of our prosperity, climate, social condition are most favorable to education. No country more so. I think that here the good and the great should be born and educated.

I wish to say one word or two to the boys and girls. Everything depends on you and you alone in the future. I hope you read the right books. I am afraid there are too many story books, too many newspapers; that the young people do not read quite as good books as their fathers did. At the same time I wish to say to the boys, let them read Scott, let them read Plutarch, let them read Mrs. Edgeworth's stories. There is a noble life that you will have to read, or ought to read—the life of Sir Philip Sidney, that hero and pattern of the times and age in which he lived. His friend, his lover, Lord Brooke, says of him, that in youth, as a child he had the same bearing and carriage as a man; that in his youth there was nothing to distinguish him from the man who was afterward the hero of Europe. The same gravity, the same solidity, belonged to him then as afterward. It is remarkable that some of the better English people have been the same. I think it belongs as much to us that the highest traits should also appear in the form of the child. But I see I am taking too much time, and I will not say any more.

Mr. Emerson's remarks were audible to but very few in the hall, but the audience cheered him just the same, and he retired amid a long round of applause.

OTHER SPEECHES.

The Chairman next introduced Rev. Phillips Brooks of Trinity Episcopal Church, who also had a very hearty greeting, and made a short and pleasant speech. He recalled the time of the war, when the firing of one gun used to announce to the people of Philadelphia that another regiment was passing through the city on their way to the front. He used to wonder then as he saw each regiment whether in its ranks was the one man who was to lead the armies to victory, but whether he was there or not he knew that the ranks were full of men who would do great and good service for the country. So it seemed to him that these graduates were another regiment from the Boston schools, and he saw in their ranks, if not the one who was to do the greatest thing of the age, at least many who would also do great and good service for their country and their race. He wished children and teachers all the brightest and pleasantest of vacations and the most useful and pleasant of lives even to the end.

His Honor Mayor Pierce was next introduced and made a short, sensible speech. He came there from the cares and duties of active life to welcome many of the graduates to like cares and duties, and he urged them in the life which was now opening to them to be true to right and duty, and to the culture which they had received at the hands of the city.

At the close of the Mayor's remarks, which were warmly applauded, the march of the graduates across the platform began, the Mayor presenting to each scholar as he passed a bunch of flowers. The Latin school, as usual, headed the line, and was followed by the English High and the other schools in order of grade, the teachers accompanying the procession.

The spectacle was a beautiful one, and the labors of the genial Mayor were arduous and perspiring. The head of the line was directed by Sergeant Foster and the other officers of Station Two, who performed their duties quietly and in a gentlemanly way to Bumstead Hall below, where a generous collation of ices, cake and strawberries was furnished in profusion. Subsequently the hall was cleared, and all who desired found what the temperature was when dancing to the inspiring strains of the Germanians. The festival was a delightful success, and the credit for it is due to Messrs. Francis H. Underwood, Henry P. Shattuck, Samuel H. Wentworth, George B. Monroe, John P. Downey, Charles J. Prescott, George W. Adams, John W. Porter, Willard S. Allen, the Committee of Arrangements of the School Board.

A CONCORD CELEBRATION.

DEDICATION OF THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PRESENTATION OF THE BUILDING TO THE TOWN—SPEECHES BY MR. WILLIAM MUNROE, MR. F. HUDSON, THE HON. E. R. HOAR, AND MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The new building for the free public library of Concord was formally dedicated yesterday afternoon, in the presence of an audience composed of distinguished citizens of the place and visitors. Among the most prominent persons were the Hon. Charles Sumner, the Hon. Henry Wilson, the Hon. E. R. and George F. Hoar, the Hon. George M. Brooks, Mr. Edward Jenkins, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many other well-known gentlemen. The exercises took place in the town hall, the accommodations of the new building not being adequate to the occasion. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, and over the main entrance was placed a large portrait of the donor of the library building, Mr. William Munroe.

At four o'clock Mr. Henry F. Smith, the chairman of the board of selectmen, who acted as president of the day, called the meeting to order, and in the course of his remarks alluded to the audience as one that had assembled in obedience to a common impulse of satisfaction and gratitude for the munificence of one of her most worthy sons, which placed Concord in possession of a public library building which would long be a source of just pride and pleasure. Always beautiful, the ancient town had now been graced by a structure that would make her still more attractive; always noted for intelligence and literary culture, she now had facilities for conferring still greater advantages upon her sons and daughters. They had all been delighted as they had watched the progress and completion of the edifice, they had admired its position and its architectural design and had at last pronounced it a perfect work. They all rejoiced that their benefactor did not leave his generous intentions for executors to fulfil, but that he employed his own practical wisdom, and that he was with them today to perceive their pleasure and accept their thanks.

He then introduced the Rev. H. M. Grout, who offered prayer.

REMARKS OF MR. MUNROE.

Mr. William Munroe was then introduced, and made a few remarks on the presentation of the building. He said that the erection of a place suitable for the accommodation of a public library, one that should embrace all the qualities desirable, had been found to require much careful study and all the experience and judgment that could be obtained to aid in the work. It was not for him to speak of the degree of success attained, but the intention had been, first, that the building should contain all the reasonable provisions for the safety of its contents, and that it should have all the needful conveniences for the practical and useful working of the library for public use, and also capacity for future enlargement without disturbing the original construction. It had also been desired that the architecture should be worthy of the purpose for which it was intended, so that it would be acceptable as an ornament to the spot on which it stands, and therefore great care had been taken to secure solidity of construction as well as harmony in the arrangement of detail. In the erection of the building, Mr. Munroe continued, I have endeavored to testify my regard for my native town by doing something to promote the intelligence and the happiness, and therefore the welfare of its people. I am sensible that the powerful influence of this must depend largely upon the degree of attention bestowed upon it and upon the liberal support of it which may be manifested by the community. Having already made the legal conveyance of the building to the town, it now only remains for me to deliver over the keys and so relinquish all authority over it. In doing this I wish to express the great satisfaction I have in giving the institution into your hands, feeling sure that all your wisdom can devise will be done that it may accomplish the objects for which it is intended. [Applause.]

REPORT ON THE LIBRARY BY MR. FREDERIC HUDSON.

Mr. Frederic Hudson, the chairman of the library committee, read a report on the condition of the library, which included a brief history of the new building. He also read the document assigning the edifice to the town authorities. The old library, it appears, was closed on the 10th of May last, for the purpose of having the 7000 books which it contained recovered and repaired. For this purpose the committee collected $1000, and Mr. Munroe, seeing the necessity of raising the number of volumes to 10,000, gave $1250 for the purchase of costly books, and at the same time promised as much more provided the citizens of Concord would subscribe the sum of $2500 to fill up the gaps in the new library. Mr. Hudson then read a letter from George William Curtis; another from James T. Fields of Boston, which accompanied the gift of five rare autographs, and another from A. P. Chamberlain, which accompanied the presentation of an ancient portrait of Columbus. He then read the following statistics upon the condition of the library. It was a third larger than on the first of May last. The number of books then were 6[illegible]. Since that date 1[illegible] had been sent in, and 1512 had been purchased, making the whole number of volumes 10,[illegible], or four for every inhabitant of the town. A comparison with the other towns in the suburbs of Boston, showed that this proportion was much larger than in any other. In closing he turned to the Hon. E. R. Hoar, chairman of the board of trustees. He said: In accordance with the authority vested in me, I deliver the library property of Concord into your custody.

JUDGE HOAR'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Hoar, on rising to receive the conveyance of the building, spoke as follows:—

On behalf of the corporation established by the legislature to receive and perpetuate the free public library of Concord, I accept in trust for the people of the town, possession of that beautiful and costly building, the gift of Mr. William Munroe, to which they are henceforth to have free access for instruction and entertainment; and with it the charge of the valuable and increasing town library, which the town today confides to our care. The library has been for years an object of much interest in our little community, while it grew from small beginnings, and, as it were, "dwelt in tabernacles." It will be, I hope, still more our pride and delight in its stately and enduring temple. It may not be generally known, and it may interest this audience to know how early Concord stands among New England towns as the owner of a town library. I do not refer to the establishment of the present library in 1851, though that was early among the towns; nor to the social library, incorporated under the act of 1796, upon which this was founded; nor to the library company, whose constitution, in the handwriting of Dr. Ripley, and dated February, 1784, is preserved in the volume which I hold in my hand. Our antiquity is much greater, and goes back at least 200 years. If any other town or city can claim precedence of us, they are invited to show their title. In 1672, just two centuries before Mr. Munroe laid the foundation of his new building, a committee, consisting of Nehemiah Hunt, John Flint, John Miles, William Hartwell, Thomas Wheeler, Joshua Brooks, Joseph Haywood, Gershom Brooks, Humphrey Barrett and John Billings, were chosen to give instructions to the selectmen, and of the seventeen articles which they prepared, the third reads as follows:—

3. That care be taken of the Books of Martes and other books that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at one time.

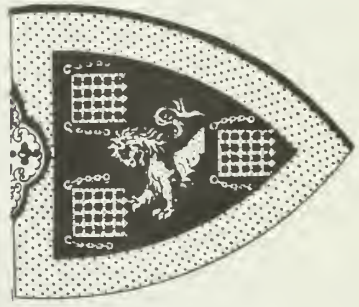
So long ago was the possession and lending of good books recognized here as an object of public concern, and the instruction contains all that is essential for the management of a library in our time. For ourselves and our successors we are ready to undertake and engage that we will give our best efforts to keep the building and the books from abusive usage; and that subject only to the qualification: they shall be devoted impartially and as completely as possible to the use and bene-

fit of all the people of Concord. It only remains for me, in the name and in behalf of the town and its inhabitants, to give some slight expression of their respect and gratitude to their benefactor. We thank you, sir, not only for the magnitude of the gift in its pecuniary value, but for the wise and thoughtful spirit which planned the benefaction and has watched over every detail of its completion. You have given to your native town something which will make it henceforth a town better worth living in. We are glad to think that this is an expression of good feeling and regard to us, the present inhabitants of Concord, and that you feel the interest of personal acquaintance in our welfare. In that touching story of the olden time, when the elders of the people went to invoke the Master's aid for the centurion, the affectionate phrase of their intercession was "that he was *worthy*—for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." But we recognise in your bounty not merely kindness to your friends and neighbors, to the generation which you know and by which you are known, but something fruitful and perennial. We are passing away with you; but *the town*, this Concord that we love, is to last, and for an indefinite future to be elevated and enriched by means of what you have done. It is enriched indeed by your example. To do something for the permanent benefit of mankind is the purest, as it is the highest object of human ambition. The humblest contribution to the comfort, the happiness, the improvement of our fellow men, is deserving of commendation. To give a cup of cold water to the thirsty wayfarer shall not lose its reward. But "*Blessed* is that man, who passing through the valley of Baca maketh it *a well*."

MR. EMERSON'S ADDRESS.

The chairman then introduced Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson who spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The people of Massachusetts please themselves with the simple political arrangement of towns, each independent in its local government, in its taxes, electing its own officers, caring for its schools, its charities, its highways. That town is attractive to its native citizens and to immigrants if it is a healthy spot, if it have good land, good roads, good sidewalks, good hotels, still more if it have an adequate town hall, good church, good preachers, good schools and avail itself of the act of the Legislature authorizing towns to tax themselves for the establishment of a public library. Happier yet is it if it have citizens who cannot wait for the slow growth of the town to make these advantges adequate to the desires of the people, but who bestow in a gift to our education and culture such as we have met to witness and acknowledge today. I think we cannot easily overestimate the benefit conferred. In the details of this munificence I foresee a sudden prosperity to this ancient town. The benefit of a noble library which adds by its beauty and skilful arrangement, new attractions, making readers of those who are not readers, making scholars of those who only read newspapers and novels till now, and whilst it secures a new and important culture to its citizens is a strong attraction to strangers who are seeking a country home to sit down here, and I don't know but when Boston learns of the good deeds of our townsmen it will be a little curious and not rest till it has annexed Concord to the city. [Laughter.] Our new founder today has followed the many admirable examples, which have lately honored the country of benefactors who have not waited to bequeath colleges or hospitals but have built them themselves, reminding us of Sir Isaac Newton's saying, that those who give nothing before their death, never in fact give at all. If you consider what has befallen you when reading a poem or a history, or a novel even, that deeply interested you, how you forgot the time of day, the person sitting in the room, the engagement for the evening, you will easily admit that books make all towns equal; that Concord library makes Concord as good as Rome, Paris or London for a time. Robinson Crusoe, could he have had a shelf of our books, could almost have done without Friday, or even the arriving of the ship. Now every faculty exalteth itself into an art and memory into the art of writing, that is into books. Everything that belongs to this change, this invention, interests men. The plant papyrus, which gave its name to our word paper, is of more importance in history than cotton and silver and gold. It was first used for writing between three and four thousand years ago, and though it hardly grows now in Egypt, where I lately searched for it in vain, and whence it came, you will remember, I always recall with satisfaction that I saw that venerable plant in 1833 growing wild at Syracuse, in Sicily, near the fountain of Arethusa. The chairman of Mr. Monroe's trustees has told you how old is the foundation of our village library, but we think we can trace in our records, a corresponding effect of culture among our citizens. I have the journal of a lady, a native of this town, a descendant from three of its clergymen, who removed into Maine, where she possessed a farm and an income. She was much addicted to journeying, and carried her fondness for books, and whenever she arrived in a town where there was a good minister who had a library she would persuade him to take her to board, and there she stayed until she had overlooked all the volumes which were to her taste. On a very cold day she writes in her diary thus: "Life truly resembles a river, ever the same, never the same, and perhaps the greater variety of internal emotions would be felt by remaining with books in one place, than in pursuing the ways which are ever the same. Is the melancholy bird of night, covered with the dark foliage of the cypress less gratified than the gay lark among the flowers and songs? I think you never enjoy so much as in solitude with books that meet your feelings"; and with reference to books, she adds: "That I delight in other's superiority is my best gift from God." The chairman has referred to the first library in the town and we have many recollections of early diffusion of books among its people. We know that its first minister, the head of the little band who founded the town—Peter Buckley—who brought his parishioners from England to settle here, wrote early in his career a book called the "Gospel Covenant," which was published in London as I went through two editions, that contains his speeches, some of his sermons, no doubt, to his flock here, and gives us a hint of them in the following sentences which he addressed to them. "There is no people but will strive to excel in something, what can we excel in if not in holiness? If we look to numbers, we are the fewest; if we look to strength, we are the weakest; if to riches, we are the poorest of the people of God over the whole world. We cannot excel or so much as equal people in these things, and if we come short in grace and holiness too, we are the most despicable people under heaven. Strive ye therefore herein to excel and suffer not this crown to be taken away from you." I state it as an expression, one of the more striking of the first founders of the town, if we may so call him. It was late before he was followed by any other writer excepting clergymen in the town who have published some sermons which are carefully preserved in the new library. The writer who has done us credit, himself and the town credit, by his book, is Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, who wrote the excellent history of Concord. Many of us remember Mr. Hawthorne's careful studies of Concord life and history, written whilst he was a citizen here, and which have made this village widely known. Henry Thoreau was born in this town; a man of true genius, whose friends could not separate his genius from his character, or decide which exalted him most in their regard. His books preserve him in the hearts and hands of millions in this country and England. Will you let me read a piece of a letter which I have in manuscript, which was addressed to a lady. "Do you ever," he says, "read any noble verses? For my part, they have been the only things I remember, and that which occasioned them, when all things else were blurred and defaced. All things have put on mourning but those. It is a relief to read some new books wherein all are equally dead, all are equally alive. I think the best parts of Shakespeare would only be announced by the most thrilling events, and all the more that they are not intended for consolation." I should have said these words were written from a sufferer to a sufferer in a time of great calamity. I know that the word literature has in many ears a hollow sound. It is thought to be a harmless entertainment for fanciful persons, not at all to be for the interest of the multitude. To those objections which proceed on the opinion that anything but what grinds corn, weaves silk, or raises cotton, is of no use, I have nothing to say. There are some utilitarians who prefer that Jesus should have wrought as a carpenter and St. Paul as a tent maker, but books are the records of best thoughts. Everything which increases a man's connection with the invisible world lifts his being; everything that gives him a new perception, which multiplies his power of enjoyment. The river of thoughts is always running out of the invisible world into the mind of men. Shall not they who receive the largest streams spread abroad the holy waters? It was the symbolic custom of the ancient Mexican priests after the annual extinguishment of the household fires of the land, to preserve in the temple fire from the sun and then distribute it as a sacred gift to every hearth in the nation. That is the just type of the service rendered to mankind by books. Homer and Plato and Pindar and Shakespeare serve many more than have ever heard their names, for thought is the most volatile of things; it cannot be contained in any cup, though you shut the lid ever so tight. Once brought into the world it runs over the vessel which received it into all minds that love it. Consider that it is our own state of mind at any time that makes our estimate of life and world. If you sprain your foot you will presently come to think that nature has sprained here, everything begins to look so slow and inaccessible, and when you sprain your mind by gloomy reflections on your evils and vexations, you come to have a bad opinion of life. I think how indigent nature must appear to the blind, the deaf and the idiot! Now if you can kindle the imagination by a new thought, by historic history, instantly you expand her larger. Music works a miracle for those who have an ear, poetry for another class; a good book that fits his taste will at once render this service to every reader. Many times the reading of a book has made the way of a man, has decided his way of life. It makes friends, it is a tie between men who have been delighted with the same book. Every one of us is always in search of his friend and when he finds a person reading a rare poet or thinker who is dear to him in solitude, it is like finding a brother. Dr. Johnson, hearing of a man who had revelled in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, said, "If I had known that I should have hugged him." We expect great men to be great readers, for in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the diffusive power. Julius Caesar, when shipwrecked and forced to swim for life, did not gather his gold but took his commentaries in his teeth and swam with them to the shore. Even the wild and warlike Arab, Mahommed, said of men, "They are either learned or learning; the rest are blockheads." The great Duke of Marlborough could not go into camp without Shakespeare. The Duchess Brabantes tells us of the first Bonaparte, that in hastening out of France to join his army in Germany, he tossed his journals and books out of his travelling carriage as fast as he could read them and strewed the highway with pamphlets. We expect a great man to be a good reader, for in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the receiving power. Napoleon's criticism is admirable. He writes very well. Witness it chiefly, I should say, in his letters to his brother, the King of Spain. Montesquieu, one of the greatest minds of France in all its history, said "The love of study is to us almost the only eternal passion: all the others quit us in proportion as this miserable unchoice which gives them to us approaches its run. Study has been for me the sovereign remedy against all disgusts of life, never having had a chagrin which an hour of reading has not put to flight." Hear the testimony of Selden, in the English House of Commons in Cromwell's time: "Passion is the greatest fruit of study. The man who strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this, his chiefest good: that among all fortunes he has something to comfort himself withal." I have found several humble men and women who gave as affectionate, if not as judicious, testimony to their read-



The Weekly Trib-une. NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1873.

ing, and one curious instance that I remember is that of a Shaker who was showing me the houses of the brotherhood in this neighborhood, not far from here, in the county, and before we had done he showed me a very modest book-shelf. He said there was Milton's "Paradise Lost" and some other books in the house, and added that he knew where they were, but he took up a bound cross in not reading them. [Laughter.] It is inspiring, sometimes, only to look over the names of the great authors, the great influences of Europe, but when I have them before me I have something I cannot pass by. Perhaps it is not universally known—you know it—that John Kepler in 1618, found one of his three laws, which was that by which the discovery of Newton was enclosed and already predicted. John Kepler came upon the discovery on the eighth of March, 1618, of the law connecting the mean distances of the planets with the periods of their revolutions around the sun, and the law which he announced the square of the times vary as the cubes of the distances. That is one of the three laws of Kepler, and he writes: "It is now eighteen months since I caught the first glimpses of light; three months since the dawn; very few days since the unveiled sun, admirable to gaze on, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me. I will indulge in my sacred fury. I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians," referring to the Egyptian astronomer, Ptolemy, "to build up a temple to my God, far from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast, the book is written to be read, either now or by posterity. I care not which. I may wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6000 years for an observer like myself." We have, many of us, spent our lives with books—these silent waves; and then they are so tractable, coming and going like a dog at our bidding, so willing, so pliable. You meet with the men of science, good thinkers, good wits, but you don't know how to draw out of them what they know. But the book opens at the very page you desire and shuts at the first fatigue, as possibly your professor might not. [Laughter.] In saying these things for books I don't for a moment forget that they are but secondary, mere means, and only used in the half hours when the mind is at rest, asleep, as it were. The intellect reasserts all its rights instantly when the mind itself awakes, and packs all past acts away; they are forgotten, huddled aside as impertinent in the august presence of their creator. Their excellence of benefit is that they give us new thoughts, awaken the imagination and sentiment and in their presence we dispense with books. [Applause.]

Mr. Emerson's address closed the proceedings, and the audience slowly dispersed to the music of the Concord band. Many persons then inspected the new building.

THOREAU.

THOREAU: THE POET-NATURALIST. WITH MEMORIAL VERSES. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 12mo. pp. 357. Roberts Brothers.

Thoreau was essentially the product of the New-England period of effervescence, which dates from his youth and early manhood. He could have been born at no other time, and in no other place. It was the epoch of rare mental activity, often crude and purposeless, sometimes unduly vehement, but always generous in its aim and lofty in its reach. The young reformers of that day felt that the ax must be laid at the root of the tree, and many ancient growths, in their view, were fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire. A new poetry, a new philosophy, a new religion, a new social order were to take the place of the old traditions. Nothing escaped the grasp of the ideal innovators. Freightage and travel were to be conducted without the aid of animal force. Farms were to be cultivated without the application of fertilizing agents. The insect tribes were to be left to their own sweet will in the garden and orchard, safe in the protection of an all-embracing sympathy. The flesh of beasts and the juices of fruits were to be excluded from the transcendental table. A better bread than could be made of wheat, both in the spiritual and the material order, was craved and provided for. A purely sylvan life was nobler than that of the herdsman and shepherd, and a tent in the woods superior to the ceiled dwellings of the city. Of such ideas, Thoreau was the incarnation. In the throng of the nineteenth century, he revived the vision of the primitive man. Of a stern and lonely nature, he had little need of social blandishments. Proud and cold in temperament, he could rarely say that man delighted him, or woman either. He loved best the company of his own thoughts, and next to that his choicest society was the fish in Walden pond, and the squirrels and partridges of Concord woods.

Mr. Ellery Channing appears to have cherished the deepest sympathies with this modern anchorite. The pictures in the volume of his isolated ways are colored with the soft prismatic light of personal affection. Many of his memorial verses to his friend are singularly tender and pathetic. It would be an ungracious task to strip off the illusions of his portraiture, and to show that the shaggy Berserkir of Walden could not stand for the genius of Apollo. We prefer to gather up the traits which his partiality has set forth, and combine them in a bas-relief, which must be regarded as an ideal image, rather than a reflection of the reality.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord on the twelfth of July, 1817. The old-fashioned house in which he first saw the light was the residence of his grandmother, and with its gray, unpainted boards, and its grassy, unfenced door-yard, presented a perfect specimen of the New-England style of building. About the house are pleasant, sunny meadows, with their deep beds of peat of homely, hearthlike fragrance; and in front murmurs a living brook of fresh water. "It was lovely," says his biographer, "that he should draw his first breath in a pure country air, out of crowded towns, amid the pleasant, russet fields." He drove his cow to pasture barefoot, and was known among the village boys as one who did not fear mud or water, nor paused to lift his companions over the ditch.

He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, where he devoted himself chiefly to the study of English poetry, and made some proficiency, we believe, in the Greek and Latin classics. He led a quiet and reserved life while in Cambridge, making few acquaintances and no friends. A year or two after leaving college, he built the famous cabin by the shore of Walden Pond, which served for shelter, sleep, and meditation. It had no lock to the door, no curtain to the window, and belonged to nature nearly as much as to man.

Thoreau was a natural mechanic. He could use the broad-ax and handsaw as well as the pen. He would sometimes pick up a scanty waif of drift-wood from Concord River, and make book-cases, chests, and cabinets for his study. He bound his own books, and measured the farmers' fields in the village by chain and compass. He thus came to see the inside of almost every farmer's house and head, his "pot of beans and mug of hard

cider." Though so unsocial in his disposition he was fond of gossip. "was alive from top to toe with curiosity," and could sit out the oldest frequenter of the bar-room. He was a true Stoic. He made no complaint. He even enjoyed what sadness he could find. He voyaged about his river in December, the drops freezing on the oar, with a cheering song. The blaze of July and the zero of January came to him as wholesome experiences, and were each accepted as gifts of Nature. His interest in swamps and bogs never failed. It grew out of his love for the wild. His great blessing in the landscape was the river, "the sluggish artery of the Concord," as he names it. The study of the river plants, floating forever with the sweet waves, never ended. The birds and insects tempted to the shores. The fish and musquash, sun and wind, were always interesting. More than once Thoreau visited the principal mountains in his prospect. They were to him like a series of old homes. "He went in the choice August or September days, and picked berries on Monadnock's stony plateau, took his roomy walk over the Mason Hills, or explored the great Wachusett pasture—the fairest sight eye ever saw."

It was his habit to go abroad every day to the fields or woods, or to the river. "I go out to see what I have caught in my traps, which I have set for facts." He loved the world, and could not pass a berry without a question. Men who had seen the partridge drum, caught the largest pickerel, and eaten the most swamp apples were the men for him. The farmer who could find him a hawk's egg, or give him a fisher's foot, he would wear in his heart of hearts. He admired the toil-worn workers, seasoned like granite and pine, slow and silent as the years, "like the sweetness of a nut, like the toughness of hickory." "The farmer spoke to me, clear, cold, moderate as the snow when he treads. Yet what a faint impression that encounter may make on me after all. I see men like frogs; their peeping I partially understand."

Cities were his aversion. He felt toward them like the camels and Arab camel-drivers who accompany caravans across the desert. In Cambridge he saw only the books in the college library and the librarian. Boston was the end of Long Wharf where he went to snuff the sea. The rest, as he phrased it, "was barrels." "He had gauges for the river, constantly consulted; he noted the temperatures of springs and ponds; set down each novel sky; the flowering of plants, their blossom and fruit; the fall of leaves; the arrivals and departures of the migrating birds; the habits of animals; and made new seasons. No hour tolled on the great world-horologe must be omitted, no movement of the second-hand of this patent lever that is so full-jeweled." His interest in animals equaled that in flowers. He carried his spade to dig in the galleries and burrows of field-mice. Many voyages he made in cold Winter days and Winter walks on the ice to examine the cabins of the muskrats. "He respected the skunk as a human being in a very humble sphere." "In his western tour of 1860, when he went to Minnesota and found the crab-apple and native Indians, he pleased himself with a new friend—the gopher with thirteen stripes. Rabbits, woodchucks, red, gray, and 'chipmunk' squirrels, he knew by heart; the fox never came amiss. A Canada lynx was killed in Concord, whose skin he eagerly obtained and preserved. It furnished a proof of wildness intact, and the nine lives of a wildcat. He mused on the change of habit in domestic animals, and recites a porcine epic—the adventures of a fanatic pig. He was a debtor to the cows like other walkers."

Although so sincere a child of Nature, Thoreau was a man of books and study. Mr. Channing devotes a large space to the illustration of his literary life. The taste for English poetry which he exhibited at college was not impaired by his free, wild-wood habits. Chaucer, Milton, Ossian, the Robin Hood ballads were his favorites. The "Lycidas" was never out of his mind. But he used all literature as an aid. He did not stop with books, and seldom, or never, read them over. His reading was done with a pen in his hand. Among modern writers he had no favorite but Carlyle. With the exception of Froissart and the Hindoo mythology, he read no stories or novels. Plato and Montaigne and Goethe were too slow for him. His hobbies dealt with realities, not shadows. He believed and lived in his senses, and metaphysics was his aversion. Books of adventure, travel, or fact, he perused eagerly. He never could frame a dearer wish than to spend the Winter at the North pole, and "could eat a fried rat with a relish," if opportunity commanded. He was anxious to acquire the art of writing a good English style. It was the fault of many excellent writers, he thought, to express themselves with too great fullness and detail. They lack concentration and sententiousness. They have no reserve of meaning. Their sentences are not compact and nutty, suggesting far more than they say. His own written experience was the fruit of his imagination. His essays, even upon the commonest topics, a sour apple, an Autumn leaf, contain his very life-blood. "He makes us a photograph of style, which touches some of his chief strength. 'There is a sort of homely truth and naturalness in some books which is very rare to find, and yet looks cheap enough. Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art. Some have this merit only. Very few men can speak of Nature, for instance, with any truth. They overstep her modesty, somehow or other, and confer no favor. They do not speak a good word for her. The surliness with which the wood-chopper speaks of his woods, handling them as indifferently as his ax, is better than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of nature.'"

Mr. Channing's sketch of the physical traits of Thoreau presents the picture of a remarkable personality. In hight he was about the average. His build was spare, with more than the usual length of limb. Once seen, no one could forget his face. His features were strongly marked. The nose was very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar, more like a beak. His large, overhanging brow reposed above the deepest-set blue eyes that could be seen, in certain lights, in others gray, but always expressive of every shade of feeling. His forehead, not unusually broad or high, was full of energy and purpose. The lips were prominent, firm with thought when silent, and giving out when open a stream of golden speech. His hair was a dark brown, very abundant, fine, and soft. For several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had no moment to waste. "In walking, he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade or by the wall-side seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. Even in the boat he had a wary, transitory air, his eyes on the outlook,—perhaps there might be ducks, or the Blondin turtle, or an otter, or sparrow."

His personal tastes were of an equally original stamp. He used to say, "I do not know how to entertain those who can't take long walks." A night and a forenoon in the house were as much confinement as he could stand. He had no sympathy with age. "How earthy," said he, "old people become,—moldy as the grave. Their wisdom smacks of the earth; there is no foretaste of immortality in it. They remind one of earth-worms and mole-crickets."

He seldom noticed any one in the street. His mental appearance at times betrayed almost irritability. His words were like porcupines' quills. He had a strong aversion to the Scribes and Pharisees. Such cracked potsherds served him as butts, whose massive hollowness echoed with the arrows of his wit. He enjoyed common people. He relished strong acrid characters. "When with temperaments radically opposed to his, he drew in the head of his pugnacity like that portion of one of his beloved turtles, and could hiss and snap with any ancient of them all. The measured, conservative class, dried-up Puritan families, who fancy the Almighty Giver of all good things has fitted their exquisite brain precisely to his evangelic nightcap; prosers with their universe of meanness and conceit to change square with you against gold and diamonds; folks of easy manners, polished and oiled to run sharply on the track of lies and compliments—of such he was no great admirer. Neither did he go with Goethe, that other people are wig-blocks on which we must fit our own false heads of hair to fetch them out. Like a cat, he would curl up his spine and spit at a fop or monkey, and despised those who were running well down hill to damnation."

Thoreau was ardently attached to life. His head swarmed with plans which he hoped to complete. His anticipations were singularly rich. More reading was to be done over Shakespeare and the Bible. More choice apple trees were to be set in uncounted Springs. New lists of birds and flowers were projected, and new details to be gathered from the river and the woods. He loved hard manual work, and did not mean to move every year, like certain literary brethren. His chief principle was faith in all things, thoughts, and times, and he expected, as he said, "to live for forty years." He had now more than attained the middle age, and his health, to all appearance, was perfectly sound. But in the Autumn of 1860, he took a severe cold while counting the rings of trees, when there was snow upon the ground. This brought on a bronchial affection, which at length terminated in pulmonary consumption. He bravely passed down the inclined plane of that terrible malady, working steadily at the completion of his papers to his last hours, or so long as he could hold the pencil in his trembling fingers. "The last sentence he incompletely spoke contained but two distinct words, 'moose,' and 'Indians,' showing how fixed in his mind was that relation. Then the world he had so long sung and delighted in faded tranquilly away from his eyes and hearing, till on that beautiful Spring morning of May 6, 1862, it closed on him."

The final impression of Thoreau's character is summed up, with pregnant brevity, by Mr. Channing in the closing words of the volume. "Truth, audacity, force, were among Thoreau's mental characteristics, devoted to humble uses. His thoughts burned like flame, so earnest was his conviction. He was transported infinitely beyond the regions of self when pursuing his objects, single-hearted, doing one thing at a time and doing that in the best way! Self-reliance shall serve for his motto—

'His cold eye truth and conduct scanned.'

His faith in wildness was intrinsic. Whatever sport it was of nature, this child of an old civilization, this Norman boy with the blue eyes and brown hair, held the Indian's creed, and believed that plant and animal were a religion unto themselves and unto him. He spoke with that deeper than self-conscious conviction which must animate nature. It required, literally, an unquestioning obedience to that sphere and rule of life he kept; his means to his ends,—Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist."

No one can read Mr. Channing's touching narrative, and the copious selections from the journal of his friend, without the conviction that Thoreau, in spite of the inherent savagery of his nature, was a man of rare and fine qualities, which often approached, if they did not reach, the border land of true genius. His wild, erratic temperament, it is true, found no fit place in the commercial civilization of the nineteenth century. However loving might have been his disposition at the core, he found no social groove in which he could move gracefully, or even without unpleasant attrition. A deep sympathy with his kind he would have regarded as a weakness, whatever predilections he cherished for the inhabitants of the woods and streams. This sentiment he took no pains to conceal. It gave a tinge of cynicism to his manners, which often caused his better nature to be misunderstood. His pride of character made him self-conscious, opinionated, obstinate, and led to whimsical assertions of his independence. He could never make a concession with natural grace, and produced the feeling that his contempt for others was in proportion to his satisfaction with himself. But these traits in Thoreau's personality do not diminish the interest in Mr. Channing's high-wrought eulogium, but rather add to its piquancy. In many respects, it is an eminently attractive volume, abounding in passages of peculiar beauty, and presenting an eloquent tribute from one poet to another. The extracts from Thoreau's unpublished writings will be welcomed as fresh revelations of an extraordinary nature, and will tend to increase the feeling of admiration for the author's unique gifts.

THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND THE THOREAUS—DISCOVERY OF MANY VOLUMES OF THE UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Several years since I made my first visit to Concord. The hours which I spent there that day were hours of satisfaction and enjoyment. I called upon Ralph Waldo Emerson, and had the pleasure of hearing him converse upon literary matters, and of ancient and modern poets and poetry in a manner so charming that it surpassed his writings. The intellectual power of Emerson cannot be estimated by his books alone. His conversation shows that the man is greater than any work that he has produced. He is such a master of conversation that I judge his influence in Massachusetts is owing to that, rather than to the fact that he is a distinguished author. Whether conversing or writing, he is a man in word and deed, and honors America by his simple, scholarly life as he has honored American literature by the work of his pen.

I spoke to him of Thoreau. He told me several characteristic traits of that sturdy young writer, whose brief life was long enough to add several fascinating books to American literature. These were described so graphically that I had at once a much better idea of the man Thoreau than many pages of description would have given me. When he found that I admired the books of Thoreau, and wished that he had written more, he advised me to call upon the mother and sister of Thoreau, who lived at that time in Concord. These ladies received me very courteously. A crayon portrait of Thoreau, drawn by his sister, was in the little parlor. Some of the most interesting books of his library were shown to me, as well as valuable presents from friends in England, who had invited him to make them a visit. At last the old lady, who felt pleased at the admiration which I expressed for her son's abilities and my regret that he died so early, asked her daughter to bring in some of the journals of David. I opened one of some 13 volumes, as I remember, which Thoreau had written, containing his observations and criticisms of many years. Turning to the diary of a day in April, I read of birds, the appearance of the forest and fields, in Thoreau's handwriting, and in his inimitable style. What a treasure was here, I thought. Certainly the materials of half a dozen more books could be gleaned from these journals. The sister

Ibid., 7-8-74.

did not feel competent for the task. Mr. Higginson had looked over them, but had not proposed to do anything toward publishing a selection. And, as far as I know, no one has yet proposed to make such a selection. Is there not here something which, if judiciously used by a proper person, would add to our literature more pages of the charming and original writer who has given us "Maine Woods" and "Cape Cod!" Is it right to allow these volumes of the thoughts and observations of such a rare thinker and observer as Thoreau to remain concealed, or, if their discovery is announced, to let it pass by as of little value?

These questions asked in THE TRIBUNE may do much to bring more of Thoreau's writings to the press and the public. E. R. WISWELL.

New-York, June 24, 1874.

NOTHING in our civilization would probably astonish our red predecessors upon this continent more than the post-office. Savages had no news. They had no correspondence. They had no business. Henry Thoreau cherished a secret conviction that they were very much superior to their Saxon successors in America, and insisted that most of our improvements were merely a painful increase of resultless vexation, and that the finer and nobler qualities of human character are no more evident in us than in the red men. But Thoreau loved a paradox, and sometimes confounded civilization with its abuses and diseases. He had a natural sympathy with the Indian, for he had a love of wild nature, nature untouched by art—the primeval forest, the solitary stream, the haunt of the beaver and the fox—and he had a curious knowledge of the aspects of the daily life of the woods and fields, the habits of animals and plants. The Easy Chair remembers a weird night with Thoreau in his boat upon the Concord River, the Musketaquid, in whose neighborhood he found arrow-heads and Indian relics that eluded all other eyes, and seemed to have kept themselves patiently for him. The object of the excursion was to watch the night life of the stream. An iron crate was built out from the bow of the boat and filled with the dead roots of old pine-trees—fat pine—and when this was kindled the blaze threw a broad glare for some distance upon the water, shutting out every thing else, and slowly drifting with the stream we could see clearly every thing below us. We hung seemingly suspended in air over fish and grass and sand, floating imperceptibly upon the current. Thoreau's acute observation, his intimate knowledge, his respect for the Indian, and his much-modified admiration of his own race and time were all very evident.

But this is wandering. To speak of the Indian, however, is to think of Thoreau; and his use of the post-office which they could not understand would certainly not have largely increased the revenues of the government. There is no more striking monument of civilization. In every city the building devoted to its uses is one of the most important, and, in this country, it stands with the custom-house as the visible sign of the larger national government, which, as the well-meaning but confused enthusiast exclaimed, is "the common mother of us all." There is no sight in any great city more interesting than the interior of the post-office. Unfortunately it can not well be made a public resort; but they are fortunate who have been admitted to watch its processes. Dickens took the friends that he most wished to please to see the London post-office, the good order of which is famous. And for New York, it is fortunate that as the post-office is about taking possession for the first time of quarters worthy of it, it is under the superintendence of one of the most efficient officers it has known. There are sly stories told of the quiet way in which he reformed many bad habits in the office when he was first appointed. Thus there were clerks who came very leisurely to their work in the morning, as it has been whispered is sometimes the habit of those who serve that invisible master, the government, and these gentlemen were in no hurry to make the day begin under the new direction at any earlier hour. But, to their amazement, they found if they came at nine o'clock, that the chief was already there. If they were startled into appearing at half past eight, he was still there. If, then, they came at eight, lo! he was there. It was found that the hour of his coming re-arranged the calendar, and business began betimes. The influence of quiet energy is incalculable. The clear, intelligent resolution of the head of a department is felt in every fibre of its administration. Harper's Mag., July

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is said to have drawn her father in the sketch called "Transcendental Wild Oats," wherein she termed the transcendentalists, of whom her father has been one of the foremost lights, "inspired lunatics." Abel Lamb, so the story goes, was the pseudonym for A. Bronson Alcott. Miss Alcott's new book is called "Rose in Bloom," and is a sequel to "Eight Cousins," the heroine of which in the later work has become a young lady.

"Jo."—A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writing of the Alcotts says: "Louisa Alcott, the elder of the two, the darling of all American nurseries, is something of an invalid. She is amiable and interesting, and, like her sister, sociable, unless you unluckily approach her in her character of author, and then the porcupine bristles. The is no favor to be curried with her or Gail Hamilton by talking 'shop.' 'Little Women' is drawn chiefly from Miss Alcott's own home life. Amy, the golden-haired, is May; Hemmie and Demmie are her two little nephews; Mr. and Mrs. Marsh her father and mother; herself is Jo of course. When the book was first published children used to come by the dozens from all parts of the country to see 'Jo.' To the calls of these little pilgrims she always presented herself cheerfully, though she used to be infinitely amused at the unmistakable disappointment of her young admirers, when they saw this delicate, practical-looking lady, slightly stooped, for their rollicking, romping, nimble Jo. Miss Alcott struck a rich vein of popularity and more substantial reward in her juvenile books, though she herself considers 'Hospital Sketches' the best of her writings. Some four or five years ago she went into a Boston bookstore to leave an order, which the clerk told her could not be attendad to, 'because,' said he, not knowing to whom he spoke, 'we shall be busy all day packing books for a Western firm. Two weeks ago we sent 10,000 copies of 'Little Women' out there, and today comes an order for 20,000 more.' As soon as they got out of the store her companion turned to her with some congratulatory expression. 'Ah!' said Miss Alcott, drawing a long breath, 'I have waited fifteen years for this day.' The other day in Boston a young man courteously helped her over a muddy gutter, then, though an entire stranger, he took off his hat and said: 'Miss Alcott, does the fire of genius burn?' She thanked him for his attention, and walked on in serene indifference to his inquiry."

11-9-74

BROOK FARM. 4-25-74

A Social Enterprise.

"WHAT was Brook Farm?" is a question which has probably been asked at some time by every cultivated American of the present generation. Several attempts have been made at different times to give an account of this most interesting experiment in fonnding a community, but they have all been meagre, or full of errors, and hence unsatisfactory. The few persons who are sufficiently familiar with the facts to reveal the history of Brook Farm have not cared to undertake the task, and hence a tantalizing mystery hangs around the name. Without professing to speak by authority, I may say that the facts related in the following unpretending sketch are authentic, and when the source of the information is not given, the statements may be considered as perfectly trustworthy. At the outset, it is necessary to say that the object of the Brook Farm experiment was religious, and not intellectual; practical, and not transcendental, notwithstanding the current belief to the contrary. It aimed at the moral, intellectual and physical elevation of mankind, especially the poorer and most numerous class. It made no claim to be an attempt at social reorganization. Wherever it is referred to in authentic documents or publications, emanating from its projectors, it is called an "association for educational and agricultural purposes," and it differed totally in spirit and aim from all of the many other attempts to found communities in this country. The prime mover both in the conception and practical execution of the enterprise was George Ripley, at whose house the subject was first discussed. He had been living for fifteen years in Boston, having been settled over one of the leading Unitarian churches, and then, as now, was noted for his rare union of scholarship and practical sagacity, as well as for his genial and sympathetic nature. Emerson describes him in the "Life of Margaret Fuller" as "an accurate scholar, a man of character and of eminent powers of conversation," and the description is happy. The thought of a social community was suggested to Mr. Ripley by Dr. Channing, who, both in his sermons and in conversation, often lamented the lack of connection between Christianity and the daily life of the world. Frequent references may be found in his sermons and correspondence to such ideas, and they may be said to have been everywhere in the air about that period.

In a letter to Rev. Mr. Ballou, printed in the Life of Dr. Channing, under date of February 27th, 1841, he says: "I have for a very long time dreamed of an association, in which the members, instead of preying on one another and seeking to put one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth. But the materials for such a community I have not seen." In another letter, at about the same date, he says: "One of my dearest ideas and hopes is the union of *labor and culture.*" Inspired by these suggestions, Mr. Ripley proposed to form a community, in which the relations of love and equality might be maintained among different individuals to the advancement of their moral growth and well-being. Both Mr. Ripley and Dr. Channing were well acquainted with the various plans of social reform which had been promulgated, from Plato's "Republic" and More's "Utopia" to Fourier's "Phalanx"; but their enterprise was not modeled upon any of these theoretical projects, but rather after the plan of the early Christian Church. The first meetings at which the project took shape and grew were attended among others by William Henry Channing and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who both took a deep interest in the plan, and co-operated heartily in carrying it into effect. No difficulty was found in gathering together a number of sincere men and women, who formed an association in a most matter-of-fact way and upon a durable basis. Seventeen persons of both sexes associated themselves in formal partnership, and agreed to contribute one thousand dollars each, one-third of which was actually paid in, to form a common fund. Among their number were George Ripley, John S. Dwight, Francis G. Shaw, George R. Russell, Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Minot Pratt.

With the sum subscribed a farm of two hundred acres was bought, and Brook Farm was, to quote Mr. Curtis, "planted in seclusion near the placid Charles." The location chosen was West Roxbury, near Boston; a place noted for its natural features, which possesses within narrow limits a remarkable alternation of hills and hollows. It was already famous for its historical associations, having been for years the scene of the labors of John Eliott among the Indians, while that famous missionary was buried in the ministers' tomb, in the burial-ground close by. The birthplace of Warren was not far distant, while the High School which had been founded as long ago as 1645 was situated in Roxbury. Thus the neighborhood seemed consecrated to education, philanthropy, religious and patriotic zeal, while it has since been the site of the camp of a colored regiment during the war.

The name chosen was appropriate and poetical, as the region about abounds in brooks. The place itself, says Hawthorne, in his "American Note Books," "was beautiful; the scenery, of a mild and placid character, with nothing bold in its aspect. There is a brook so near the house that we shall be able to hear its ripple in the Summer evenings, ... but, for agricultural purposes, it has been made to flow in a straight and rectangular fashion, which does it infinite damage as a picturesque object."

This was the romantic side of the picture, but the practical must not be forgotten. Buildings were built, stock and farm implements bought, and a school opened. Several experienced farmers joined the enterprise. The proceeds from the farm sufficed to feed all the seventy members who had joined up to August, 1842, and, united to the charges for tuition to strangers in the school, served to pay interest on the money invested. There were no wealthy persons in the concern, and most of the capital was subscribed in small sums, George Ripley and a few others being the principal contributors. The bulk of their number were persons in moderate means, to whom the accomplishment of the scheme seemed worth working for. Several mechanics, who were hired to work about the place, asked leave to become members, and gave up some of the income they were getting by outside work in order to secure the advantages of the Farm to themselves and to their children.

A farmer whose land joined that of the association offered to throw his farm into theirs on condition that he should be received into the community, while Emerson mentions an English baronet who was not only a free visitor, but stopped as a colonist in the society, and was more or less directly interested in its holders and success.

The teaching department at Brook Farm was very thoroughly conducted. There were a variety of schools; some on the old-fashioned plan, where the children were all taught in one class, and others where a few, and even a single pupil, received the undivided attention of one teacher; while there was a higher kind of instruction for older children. The Kindergarten system was enforced under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who has since introduced it so successfully. There were also classes for instruction to adults, where the classics, modern languages, mathematics, history, philosophy and other subjects were taught. Mr. J. S. Dwight gave instruction in music, in which old and young shared. Even the workmen in the field attended some of the classes, while the teachers, in many cases, carried on a good deal of other work at the same time. One of them, who had classes in history, moral philosophy, and various branches of elegant literature, took care at the same time of a house with fourteen rooms; yet during the year she only missed two recitations. One man above forty years of age, who had been engaged in a mechanical pursuit all his life, studied German with the greatest perseverance.

The books of the members were combined into a library, in a pleasant room, and freely used by all.

On Sundays a service was held within the establishment, and there were several churches near at hand where such as chose might attend. The children gathered together spontaneously to sing hymns, and to be read to by those who volunteered to do so. Not only on this day, but on others as well, a strong religious feeling was manifested by the members. At their meals all ate together, after each one had changed his or her working-dress for a more appropriate one. A due observance of social forms was always kept up, and the highest courtesy was practiced. In the evenings, each one amused himself or herself as he or she pleased. Some sought their own rooms, others the parlors, library or music-room, or rambled in the open air. The social intercourse enjoyed was of the highest kind, as might be expected from the quality of the members, and special efforts were made by the leaders of the association to promote sociability.

Brook Farm was distinctively an industrial establishment, and had as a leading principle that all must labor. Its leading object, as set forth by its founder, was teaching, using the word in its broadest sense, but other occupations were combined

with this. A variety of trades were carried on. It was expected that all kinds of trades and occupations would be pursued on the farm, so that all the wants of the little community could be supplied within its own border; but from necessity, agriculture, teaching and simple housekeeping were the principal pursuits of the members. The farm was only partly cultivated, for want of sufficient hands to manage it. They raised a good deal of hay, and kept a dozen cows, whose milk they sold to outside consumers—parishioners of Theodore Parker, who were in the milk business; while they disposed of a considerable stock of vegetables at the markets of Roxbury and Boston. Some of the members worked all day in the field, others for six or seven hours, and there were no drones in the hive, at least not for a long time. Even the cripples in the school worked more or less. All sorts of labor-saving appliances were invented, and some of the members even went to extremes in this respect.

The bulk of those who embarked in this scheme were persons of delicate breeding and refinement, who were unused to hard work or to manual labor of any kind. The most cultivated and refined members of the association worked hardest by far, as might be expected from their zeal, those who had been previously accustomed to toil for a living being glad to avail themselves of the privilege of working no more than they chose to do. Though many of the members had not been brought up in good society, yet there was no vulgarity or coarseness in their habits, because all had the desire to improve and to do their best, and were ever ready to copy the good example of their superiors.

The office of housekeeper was filled by all the ladies in succession, at first, as they feared that bad effects might follow from having it permanently occupied by one person; but in time one was unanimously chosen to perform its duties. All shared the food alike, seated at the same table. There were no servants, nor distinctions of rank or position; but they endeavored to follow out literally the Master's injunction in this respect.

A captious critic of Brook Farm speaks of the work done there as "hammering butterflies' wings." This, however, is both an error and an injustice. The usual programme for the day was to get up at sunrise, and, after putting on coarse blue blouses, tow pantaloons and heavy brogans, milking half a dozen cows a piece; and then having breakfasted, plowing, oftentimes barefooted, until noon: after which the leading members would hear classes recite in Butler's "Analogy," or in other advanced studies. This may be called reercation, but most people would consider it hard work, and for persons delicately nurtured, like many of the members, it is surprising that they could endure such severe exertion. One day as Hawthorne and Ripley, after plowing for six hours, had ceased their labors at noonday, the former quoted from Milton's "Comus":

> "The day is o'er, our work is done,
> And we may fly, or we may run."

To which Hawthorne lugubriously replied: "Speak for yourself, as I can do neither."

The characters in the "Blythdale Romance" are wholly fictitious, though the scene in Brook Farm was in good keeping with the personages whom he desired to introduce—"The self-conceited philanthropist; the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden whose tremulous nerves endow her with sibylline attributes: the minor poet beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which died out with his youthful fervor: all these might have been looked for at Brook Farm, but, by some accident, never made their appearance there."

(To be continued.)

Jan., 1874

A REMARKABLE MAN.

THE following sketch of a humble citizen of Amesbury, by John G. Whittier, appeared in a late number of the *Villager*:—

The present number of the *Villager* chronicles, in its obituary department, the death of Henry Taylor, of Amesbury. Quiet, unassuming and simple in all his habits, an unlettered workingman, he gave no outward evidence, beyond the reticent gravity of his manner, of the profound intellectual abstraction, the depth of philosophic meditation which made up his real life. He was no reader—probably he never mastered half a dozen books—and he felt small interest in the thoughts and opinions of others. I remember on the occasion of one of my first conversations with him twenty-five years ago, that I was struck by a remark which indicated a knowledge of Plato. On inquiry, however, I found he had no idea that such a man ever lived. I lent him a volume, which he partially read, and returned with the simple remark that "he saw that Plato had got hold of some of his own ideas." A volume of Emerson, Alger's Oriental poetry and the New Testament were the only books that he ever referred to. The latter was his constant text-book, and he reproduced the incidents recorded in the Gospels, with wonderful vividness of coloring and clearness of insight. The words of the Divine Master had for him a depth of meaning which he found difficult to translate into common language; and he was compelled often to make words to express himself. He watched, with absorbing interest, the gradual processes and unfoldings of his own mind, and spoke of them as if he had no personal concern in the matter, regarding his mental movements as impelled by a power not his own. He had only to wait and observe, like the recluse of Wordsworth, the revelations of

> —— "the powers,
> That of themselves our minds impress."

He was Oriental in his cast of mind; he would have been quite at home with Chinese bonzes, Buddhist priests, Mohammedan dervishes and Christian monks of Mt. Athos. Yet he was never gloomy or ascetic; he had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and could easily put himself in the bystander's position and smile at his own peculiarities and inconsistencies.

He had somehow reached a state of absolute quietude—a region of ineffable calm, blown over by no winds of hope or fear. All personal anxieties and solicitudes were unknown. The outward world was phantasmal and unreal—he was utterly beyond its common temptations, and looked with simple wonder upon the struggle for wealth and place—the strifes and ambitions of sects and parties about him. To art—if we except a love of music—he was indifferent. Even the wonderful open book of Nature seemed to have no attraction for him. He seemed nearer than any one I had ever known, to have realized that the things seen are temporal and illusive, but "the things unseen are eternal." He used to quote with much intensity of meaning the words which Professor Plumbtree attributes to the founder of Buddhism, on reaching the condition of absolute rest. It was a description of his own state—in which the Nirvana of the Buddhist—the mystic suicide and self-abnegation of the moslem sufi—the absorption into the Divine Will of the Christian mystics, and "the rest that remaineth for the people of God,"—seemed to him but different names for the same spiritual experience. It must be inferred that he was blind to, or neglectful of, the duties pertaining to time and space. On the contrary, he was, in practical matters, of sound judgment, prompt to aid and wise to counsel, a good neighbor and citizen. His life was pure; he had no enemies; he cherished no antagonism; what Lord Bacon calls "the colors of good and evil" blended in the white light of his conception of the Divine order. Every way a man noteworthy and remarkable, there are many who will love to recall the rare phenomena of his words and life.

He has passed the gates of the Great Mystery; and to-day, while the earth is closing over all that was mortal, I seem to hear him, as in one of our latest conversations, repeat the words of Jesus to Martha: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

A TALK WITH EMERSON—*His Views on Prominent Literary Characters.* A writer in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper had a conversation with Ralph Waldo Emerson at the latter's home in Concord recently, obtaining from him the following opinions upon the leading lights in literature:

He said this is the age of science and encyclopedias, but much of our lately acquired knowledge will be dropped in the future. Literary supremacy may be transferred the same as political supremacy. England has held it longest, but it has now left her, and become the property of Germany. Yet who knows but that it may belong to the United States before long. He said one cannot read too much of Goethe's writings; but respecting "Faust," he thought it was unfortunate that this masterpiece, the representative literary product of the nineteenth century, should be merely negative in its intent. He drew a contrast between "Faust" and Shakspeare's plays in this respect, to the advantage of the latter; while he remarked that Arthur Hugh Clough's poems were faulty for the same reason as "Faust."

He thought Margaret Fuller was a great conversationalist and a fine letter writer, but her published works are not remarkable. Wordsworth is the great English poet, in spite of Peter Bell. His "Ode to Immortality" touches the high-water mark of modern literature. In this connection he said that in order to really appreciate nature one should be poor and live in the country, as did Wordsworth at eighteen—the most susceptible age—and have no other means of enjoyment except communication with the physical world around. Walter Savage Landor will always be read by the select few. Matthew Arnold is growing too diffusive. His "sweetness and light" has become heavy as lead with too much repetition. He liked Arnold's critical essay very much, but was not partial to his poetry. Sainte-Beuve is the great French writer. He said, "I don't meddle with August Comte," in reply to the question whether he was interested in the Positive Philosophy.

He condemned Swinburne severely as a perfect leper and a mere sodomite, which criticism recalls Carlyle's scathing description of that poet—as a man standing up to his neck in a cesspool and adding to its contents. Morris, the author of "The Earthly Paradise," is just the opposite of Swinburne, and will help to neutralize his bad influence on the public. Perhaps Morris may be ranked second to Chaucer for limpidity and sweetness of verse. "But then," he added, "it is had to be only second in anything." Alcott he aptly described as a man who reads Plato without surprise. When I mentioned having written to the Orphic sage without the letter reaching him, Mr. Emerson smiled and said, "The Post Office authorities don't know anything about such men as he."

Thoreau was a true genius, and so great with his mastery of the phenomena of nature, that it would need another Linnæus, as well as a poet, properly to edit his writings. Matthew Arnold's appreciation of Macaulay he thought was just, while he praised Bancroft highly, rating him foremost among American historians. He was an excellent scholar and an exact writer. Thoreau, who was deeply read in Canadian history, told him that in that department of American history Bancroft was beyond criticism, and had not made a misstatement.

Of Buckle he spoke with admiration, comparing his erudition with Gibbon's fulness of learning, and cited his chapters on France in particular as a splendid contribution to history. Of Herbert Spencer he apparently did not have a very exalted opinion, styling him "a stock writer who treats all subjects equally well." Carlyle being mentioned, Emerson defended him from Margaret Fuller's criticism in her letters, and said that Carlyle purposely made exaggerated statements, merely to astonish his listeners. His attitude toward America during our war was unfortunate, but no more than could be expected. Emerson mentioned meeting John Stuart Mill, but he thought the latter cold and formal; which is strange; as it is said that, in conversation, Mill always spoke with admiration of Emerson's writings. I asked Mr. Emerson which was the best of the portraits or busts which have been made of him. He answered, with a smile, that he felt, as Lincoln remarked of himself, that they each took away all the natural beauty of the original.

Speaking of foreign authors, he said the ocean acts as a sieve for us, and it sifts well. He inquired with much interest who were the promising young literary men in New York who will, in time, succeed the present leading authors, and listened with attention to all I had to tell about them.

January, 1874

Boston Daily Evg. Transcript

One of the earliest town histories in New England was that of Concord, by Lemuel Shattuck, which was written about forty years ago, and came down to the year 1832. As this is now quite out of print (copies selling as high as $20), and does not give any of the recent history of the town, it has lately been proposed to continue it to 1875, and bring out a new town history, based upon that of Shattuck, at the end of the first century after the battle, which will be closed with a great centennial celebration on the 19th of April. The work has been undertaken by a committee, and it is hoped to divide the task among these and other persons, so that it may be completed within a year. Shattuck's history makes a volume of about 500 pages, but the new book will contain five or six hundred. The committee are now apportioning the work to be done by each person, and have begun to collect material both for the earlier and the later history. Any persons who have letters, family papers, genealogies or other matter which would be useful in such a work, could not do better than to communicate with the town clerk of Concord.

Among the material likely to be used for the history of the hundred years since the battle of Concord is a large collection of manuscript biographies of the members of an old club in Concord, called the "Social Circle," which has existed there, in one form or another, since 1782, and has had a regular organization and 25 members at a time since 1794. The whole number of past members is about 120, and the lives of more than 100 of these have been written, some of them at considerable length. The oldest surviving member is Dr Bartlett, who was admitted in 1823, more than 51 years ago, and was contemporary with Mr Shattuck, the historian. Mr Emerson has been a member more than 35 years, and has contributed two or three of the biographies. The whole collection contains much tradition, anecdote and history, as well as sketches of life and character, and will be invaluable to the antiquary in future years.

The portrait of Mr Emerson, by David Scott, lately presented by Judge Hoar and others to the Concord public library, is a remarkable picture, painted in 1848, by an artist of a peculiar genius, in Edinburgh—about whose merits there is much dispute among the critics. The portrait is something more than a half-length, somber in color, and representing Mr Emerson in an overcoat, and in the lecturing attitude, familiar to those who remember his peculiar gesture with both hands closed. Opinions differ very much about the merit of the picture. Prof Lowell, who is a connoisseur in portraits, admired it, and tried to have it purchased for the Harvard college portrait-gallery, but found that others liked it less than he did, and so gave it up. The price for which it was sold to the Concord contributors was $800, and Judge Bradley of Rhode Island was a competitor for it, but handsomely gave up his claim when he found it was going to the library of Mr Emerson's town, where it would be seen by the public. It was painted by Scott for his own pleasure when Mr Emerson was lecturing in Edinburgh, 26 years ago; and he had the fancy to paint a rainbow in the background, which some of the beholders now wish to have painted out. This portrait, and one by Furness, now in Philadelphia, with the new one which William Hunt is painting, will be the three best likenesses of Mr Emerson,—and they represent him at intervals of about a dozen years from 1848 to 1874.

A DISTINCT and peculiar school of writers in New England, akin to the Lake School in England, was the group of Concord authors, of whom the two youngest, Thoreau and Ellery Channing, are represented in the book lately published by the latter. We say so, because though but two of the five friends who composed the group have passed away,—Thoreau and Hawthorne,—the school itself is a thing of the past. Mr. Emerson ranks as its founder, though he has been rather the centre about which the others have clustered, than the root from which they sprang. There was an independent and original genius in Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, which, though related to the genius of Emerson, made each of the four a separate individuality, sure to manifest itself sooner or later in its own peculiar fashion. Hawthorne touched his associates at fewest points, and earliest withdrew from close companionship with them,—though none of his few intimates was perhaps more truly intimate with him than Ellery Channing. But even Hawthorne could not escape the charm of Concord; he left it twice and twice returned thither after an interval of years; his third departure was for the brief journey that preceded his death, and his third return was to the grave where he lies buried on a Concord hill-side. Of the five, Thoreau was the only one born in the town, for Emerson and Channing were natives of Boston, Hawthorne of Salem, and Alcott of Wolcott, in Connecticut. Perhaps it was for this reason that Thoreau was also the most sedulous in his abode there, and the most diligent in celebration of his birthplace. He has been accused, indeed, of treating Nature herself "as if she had been born and brought up in Concord,"—and perhaps there was something narrowing in the persistence with which he clung to the flat plains, swampy meadows, and low hills of the Musketaquid valley. But if Con-

Atlantic Monthly Jan., 1874

[1] *Thoreau: The Poet-Naturalist. With Memorial Verses.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

cord contracted his genius somewhat, the very process gave it point and pungency; and his memory is best preserved thereby, — for, as a friend said, after his death, "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions, by himself."

Thoreau died in May, 1862, and in August of that year Mr. Emerson printed in this magazine the eulogy and biographical sketch read by him at his friend's funeral. This seeming incomplete, Mr. Channing began in 1863 the memoir now published, and printed some portions of it in 1864, in the Boston Commonwealth. Less than a third part of the present volume, however, has been seen in print before; and a great deal of it is drawn either from Thoreau's unpublished journals, or from note-books of walks and talks which the two friends took together across the fields and by the brooksides they were never tired of perambulating. No man ever walked so many miles with Thoreau, or sailed so far with him in his boat, as Mr. Channing did; none was more familiarly his friend, or knew better the character and genius of the man whom he so aptly calls "the poet-naturalist." There is then a peculiar fitness in a biography of Thoreau by Channing, enriched as this book is by numberless quotations, not only from Thoreau's own writings, but from his favorite authors, and from the manuscripts of his companions. We seem to detect along the pages verses of Emerson's hitherto unprinted, as well as passages from Mr. Channing's unpublished poetry, and other poems of his, collected from the oblivions corners of newspapers. Were there only a little more method in arranging the work, and a great deal more clearness of style, the merit of the volume would be thrice what it now is, and more than that of any recent literary biography. Even in its present crude condition, it is a mine of rich matter, and, in parts, of exquisite beauty and inimitable native force.

Thoreau was born in 1817; began to write and publish when he was twenty years old; was a contributor to the Dial in 1840–44, and to other magazines for a few years after; went to live at Walden in 1847, and left his hut there when he had published his first volume in 1849, returning to the village of Concord and to his father's house. Here he wrote his next book, "Walden," which came out in 1854, and has been more extensively read than any other of his volumes. He published no other books during his life-time, but contributed to the magazines from 1852 to 1862. After his death these papers and others, including a few of his letters and poems, were edited by Miss Thoreau, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Emerson, in five volumes, which appeared successively from 1863 to 1866. Since then nothing has been published of Thoreau's, until now these passages, making perhaps half of Mr. Channing's memorial volume.

There is much similarity between his style and Mr. Channing's. Both are humorists, and carry their humor into verbal excesses, — puns, quips, and obscurities, which often puzzle the plain-minded reader. Of the two, Thoreau is the less obscure, so that there is force in a complaint we have heard that this book translates Thoreau into an alsatian dialect than his own, which was needless. It is by no means smooth and easy reading, either in its prose or verse. Like Montaigne and Burton, it requires to be read sparingly, and with much thought and meditation. But its peculiarities give it piquancy, and from its very unlikeness to other books, a position of distinction is at once conferred upon it. Its absolute value as a biography is considerable, though it fails to give in a connected way the chief events in Thoreau's life. It abounds in anecdotes and in good sayings of his, which sound like quotations from Plutarch sometimes, sometimes like the inconsequent utterances of Jean Paul. It is overloaded with verses, some of them very hard to read and of no pertinence to the place where they occur. Its rhetoric and syntax are eccentric, and it occasionally becomes tiresome. Nevertheless, it sets forth, as has never been done before, the true nature and paradoxical composition of Thoreau, who has been much misunderstood by admirers as well as by those averse to him. Mr. Channing dwells with warm affection, and yet with discrimination, on one of his noblest traits, his constancy in friendship. "Those who loved him never had the least reason to regret it. He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weather-cock with each shift of a friend's fortune, nor like those who bury their early friendships in order to make room for fresh corpses." To the same effect are those lines with which he closes his dedication, and which were the close, with slight variations, of an earlier volume of Mr. Channing's, printed during Thoreau's life-time. We quote them as they then stood (the earlier form is better, to our thinking), because they furnish a portrait of Thoreau quite different from that which has generally been given of him.

"So Henry lived,
Considerate to his kind. His love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
But with a mellow goodness like the sun,
He shone o'er mortal hearts and brought their buds
To blossoms, thence to fruits and seed.
Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, and they were good,
Even though they knew not whence it came,
Or once suspected that from Henry's heart,
That warm o'er-circling heart, their impulse flowed."

CONCORD AUTHORS.

At the regular meeting of the Historic-Genealogical Society, held, yesterday afternoon, A. Bronson Alcott delivered a very interesting lecture on Concord authors, giving some highly entertaining personal reminiscences and incidents in the lives of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing. Emerson, he said, was naturally the central figure in the group, as well in virtue of his genius and culture as of his genealogy. He descends from some of the best blood in New England, and from a pious, devout race, a race of ministers. Whatever may be said of his opinions, there are two things which must be accorded to him, and that is, great power of perception and thorough Puritanism. Mr. Alcott then sketched the early life of his hero, his education and subsequent entry into the ministry. His differences with his flock and his trip to Europe were also lightly touched, with a complimentary reference to his manliness in openly expressing his convictions, even at the risk of losing his pulpit.

When he returned from Europe, he had his mind made up to leave the ministry, for he believed that the desk and the study room were more congenial to his tastes than the pulpit. He began to write, and after some careful and earnest study and enquiry, his first book came to life, entitled "Nature." He then turned his thoughts towards the platform, and this was before the Lyceum system had been inaugurated, and several lectures were delivered in Boston to critical audiences. Here his great powers of ratiocination first made themselves felt, and began to exercise that influence on thought which they afterwards possessed. His was no club logic, his method was to persuade and not to drive men's minds to conviction. He never answered criticism, however adverse or unjust; he said that if his opinions did not become popular, or have the desired effect, at once, he could wait, and no explanation from him would be of any service. He was no propagandist, and never went out of his way one step to make a convert to his opinions. After the publication of his first book, he subsequently sent forth from the press a series of essays on various subjects, which had been previously read on the platform and submitted to the judgment of the public. A volume of of poems appeared at a later day, but they were never received with much favor, for Emerson's true poetry does not recite in verse, it can be found only in his prose.

To him, more than to any other American, we are indebted for the elevation of the Lyceum, which, today in Boston, is the great platform of thought, and the most effectual means of disseminating knowledge. Mr. Alcott then gave a brief outline of the system of writing adopted by Mr. Emerson. He never sits down and thinks out an essay, and then commit it to paper, as some people imagine; he makes a collection of his thoughts, from whatever source gathered—whether from nature, from conversation or from dreams—and having arranged them on separate slips of paper, he establishes a connection between them, and this is his essay. Each thought is as a separate star, and it shines by itself, and if we do not discover logical sequence we must not be disappointed, for the author did not intend his essays should contain such an element.

Mr. Alcott then passed on to consider the life and character of Hawthorne, who, he said, was very unlike Emerson. He was one of the darker types of character; there was more shade than sunshine in his thoughts. Yet no American ever wore so superb a head as Nathaniel Hawthorne. The speaker gave a brief sketch of Hawthorne's early life, his education and his habits. His first contribution to the literary world was "Twice Told Tales," but what gave him a general introduction to the reading public was his "Scarlet Letter." From his biography of President Pierce he derived a good deal of obloquy, not on account of its literary merits, which were above cavil, but on account of certain political opinions which were considered heretical at the time. Referring to his latitude and disposition, Mr. Alcott said that he was as timid as a girl, never visited his neighbors, and was never "at home."

Of Henry Thoreau he said that there never was but one of his kind, and there never would be another. From his early youth he was self-reliant, and had opinions of his own, which he never failed to express if an opportunity for so doing presented itself. He was eccentric, and, when a young man, was sized with the spirit of individualism which prevailed so extensively in social life in his time. He built a hut in the outskirts of the town, and lived for a whole year there at an expense of $[illegible]. He was taxed for $150, and

Boston Daily Globe, February, 1874.

on refusing to pay that he was put into prison, where he made himself perfectly at home, and, when he was liberated, he left with the greatest reluctance. He wrote a History of this episode in his life, besides a book called "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and in both these and several smaller papers he showed a power of thought and conception rarely possessed by an American writer.

William Ellery Channing also received a fitting tribute, the speaker giving him the epithet of a remarkable man.

At the close of his address, the thanks of the society were voted to Mr. Alcott for his services. Mr. John Ward Dean, the librarian, then read his report, from which it appeared that during the month there had been added to the library fourteen volumes, 173 pamphlets, three manuscripts two maps, one engraving, seven newspapers and one file of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE for 1873. Benjamin B. Davis presented two albums for preserving the photographs of members. The Hon. T. C. Amory received from the Numismatic and Archæological Society two medals, one of copper and the other of gold, bearing the names of both societies and the date of presentation, which he formally tendered to the association, and resolutions of thanks to the donors were passed. The secretary then read a communication from W. H. Whitmore, Esq., offering a means of simplifying the present method of designating relationship from one generation to another. The communication was referred to the following committee for their consideration: the Rev. Mr. Slater, the Hon. T. C. Amory and W. S. Appleton. The meeting then adjourned.

The *Independent* essays to indicate the religious bias of our prominent authors, saying they "can hardly help putting some little" of it into their writings. The following classification it thinks accurate: Bryant is a Unitarian, and one of the vice-presidents of the American Unitarian Association, and a similar office is also held by George William Curtis, who occasionally reads sermons in the church of that denomination on Staten Island. Dr. Holmes is likewise a Unitarian of a somewhat earnest type; and other believers in the same faith are John Gorham Palfrey, the historian, who was once a clergyman; Francis Parkman, Senator Sumner, Motley, Bancroft, Whipple, Howells, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Spofford, Bret Harte, J. T. Trowbridge, and Mr. Godkin of *The Nation*. James Freeman Clarke and Edward E. Hale are almost as well known as clergymen as men of letters. Longfellow and Lowell are Unitarians of a conservative type. With that body is also to be associated, probably, Bayard Taylor. Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain are Congregationalists, attending the same church in Hartford; and other Congregationalists are Dr Holland, Lucy Larcom, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Gail Hamilton, Horace E. Scudder, and Wendell Phillips, who used to attend the Old South, Boston, which sanctuary he still frequents, we suppose, for postal purposes. Higginson, Parton and Cranch are Free Religionists, Col. Higginson having once been a Unitarian minister, and Mr. Cranch being a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School. Emerson and A. Bronson Alcott are, of course, Transcendentalists, and Miss L. M. Alcott's sympathies are also with this school. Epes Sargent and Robert Dale Owen are Spiritualists; Edward Eggleston is a Methodist and a doctor of divinity; Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney is a Swedenborgian; John Boyle O'Reilly is a Roman Catholic; and the Episcopalians are represented by R. H. Dana, Jr., John Hay, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Whittier is a Quaker of liberal tendencies, although he does not, we believe, call himself a Hicksite. The *Independent* adds: "The facts given are sufficient to prove conclusively that in pure literature the little handful of Unitarians and radical thinkers quite outweigh all the other religious bodies put together. The explanation is to be found, we suppose, in the fact that Harvard College belongs to the Unitarians; and Harvard College, while Professor Channing occupied the chair of rhetoric, produced a literary impression on its pupils that is memorable in the history of education. This is certain, that Unitarianism has for thirty years had almost exclusive control of our literature. In learning the supremacy passes easily over to the Congregationalists, whose colleges take a higher rank in scholarship than those of any other denomination."

Feb., 1874

Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has sent the following letter to the committee formed to promote his election as lord rector of Glasgow University, and it was given to the public through the columns of the Glasgow Herald of April 7:

CONCORD, MASS., March 18, 1874.

Gentlemen—I received a few days since your letter of the 17th of February, inviting me to allow my name to be proposed as one of the candidates for the lord-rectorship of the University of Glasgow. I confess to a surprise that reached almost to incredulity, which the careful reading of your letter changed into a respect and gratitude to the kind and noble feeling with which you and the young gentlemen whom you represent have honored me. Dr. Stirling's letter, which came to me with yours, added its confirmation and the friendliest details to your own.

At first I thought the proposition so novel, and so unlikely to be sustained by the whole body of the matriculated students, that I must not think of it as other than a kindest compliment of a few friends, and very precious to me as such, but only to be respectfully declined. On thinking it over, I find it is for you, and not for me, to judge of the probabilities of the election, and that you, and not I, must decide whether these are such as to justify you in actually proposing my name to the electors. If you persist, you are at liberty to propose my name, and, if elected, I shall certainly endeavor to meet your wishes and those of the university as to the time and the duties which the office shall require. With this letter I shall send to Boston my affirmative reply by the ocean telegraph, as requested by Dr. Stirling.

Yours, with very kind regards,

R. W. EMERSON.

Boston Daily Advertiser,
April, 1874.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was nominated by the Independent Club for the office of lord rector of Glasgow University, in opposition to Mr. Disraeli, has sent the following letter to Dr. J. Hutchison Stirling, the honorary president of the club:

CONCORD, 5th January, 1875.

My Dear Dr. Stirling—I cannot forgive myself for my tardiness in telling you how deeply I have felt your interest and care in my behalf at Glasgow. * * * Yet I was, and am, deeply sensible of your heroic generosity in the care of my interest in the late election. I could never, from the first to the last act in the affair, bring myself to believe that the brave nomination of the independents would succeed, and could hardly trust the truth of the telegrams which at last brought me so dignified a result as 500 voters in our behalf. I count that vote as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me, and I cannot but feel deeply grateful to my young friends in the university, and to yourself, who have been their counsellor, and my too partial advocate. Of course such an approach to success gave me lively thoughts of what could have been attempted, and at least approached in meeting and dealing with the university, if my friends had succeeded; but I hope the stimulus they have given me will not be wholly lost. Probably I have never seen one of these 500 young men, and thus they show us that our recorded thoughts give the means of reaching those who think with us in other countries, and make closer alliances sometimes than life-long neighborhood. To be sure the truth is hackneyed, but it never came to me in so palpable a form. It is easy to me to gather from your letters, and from those of Mr. Herkless, and from the printed papers, how generously you have espoused and aided my champions, and it only adds one more to the many deep debts which I owe to you. I never lose the hope that you will come to us at no distant day and be our king in philosophy.

With affectionate regards,
R. WALDO EMERSON.
Mr. J. Hutchison Stirling, LL.D.

Our Club
Will meet at
The New England Woman's Club Rooms,
No. 3 TREMONT PLACE.
ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, AT 8 P. M.
DISCOURSE BY R. W. EMERSON.
Boston, May, 1874.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

WHAT HAPPENED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The First Battles of the Revolution, and their Coming Celebrations.

The coming centennials at Concord and Lexington will celebrate events well enough known in their general character, but still forgotten or misunderstood in many of their details, as is natural with deeds done a hundred years ago. Montesquieu called history "a fable con-'sented to," (une fable convenue.) There has been no unanimous consent to the chronicle of April 19, 1775, and so the towns of Concord and Lexington have been quarreling over some of the details ever since 1825, when Squire Hoar informed Lafayette in a public address, (as the story goes) that the first *forcible* resistance to British aggression was made in his own town of Concord. Major Phinney of Lexington took umbrage at this word "forcible," and wrote a "History of the Battle of Lexington," in 1825, to prove that Lexington men made a "forcible" resistance, and shed British blood some hours before the Concord farmers, reinforced by their neighbors from Acton, Bedford, and Lincoln, drove back the red-coats from the Old North bridge. The gauntlet thus thrown down by Lexington was taken up by Concord without delay, and old Dr Ripley, the Concord minister, in his town newspaper, (the Yeoman's Gazette) wrote a "History of the Fight at Concord" in reply to Major Phinney. Dr Ripley maintained that "the *first* regular and forcible resistance to 'the invading British soldiers was made at 'Concord North bridge;—that *there* the fire of the 'British was *first* returned by the Americans;—'that *there* the *first British* blood was shed; and, 'of course, that *there* commenced the war that 'terminated in the Independence of the United 'States." And, with charming naïveté, Dr Ripley added, "We had no idea that any persons 'ever would or could *seriously* entertain a differ-'ent opinion." It is plain that the good doctor had not calculated the trajectory of a grandson, much less that of a great-grandson; had he lived to this day and read Mr Bancroft's controversies with these pugnacious classes of our population, he would have got new light about differences of opinion. He had read from his hymn-book a thousand times,—

"Let children learn the mighty deeds
That *God* performed of old,"

but in the next generation this hymn was understood to read,—

"Let people learn the mighty deeds
Grandpa performed of old,"—

and now that another generation has come forward, the verse stands,—

"If you dare doubt the mighty deeds
My *great-grandsire* achieved
You are a slanderer, a rogue,
Not fit to be believed."

Mr Bancroft has fallen upon these later generations,—or, rather, they have fallen upon him, and are bringing his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. But when two sets of great-grandchildren get by the ears, as in the case of Concord and Lexington, which of us can presume to act as umpire, *tantos componere lites*? The thirdsman in such contests gets the "redding-'stroke" (as the Scotch say,) from both sides, and falls, crying, like poor Mercutio, "A plague o' 'both your houses." All that the calm historian can do, probably, is to stand off, like old Anchises, and sigh out,—

Ille autem, paribus quæ fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ nunc, et dum nocte premuntur,
Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt!
Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires!

"That soul of Concord, peaceful while it sleeps,
No sooner through one opening eyelid peeps
Than, all agog for battle and for blows,
She pulls presuming rivals by the nose.

'Ah great-great-grandson' don't make such a muss,
Nor turn your stout forefathers loose on us!
Let Lexington alone! she won't hurt you.
Why whet your gran'ther's sword to run your neighbors through?"

Meanwhile, the local historians at Concord and Lexington are writing their chronicles to suit themselves, and making more doubtful what was obscure enough before. Each town magnifies its own exploits, its own heroes, and calls its own plea the verdict of history. As Virgil said, anticipating the dispute,—

Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ,

"What thrifty Concord on her spindle spun,
For annals of the ages past shall run,—
Who dares dispute what Nathan told his son?"

Wo to that infidel who cannot or will not accept the story that is current in his town! he is like a Giaour among the faithful Moslem; like an Israelite who cannot pronounce the shibboleth. If he ventures to hint that both towns are right and both are wrong, then he becomes obnoxious to both. Yet the truth of history, as usual, lies between the two extremes. The war *did* begin at Lexington, but with a *retreat* and not a battle; the first *effectual* resistance to the British was made by an armed force at Concord, and the men who [illegible] were the yeomanry of three or four towns—Acton, Bedford, Carlisle, Lincoln, Concord,—but all belonging to the original limits of Concord, and all led by a Concord officer. The small force of the Acton men pungently expresses the mixed character of the day's events, even before the whole of Middlesex and a part of Essex joined in the chase of the routed red-coats,—"The battle of Lexington—Concord furnished the field 'and Acton the men."

In 1775, the whole of Middlesex county had scarcely more than 40,000 inhabitants, less than now live in Cambridge or Lowell. There were 17 towns in the county, of which Sudbury, Reading and Concord had the largest population,—2160 living in Sudbury, 1954 in Reading and 1927 in Concord, which then included Carlisle. Cambridge, at that time, had but 1500 people, and Marlboro but 1554. Lexington had scarcely more than 1000, and the six other towns that began the pursuit of the British—Acton, Bedford, Concord, Lincoln, Stow and Sudbury—had in all but 7000 inhabitants. A population of about 8000, scattered over 70 or 80 square miles, with Concord for its center and rallying-point, sent out the thousand farmers that met and defeated the thousand soldiers of the British army who inconsiderately began the eight years' war. It was a brilliant deed, possible only to men of high courage and prompt action,—and the success at Lexington was as much a part of the ex-

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plot as was the skirmish at Concord bridge. It has passed into the world's history as the "battle" of Lexington, though sometimes and more properly called "Concord Fight." The expedition was sent out by Gage to seize the provincial supplies and war material at Concord,—foiled in this, it was then resisted by the Concord militia and minute-men,—and finally was forced to retreat through Lexington to Boston. The distance marched by the British, that day, was about 40 miles; it was their first and last expedition into the interior, and was at once followed by the siege of Boston, in which Washington took part, ten weeks later.

Everybody knows how Paul Revere rode out from Charlestown on the night of April 18, 1775, to warn the Middlesex towns of the approaching enemy. He had left Boston on a ferry-boat about 10 o'clock, while the British troops were crossing to Cambridge, and, by the time they had fairly left that town, Revere, a little after midnight, was at Lexington, where he gave the alarm to Sam Adams and John Hancock, as well as to Capt John Parker and his minute-men. Revere was joined in Lexington by William Dawes, who had ridden out from Roxbury, alarming the country in that direction, and by Dr Samuel Prescott of Concord. They rode on, half-way from Lexington to Concord, when they were intercepted by British scouts, and only Prescott succeeded in making his way through to Concord, where, before 2 o'clock in the morning of the 19th, he set the bell ringing in the parish belfry, and called out the people, who rallied as they had rallied in Lexington, but in larger numbers. At the head of the Lexington men was Capt John Parker, grandfather of Theodore Parker, and among the foremost in Concord was Rev William Emerson, the parish minister, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The minister came, says Bancroft, "with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls, slung over his shoulder." His parishioners, says his grandson, "snatched down their rusty firelocks from the kitchen walls, to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Those poor farmers who came up, that day, to defend their native soil, acted from the simplest instincts. They did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory; they never dreamed their children would contend who had done the most. And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God. Capt Charles Miles, who was wounded in the pursuit of the enemy, told my venerable friend (Dr Ripley) that he went to the services of that day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he carried to church." It was the same with the people of Lexington. Theodore Parker has thus described what took place there:—

The war of Revolution began at Lexington, to end at Yorktown; its first battle was on the 19th of April. That raw morning, a little after daybreak, a tall man with a large forehead under a three-cornered hat (John Parker) drew up his company of 70 men on the Lexington green,—farmers and mechanics like himself; only one is left now (1852), the boy who "played" the men to the spot. They were led into line to wait for the Regulars. The captain ordered every man to "load his piece with powder and ball." "Don't fire" were his words, "unless fired upon; *but, if they want a war, let it begin here.*" The Regulars came on. Some Americans offered to run away from their posts. Their captain said, "I will order the first man shot dead that leaves his place." The English commander cried out, "Disperse! you rebels; lay down your arms and disperse!" Not a man stirred. "Disperse, you damned rebels!" shouted he again. Not a man stirred. He ordered the vanguard to fire; they did so, but over the heads of our fathers. Then the whole main body leveled their pieces, and there was need of ten new graves in Lexington. A few Americans returned the shot. British blood stained the early grass, which "waved with the wind." "Disperse and take care of yourselves!" was the captain's last command. And after the British fired their third round, there lay the dead, and there stood the soldiers; there was a battle-field between England and America, never to be forgot, never to be covered over. The "mother country" of the morning was the "enemy" at sunrise. "Oh what a glorious morning is this!" said Samuel Adams.

In his interview with the fifer boy (Jonathan Harrington) in 1845, Theodore Parker had asked him "how he felt as he marched on to the spot" with the Lexington men in 1775. Harrington said "he felt well enough then; but when they saw the regulars march up he felt kind o' queer. Some offered to run away, but Capt Parker drew his sword and said he would run through the first man that offered to run. Capt P. looked as if he would face anything, and so he could." This is the general testimony about John Parker. His brother Jonas was one of the killed. As Bancroft tells the story:—

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum-beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so fell the aged Robert Monroe, the same who, in 1758, had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house, on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. In the disparity of numbers the common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th light infantry was touched slightly on the leg.

The British drew up on the green, fired a volley and huzzaed thrice by way of triumph, and, after a halt of less than half an hour, pushed on toward Concord, the real object of their march. They reached the village about 7 o'clock in the morning,—the outposts of the Concord militia retreating before them. Hawthorne in "Septimius Felton" has described how they entered the village,—marching up past the very house on the hill-side where Hawthorne afterward lived, and halting at last in the public square, before the meeting-house and the tavern, opposite which stood the liberty-pole. From midnight till 8 o'clock Col James Barrett, commander of the militia and keeper of the stores and supplies, had been removing the latter to places of concealment. His own house was on the Acton road, nearly two miles from the village, and a party of British soldiers instantly went thither. Another party guarded the North bridge, close by Mr Emerson's parsonage-house, now known as the Old Manse, and a third party guarded the South bridge near where the Fitchburg railroad now crosses the river. The rest of the British searched for the stores about the village, then only a third part as large as now. The militia, in the mean time, had fallen back to a hill a mile distant from the meeting-house, now called by its Indian name of Punkatasset, where they waited for reinforcements, which came in rapidly. According to Dr Ripley,—

Armed men from adjacent towns hurried to this place of general rendezvous. A considerable number of the minute and militia companies of Bedford were seasonably on the ground. Numbers from Carlisle, Chelmsford, Westford, Littleton and Acton augmented the military force. A company from Westford (ten miles off) had just entered the bounds of Concord when the fight took place. But individuals of that town were present and engaged in the battle, among whom was the brave Col Robinson. A company from Sudbury, commanded by Capt Nixon, afterward a general in the Continental army, were stopped about half a mile from the South bridge by a messenger, Mr Stephen Barrett, son of the colonel, and informed that the bridge was taken up and guarded by the British, and that they must march round to the North bridge, (three miles further). In this route they had to pass by Col Barrett's, where the British were then actually destroying public property. It is highly probable that they meant to take the colonel and carry him a prisoner to Boston; for he was known by Gov Gage and the royal party to be a public officer, and an influential character in the cause of liberty.

And here comes in a bit of romance such as novelists delight in, but which they have not yet used, we believe. Col Barrett had a pretty granddaughter, Melicent, who had been employed, with other young ladies of Concord, the preceding winter, in making cartridges and preparing other military material for the expected war. The previous year, 1774, Dr Warren of the provincial "committee of supplies" had sent his

nephew Joseph Swayne to Concord, to make arrangements with Col Barrett for manufacturing guns, cartridges, etc., and in these visits, which were frequent, the young man often saw and talked with Miss Melicent. On one occasion he pretended to be a tory, as some of her townspeople (Lees, Blisses, etc.) were, and asked her "what the Concord men would do for ammuni'tion when the red-coats came up to fight them, 'seeing that they had no cartridges?" She answered, "They will use their powder-horns and 'bullets, as they do when they shoot bears." "That would be too barbarous," said young Swayne, and, borrowing Miss Melicent's scissors he showed her how to cut and fold cartridge paper and fill it with powder and ball. She took the hint, and, with the aid of her companions, made many hundred cartridges during the winter, and the veritable scissors with which she cut the paper will be exhibited at the centennial, along with an anvil upon which the gun-barrels were made. After the battle of Concord,—perhaps after the war,—Joseph Swayne came to Concord again, and married Melicent Barrett, whose cartridges were no doubt used by the Americans at the North bridge, that day. Her father gave the order to march forward, as he had given the previous one to retreat,—but the troops were led in the march by the major of the minute-men, John Buttrick, whose house stood within a long gunshot of the bridge.

As the reinforced militia, now three or four hundred strong, marched down from Ponkawtasset toward the bridge, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, they met at the fork of the road, near Major Buttrick's house, with the company of minute-men from Acton, commanded by Capt Isaac Davis. This company, with one of the four Concord companies, commanded by David Brown, took the lead,—the others were formed in support of them by the acting adjutant, Joseph Hosmer, grandfather of Rev Dr George W. Hosmer. Major Buttrick and Col Robinson of Prescott's regiment marched abreast of Capt Davis in the van, and as the British at the bridge offered to take up the planks, Buttrick ordered them to desist, and gave his men a quicker step, marching as he did, on foot. The British then fired a few random shots, which did no harm,—next, a single shot from them wounded the Acton fifer, Luther Blanchard, and then came the volley from the British front rank, which killed Capt Davis and Abner Hosmer, son of the Acton deacon. As the British fired, William Emerson, the minister, who was looking on from his chamber window, twenty rods in the rear of the British, was for a moment uneasy lest the volley should not be returned. "These orders" (of Col Barrett, not to fire unless fired upon), wrote Emerson in his diary, "were so punctually observed that we 'received the fire of the enemy in three several 'and separate discharges of their pieces before it 'was returned by our commanding officer; the 'firing then soon became general for several min'utes." On seeing his comrades fall, Major Buttrick, who carried a musket, leaped from the ground with excitement, and, turning half way toward his men, shouted, "Fire, fel'low-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" discharging his own piece at the same moment. No sooner were the words uttered than the order was obeyed. The cry "Fire! fire, fire!" ran like lightning through the whole line of Americans; two of the British were killed and several wounded; the rest ran away, hotly pursued for a few minutes by the Americans, who immediately crossed the bridge. But, as if astonished at their own success, they soon halted; they made no attempt to cut off the companies in their rear, at Col Barrett's, nor did they attack the main body of the British under Col Smith until two hours later. Instead of this, they scattered about, removing the dead and wounded, taking breakfast and watching the movements of the British parties. One of these returning from Col Barrett's house, a mile or two west of the river, passed over the bridge and saw their countrymen lying dead where they had been shot by the Americans. They saw also the body of the wounded British soldier, whose head had been cloven with a hatchet by a lad at whom he thrust with his bayonet as he lay wounded there. This was the origin of the statement by Gage and Lord Percy that "the rebels scalped and cut 'off the ears of some of the wounded who fell in'to their hands." In Gage's letter to Gov Trumbull, dated April 29, he says that Capt Parsons observed three British soldiers on the ground, "one of them scalped, (his head much mangled, 'and his ears cut off), though not quite dead; a 'sight which struck the soldiers with horror." The lad who struck the blow lived at the parsonage, and afterward died at Acton. His name has been designedly forgotten. Rev William Emerson, who saw this party return and cross the bridge, declared that when they beheld their fellow-soldiers dead, near the bridge, "they appear'ed to be very much alarmed, and ran with great 'speed" past his parsonage and eastward into the village. The fight took place half a mile west of the village, the Americans marching down on the west bank of Concord river, from a hillock, over a causeway, and the British standing on the east bank, in the highway which curved round the parsonage field and orchard, so charmingly described by Hawthorne, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

A little after noon, the British colonel, having called in all his detachments, began his retreat toward Boston by the same road he had come, and pursued by the Americans. About a mile east of Concord village, near the fork of the road that leads to Bedford, he was met by fresh companies of minute-men from Reading and Billerica, and from East Sudbury (now Wayland), and a sharp fight ensued, where several of the British were killed. On the high land in Lincoln, a mile or two farther east, a still sharper skirmish occurred. Just after they crossed the line between Lincoln and Lexington, they were met by Capt Parker's company again—this time in the woods—and here Pitcairn was wounded and lost his horse, which was taken to Concord and sold at auction with the holsters and pistols. Capt Nathan Barrett bought the pistols and afterward offered them to Gen Washington, who did not accept the gift, as some of his successors would have done. They were then given to Gen Putnam, after Pitcairn's death at Bunker hill.

Major Pitcairn was the officer who had given the order to fire on the Americans at Lexington in the morning. At Concord, before noon, he had called for a glass of brandy and water at Wright's tavern, (still standing near the meeting-house), and, according to the doubtful tradition, while "stirring it with his bloody finger," said he hoped he should "stir the d—d Yankee blood so, 'before night." But, according to Gage's letter to Trumbull, Pitcairn had taken "all possible 'pains to convince the inhabitants that no injury 'was intended them, and that, if they opened 'their doors when required, to search for said 'stores, not the slightest mischief should be done." And Gage adds, with an amusing air of injured innocence, "Neither had any of the people the 'least occasion to complain; but they were sulky, 'and one of them even struck Major Pitcairn." It does not seem, however, that the soldiers behaved very badly, all things considered; only upon their way back, being harassed so fiercely by the Americans, they burned, pillaged and bayoneted more than the Golden rule would have required.

Upon reaching the village at Lexington, or a little to the east of it, the fugitive British were met by Lord Percy with fresh troops and cannon, at the discharge of which the militia were panic-struck for a short time, but soon returned to the attack, which was kept up till nightfall, when the fugitives reached Charlestown, under the guns of the British men-of-war. During the day, the 2000 British troops engaged, including Percy's brigade, lost 271 men, of whom 18 were officers; 173 were killed, 174 wounded and 26 missing. The 1500 or 2000 Americans engaged lost 90 men only, of whom 49 were killed; among these killed were two captains, and three or four captains were also wounded. But of the Americans engaged there were never more than 500 attacking the British at once, nor were these under the command of any general officer, or maneuvered with any strictness of discipline. What little show of discipline there was on the American side was chiefly at the skirmish for the possession of the bridge, and the most important movement of the day was that in which

Buttrick and his men marched down from Punkawtasset hill to rescue the village of Concord from destruction, and, on their way, encountered the British by the river bank. It is this march and skirmish which Concord is to celebrate,—while Lexington celebrates the slaughter on its village green in the morning, and the victorious pursuit of the red-coats toward Boston in the afternoon. The quarrel between the towns is chiefly about the amount of resistance made at Lexington in the morning. There can be no doubt that the resistance at Concord was both forcible and effectual. It put an end to Gage's hopes of governing Massachusetts by force, and it made even Boston unsafe for him. But, instead of quarreling, the two towns ought to accept the toast given by the president of the Concord celebration in 1825,—Rufus Hosmer, a son of the adjutant who formed the American line, a hundred years ago,—"Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill; cohelrs to the early glories of the Revolution; the patrimony is equal to all claims."

The Concord celebration will be more fortunate than that of Lexington, in the number of orators and poets who will take part. Mr Emerson, who is to make the dedicatory speech as the statue is unveiled, is a Concord man by ancestry and long residence. Mr Curtis, the orator of the day, resided in Concord for a few years in his youth, and Prof Lowell, who is to read a poem, was also a sojourner there while a student in college. Judge Hoar, as president of the day, has naturally called to his aid his friends Longfellow and Holmes, and other celebrated persons, who will be present by proxy if not in person. Thousands will come to hear what is said and to see what is done,—

"Upon the river bank
Whither the angry farmers came,
In sloven dress and broken rank,
Nor thought of fame.
Their deed of blood
All mankind praise;
Even the serene Reason says,
It was well done.
The wise and simple have one glance
To greet yon stern headstone,
Which more of pride than pity gave
To mark the Briton's friendless grave.
Yet it was a stately tomb;
The grand return
Of eve and morn,
The year's fresh bloom,
The silver cloud,
Migh: grace the dust that is most proud.
* * * * * * * * *
And these loved banks, whose oak-boughs nold
Root in the blood of heroes old."

The "Minute-Man."—This bronze statue at Concord is the work of Daniel Chester French, who has resided at Concord about eight years with his father, Judge Henry F. French, and who is now in Florence pursuing his studies with Mr. Thomas Ball, the eminent sculptor, author of the equestrian statue of Washington in the public garden in this city. Mr. French was born at Exeter, N. H., April 20, 1850, and completed his twenty-fifth year on the very day of the inauguration of his first great work. He manifested no very decided taste for sculpture until he was eighteen or nineteen years old, when he was induced to try his hand at a bust of his father, in which he was quite successful for a beginner. He had then had no instruction whatever in drawing or modelling, except in mechanical drawing at the Institute of Technology. With a paper-folder and a pair of tweezers, and a few sticks shaped with his knife, with some kind aid from Miss May Alcott, he finished the bust. This was in 1869, and during the same year he made several *bas reliefs* of young ladies of his own household, and on a visit to his brother in Chicago he received his first money order for a medallion head of a lady there. On his return J. Q. A. Ward, the eminent sculptor of New York, received him as a pupil in his studio for one month, in the spring of 1870, and has ever since shown him marks of friendship. Soon after, Mr. French modelled the bust of the late Lieut.-Gov. Brown of Concord, a copy of which is now in the free public library there. He executed about this time several small groups of birds and animals, the first of which, "The Owls in Love," has had a great sale in plaster and Parian. He has also published two illustrations of Dickens, "Dolly Varden and Joe Willet," and "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness." They have been sold in Parian, but are too expensive to have a great sale. He had executed several other portrait busts and a *bas relief* of Dr. Holmes's "Elsie Venner," which he cut in marble with his own hand for practice. This has never been exhibited in public, and is hardly finished. Mr. French took lessons in the winters of 1871 and 1872 of Dr. Rimmer, of Boston, in drawing and modelling.

There had long been an idea at Concord that a monument should be erected on the west side of the river, on the exact spot where the Americans were killed in the fight of April 19, 1775, and Mr. Ebenezer Hubbard, in his life, had placed in trust $600 for building a bridge in place of the "Old North Bridge." Mr. George Keyes suggested to young French as early as 1872 to make a model of a figure of a minute-man for the proposed statue. The young artist, then but twenty-two, designed and executed, in an outbuilding at his home in Concord, a model of a minute-man and cast it in plaster himself, using his own figure mostly for his model. This, when completed, was not satisfactory to himself, and, having opened a studio in Boston, he proceeded to design that which he has now executed in heroic size. Mr. Hubbard died and left to the town of Concord $1000, on condition that they would erect a monument on the west side of the river. At a town-meeting in the spring of 1873 the town accepted the legacy and appointed a committee to consider the subject and report at the town-meeting on the next autumn, which they did in a printed pamphlet circulated throughout the town in advance of the meeting. They recommended that the figure of a minute-man should constitute the main feature of the proposed monument. They had requested Mr. French to be present at the meeting, and the small model in plaster was exhibited in the town-hall. Then occurred a long discussion upon the question of the material of which the figure should be made, whether granite or bronze. When it is suggested that R. W. Emerson, Judge Hoar, Mr. Wheildon and Mr. Reynolds took part in the discussion, it will not be doubted that a Concord town-meeting was competent to consider this question. Finally, the opinion of the artist was asked, and he decided the question in few words by saying that the figure could not be cut in granite or marble without so modifying it as to take out of it much of its life and action, and so it was voted to have it produced in metal.

The committee had previously talked with Mr. French about the terms of compensation for his work. At this meeting a letter from him was read, proposing to model the figure of heroic size, seven feet three inches high, and deliver it to the town without any contract, and when set up, if the town should make him any compensation he should gratefully accept it, and if not he would endeavor to be content. The proposition was received with loud applause and unanimously accepted. The committee immediately gave him the order, and the statue was begun about December, 1873, in his studio in Boston. He worked incessantly upon it till it was completed in September, 1874, and accepted by the committee as satisfactory. Having had little instruction, Mr. French went to work in his own way upon the clay model, hoping to improve on the small original. He modelled the figure first entirely nude, selecting living models for each portion as he could find them in Boston. One fine figure for the legs he found on the stage in one of the theaters. In a marble shop he observed a workman who had about the right form of arms and throat. These men he paid for standing in his studio as models for such parts as pleased him. Then he procured clothes actually worn in 1775; the powder-horn was worn by Hayward of Acton, killed in the Concord fight; a king's-arm used in the battle; and proceeded to drape and adorn his figure as we now see it. He even had a pocket put into the old waistcoat, and weighted it with musket-balls to get the right hang of the garment. In this way he completed his figure, delivered it to the town, and went abroad in October for a year or more study in Italy. Congress, in the two houses respectively, on the 18th and 20th of April, 1874—the 19th, the anniversary of the fight, being Sunday—voted to present the town of Concord bronze cannon, of which to cast the statue. It was put into bronze by the Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee, and is claimed by its managers to be the best piece of bronze work ever cast at their foundry.

April, 1875

THE MINUTE-MAN OF CONCORD.

The bronze statue of the minute-man, now completed at the Ames works in Chicopee, and destined to mark forever the spot

> Where once th' embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world,

will be readily accepted as a worthy example of American sculpture, and might even stand for the ideal embodiment of the genius of the Revolution. Mr French, one of the youngest and freshest of our sculptors, and whose first ambitious work this statue is, ought to be at home to see it unveiled before his townsmen and the inheritors of the minute-man's great legacy; for on that occasion he could not fail to gain what he merits—the people's honest praise and recognition of his genius.

The statue is of course of heroic measure; somewhat more than seven feet in hight, generously proportioned, and is to be elevated upon a fine pedestal of granite. It represents a young man turning at the hurrying call of the messenger from his labors in the field, and instantly ready for duty. His left hand rests a moment on a handle of his abandoned plow, across whose upper brace his coat is flung; his right hand grasps the old flint-lock musket, he rests on his left foot, while his right is just leaving the ground behind—the whole attitude indicating a moment's pause, as if to listen. The figure is attired in the traditional continental costume, and will preserve its details for future ages. The long waistcoat, caught by one button, the shirt, hitched up loosely at the waist with toil, and with sleeves rolled carelessly above the elbow, the breeches and the buttoned gaiters, the stout cowhide boots, the powder-horn, with its pine stopple, hung by a strap over the shoulder, like a scarf of decoration, the soft hat, cocked at one side,—all add to the curiously vivid way in which this statue brings one in neighborhood with the day and the spirit it crystalizes in its enduring bronze.

For this minute-man of Concord is instinct with life and principle. It is no ideal face, no countenance or form that would be at home in other countries, but a thorough Yankee, that Mr French has given to immortality. The features are strongly marked and bear the energy, the self-command, the ready shrewdness, the immediate decision, and, above all, the air of freedom that belong to the New England face. The frame is stalwart, the shoulders squarely held, the muscles of the bared fore-arms,—the one that leans strongly on the plow, the one that strongly grasps the musket,—are tense and unencumbered by flabby flesh; the great veins stand knotted on the strenuous hands. The man is alive from head to foot, and, indeed, we know not where there is better represented the momentary pause of vigorous action, than in this noble statue. An enviable fame, we are sure, will be insured to Mr French by a work at once so wholly American in conception, and so spiritedly achieved in detail.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S ADDRESS AT CONCORD.

Ebenezer Hubbard, a farmer who inherited the land in the village in which British troops committed depredations, and who had a deep interest in the history of the raid, erected, many years ago, a flag-staff on his land, and never neglected to hoist the stars and stripes on the 19th of April and the 4th of July. It grieved him deeply that yonder monument erected by the town in 1836 should be built on the ground on which the enemy stood, instead of that which the Americans occupied in the Concord fight, and he bequeathed in his will a sum of money to the town of Concord on condition that a monument should be erected on the identical spot occupied by our minute-men and militia on that day; and another sum of money, on the condition that the town should build a foot bridge across the river where the old bridge stood in 1775. The town accepted the legacy, built the bridge, and employed Daniel French to prepare a statue to be erected on the specified spot. Meanwhile Congress at Washington gave to the town bronze cannons to furnish the artist with material to complete his work. His statue is before you; it was approved by the town, and, to-day, it speaks for itself. The sculptor has rightly conceived the proper emblems of the patriotic farmer, who, at the morning alarm, left his plow to grasp his gun. He has built no dome over his work, believing that the blue sky makes the best background. The statue is the first serious work of our young townsman, who is now in Italy to pursue his profession.

We had many enemies and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George the Third. The time had arrived for the political severance of America, that it might play its part in the history of this globe, and the way of Divine Providence to do it was to give an insane king to England. In the resistance of the colonies he alone was immovable on the question of force. England was so dear to us that the colonies could only be absolutely united by violence from England, and only one man could compel resort to violence. The king became insane. Parliament wavered, all the ministers wavered. Lord North wavered, but the king had the insanity of one idea. He was immovable, he insisted on the impossible, so the army was sent. America was instantly united and the nation born. On the 19th of April 800 soldiers, with hostile intent, were sent hither from Boston. Nature itself put on a new face that day. You see the nude fields of this morning, but on the same day of the year 1775 a rare forwardness of spring is recorded. It appears the patriotism of the people was so hot that it melted the snow and the rye waved on the 19th of April. We see gladly around us, to-day, the representatives of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln and Carlisle, once included in our town limits, and who were mindful of their mother, and risked their lives for her on the memorable day we celebrate. Isaac Davis of Acton was the first martyr.

In all noble actions we say 'tis only the first step that costs. Who will carry out the rule of right must take his life in his hand. We have no need to magnify the facts. Only three of our men were killed at this bridge, and a few others wounded; but here the British army was first fronted and driven back, and if only three men, or only one man, had been slain, it was the first victory. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon. The British instantly retreated. We had no electric telegraph, but the news of this triumph over the king's troops sped through the country to New York, to Philadelphia, to Kentucky, to the Carolinas, with speed unknown before, and ripened the colonies to inevitable decision.

This sharp beginning of real war was followed, sixty days later, by the battle of Bunker Hill, then by Gen Washington's arrival in Cambridge, and his redoubts on Dorchester Hights. In one year and twelve days from the death of Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer 120 vessels, loaded with Gen Howe and his [illegible] men and all their effects, sailed [illegible] bor, never to return. [illegible] other story. I challenge any lover of [illegible] chusetts to read the sixteenth chapter of Bancroft's history without tears of joy.

John G. Whittier on O'Connell.

AMESBURY, Aug. 5, 1875.

John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., Secretary Executive Committee of the O'Connell Celebration, and others: Dear Friends—I thank you for the invitation to the O'Connell centennial celebration tomorrow. Very much to my regret I am not able to be present. But all who know me will verify my assurance that you can have in attendance no heartier admirer of the great patriot, orator and philanthropist than myself. More than thirty years ago, in an elaborate and carefully prepared paper, I defended him from the unjust attacks of some of my countrymen; and I have seen no reason since to retract a word of the very high praise which I then awarded him.

He was a consistent Christian reformer. To use his own words, he hated all tyranny and intolerance, social, political or ecclesiastical. By birth and conviction a faithful member of the ancient Church, he asked nothing for Catholics which he was not ready to ask for Protestants. He was no reactionist. He believed it his privilege to cooperate with the Divine Providence in making the world better and happier; and held with his brother religionist, Lamartine, that to oppose the progress of civilization and humanity was to sin against the Holy Ghost. His philanthropy was logical and therefore universal. Freedom in his estimation was just as dear to the Spaniard, the Italian and the American slave, as to himself.

Honor, then, to the great Liberator! We all, Americans and Irishmen, Protestants and Catholics, claim a share in this celebration. Anything narrow, partisan or sectarian would ill become the occasion.

I am, gentlemen, very truly your friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON O'CONNELL.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BOSTON, Saturday, August 7.

The exhibitions of public eloquence that have made Boston famous ever since the days of James Otis and Samuel Adams, of late years have been less frequent, and it has sometimes seemed that the noble breed of orators was dying out. Webster and Everett and Choate and Parker died long ago, and have left no natural heirs; Emerson seldom speaks now, and never with the former melody of voice and ease of manner that once made him the most fascinating of philosophers. Wendell Phillips remains with power to charm an audience unabated, though he, too, has seldom exercised it of late. His Faneuil-hall speech, last winter, was a perversion of that power—and with all his eloquence it was painful to see Samson grinding in the mill of Philistines like Grant and Butler. When it was announced that he would accept the invitation of the Irish societies to deliver the centennial eulogy of O'Connell, the public, remembering his entertaining lecture on

the great Agitator, anticipated a speech worthy of his genius, and they got it, last night. It was feared, especially after Butler made his fulsome bid for the Irish vote on Thursday night, that Phillips might stoop for his friend's sake to something of the same kind,—or, at any rate, might gracefully draw in his political foundlings of one color and another, and hold them up to public admiration as cherubs and darlings of the world's hope. But there was not even a rag-baby in his arms, last night, nor did he touch upon convertible bonds or bayonet-government at the South,—while he paid magnificent tributes to his old comrades in the anti-slavery cause, and to the real leaders in the world's progress with whom his own name will be associated, long after the riff-raff of the last half-dozen years is completely forgotten. He was wholly the orator, and in one of his best moods,—indeed, it was manifest that he had risen to the hight of his great argument, and was speaking for posterity as well as for the audience before him

The recent years have laid a heavier hand on Mr Phillips than it is altogether pleasant to think of,—his hair is now white and grown thin, and his straight figure has begun to bend at the shoulders,—but age has done no harm to his voice or to the easy grace of his manner. In truth, he is a more charming orator now than in his younger years, for time and experience have condensed and polished his style to the utmost point of eloquence, and his manner has become that which he ascribes to O'Connell, whose speeches could not be called "efforts," said Mr Phillips,—"O'Connell never made an effort,—you got provoked with him because he wouldn't make an effort,—yet he was the most eloquent man that ever spoke English."

When Phillips, as a young man, went over to London to represent the American abolitionists at the world's congress of 1844, he heard O'Connell, then 70 years old, and became acquainted with him in private. In outward appearance he compared O'Connell to Daniel Webster, as "a majestic presence that pleased the eye," like a statue of Jove. "A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all," said he; and in this connection he told James Russell Lowell's story of Daniel Webster at Faneuil hall, when he asked the whigs, "Where am I to go?" "If he had been but five feet three," said Lowell, as quoted, "the audience would have said, 'Who cares where you go?'" In Naples Phillips met Sir T. F. Buxton, the tory abolitionist, and asked him, "Is O'Connell an honest man?" "The honestest man," said Buxton, "that ever entered the House of Commons;" and then told the familiar story of O'Connell, when first in Parliament, voting steadily with the little band of abolitionists, although the seven-and-twenty West India members had offered him their votes for Irish emancipation if he would let the abolitionists alone. Here Mr Phillips brought in one of his old-fashioned reproaches against his fellow-countrymen. "Suppose O'Connell had been an American,—he'd have said, 'That's a big thing: I think I'll let the negro slide,'"—whereat there was great laughter and applause. The loudest and longest cheering of the evening was when the Buxton story was told, bringing out the steady adherence of O'Connell to the cause of the slave, and next to that the applause was greatest when Phillips paid his splendid tribute to Garrison and O'Connell together, saying: "The later abolitionists borrowed his method of agitation, and with it freed hundreds of thousands of British slaves; Garrison brought his method over to America, and with it wrought the greatest political change the English race ever saw." In explaining why O'Connell "gave this loose rein to his tongue," Mr Phillips also touched upon the same fault in the abolitionists of New England, whose "independence, carried to the point of insolence," was needed to counteract the influence of Webster, who "had taught the North the bated breath and crouching attitude of the slave." Indeed the parallel between O'Connell the agitator for Irish emancipation, and Garrison and Phillips the agitators for negro emancipation was almost constantly in the hearer's mind, and doubtless in that of the orator.

Mr Phillips gave O'Connell very high rank, and left out of view those qualities of cunning and smartness which he celebrated in his old lecture about him. He is no longer the sharp pettifogger, or the educated buffoon, but the statesman, orator and hero. One wished a little for some shades to the picture,—something to indicate that he was a human creature and not a demigod,—but it was all praise, and very high praise.

The oration is printed in the Advertiser, from the manuscript of Mr Phillips, for it was carefully written out, but he neither spoke the whole nor did he follow his manuscript closely in those parts which he did speak. I have often noticed that he is more felicitous in speaking than in writing, even in the same passage,—he will drop a phrase or a line of the manuscript and put in place of it a livelier or better one,—perhaps improve it by omitting it altogether and filling its place with a pause or a gesture. After describing Ireland and the Irish in the 18th century as "an island soaked with the blood of countless rebellions, a race whose disciplined valor had been proved on almost every battlefield of Europe, and whose reckless daring lifted it any time, with hope or without, in rebellion against England," Mr Phillips cried out: "Who led 'em? Dean Swift, whom Addison called the greatest genius of his age. Henry Flood, eloquent even for an Irishman, and sagacious as he was eloquent," etc. But in the manuscript we read, before this list of names: "What inspired them? Devotion, eloquence and patriotism seldom paralleled in history," which is much weaker than the colloquial, "Who led 'em?" The passage that follows this was one of the most effective in the whole oration, and may be quoted, but it should be said that the description of a demagogue, which, as you will see, applies admirably to Butler, was either abridged or wholly left out:—

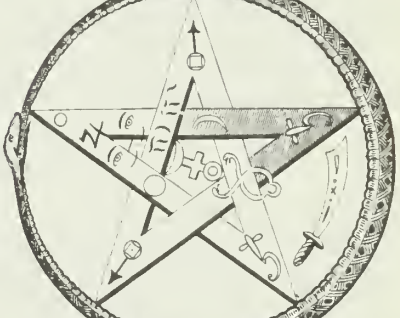
It was an island torn by race hatred and religious bigotry, her priests indifferent and her nobles hopeless or traitors. The wiliest of her enemies, a Protestant Irishman (Castlereagh), ruled the British senate; the sternest of her tyrants, a Protestant Irishman (Wellington), led the armies of Europe; Puritan hate, which had grown blinder and more bitter since the days of Cromwell, gave them weapons. Ireland herself lay bound in the iron links of a code which Montesquieu said could have been "made only by devils, and should be registered only in hell." Her millions were beyond the reach of the great reform engine of modern times, since they could neither read nor write. In this mass of ignorance, weakness and quarrel, one keen eye saw the hidden elements of union and strength. With rarest skill, he called them forth and marshaled them into rank. Then this one man, without birth, wealth or office, in a land ruled by birth, wealth and office, molded from those unsuspected elements, a power which, overawing king, senate and people, wrote his single will on the statute book of the most obstinate nation in Europe!

Safely to emancipate the Irish Catholics, and, in spite of Saxon, Protestant hate, to lift all Ireland to the level of British citizenship—this was the problem which statesmanship and patriotism had been seeking for two centuries to solve. For this, blood had been poured out like water.

Brook Farm, Formerly the Communists' Home. [August]

Probably some of our readers will remember that in the year 1840–41 a number of ladies and gentlemen from Boston and its vicinity, nearly all authors and literary people, attempted to establish a community or common home, to which each member should contribute his or her proportion of worldly goods, and devote their time to their proper share of the labor necessary to make such a home comfortable for all.

A few days since we strolled over the scene where this attempt was made to attain rural felicity and Arcadian simplicity of living within what is now the boundaries of a great city. Brook Farm, the subject of this sketch, lies near the boundaries of Newton and Dedham, in the extreme southwesterly portion of West Roxbury, now, of course, a part of Boston. Baker street, on which the farm is situated, is a very modest thoroughfare and gives no signs of ever having led the footsteps of some of our most celebrated writers to this classic locality. The road gently winds along through the low lands on the front or north side, crossing the brook which rushes rapidly along in its course towards the winding Charles. The avenue though which we reach the farm turns abruptly to the left, ascending the hill to the Martin Luther Orphan Home, established by wealthy German gentlemen for the purpose which its name indicates. Twenty or thirty ruddy boys and girls of all ages, from five to fifteen, are sporting around, and their happy looks and activity give good testimony to the healthfulness of the location. Leaving them, his avenue again descends, curving right and left along the valley, passing the ruins of several colleges and sheds. Again we rise to the higher land and enter the door of the sole remaining cottage of this "deserted village." The building is picturesque in form, of the Gothic style of architecture, with four gables containing four rooms in each story, ample in style and out of repair, yet those walls could if they would give us rich memories of the gems gathered under its roof in the bygone years, for the occupants brought with them here all their cultivated tastes in the higher walks of literature and love of nature in any of her varied moods. Rich in such associations and stored with the pleasant memories of the past, its story is full of interest to the meditative scholar. Outside the house the landscape is pleasing though not very picturesque, although several large rocks a rod or two from the house show their jagged sides in bold relief. On the south and west the piney woods encircle the view, a few rods from the dwelling, on the north and east the view is open with an extended vista of hill and dale, making the situation very pleasant on the whole, at least during the summer months.



The bleak, cold and lingering winter, and some description of the five stock at the

farm are thus detailed in the notes of Hawthorne, April 13th, 1841. "Here I am in a Polar Paradise. Provide yourself with a good stock of furs, and, if you can, the skin of a polar bear. You will find it a very suitable summer dress for this region. I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered. We have eight of our own and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller." He also complains that the cows were troublesome owing to their inexperienced milkers. As might be supposed, the scheme was unsuccessful from the beginning, although some of the finest minds in America, such as Hawthorne, Dana, Curtis, Owen, Ripley, Shaw, Higginson, Codman, Emerson, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Horace Mann (then Miss Peabody) and many others dwelt here and labored for the common good. Dissensions arose and one dark Saturday evening several of the cottages were destroyed by fire. This dampened the ardor of the leaders and they separated, and went back into the busy world, wiser than when they came, realizing that the poet's dream of rural happiness in such a home could not be fulfilled on the stern soil of New England, though their different experience and descriptions of the scenery about them make rich additions to their writings.

Oak Hill, a beautiful wooded eminence to the westward, sometimes spoken of as a part of the farm, came in for a large share of praise, its noble trees, shady walks and leafy bowers being a continual pleasure to most of them, lovers of nature as they were. On the farm many beautiful spots in its two hundred acres were made hallowed ground by their visits. Then the forests must have encompassed the view in every direction, and gems of natural scenery were and still are scattered in liberal profusion over the hills and through the valleys of the country around. The history of Brook Farm with other communities in the United States has made and will make a rich addition to the associations clustering around its name. ["F.," in Dorchester News.

Bayard Taylor gives these reminiscences of Henry Thoreau of Concord:— [Sept.]

In the year 1849 Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland was the editor of a monthly periodical called the *Union Magazine*, published in New York. She had an opportunity of visiting Europe for the first time; but it was necessary to find a substitute to conduct the magazine in her absence. Your present correspondent undertook the task, being young, foolishly confident, and blissfully ignorant of his responsibilities. However, contributors were not numerous then, and few of them expected to be hailed, at the start, as full-blown geniuses. There was space in the periodical for the best things sent to it. One day Horace Greeley came to me with a thick roll of manuscript, saying: "Now, you *must* do something for this young man. His name is Thoreau; he lives in a shanty at Walden Pond, near Concord, on $37.21 a year, and he must be encouraged." The MS. was entitled "Katahdin (I think he spelled it *Ktaadn*) and the Maine Woods." I had never before heard Thoreau's name, and was no less surprised than charmed with the freshness and beauty of his style. The publisher of the periodical agreed to give $75 for the article, and I accepted this offer without consulting the author, as it would meet the latter's expenses for two years to come, and I judged this would satisfy him. All went well, with the exception of a single sentence. There was something about "the —— which intervened between the birch-canoe and the steamboat." The dash represents a word undecipherable in the manuscript. The compositor brought it to the editor, who found that the word had a faint resemblance to "scows," and, although in a cosmical phrase about the development of man's nautical genius, norse dragons, galleots, triremes, yachts and clipper ships would seem to deserve more notice than scows, the manuscript, otherwise so precise, forbade a different interpretation. But the monthly number had not been published many days before Mr. Greeley received a letter from Thoreau, hot with rage and indignation. The unfortunate word was "zons!" In spite of this blunder, which long rankled in Thoreau's memory, I have always been glad that I had the opportunity of introducing to a wider public than that of his own Concord parish a genius so genuine, original and unadulterated by considerations of popular effect.

A REMINISCENCE OF THOREAU.

These observations are as applicable to Massachusetts or Maine as they are to Illinois, and may therefore as well be mentioned now as at any other time. They occur to me, in the absence of any suggestion from the external scenery, as we whirl through the monotonous country between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers. From Brunswick to Waterville there is a narrow belt of pleasant views; but beyond the latter place the country has a cold aspect, and there are already indications of a shorter Summer. The train is still crowded, but I suspect many of the tourists are bound for the Maine lakes and mountains, the regions first explored by Thoreau 26 years ago. This circumstance "reminds me of a little story"—to use the favorite phrase of Abraham Lincoln.

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N.Y. Daily Tribune,
Sat., 8-28-75.

ALONGSHORE.

V.

A LETTER FROM MR. BAYARD TAYLOR.

AN IRRATIONAL TEMPERANCE AGITATION—HENRY D. THOREAU—SOMBER LANDSCAPES IN MAINE AND NEW-BRUNSWICK—CANADA AS A NATION.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., Aug. 14.—The fate which guides my holiday wandering still carries me northward—but here the turning-point is reached. At the very head of the Bay of Fundy, within thirty miles of the Acadie of Longfellow's (and the world's) Evangeline, we feel that we have passed the line within which indolence is welcome and repose a quality of the atmosphere. Here, and still more to the northward of this point, even the breezes of Summer bear a stimulus to action upon their wings. Visions of rods and flies, and salmon-haunted rapids rise before the eyes of the angler; the sportsman dreams of shorter Autumn days, when it is lawful to track the moose and caribou;—but the rapid tourist finds not the picturesque Norman costumes which he may have expected, nor, indeed, much of the coveted novelty of foreign scenes and characters. New-Brunswick is a brother (or sister) of Maine, differing only as they who are born of the same womb and have always dwelt upon neighboring farms.

...

Horace Greeley came to me with a thick roll of manuscript, saying: "Now, you *must* do something for this young man. His name is Thoreau; he lives in a shanty at Walden Pond, near Concord, on $37 21 a year, and he must be encouraged." The MS. was entitled "Katahdin (I think he spelled it *Ktaadn*) and the Maine Woods." I had never before heard Thoreau's name, and was no less surprised than charmed with the freshness and beauty of his style. The publisher of the periodical agreed to give $75 for the article, and I accepted this offer without consulting the author, as it would meet the latter's expenses for two years to come; and I judged this would satisfy him.

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THE SAGE OF CONCORD.

His Closing Conversation at the Library Last Evening.

A large and intelligent circle of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the directors' room of the Mercantile library last evening, to hear A. Bronson Alcott's concluding conversation. The subject was the Lapse or Descent of the Soul.

The lecturer assumed that sin is almost as universal as humanity; that all who know right and wrong have been sinners, and that innocence of sin was once man's state.

As consciousness dawns and individuality commences the sensations of pleasure or pain are experienced, and knowledge begins. Then consciousness and sense of right is born, and then we commence to do wrong and violate that sense of right. When we know the cause of wrong, know what is and what is not wrong and continue to violate rules of right, then we sin. This is the fall of man. History relates the fall of Adam and Eve and their subsequent expulsion from Eden. The lecturer doubted the story as told by Moses. He was bred in Egypt, and his account sounds much like an Egyptian fable. Adam's cowardice and evasion were remarkable.

The generosity, courage and truthfulness of Eve was equally remarkable. It was strikingly like our modern nature. The lecturer believed in three states of existence or types of the soul. First, a state of holiness, when the soul was pure and sin was not committed. Second, a state of error, when the soul, though virtuous, was tempted, sinned, and triumphed over that sin at last; and third, a state of vice or total degradation, when the soul was lost through sin long continued. These three types were fully illustrated and explained by the lecturer. He then proceeded to say he was not prepared to embrace Darwinism or its counterpart in doctrine.

He could not think that sin would reduce any one to the actual level of the brute creation.

He believed that sin, or at least a great deal of it, came by inheritance.

That mental as well as physical traits were transmitted in families from one generation to another, and thus an old sinner might do an immense amount of damage and bequeath a long heritage of suffering and misery to those who lived after him.

Finally, he invited a full discussion of the subject by those present.

An interesting colloquy ensued, participated in by Messrs. Harris, Davidson and others, and in which the learned lecturer bore a prominent part. The evening's entertainment then closed.

The Lapse of the Soul.

Mr. A. B. Alcott, the transcendentalist, concluded his series of conversations at Mercantile Library last night. He treated on "The Lapse, or the Descent of the Soul." Regarding the soul as immortal and existing before the body, he touched on the Platonic theory, and referred to the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, which he did not altogether accept. He then considered three conditions, holiness, virtue, and vice. The first is the unlapsed soul; the second is the lapse, though not wholly so, if that were possible; and the third, the one who has debased and degraded himself as far as it was possible to transform himself into animals. In the latter case a man had gone out of himself, gratified his appetites without restraint, and was no longer a man. Speaking of the pure state, he remarked that we were all so once. There was a time, before we knew what was, we had no propensity to do wrong; we knew no remorse, no sorrow for what was wrong. We were holy, unlapsed; but evil propensities, the inherited tendencies of our ancestry, began to show themselves, just in proportion as the soul and body faithfully obeyed the pure laws of his own being; beauty was the inevitable result. It was impossible for any child descended from five or six generations of virtuous ancestry not to be handsome, not to be beautiful in its body, because beauty is the fruit of goodness, and deformity the fruit of badness. We cannot accuse the Creator, full of beauty and goodness, with creating anything not good, not beautiful. We can choose to do the right thing. He indorsed the saying, "handsome is that handsome does." Nature is a mirror. The passions, thoughts and feelings are artists, and are shaping and molding whatever we see around us. He spoke of Jesus as the ideal soul, the unlapsed, the type that all should imitate.

Several questions were put and answered. At 10 o'clock the meeting closed. Mr. Alcott leaves for Jacksonville to-day.

[October, 1875]

A Course of Sunday Meetings.

There will be a series of Sunday Meetings, — twelve, or more, — at Horticultural Hall, Boston, beginning the 17th of January, for which the following speakers have been engaged:

JOHN WEISS.
R. W. EMERSON.
JULIA WARD HOWE.
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.
T. W. HIGGINSON.
FRANCIS E. ABBOTT.
WILLIAM J. POTTER.
A. B. ALCOTT.
D. A. WASSON.
EDNAH D. CHENEY.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
——— ———*

Tickets for the Course, $5.00; two tickets, $8.00. Single tickets, 50 cents.

To begin at 3, P. M.

* The twelfth name is not given, because not unconditionally promised. We are permitted to say, however, that we may count upon either Mrs. Lucretia Mott, or upon Mr. Wendell Phillips, if his other engagements will permit.

[This broadside was circulated in November, 1875.]

NAMES.

[By F. B. Sanborn, Dec., 1875.]

MR EMERSON'S NEW BOOK.

It seems to be the destiny of America to produce only a few great men, but those so original and peculiar in their greatness that they connect themselves at once and forever with the land of their birth, so that we cannot form an image of America without them. "Whenever I think of 'the United States," says Victor Hugo, "one 'majestic figure rises to the mind—Washington." And, whenever one thinks of literature in the United States, he finds Emerson occupying there the unique and commanding rank that Washington holds in our politics. To each, in his own sphere, belongs that unquestionable pre-eminence, not always easy to explain, but sure to be felt by all those who rightly consider what our history and our literature would have been without them. As Washington set us free from an external dependence on Europe, to which we could never return, so Emerson at once and forever cut the umbilical cord which tied our feeble and blinking literary infancy to the maternal mind of England. Doubtless others would have done the same if he had not,—just as others might have led us, with slower and more perplexed steps, through the troubles of the Revolution, had Washington never appeared. But to Emerson was granted the opportunity and power to use it, and the renown of the emancipation must be his.

Very naturally, since all literature takes its rise in poetry, this task was allotted to a poet,—for that Mr Emerson is, rather than a philosopher, as he is commonly called. His genius is essentially and peculiarly poetic, and would be recognized as such had he never written a line of verse. He has been and is one of those poets described by the Chaldean oracles,—"whose employment consists in speaking to the Creator and 'to the created,—producing apparent copies of 'unapparent natures, and inscribing things in-'visible upon the visible fabric of the world." He has described himself better than any other ever has, in his poem of "Saadi" and elsewhere,—

God who gave to him the lyre,
Of all mortals the desire,
For all breathing men's behoof,
Stoutly charged him, "Sit aloof;"
Many may come,
But one shall sing,—
Two touch the string,
The harp is dumb.
Though there come a million,
Wise Saadi dwells alone.
Yet Saadi loved the race of men.—
No chord, immured in cave or den;
In bower and hall
He wants them all,
Nor can dispense
With Persia for his audience.
Sunshine in his heart transferred
Lighted each transparent word,
And well could honoring Persia learn
What Saadi wished to say,—
The poet's mighty stars did burn
Brighter than Dschami's day.

* * * * *

Was never form and never face
So sweet to him as only grace,
Which did not slumber like a stone
But hovered, gleaming, and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In dame, in storm, in clouds of air
He smote the lake to please his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave,
He flung in pebbles well to hear
The moment's music which they gave.

* * * * *

Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade, with camp and town;
Oft shall war end and peace return,
And cities rise where cities burn,
Ere one man my hill shall climb,
Who can turn the golden rhyme.
Let them manage how they may,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable;
And though he speak in midnight dark,—
In heaven no star, on earth no spark,—
Yet before the listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy.
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,

> Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
> And life pulsates in rock or tree.
> Saadi, so far thy words shall reach;
> Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech.

Illusory and magical—even absurd—as these phrases may seem to the prosaic reader, they, nevertheless, bring Emerson to the mind, and may be said to display, without exaggeration, the effect wrought by him on young men and women who have come within the spell of his influence. He has, however, more tangible and measurable merits as a writer which have drawn to him the cooler heads, and made him as much the beacon of the wise as he is the theme of the young. Deep wisdom is found in his prose periods, and there is practical instruction, as well as ideal exaltation, in what he gives to the public. In the new volume before us—"Letters 'and Social Aims"—all his various qualities are found; not, perhaps, with the freshness that belonged to them, five-and-twenty, or five-and-thirty years ago, but clear and vivid enough to fascinate the reader who is already familiar with Emerson's thought. Here are the old utterances in new forms, as when he says that "the huge 'heaven and earth are but a web drawn around 'us, the light, skies and mountains are but *the 'pointed vicissitudes of the soul;*" or when he pictures a poet with "sensibility so keen that the 'scent of an elder-blow, or the timber-yard and 'corporation-works of a nest of pismires is event 'enough for him—all emblems and personal ap-'peals to him." Here are the flashes of wit and strokes of humor, sometimes pushing language to the verge of what is permitted, as in this passage:—

> What a seneschal and delective is laughter! It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of a man. Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his *contemptible squeals of joy*. It is necessary, for the purification of drawing-rooms, that these entertaining explosions should be under strict control. Lord Chesterfield had early made this discovery, for he says, "I am sure that, since I had the use of my reason, no human being has ever heard me laugh."

This passage ends with one of those touches which are as characteristic of Emerson as anything in his books—his remarkable gift of quotation. It is by no means so easy to quote well as some may imagine. It requires great skill and an exact knowledge of the strength of your materials; a light fabric will not bear a heavy quotation without being torn or dragged out of shape thereby. Then you must not quote too much nor too long, and what you quote must have a certain flavor of its own, yet not discordant with your own thought. One of these essays is on "Quotation and Originality," and everybody reads it with expectation, hoping to learn the secret of the art that Mr Emerson has so long been practicing. Now and then he makes a mistake, of course,—as when, in this essay, he calls Brougham Lord Eldon's "predecessor on 'the wool-sack," and ascribes to Eldon the sarcasm that, "if Brougham only knew a little law, 'he would know a little of everything." This is ascribed to another English judge, and not to Lord Eldon, who was lord-chancellor before Brougham, and not afterward.

Of the eleven chapters or essays that make up this volume, several have been read at college anniversaries, as "Greatness" at Amherst, four years ago, and "The Progress of Culture" at Harvard in 1867. Nearly all of them have been lectures, at one time or another, and some are composed of parts of two or three lectures. Less than a fourth part of the book has been printed before, except in those newspaper reports which Mr Emerson detests, and which his readers admire and wonder at—so impossible is it to report him correctly. Yet he has treated before concerning most of these topics, only changing the name now, where he has a former essay upon the same subject. Thus his essay on manners is here called "Social Aims," because there was one already entitled "Manners,"—and instead of "Heroism" we now have "Greatness" for a title. Considering how limited in some directions is Mr Emerson's range of thought—extending to lofty heights, and moving in a spiral rather than making long courses this way and that—it is remarkable how little sameness there is in his mode of presenting ideas that are fundamentally the same. There is, to be sure, a family likeness, and all of them bear the mint-mark of Concord. As Cowley told Hobbes in his "Pin-'darique Ode" upon that metaphysician:—

> "Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
> As full of Concord their variety."

Although there can be but few points of similarity between the philosopher of Malmesbury and the poet of Concord, they yet agree in some things. Both are masters of a good prose style, and one that, in the better parts of Hobbes, approaches to some degree of resemblance, notwithstanding the difference of two centuries in their period. Dr Walker of Cambridge, who admired Hobbes, used to say that with him the modern style in writing began. It is no less true that, with Mr Emerson, the language as well as the turn and the boldness of thought has gone back beyond Hobbes to the great days of the Elizabethan period, and from that downward to Milton, who was the contemporary of Hobbes. It is with the philosophers from Bacon to Cudworth, and with the poets from Spenser to Marvell that our Massachusetts essayist takes rank. No such union of lofty idealism and practical shrewdness has been seen in our literature since,—and the school, if it be one, which Mr Emerson has founded, must reach over and beyond two centuries to find its English kindred in the days when New England was first planted. His latest book does no discredit to those remarkable ones that preceded it.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A Discourse Before the Free Religious Association by O. B. Frothingham—History of Transcendental Thought and Its Differences From Other Forms of Religious Belief.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham of New York, delivered the first of the series of lectures before the Free Religious Association, at Horticultural Hall, yesterday afternoon. The audience completely filled the place and appeared to be eminently one of intelligence and culture, with rather a marked proportion of ladies and elderly gentlemen. The speaker's subject was "The Soul of Transcendentalism" and he presented strongly and clearly the doctrines and views of the transcendental thinkers and believers. He declared transcendentalism, as a matter of religion and vital belief, to be of New England growth, and almost wholly confined to New England. There was a transcendental philosophy in Germany and France, but was a mere matter of speculation with the followers of Fichte and Cousin and Jouffroy had been adopted into the faith and life of the people of New England, or had at least produced a very decided effect upon them. This was due to the character of the people, who were in the habit not only of thinking for themselves but of justifying their thought in their actions. They demanded of a man that he show the soundness of his theories by putting them in practice, and what in Europe might be buried for a century in thought and speculation, was here speedily tested by application in the beliefs and practices of daily life. Even the old orthodoxy of New England was affected by the ideality of transcendentalism, and there is in the writings of Edwards and the other earlier theologians a virtual confession that their higher doctrines could be traced to Plato rather than the gospels. It was when this spirit disappeared and orthodoxy was made up of hard, lifeless and repulsive dogmas of depravity, atonement, predestination and the rest, that Unitarianism found an easy task in overthrowing what had become an empty shell. The speaker then went on to trace the origin and progress of transcendental ideas, which he defined as something derived from the soul and above what had its source in the senses and in experience. It was opposed to the sensational philosophy of Locke, which claimed that there could be nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses. He traced the conflict of sceptical thought with the assumptions of the prevailing religion, and declared that the arguments of Hume against the credibility of miracles had been unanswered because the Church could not answer them. The theologians were forced to take refuge in silence and a tacit acknowledgement that their ground could not be maintained by reason, but must be held by consent, as something that should not be given up. In Germany there was silence for a long time, but at last the transcendental philosophy took root there and blossomed out in the richest literature of modern times. In France there was an active and aggressive scepticism which assailed the very foundations of Christian belief.

Under the attacks of Voltaire, Volney and the encyclopedists faith in miracles, in supernaturalism, and even in God and the immortality of the soul, was routed for a time, and it became the fashion to deride a belief in what was held by the church as the essential principles of religion. If these had been less bitter and unsparing in their assaults; if they had not been wholly destructive in their warfare, building up nothing to take the place of what they destroyed, there might have been a rational system planted on the ruins of ecclesiasticism, but as it was, the power of the Roman Catholic Church, which had been suspended but by no means broken, resumed its sway. Protestantism, or religion based on intelligence and thought, had never regained its hold. In this country the spirit of scepticism appeared early, with its obstinate questionings, and was displayed by some of the leading minds in our early history.

The lecturer went on to speak of the recent results of the sensational and the transcendental philosophy in the beliefs of the time. The sensationalists became divided into two schools. The great topics on which they diverged were the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. The existence of absolute wisdom and absolute power and goodness could not rest on any testimony of the senses or of experience, and a partial wisdom or limited power were not the attributes of God. All the testimony which their philosophy admitted showed that the soul was the result of organization, or so implicated with it that it could not survive that organization. Hence one school brought up with a virtual denial of God and immortality. The other accepted belief in these, but were forced to take them as something that could not be proven but could not be dispensed with. These relied on tradition and authority to support their faith. Transcendentalism, on the other hand, held that the evidence of these things was in the soul itself. They were almost assumed as facts of consciousness. The true faith sprung from the soul itself, having the seeds planted there; and was developed with the growth of the soul. It was not something derived from the evidences of the senses or the teachings of experience, neither was it imposed by some power or authority from without, but it was a part of the natural endowment of the souls of men. The testimony of miracles and the arguments drawn from the desires and needs of man, were regarded as unnecessary, if not an impertinence, for belief in God and immortality were of the essence of the soul itself. Even miracles were claimed by some as but the exhibition of the powers of an exalted soul, a result of its normal action, and not something produced for effect. In conclusion, Mr. Frothingham said that the thoughts of men flowed and ebbed and flowed, and in the future we should have priests and prophets who would teach with still greater force religion based on reason and the nature of the human soul. The next lecture of the course will be delivered next Sunday, by M. D. Conway, on the "Natural History of the Devil."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Jan., 1876. BY C. C. EVERETT.

The appearance of a new work by Mr. Emerson reminds us of the great change that has taken place in his relation to the public, since the time when his first volume of essays was published to the delight of the few and the mystification of the many. We remember that one English reviewer illustrated his experience in reading these essays by reference to the sermons of the elder divines, in which Latin sentences were freely sprinkled over the pages without disturbing the satisfaction of the unlearned reader, who simply took what he could understand, and quietly ignored the presence of that which was written in an unknown tongue. He further illustrated the same thing by the experience of one making his way across a swamp. When he has found a resting-place for his feet, he stops and looks round carefully till he can see where it is safe to plant his next step. If this was the position of a reviewer who really had some enthusiasm for the essays, one can easily imagine the experience of the ordinary reader. Now we look over these same essays and wonder where the difficulty was. People read or listen to Mr. Emerson as they would read or listen to another man, except that they do it with greater delight than in most other cases.

In looking for the causes of this change, we find, of course, prominent among them Mr. Emerson himself. We speak of the spirit of the age, but this exists and works only in and through individuals; and Mr. Emerson's influence has been one of the most effective agents in moulding the intellectual habits of the present generation of readers. But there are causes which lie back of this, which have acted upon Mr. Emerson himself as well as upon society at large. One of these is the influence of German literature. This introduced to the English and American mind habits of thought which had before been wholly unfamiliar.

But notwithstanding this indebtedness of Mr. Emerson as well as of his readers to the impulse received from a foreign source, his genius is essentially national. We think of no writer who is so typically an American as he. When he published his work on England, showing so much common sense, so much shrewdness and practical insight, it was thought to mark a new development of his mind, or at least a manifestation of fresh capabilities. But the same qualities of mind mark all his writings. This Yankee shrewdness is carried into the most profound or mystical utterances. His mind is always sane. Never unbalanced, never running to extremes, he keeps on his even course. We do not mean to imply that Americans have the monopoly of this practical sense and shrewdness; but no nation worships them so heartily, and their possession helps to make the genius of Emerson in a special manner national. If he unites with his practical insight the intuitions of the Eastern seer, to Yankee common sense the transcendentalism of Germany, to the homely wisdom of every-day life the inspiration of genius, these opposing elements never conflict with one another. If he is mystical he is never misty. The reason is that he is so much at home in regions that to many seem far off and dim, that with no change in modes of thought and expression he can describe them as

civilization. There is indeed an immense contrast between the spirit of his writings and our superficial American life. The one is calm, the other in a whirl of restless activity; the one is self-contained, the other is constantly striving after external effect; the one is absolutely honest, the other will often make use of whatever means will accomplish the desired end. But there is a deeper national life than the superficial one that may be thus described, and of this profounder life Mr.

they are. He can utter the loftiest truth as simply as the humblest. This sanity with which the highest themes are approached by him, has done much to make them seem real and practical to many who would otherwise have regarded them as belonging to the life of dreams.

While Mr. Emerson possesses so many of the mental qualities which are most esteemed by Americans, none the less does the substance of his thought represent the ideas which lie at the heart of American

Emerson is the best expression. His exaltation of the individual, his call to every spirit to return to itself and to approach the world from the centre of its own being, expresses in simplest and strongest form the idea upon which our national existence rests. The breadth and freedom of his writings suggest the vastness which marks even the physical structure of the new world, and the unlimited career which is open before its inhabitants. Here is no crowded civilization, here are no traditional customs, no artificial modes according to which the spirit must shape its life. The nation also is a "seeker with no past at its back." The harmony between the spirit of Mr. Emerson and these external relations may be seen by comparing his career with that of Carlyle. The work of Carlyle has been growing more and more stormy. He has felt called upon to do battle with abuses that were upheld by a conservatism to which what is and has been is that which should be, or, at any rate, that which shall be. Emerson's course has been peaceful from the beginning. He has not been called to tear down, but to build up; and this building has been quiet and melodious. Of Emerson's muse at least it is true that

> "She lays her beams in music,
> In music every one."

A friend of ours used to insist that Jonathan Edwards was the father of New England transcendentalism; and, indeed, he would read from the old theologian sentence after sentence that Emerson himself might have written. It is certain, at least, that the transcendental habit of thought, however remote it may be from much of our New England life, found here a congenial soil. It adapted itself well to our theories of individual rights, even if it were not the basis upon which these rights originally rested. And we think that this New England transcendentalism, of which Emerson was the recognized leader, forms one of the fairest chapters in the history of the human mind. German transcendentalism was more scholastic. Its movements were somewhat impeded by the weight of its own armor. But New England transcendentalism came without weapon or defense. It sought to prove nothing and to establish nothing. It came light and free, rejoicing simply in the full life of the spirit. It trusted to its own intuitions in regard to the highest truth of life. This higher knowledge came to it not by any external and artificial revelation, but with the simplicity of nature, because the soul itself shared the infinite life, and its being opened into the Divine. The soul came to the world as to its own. The world belonged to it, not as created to supply its outward needs, but because in it the life of the world culminated. The world was but a symbol or reflection of the soul's life. As Emerson puts it, in his latest volume, "The primary use of a fact is low; the secondary use, as it is a figure or illustration of my thought, is the real worth." This form of transcendentalism lies between the earlier, superficial sensationalism of English thought and that profounder sensationalism which bids fair to be the philosophy at least of the near future, like a little stretch of sunshine in a country lost in shadows. These two forms of the experience philosophy, the earlier and the later, would make the soul the creature of the outward world; even its higher moods and intuitions are dependent upon this. But in this intermediate space the soul feels its own worth. Nature is born out of the soul, not the soul out of nature. In it are the eternal springs of being. And however this form of thought—we cannot call it a system—may be for a time superseded, whatever changes it may undergo, whatever qualifications or contributions it may receive from successive forms of human speculation, we believe that it contains at least the prophecy and the germ of the highest and truest view of life.

The new work by Mr. Emerson, entitled "Letters and Social Aims," possesses the characteristics which we have referred to above, as marking the genius of its author. It displays much wisdom of the worldly as well as of the unworldly sort, playful wit as well as earnest thought and pure sentiment. It seems, more than Mr. Emerson's other books, to take the reader into the confidence of its author, to reveal something of his personal life and methods. This is especially true of the remarkable essay on "Inspiration."

We have been interested to notice how heartily Mr. Emerson enters into the national life. The picture in the essay on "Eloquence," of a town-meeting during the war-time, is evidently drawn by one who was there; and in the following passage he recognizes in our country the presence of what we have been thought most to lack: "We have much to regret, much to mend in our society; but I believe that with all liberal and hopeful men there is a firm faith in the beneficent results which we really enjoy; that intelligence, manly enterprise, good education, virtuous life and elegant manners have been and are found here; and, we hope, in the next generation will still more abound."

In a word, if we compare this volume with Mr. Emerson's earlier works, perhaps we should venture to call it the most genial of them all.

Such a comparison, however, might easily lead to mistaken conclusions. Some of these essays have unquestionably been written for many years. We heard him read the one on "Quotations," perhaps in '59. There is, however, one essay, at least, that would seem to bear the marks of advancing thought and increasing fullness of experience; we refer to that on "Immortality." Marred neither by doubt nor dogmatism, it is like a strain of music, full, sweet and uplifting. It is inadequate, indeed, as he himself tells us; all discussions of the theme are inadequate; but never was this imperfection more modestly recognized or more sweetly atoned for. "I mean," he tells us, "that I am a better believer, and all serious sou's are better believers in the immortality than we can give grounds for." Some years ago we heard Mr. Emerson say in effect, if we remember rightly, that faith in immortality is the highest tribute that the world has paid to the worth of life.

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."

1-20-76

First we would tender thanks to the public for liberally patronizing this book, to Presidents of Universities in our own country, for kindly returns from Europe, Dean of Westminster, Oxford University, etc., and lastly to the sick who write "your book is healing us." But to the petit reviewers in our common newspapers we have to say, you fail pitifully to hit the mark and shoot in air, or taking malicious aim would wound Truth. Please bear in mind your target is a text-book; it treats of Metaphysics, and your ignorance of Metaphysics accounts for your comments, and reminds one of a student in addition attempting to burlesque Algebra! "Science and Health" bears the burden of many typographical errors, but it bears also to the sick the foundations of Health, and to the sinner the way of salvation, and to the saint refreshment and encouragement. In the words of our blessed Master, "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Now, then, to editors of newspapers, caterers for popular opinion, be it right or wrong, we suggest, wait until your beards are grown before you growl, and bark only where you can bite.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

And because we affix to all time the words Science to Christianity, and error to personal sense, fret not thyselves, for verily neither a fraud nor a humbug could so stir the muddy foundations of pride or prejudice.

The book is a new surgeon that amputates all that needs taking off, but never removes what can safely remain; it probes where it heals and such surgery is not liked at first, notwithstanding it makes man better after the operation.

When writing this book we found the utter vastness of Metaphysical science overwhelmed thought and disparaged expression. The subject covers a broad surface that would touch upon the grand Principle of harmonious being and bring to light the way it is attained. The future alone can justify so daring an attempt and explain its merit by proof. Let that Christianity and materia medica be adopted that is found to make the best men and the most harmonious bodies, and you who belabor us to-day will agree with us to-morrow, and those systems that have failed to bring out the perfectability of man or to meet the full requirements of Christianity will advance from Physics to Metaphysics, and in course of time meet us on our standpoint.

If the editor of the Springfield *Republican* has received a copy of "Science and Health" we hope it is doing him good. Our motive in writing this book was to do good to our enemies and friends (if we have any), but we had no agency in his getting the book; never knew it until an article came out dosing Dr. Glover (and this is not our title), with a tedious narration of cases cured by her, but never even gave the title of our book! Did he think the steel had an edge that he sheathed so carefully from public notice? His brief comments were attempts at wit and sarcasm, that like a monkey exchanging harlequin jacket for clerical robes sob with the wit without wisdom. His remarkable ridicule was a little noticeable because of its brainness; that Metaphysics have nothing to do with Christianity; he could not have learned from a knowledge of Metaphysics that deal with cause and effects, and the essence and attributes of Deity. While he approved the fruits of "our Metaphysics" he failed "to judge of the tree by its fruit," and evidently he must label the tree or he would libel it. He complains of our "purloining from Christianity the name Christian science," but he should know it is impossible for science to steal from the effect it produces or to injure that which it controls, but the evil of this it brings out all that is harmonious or true. We'll be abuse it to conceal the impotent fact that his skeleton of physics is to be buried at some time by Metaphysics and we count a single mourner, or that his dogmatical error is the ossified fossil that would rob God and make man a spectacle of helplessness and hypocrisy? They are those "who build the tombs of the prophets," and thank God they are not as other men who stop fresh to shocking nudity and cover themselves with a fig leaf. For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing and their eyes have they closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears and understand with their hearts, and be converted, and I (Christ) should heal them. Christianity, Science and God are our only creed to-day, but it is thirty years since we subscribed to the creed which they elevate; either of these words is incomplete without the other, and the union of the three is our trinity of Truth. Perhaps our critic will admit with us that God governs the physical universe with science; then why not the Metaphysical? And if the physical world is harmonious because it is governed thus, so would be the Metaphysical, of which God is the Principle and Christian science the result of this Principle—God the cause and Christianity the effect. Science and Christianity are inseparable, and alike distinguish for the good they do and the persecution they have ever met. This Christianity is that which healed the sick and made harmless the poisonous viper that stimulated the followers of Christ for centuries after the death of Jesus, of whom the Pharisee of old said, "this fellow casteth out devils through Beelzebub," and the Pharisee of to-day saith it is "exorcism." "Tedionly mysterious" to him is "the mystery of Godliness" who admits the state of a man's religion is greatly owing to the state of his stomach. Such a chronic creedist is an Atheist that finds God in matter and governed by nerves, digestive organs, etc.; alas! for such materialism, or for "spiritualism," that midnight of error. Science without a single law or elegy is what we need to make mankind better, morally and physically, and is that which would cover with its soft wings the "Jerusalem that stoneth the prophets," "that ye would not."

Jan 20 Wyle MARY BAKER GLOVER.

A book that is very far from scientific, but which contains, amid much that is crude and ill-expressed, many wise and even profound sayings, is Mrs Mary Baker Glover's "Science and Health," published by a few friends and disciples of hers, who call themselves "Christian Scientists." Lynn is the home of Mrs Glover, and the center of this new sect, which devotes itself to a study of the New Testament, and to a mystical combination of faith in the Spirit and a practice of curing diseases without mesmerism or spiritualism, by what is called "metaphysical healing" or "mind-healing." This does not have a very satisfactory sound to the skeptical, but the doctrines of the book are high and pure, and it seems to be wholly free from those vile theories about love and marriage which have been so prevalent in mystical sects and among the so-called spiritualists. It treats Darwin and the materialists with a lofty scorn, and ascribes everything that is good in the world to spirit, as opposed to matter. It is very diffuse and rambling, and uses words in strange senses, as Jacob Behmen and the theosophical writers did,—but it is interesting to those who can penetrate beneath the husk of words to the inner meaning. From all I hear, the sect is composed of sincere and worthy enthusiasts, who have for their leader one of those persons gifted, as some are, with an extraordinary power of driving away pain and illness.

[Jan.] WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Seventh Annual Convention of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association—Afternoon and Evening Sessions.

The seventh annual convention of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association opened yesterday afternoon in Wesleyan Hall, which was completely filled with an audience of both sexes. All the old war-horses of impartial suffrage were present, and as enthusiastic as ever, and all of them alluded to the significance of this centennial year and the importance of making it an era in the emancipation of woman from the thraldom of creation's lord. The meeting was called to order by Lucy Stone, who introduced as the first speaker

A. Bronson Alcott.

A spirit of chivalrous gallantry toward woman as the weaker sex pervaded Mr. Alcott's remarks, despite his assurance that woman was equal to man in practical usefulness and executive ability, and superior to him in innate moral purity. For example he detailed the political perfidy and debauchery that characterises municipal, State and national governments, and claimed that no such corruption would be possible if women were allowed to take prominent positions in political affairs. Woman has distinguished her-self in literature, almost the only field open to her, as signally as man, and she only needs an opportunity to prove her ability as a legislator. The era of pure politics will date from woman's elevation.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke,

the president of the Association, assumed the chair at this stage, and made a few remarks indorsing the sentiments of the previous speaker. Mr. Clarke said: "Wherever it has been tried it has succeeded. The interest in the movement is rapidly increasing, because the ability of women to fill practical positions of responsibility is becoming daily more apparent. Almost the only way to purify and ennoble politics is to admit women to equal rights with men."

A committee was appointed to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year, and while the committee was absent a sketch of the woman's suffrage movement in the various portions of northern and southern Europe was given by Mr.

John Fretwell, Jr.,

of England. The speaker said the movement is very hopeful in every part of the mother country, and the indications are that a still greater degree of interest in it will be excited among the male potentiates of Europe ere long.

Mrs. Elma D. Cheney

said that now a days she found it difficult to say anything new on the cause of woman suffrage. It seemed to her like saying over the alphabet. It is a cause, she said, worth living for and worth dying for. Mary F. Eastman and W. L. Bowditch followed, indorsing the sentiments of the previous speakers, and expressing dissatisfaction with the present position of woman, and the conviction that woman's ballot would be a great help in the cause of temperance, purity, and other reforms. Mrs. Eastman said

of schools, and that she may be eligible for any office pertaining to the management of schools; and in view of the beneficial results of woman suffrage in England, Holland, Austria and Sweden, we appeal to the good men of all parties to signalize this centennial year of American independence by establishing impartial suffrage and equal rights for all.

Officers for the Ensuing Year.

President, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke; Vice-Presidents, William Lloyd Garrison, William S. Robinson of Malden, Anne B. Earle of Worcester, John G. Whittier of Amesbury, Lydian Emerson of Concord, the Hon. Robert C. Pitman of New Bedford, Mrs. Edna H. Cheney of Jamaica Plain, the Hon. Isaac Ames of Boston, the Rev. William B. Wright of Boston, J. Ingersoll Bowditch of West Roxbury, Lydia M. Child of Wayland, the Rev. D. M. Wilson of Melrose, the Hon. George F. Hoar of Worcester, William I. Bowditch of Brookline, Mrs. Samuel E. Sewall of Melrose, A. Bronson Alcott of Concord, Angelina G. Weld of Hyde Park, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Jacob M. Manning of Boston, Lucy Sewall, M. D., of Boston, the Revd G. H. Vibbert of Somerville, Dr. M. E. Zakrzewski of Roxbury, Mrs. C. B. Richmond of Lowell, Mrs. E. R. Barker of Fitchburg, the Hon. George B. Loring of Salem, Seth Hunt of Northampton, Sarah Shaw Russell of Boston, Dr. M. B. Jackson of Boston, Mrs. Harrison Bliss of Worcester, Dr. C. A. Bartol of Boston, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Boston, the Rev. Jesse H. Jones of East Abington, M. Alma Aldrich of Boston, Mrs. Maria Porter of Melrose, W. F. Spaulding of Cambridge; Treasurer, the Hon. S. E. Sewall; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. H. B. Blackwell; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Caroline Richards; Executive Committee, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, T. J. Lothrop of Lynn, Mrs. Abby W. May, Mrs. Isaac Ames, Mrs. S. C. Vogl, S. C. Hopkins, S. C. Fay of Southboro, Mrs. Maria F. Walling of Cambridge, Mrs. H. H. Robinson of Malden, Mrs. Kate T. Woods of Salem, Miss Maria Wilson of Malden, Mrs. J. W. Walcott, S. S. Foster of Worcester, Eliza Richards of Weymouth, Mrs. Deborah Denny, Mary F. Eastman of Lowell, Mrs. Catharine Lothrop, C. P. Wellman of Marblehead.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. In his article on "The First Century of American Literature," in the current number of Harper's Magazine, Mr. E. P. Whipple says—

Emerson's peculiar sphere was psychology. By a certain felicity of his nature he was a non-combatant; indifferent to logic, he suppressed all the processes of his thinking, and announced its results in affirmations; and none of the asperities which commonly afflict the apostles of dissent ever ruffled the serene spirit of this universal dissenter. He could never be seduced into controversy. He was assailed both as an atheist and as a pantheist; as a writer so obscure that nobody could understand what he meant, and also as a mere verbal trickster, whose only talent consisted in vivifying commonplaces, or in converting, by inversion, stale truisms into brilliant paradoxes; and all these varying charges had only the effect of lighting up his face with that queer, quizzical, inscrutable smile, that amused surprise at the misconceptions of the people who attacked him, which is noticeable in all portraits and photographs of his somewhat enigmatical countenance. His method was very simple and very hard. It consisted in growing up to a level with the spiritual objects he perceived, and his elevation of thought was thus the sign and accompaniment of a corresponding elevation of character. In his case, as in the case of Channing, there was an unconscious return of Jonathan Edwards, and to all the great divines whose "souls had sight" of eternal verities. What the Orthodox saints called the Holy Ghost, he, without endowing it with personality, called the Over Soul. He believed with them that in God we live and move and have our being; that only by communicating with this Being can we have any vital individuality; and that the record of a communication with Him or It was the most valuable of all contributions to literature, whether theological or human. The noblest passages in his writings are those in which he celebrates this august and gracious communion of the Spirit of God with the soul of man; and they are the most serious, solemn, and uplifting passages which can perhaps be found in our literature. Here was a man who had earned the right to utter these noble truths by patient meditation and clear insight. Carlyle exclaimed, in a preface to an English edition of one of Emerson's later volumes, "Here comes our brave Emerson, with *news* from the empyrean!" That phrase exactly hits Emerson as a transcendent thinker. His insights were, in some sense, revelations; he could "gossip on the eternal politics"; and just at the time when science, relieved from the pressure of theology, announced materialistic hypotheses with more than the confidence with which the bigots of theological creeds had heretofore announced their dogmas, this serene American thinker had won his way into all the centres of European intelligence, and delivered his quiet protest against every hypothesis which put in peril the spiritual interests of humanity.

February, 1876

Mr Emerson has lectured once in Boston, this winter, and has read once or twice at private houses. He gives his new lecture at Concord on Wednesday evening, March 1, before the Concord lyceum, where he always lectures once during the year. Now that the trains run on the Middlesex Central road, so that hearers from Boston can go out to the lecture in Concord and return the same night, many will probably go from this city, while others will come from New Hampshire, as they did, last year, to the lecture on oratory. Next summer, Mr Emerson goes to Charlottesville, in Virginia, to deliver an address before Mr Jefferson's university, and will look in upon the centennial exhibition, as he goes and comes. Mr Alcott has resumed his conversations on Sunday evenings in Concord, and Miss May Alcott has established there a small art-school, where a few young ladies are learning to draw and paint. Miss Louise Alcott has returned to Boston. Mr Longfellow's health still continues delicate. It looks as if Moncure Conway might accept the Boston invitation to take charge of the former parish of Theodore Parker, but this is not yet settled. He returns to England in less than three weeks.

THE INFIDELITY OF MR W. T. HARRIS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: In the communication of yesterday signed by "Christian Parent," the final summing up against Mr. Harris as a candidate for school superintendent is condensed in a charge of "infidelity." And what is the ground of this charge? It is that Mr. Harris has the honor of being the editor of the only journal of speculative philosophy published in the English language—which means that any one who is a student of metaphysics must be an infidel also. I fear that a Salem witch would not be safer with some of us now than formerly with Cotton Mather. "Give us an educated Catholic, an educated Hebrew—any one but an infidel." A Hebrew is not an infidel then, but a student of Hegel must be. A Catholic, under existing circumstances, would be safer in charge of our schools than a quiet gentleman who translates German logic and writes a good essay on the Venus of Milo.

I doubt if there is any evidence at all that Mr. Harris is an infidel, even in the dogmatic sense intended by "Christian Parent." I do not remember one page in the last six years of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy devoted to religious discussion, excepting some short argument in regard to taxation of church property. There cannot have been much, at all events; and any one who has watched Mr. Harris's course, or investigated Hegel's philosophy even a little, ought to know that both stand in open hostility to materialism, positivism, dogmatism, or any form of atheism whatever. If Boston obtains Mr. Harris for its superintendent, it will possess an officer whose combined scholarship and practical capacity are exceedingly rare, and whose infidelity will be of little or no mischief to any one.

F. P. S.

February, 1876

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: I was surprised at the article in yesterday's paper, signed "Christian Parent." Without discussing at all the merits of the two candidates for the position of superintendent of schools, it seems to me that the allusion to the religious or theological opinions of one candidate and omitting all mention of the other's, was neither fair nor grateful. Now, for aught that the newspapers have told us, Mr. Philbrick may be as arrant a heretic as Mr. Harris. I am sure he was superintendent a long term of years, and I never thought to consider if he was a Christian or a Jew. I recall now, however, that on several occasions I met him coming from Music Hall when Theodore Parker preached there, and more lately I found him returning from a Sunday discourse by M. D. Conway. But, in truth, this is a sorry time to stir up a "theological feeling" against an educational professor. We are attempting, if possible, to eliminate all sectarianism out of our schools, and the last, nay, the only question that should *not* be asked of a teacher or a superintendent is, *What* is your religion? Make the standard of morality and of intelligence as high as possible, but pray don't create a value to sectarianism, and

make it profitable to be a Pharisee.

By the way, between two such admirable men as Harris and Philbrick, why would it not be a good idea to settle the disposition of the position of superintendent of schools by a competitive examination? The civil-service system ought to be as applicable to educational as to political affairs.

CONSTANT READER.

The Services at Concord.

Early in the afternoon the remains of Mr. Robinson were conveyed from his late home to the town of Concord, the place of his nativity. There, in the presence of many who had known him long, assembled in the Unitarian Church, the public rites were performed. Among those who gathered with the chief mourners were Judge Hoar, Judge Brooks, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hon. Frank Bird, Frank B. Sanborn, and several leading citizens of the town. The casket rested before the altar, and on either side were large and beautiful floral designs. Other emblems adorned the sacred desk, while on the casket were three flower pieces, elegant and appropriate gifts from friends. Upon the casket plate was inscribed the following:

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON,
"WARRINGTON."
Born in Concord, Mass. Dec. 7, 1818.
Died in Malden, Mass., March 11, 1876.
RESURGAM.

The services were commenced at a quarter before 3 o'clock, the organist, Mrs. L. C. Myrick, selecting a fitting voluntary. Then followed the reading of the burial service, after which the hymn—"Oh where shall rest be found," was sung by a quartette, comprising Charles E. Brown, basso; Alice Whelden, alto; Mrs. S. J. Ballou, soprano; H. L. Whitcomb, tenor.

The pastor of the Society, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, then addressed the assembled friends as follows:

You have brought what remains visible of your dear friend to the old home, where amid social, literary and political influence, in his youth I take it very earnest and quickening, his character received its first shaping. You have brought him to that old church where he formed not a little that religious faith which was behind his intense moral and philanthropic activity and faithfulness, and which in his last hours of feebleness and failing powers gave him serene peace and trust. You have brought the dust precious to you to bury in that soil where sleeps the dust of his ancestors for two generations and that of his own child. It seems fitting so to do. Gladly, yet with sadness too, we receive back all that remains mortal to the place which has so many memories of his brave and strong spirit to cherish.

Your friend was not simply a private citizen—in the true sense he was a public man. True, his personality was not often put forth prominently. He did not hold and he did not seek many offices which brought him before the world. But he was a public man in that to the very core of his being he was full of that public spirit by which he took a perpetual and fervent interest in all things which concerned the interests of the community, of humanity. An in that, with that weapon which he wielded with such consummate skill—the pen—he was perpetually laboring to advance what seemed to him for the welfare and true progress of man. By his sagacious foresight, by his large knowledge, by his keen and pungent wit, by his undoubting faith he took his place among large public influences. When you have accepted a few great names it will be admitted that not many have done more to carry our good Commonwealth forward in that glorious way of philanthropy and liberty in which it has traveled than he did.

The thing which can be said first of his character is that it was one of which we can afford to tell the whole truth. Like the great protector he could say, "Paint me as I am," with all the virtues and defects. One thing is clear, the objects which he set before him to forward were the objects becoming a high-minded man to accept. To promote good measures, to elevate to power good men, to attack by every weapon of argument, of ridicule, of appeal, which enraged and oppressed; to unmask hypocrites and to take away their power to injure—these objects, according to the best of his discernment and power, he sought to attain. No one, however opposed, suspected him of willfully sustaining anything base, or mean, or wrong. However he fought, he always fought with a good conscience, and undeterred by any obstacles, whether failing health, or risk of personal popularity, or opposition of friends. And as it seems to me, he fought the fight with remarkable unselfishness. He did not ask much portion for himself, or much reward of any sort. He was content to live simply and to *work* while it was day.

That he sometimes erred in judgment, that he sometimes made attacks which were undeserved, that possessing as few a trenchant wit and pungent humor he frequently used them with undue severity his dearest friends no doubt would admit. But admitting all, his public influence was beyond peradventure great, wholesome, on the side of public righteousness and not against it—for man's true rights and progress.

In personal relations he had great power of attaching people to him deeply—even people whom he had criticised and opposed. He was bright, cheerful, full of wit, full of knowledge, warm-hearted, faithful, trustworthy, and so he had a great circle of those who believed in him, enjoyed him and clung to him in health, and quite as deeply in sickness and decline. We cannot go far behind the veil which properly secludes the private relations and home. But we can say that that he was faithful and affectionate in all its relations—a true husband, an indulgent and tender father.

He was not faultless. No one would believe us if we said that He had the faults, and he had the great virtues of a bold, warm-hearted, sturdy nature, which had its own vigorous and conscientious belief, and which with the whole heart hated wrong and hated shame. And so it was not a life lived for naught. It accomplished and was accomplishing a vast deal which was good and valuable, which was for the increase of human welfare, and for the strengthening of things right and true.

And now in its fullness, in its early autumn days, when with the ripening of years and the chastening of trial, when we might have expected a sweeter and richer fruitage that even in youth, in manhood—that life for here is closed. Regrets are human—and yet, with the human regrets mingles the divine and heavenly instinct which tells that there is no testimony to immortality so clear, so touching, so indisputable as what we call death of those who have in them intellect, affections, high faith, good purposes—whose full work is not yet. The work drops here from our nerveless hands, only that in the world seen by the eye of faith a nobler work may be taken up.

At the close of the address, the quartette sang the hymn "How happy is he born or taught who serveth not another's will," and prayer was offered by Rev. D. M. Wilson. The pastor pronounced the benediction, and the last look at the face of the departed was taken. The remains were then carried from the church, and the cortege of sorrowing friends followed on to the family lot, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, beside that of Hawthorne.

3-14-76

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

Middlesex County Association—Twenty-third Annual Meeting at Concord.

[Apr.]

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

The Middlesex County Teachers' Association began its twenty-third annual meeting at Concord yesterday. The meeting was held in the Town Hall and was attended quite largely, the hall being filled during all the three sessions.

The exercises opened with an address of welcome by Superintendent Emerson of the Concord schools, which was responded to by J. D. Billings, President of the association. After hearing the reports of officers and appointing a nominating committee the association proceeded to business.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS AND THEIR RELATIONS TO THE HIGHER GRADES.

Mr. E. H. Davis, Superintendent of the Woburn Public Schools, read the first paper of the morning on the above subject. The best plans and methods to be pursued are still matters of experiment, he said. There are some things assured, however. One is that the kind of instruction needed is peculiar. Another is that the plan of memorizing from text books, nowhere desirable as a general rule, is here to be entirely discarded. Object teaching and oral instructions here assumed great prominence. Long continued study and severe application are to be avoided. It is possible that the dullness of pupils in higher schools is often owing to unwise early instruction.

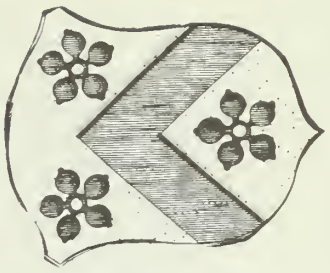
The pupil needs to be interested in what he does and led on from step to step through a proper excitement of the imagination. He must be taught very largely through observation, imitation and memory. A misuse is sometimes made by training the two latter to the exclusion of the former. The kind of instruction may seem ideal to many, too high to be attained. It calls for skillful teachers persons of positive character, capable of understanding the responsibilities involved. Special preparation and study are indispensable necessary. The idea prevalent even among teachers of eminent ability, that the primary school is a good place for a teacher to begin her apprenticeship, is a mistaken one, and often leads to great evil. The minds of the pupils are exceedingly plastic, and need to be correctly formed. Everything incorrectly learned, every habit not formed as it should be, will prove a hinderance all through the higher grades, and perhaps through life. It would be far safer to instruct an experienced teacher in a Grammar school than in a Primary.

The dignity of the office of the primary school teacher is inferior to none, though often it is not so considered. In Germany it is the custom to employ the best male teachers in the primary schools. If the primary school becomes what it should, it requires no less tact and real talent than the higher grades. Of late years the subject of morals and manners has found a place in every well ordered course of study, and now here can these be so well taught as in the primary schools.

It is simply marvelous what a degree of excellence may be attained in any single branch of the primary school work. The boy who goes out from the primary school is already started on the road to and prepared for obtaining a good education.

He alluded to the great change in the methods of teaching the primary branches since the days when most of the men were scholars, but believed many improvements were still possible. He believed it would be best to carry primary teaching into the grammar course for one year at least, so that the transition from oral instruction to that of text books should not be too immediate.

The paper was briefly discussed by A. Brown of Alcott, Mr. Davis of Somerville and Mr. Coggswell, Superintendent of Schools, Cambridge.



"THE TRAINING WHICH GIRLS NEED."

The second paper of the morning was by Mrs. A. G. Woolson of Concord, N. H., on the "Training which girls need." She began by saying that our schools take cognizance only of the intellect. We presuppose a strong body and turn over the spiritual faculties to the Sunday School. If sharp-witted dyspeptics, of uncertain morals and with rather muddled views on spiritual topics, be the outcome of this one-sided system, it ought to suggest that there may be something radically wrong in the system we adopt. She believed that the Greeks were right in holding the body to be equally divine with the soul.

While educators of girls have had special regard to the idiosyncracies of sex they have provided for their training by adopting the very opposite course from that which common sense would seem to suggest. Because, as they assume, girls are weak they attempt to make them weaker. The education of girls is, how-

ever, on the whole a matter of quite as much importance as that of boys, in view of their future influence over the generations to come. Our schools for girls are bad, especially the private schools of our cities, because in them the girls of to-day are directed in their education very largely by the ignorance and weakness of their elders.

Our American girls are generally self-possessed, energetic and attractive, hiding the shallowness of their untrained minds under the pleasing disguise of vivacity, mental quickness and kindliness. We seem willing to sacrifice all the qualities which will make the womanhood of our girls noble and happy, for a few brilliant, feverish years of excitement and display. The speaker took it for granted that the object of training for girls should be to make them happy, efficient workers in the world—not mere toys, pretty, idle and incompetent, burdens for some one to carry, however willingly, through life. Even those who would, under all circumstances, limit her work to the home, have come to see that woman must be made intelligent and strong. The tendency is to extend, continually, the range of her studies, and to make it more thorough.

The claim that woman's mind needs a special education specially administered is being rapidly abandoned. Girls are destined to enter the same curriculum as boys, but there will still be dangers in that. It is too exclusively mental for boys and will be even more so for girls. There is an utter lack of anything like a systematic drill of the muscular powers even in our best institutions for boys. Even after girls have entered freely the best college there will still be something to be desired.

She insisted that girls need, first of all, a training which shall insure good health. No nation in all the world treats its children so barbarously in respect to the health as we do ours. We kill them with maudlin kindness and poison them with sweetmeats, real and figurative. The fathers and mothers of our land are not intelligent enough to make it otherwise, and as a consequence of this the physical weakness of American women has become a by-word in all the countries of the world.

The nature of education she believed to be generally misunderstood. Real education consists in training the mind, not in filling it; it is discipline, not accumulation. The mistake, commonly made in regard to the education of young men, has been almost universally made also in regard to young women. Disciplinary studies have generally been omitted from the range allowed them, as practically useless. The result is that women are illogical, and often the dupes of those on whom they depend. Never taught to rely upon themselves, they are forever in leading strings. Therefore she asked that girls should attend to disciplinary studies.

Next to the intelligent care of the physique and the discipline of the mind, Mrs. Woolson placed the training of the perceptive faculties. Women are gifted with a general keenness of observation. If they would only employ the keenness of observation, now almost exclusively spent upon clothes, in some systematic scanning of the varied fields of science and art, they might do more in the world of philosophy than they now dream possible.

Mrs. Woolson did not mean that there should be no information given during the period of education, for there was much every woman ought to know, both in physiology, natural history, chemistry, and a thousand other directions. She suggested the feasibility of technical schools, similar to those for young men, as a possibly good thing for girls. No girl or boy is well equipped for life till master of some good trade. In conclusion Mrs. Woolson alluded to this as the centennial year in which we have bidden all other nations to our Exhibition, and suggested that the teachers of American girls learn something from those with whom they would come in contact.

Mrs. Woolson's paper was discussed by Mr. Alcott very briefly in place of the paper on Principles of Teaching which he was to have read. At 12 o'clock an intermission was had for two hours to give an opportunity for dinner, which was furnished by the people of the town, the members of the association going to the vestry of the Unitarian Church, where it was served.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At two o'clock the Association met again in the Hall. The first paper read was by W. F. Bradbury of the Cambridge High School, on the Metric System. Mr. Bradbury's interesting and conclusive paper was very nearly the same as that read a year ago at the Boston High School before the High School Teachers' Association, and then reported in *The Journal*.

"A REFORMED ALPHABET."

The second paper of the afternoon was read by Jos. A. Allen of West Newton on the above subject. He spoke of the extreme difficulty English speaking children find in learning to spell their language, and the consequent illiteracy of the best educated nations speaking of that tongue. In Germany, which uses a phonetic language, spelling classes are unknown. The English language is a combination of more than 20 different idioms, living and dead.

Till the publication of Johnson's Dictionary there was no standard of orthography in our language. He did not see why we should cherish, as we do so superstitiously, the old-fashioned method of writing the language. The system of teaching in the phonetic method had been tested in many schools and by many committees of examination, and never with unfavorable conclusions. The original method of Pitman has not made all the progress which its friends expected for it, but others have been introduced which tend in the same direction. There never was a time when so many children were learning to read in the phonetic method as now. There never was a time when philologists were so outspoken in their demands for an improved alphabet as at present.

On motion of Mr. Edward Allen a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to consider the best means of advancing an alphabet reform, to report at the next annual meeting.

The subject was discussed by D. B. Hagar of the Salem Normal School, who argued for a phonetic spelling from the priority of spoken language over written, the greater simplicity and ease in learning it, and the enormous saving of time made by it. L. L. Dame of the Stoneham High School argued against phonetics, drawing from the philological argument and the question of expediency strong reasons for the retention of the present system.

EVENING SESSION.

In the evening Samuel Eliot of the Girls' High School, Boston, read a paper detailing some of the

"WANTS OF THE TEACHER'S PROFESSION."

He began by speaking of the far reaching influence of the teacher's profession. The wants of the teacher's profession may be grouped together under two heads—restraint and freedom. Where there has been too much of one, the other is needed. The great need is of equipoise. Among the wants to be gathered under the former head, he considered first the lack of motive, of great, grand, dominating motive. It is no motive for one to enter the profession because in it the rewards are thought to be surer or the labor easier than in any other. There is restraint needed right here, in keeping out of the profession those who have no high and noble motive for entering upon the work.

Next he should put the restraint needed in the way of preparation, without which the best motive is valueless. He criticised sharply the training schools, which he believed were yet quite inadequate to the work needed to be done. Another need was that of an education not given by any schools but by literature—books and reading—the inheritance of the teacher's calling above that of any others. The teacher needed to look outside of his old world into that of others. The greatest want of the present time in the profession is that of a fit and proper preparation.

The teacher's profession needs freedom from without and from within. It needs an entirely new system of appointment, which shall not require teachers to seek place, and set forth, to one after another, his or her gifts and abilities. The whole system was galling to the self-respect of the applicants, disheartening and discouraging, and he prayed for its speedy end.

The tenure of the teacher's office needs to be set free from any trammels now fixed upon it. When the teacher is once appointed he should not hold his office uncertainly, but just so long as he is fit for it. The teacher needs to be quite as independent of the committee as the committee is of the teacher.

Teachers need to be set free from within, as to the methods of teaching. They need to care less and less for the mere imparting of information, and more and more for the training of mind. Above all it was necessary to have the right ideal.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Was called on to speak on the same subject. He said the majority of mankind nowadays were impressed with a new desire of culture. There were two great forces in education. One was the male, the commanding force; the other the female, or sympathetic force, which, though more subtle than the former, was often most powerful. The word education has often a hopeless sound. It is very rare that the youth on whom our seminaries have spent eight or ten years repay by their productive power all that is dowered upon them.

Education should be as broad as man. No matter what a man is, nature and the world have need of him. Nature makes each child curious for knowledge. Money no more burns in his pocket than a new fact, till he reveals it. If a man wants a new stove, he goes to the professors of iron ware; to cultivate his garden, he goes to the working botanists—the sweating geometers.

Mr. Emerson's address was not concluded at the time of departure of the last train for Boston.

It was expected that the convention would adjourn for the night at the close of his address. Arrangements were made by Messrs Jones and Jacobs of the Middlesex Hotel and the other citizens of Concord, with their usual hospitality, by which each of the teachers as wished to remain over night for to-day's session were all accommodated.

Apr., 1876

WALT WHITMAN.

A VISIT TO THE GOOD GRAY POET.

His Philosophy and Way of Life—His Home in New Jersey—His New Volumes.

From Our Special Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1876.

More than ten years ago, when that illustrious statesman and Christian, Secretary Harlan of Iowa, turned Walt Whitman out of his little clerkship in the department of the interior at Washington, one of his eager young friends, Mr O'Connor, printed a warm defense of Whitman, in which he termed him "the good gray poet." Whitman was then but 46 years of age, or a little older than Thoreau was when he died in 1862, but he had already begun to wear the grizzled beard and silvering locks that have become almost the badge of American poets, since Dana and Bryant and Longfellow have worn them so many years. Emerson, almost alone among the elder poets, has avoided the mediæval beard and the insignia of old age—but even he, when 73 years old, as he will be, next month, will have laid aside much of that youthful and alert air that so long have marked him among men and poets. The story of Tithonus is still a parable of the poet,—he is immortal in his love, but loses with years the freshness of his life, and, at last, implores the goddess who made him happy to discharge him from her service and grant him repose among the dead.—

"Thou seest all things—thou wilt see my grave.
Thou wilt renew thy beauty, morn by morn;
I, earth in earth, forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels."

Now that Whitman has come almost to his 57th birthday (he was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819), and has, for some time, been a confirmed invalid, he has assumed more entirely the grayness that was ascribed to him,

and were he inclined to complain, like Tithonus, he might sigh forth, in remembering his former free and joyous life, of which his verses are so full, and contrasting it with his present retirement,—

"Alas for this gray shadow, once a man,
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heart none other than a god.
* * * * * * * *
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds.
* * * I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow, roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn."

But, like Thoreau in his later months of illness and retirement, Whitman, though graver than formerly, is none the less cheerful, and has no complaints or reproaches against the Muse or against the power that rules the world. Certain statements made in his name about the neglect of critics and publishers, and the hardships of poverty, have come from him only as a mention of the simple fact, and not as reproaches or entreaties, and they ought not so to be interpreted.

"For never poor beseeching glance
Shamed that sculptured countenance."

In the room where I found Whitman, a few books were to be seen in a book-case, and two remarkable paintings hung on the wall. One was the portrait of Whitman himself, painted perhaps a dozen or fifteen years ago, before his hair and beard were gray and before his face had lost the colors of youth. The other is a good painting, perhaps 150 years old, of a Dutch ancestor of Whitman's whom he greatly resembles,—both having the ruddy, sensuous and thoughtful face, with strongly-marked eyebrows, and the ancestor, like the poet, wearing his coat open at the neck. The poet now dresses in gray clothes, matching well with his hair and beard, and wears a white scarf or handkerchief loosely tied about his neck above his blue waistcoat—altogether a picturesque and befitting attire, careless but effective. He was sitting by the window as I approached the house, and he opened the door to let me in—walking slowly and with a cane, but not painfully. He suffers much at times from his disorder, which he described as "a baffling kind of paralysis," that first attacked him three years ago, and from which he never expects fully to recover. It not only reduces his strength and affects his power of motion, but also attacks his digestive organs, and thus causes him many miserable hours—some of which he had experienced that morning, he said. But the expectation of my coming had toned him up, he thought, and he then felt well for an invalid, and cheerful, as he always seems to be. He talks gravely and with a melodious, manly voice, now and then affected by a slight hesitation, as if paralysis were giving him a hint not to move his tongue too much; and very simply, using words without affectation, and choosing them for their fitness to express the idea or the picture in his mind. He talked no more about himself than most men do, and what he said on that score was interesting, which is not the case with most men. He is, certainly, a deeply interesting person, and it was easy to see what drew to him the admiration of Emerson, Alcott and Thoreau, who made his acquaintance in the years before the war—now so far remote. He is, indeed, a distinguished and superior person, apart from what he has written, and has an individuality as marked in its way as was that of Thoreau himself, who was but a year or two older than Whitman. Like Thoreau, Whitman spent much of his life with his mother and sister, between whom and himself the closest affection existed. Indeed, his attack of paralysis in Washington in 1873 was aggravated by the death, soon after, of his mother, his sister having died a little while before. His father, who was a farmer on Long Island, died in 1855, when Whitman was preparing to publish the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Before this he had written sketches for the Democratic Review, and had helped edit several newspapers—among them the "Plebeian," the editor of which bore the appropriate name of Levi D. Slamm. Thoreau was also a writer for the Democratic Review in those days before the flood,—so were Hawthorne and, I believe, Bryant.

Whitman does not estimate American literature as most people do, but there is nothing mean or petty in the view he takes of it and of its chief authors. He thought it fortunate for American poetry that it has had for its sponsors four poets so manly, clean and strong as Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier. Only one of these was his personal acquaintance, and Longfellow and Whittier I believe he never saw. Lowell he once saw for a few minutes, in the days when he wore his auburn hair long and sat for his portrait to Page, and wrote socialistic and anti-slavery poems for the newspapers. The Cambridge scholar, young, handsome and fat, as Whitman describes him, gave the Brooklyn mechanic-editor, who then saw him at the office of "The Plebeian," a high and pleasing conception of Yankee poets,—but he has not since set eyes on him. Emerson he came to know a few years later,—the Concord poet having sought him out in New York. Alcott and Thoreau called upon him at his mother's house in Brooklyn during a visit they were making in New York about 1858, and Alcott had since visited him, perhaps in Washington, where Miss Alcott, like Whitman, was a hospital nurse. He told me how he came to visit the camps,—his brother, the colonel, was badly wounded, and Whitman went down to Virginia to take care of him—perhaps to bring home his body. Though he found him better than was feared, yet other soldiers needed his care, and he never left that kind of hospital service during the war. To my mind the best poems that he has written were inspired by the war—and there are short passages, not so much poems as *sentences*, which are worthy to live, as perhaps they will, among those that Plutarch (and Homer before him) has handed down to immortality. Here are some such,—the first containing his advice to his countrymen in regard to state rights, in which Whitman firmly believes, though he was a strong antagonist of slavery and disunion. He calls it:—

WALT WHITMAN'S CAUTION.

"To The States or any one of them, or any city of
The States,—*Resist much, obey little;*
Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved,
Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this
earth ever afterward resumes its liberty."

Where could you find that doctrine more concisely taught, in spite of repetitions? Here is a portrait of Washington as good as any ever drawn,—Brooklyn Hights being the foreground:—

"And is this the ground Washington trod?
And these waters I listlessly daily cross, are these
the waters he crossed,
As resolute in defeat as other generals in their
proudest triumphs?"

Of a high officer in the civil war Whitman says:—

"I saw old General at bay,
Old as he was, his gray eyes yet shone out in battle
like stars,
His small force was now completely hemmed in, on
his works."

And how could the whole connection of slavery with the civil war and its results be better summed up than in this strong poem?—

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS.

[A Reminiscence of 1864.]

I.

Who are you, dusky woman, so ancient, hardly
human,
With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and
bare, bony feet?
Why, rising by the road-side here, do you the colors
greet?

II.

'Tis while our army lines Carolina's sand and pines,
Forth from thy hovel door, thou, Ethiopia, com'st
to me,
As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea.

III.

*Me, master, years a hundred, since from my parents
sundered;*
*A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is
caught;*
*Then hither me, across the sea, the cruel slaver
brought.*

IV.

No further does she say, but lingering all the day,
Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls
her darkling eye,
And curtseys to the regiments, the guidons mov-
ing by.

V.

What is it, fateful woman, so blear, hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound—yellow, red
and green?
Are the things so strange and marvelous, you see or
have seen?

To return for a moment to the comparison with Burns, here is a poem which cannot be sung like "Scots wha hae," but which is even more startling and moving than that. Whitman's lament for Lincoln also is as touching as most and more sublime than any of Burns's laments for earls and comrades. He, like Whitman, was a true and warm-hearted comrade, and his poetry speaks much of that. But Whitman considers it his mission to have celebrated comradeship in his poems, just as he has idealized democracy in his philosophy. He wishes his works to be regarded (and so they are now published by himself) as a *whole*. So regarded, he believes that the objectionable passages will be found to have as natural a place in them, as the animal life of man has in his whole existence. He considers his philosophy a spiritual one—certainly an ideal one,—and by the maturer judgment of the world he is content to abide, as he must, in regard to his rank as a poet and philosopher. In these years of illness and enforced quiet, he has much considered and revised his books, and now he publishes them as he wishes them to stand and to be read. They make two volumes of about 700 pages in all, with three portraits of the author, and his autograph signature, finely bound, and sold for $5 a volume. The small edition he had prepared is selling fast, and he will print another. Perhaps even some publisher may come forward and offer to print for him, but he prefers now to be his own publisher.

It is just forty years since Mr Emerson's first book was printed by James Munroe in Boston—a thin volume in eight chapters, which he entitled "Nature," and to which he prefixed this motto, since omitted, "Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know." This was a dark saying, not too well translated from Plotinus; and the book itself was found dark and obscure by the multitude of readers. It is a little difficult even now, when the slender text has had the benefit of so many volumes of commentary, by the author himself, and by others, to comprehend exactly what it was that Mr Emerson meant to convey in this treatise. It opens like a metaphysical analysis,—it proceeds, in a descriptive, poetic and reflective manner to depict both the outward universe, and the inner sphere of the soul to which the outer world is supposed to conform and correspond. Then it becomes moral, ethical and didactic, with a strong and clear religious mysticism, or idealism, —but with no such relation of one chapter to another, or even of one sentence to another, as men had been accustomed to look for in the ordinary books of philosophy. Its method was one scarcely known to literature at all;—its aim was uncertain, varying and recurrent. Such as read it with delight—they were few, but earnest in their admiration—scarcely knew where it left them; they had been drawn on like Ariel's followers in Prospero's island, but without guessing whither they were going:—

"Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns;—I hear it now above me."

Certainly it was above them at that time, and perhaps we may say it has been ever since. But in the years that have intervened, Mr Emerson has been occupied, like the Greek sage, in bringing philosophy down "from the heavens to the earth," and the strain, though of a higher mood, seems somewhat nearer to mankind now than it did in 1836, when the Transcendental period was so new, and all that has since taken place in American history was yet in the "dark backward and abysses of time." And one of the extraordinary things about this most extraordinary literary man of our epoch has been the ease with which his philosophy, which was first preached as a speculation, with little or no apparent chance of verification, has quietly adjusted itself to the prodigious moral and social and political revolution that has taken place between the date of Munroe's edition of "Nature" in 1836, and Osgood's edition of it in 1876. The world has turned over and over, American slavery is abolished, France is a republic, Spain and Italy are liberal monarchies, the pope is a tenant upon good behavior in the Vatican; Japan sends commissioners in tight trousers to our centennial show at Philadelphia, all the wonders of modern science have taken their place in the every-day life and thought of mankind, and lo, amidst all these overturns and regenerations, the ideal philosopher and his idealism remains as it was, but justifies itself no longer by appeals to Greek and Roman and Hebrew history,—but by the most recent annals and affidavits.

There is much in Emerson that Plutarch, that Graeco-Roman lyceum lecturer, never had or but faintly showed forth. Yet in many respects there is a close likeness between Plutarch and Emerson, and the compliment which the Concord essayist bestowed on the Bœotian biographer may well be transferred to Emerson himself. Each of his books is "a rebuke to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a stoicism not of the schools, but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that author his immense fame." It was this trait which put Emerson early on the side of the slave against his master, and led him into the long unpopular sect of abolitionists, with whom, on some grounds, he had so little in common. I have heard a lady describe the shiver of sympathetic fear which ran through his Boston audience in 1837, soon after the murder of Lovejoy at Alton by the pro-slavery mob, when Mr Emerson in his lecture on "Heroism," printed afterward in the first series of essays, uttered these words: "Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live." By and by, as if in illustration of the discipline he had been advocating, and the philosophy he inculcated, John Brown came slowly marching on, and put into exact and immortal deeds the thoughts that Emerson had cherished and implanted. Then came the civil war and Abraham Lincoln, to emblazon his pages on a still larger scale, and what is true of our political history is equally true of our progress in social and religious thought. The world has gone forward or stood still, or gone back, upon circles calculated and laid down in advance by this solitary thinker, with whom so many millions now find they agree. It has been touching as well as droll, of late years, to see the Methodists and other sectarians, who formerly thought almost as ill of Mr Emerson's books as of the Koran, now coming to his door for conference and instruction. And, this week, he speaks for the first, and probably the last time to the Episcopalians and Baptists of Virginia, in the university which Jefferson founded among the mountains of Virginia.

June, 1876

[August]

The End of the Old Hawthorne Mansion.
From the Boston Journal.

The "Old Mansion" on "Hathorne Hill," in Danvers, is coming down, after having stood for seven generations. It was built in the reign of Charles I. William Hathorne built it and John Hathorne lived there, the fierce which prosecutor, who is more than once mentioned by his immortal descendant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and particularly in the amazingly clever introduction to that amazingly clever romance, "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Hawthorne was always called "Hathorne" by his early acquaintances, but Hawthorne is the name of the English family to which William Hathorne, founder of the race in America, belonged.

A History of Transcendentalism.

In writing his history of "Transcendentalism in New England" Mr. O. B. Frothingham has made a contribution of no little value to the history of the intellectual development of the United States during the first century of our national life. He has at the same time written a book of considerable popular interest. The public have heard so much and really know so little of the peculiar movement which is called by the name of transcendentalism that very many readers will be attracted to the volume by a sharply pricking curiosity to learn something definite of that which they know now very hazily. Mr. Frothingham's work will abundantly repay the labor of such persons, but there is a much higher aspect in which it should be viewed. Transcendentalism was a power in this country a generation ago, and while the thing itself may be said to have passed away, its influence is still felt in American thought and American character. The transcendentalists were few in number, indeed, and for the most part men of thought rather than men of action, but their influence was felt in quarters to which they were themselves strangers, and it is scarcely too much to say that their thinking has given form and color, in a greater or less degree, to all thinking in this country. Men who most stoutly oppose transcendental ideas have, nevertheless, had their own theories of philosophy and life modified, however unconsciously, by the existence of the very system which they reject. Whatever one may think, therefore, of the transcendental school and their system, no one can hesitate to regard the history of transcendentalism as a very important part of the history of our country, and Mr. Frothingham's work will be accepted gratefully by all students of the intellectual and social development of America.

The work is professedly only a history of transcendentalism in America, but in this as in all stories of growth or development there is a beginning before the beginning, and the author has sought first to trace the origin and development of transcendentalism in other countries as a necessary introduction to the history of its rise upon our own shores. His first chapter is devoted to a study of the beginnings of transcendentalism in Germany. Then follows an account of its growth there; of the work of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, etc., among the men who may be called in some sort apostles of the new philosophy: next he traces the system—if we may call it distinctly a system—as it found expression in theology and litera-

sure at the hands of Goethe, Schleiermacher, Richter and others; idealism in France is discussed in the fourth chapter, with sketches of Cousin, Constant and other noted rationalistic thinkers; the fifth chapter ends the introductory part of the work, with a sketch of the idealism of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle.

In examining the development of transcendentalism in New England, the author writes first of its practical, then of its religious tendencies. The division of his subject after this is best expressed in his chapter headings, which are: "The Seer—Emerson," "The Mystic—Alcott," "The Critic—Margaret Fuller," "The Preacher—Theodore Parker," "The Man of Letters—George Ripley," "Minor Prophets" and "Literature." In some respects this characterization, it will be seen, is inaccurate and fanciful, as many of Mr. Frothingham's conclusions seem to us to be; but the work is an able and interesting one, and indeed the only one of the kind which we have on the subject. It tempts the scissors in many pages, but narrow space fortifies our judgment that the best chosen extracts from a work of this nature serve only to misrepresent it as a whole.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

THOREAU'S HERMITAGE.

N.Y. Ev'g Post, Fri., 1-26-77.

A Visit to the Waters Fit for Baptisms—Thoreau's First Essays in Literature—His Hut and his Way of Life—The Grave where he Lies Buried, among the Tall, Arrowy Pines.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

WARNER, N. H., January 1, 1877.

The beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, where Hawthorne is buried, has just received a new occupant—the sister of Henry Thoreau, the last representative of the name in this country except a maiden aunt well advanced in years. It is always melancholy to contemplate the utter extinction of a family, and especially so in the case of this one—the Thoreaus were so quick, bright spirits, and in all the aspects and manifestations of the outward world they took so keen a delight.

THOREAU'S FIRST ESSAYS.

It is now thirty-four years since, in the July number of that remarkable periodical the *Dial*, of which Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller were supposed to be the editors, and which numbered among its contributors Hedge, the scholar, and Cranch, the poet and artist, George Ripley and Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke and William Ellery Channing, John S. Dwight and "Orphic" Alcott, there appeared a charming article, having for its subject the "Natural History of Massachusetts." It was prefaced by a few words from one of the editors, evidently Emerson, who says he had begged of the friend who wrote it "to lay down the oar and fishing-line, which none can handle better, and assume the pen, that Izaak Walton and White of Selborne" may not want a successor, nor "the fair meadows to which we also have owed a home and the happiness of many years their poet." This was about the first (if not quite the first) of Thoreau's articles on Nature. He was then a young man of perhaps twenty-five years. How well he fulfilled the implied prophecy, becoming a more faithful, if possible a more loving, and certainly a finer and more subtle, interpreter of out-of-door life than even the patient and painstaking White, his readers well knew.

Thoreau may assuredly be called the chief in this country of those close observers of Nature of whom our literature is numbering more and more. His influence constantly affects those writers of the present day whose favorite pursuits make them familiar with wood-craft. If the reading of his books has not inspired and encouraged such essayists as John Burroughs and Joel Benton and others of that ilk, sure I am that in the poet-naturalist they have found genial companionship and a comrade to love and lean upon.

THE POND IN THE WOODS.

It is not every lover of sylvan life, however, who would obey the impulse to take up a dwelling-place for two years and two months, or even a small part of that time, in a hermitage; not though the spot was as lovely as the cove on the banks of Walden, and one could avail himself of the culture of Concord at will, or have for an occasional hour such a royal guest as Emerson. But the instinct exists oftener than we suspect; and every man with tastes kindred to those of Thoreau, having the born love of wild things, must have seen in himself the possibility of doing just such an unconventional thing as that. The tameness of common ways becomes unsatisfying; there is an irksomeness about indoor life which makes the vagabondage and freedom of open-air living at times greatly to be desired.

That limpid sheet of water, which is destined to immortality in literature, is a mile and a half below the historic village of Concord, in the midst of woods, and not a house can be seen from any part of its shore. The railroad embankment is in sight for a few rods at the lower end, and many trains pass daily; and near the track are a grove and landing-place much frequented through the summer by picnic parties; but all the rest is left to its lovely loneliness. And probably but few of the festive folk ever take the trouble to find out the spot where the poet lived.

The pond set in this green wilderness is a picture of delight. Its waters are wonderfully limpid, and you look down as through pale green crystal at the sandy bottom. "Never," says Hawthorne, "was there such transparent water as this. I threw sticks into it, and saw them float suspended on an almost invisible medium. It seemed as if the

pure air was beneath them as well as above. It is fit for baptisms; but one would not wish it to be polluted by having sins washed into it. None but angels should bathe in it; but blessed babies might be dipped into its bosom." A belt of pebbly beach rims it round; and on the side where Thoreau's hut stood there is a path along the bank—a winding path, over fallen pine needles and gnarled roots, and under a bowery roof through whose chinks the sunbeams find a way and flicker over the rust-tinted sod. It is a sweet, tranquil place, the haunt of many birds, and abounding with wild flowers in their season even to the water's edge.

THE HILLSIDE HUT.

In a little opening on high ground—the "pleasant hillside," he calls it—a mile from any neighbor, he built his hut. The cellar, a shallow one, was where the woodchucks had burrowed, preparing the way, breaking ground for him; the house was ten feet by fifteen, and eight feet high; it had a garret, a closet, a large window on each side, an open fireplace, and a door opposite. He had a shelf for his books—such books as he loved, the elder poets, best of company to him; and a few articles of furniture. When his house needed sweeping, he said, he set his goods all outside, and swept and washed and sanded it. That was primitive living. His door and one window looked across the pond toward the sunrise; the others into the green wood, which was not dense enough to be oppressive, but open, cheerful, friendly. It was lovely as Arcadia to one who had the spirit to find in it an Arcadia.

The simple hut is gone now; paternal trees, fellows of the "tall, arrowy pines," shelter the place; the opening is not overgrown; the path is still distinct. A little cross stands on the site of the hut, in the midst of a heap of stones. We sought long in the wood for one to add to the cairn before it occurred to us to go where he did for the stones for his chimney—to the pond, from which he carried two cartloads up the hill in his arms.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

All the members of the family now lie in Sleepy Hollow—Sophia, the last sister, completes the number. They are buried on the brow of the ridge, just across the path from Hawthorne's grave. A simple brown stone stands for the poet, with this inscription in a circular sunken panel: "Henry D. Thoreau, born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862." No spot could be more appropriate, more in consonance with his tastes and feelings. The cemetery is a beautiful one; there is no dimness or dampness about it, nothing gloomy or depressing. Over him the soft pines wave; the ground, when we were there, was covered with cones and the fallen needles, and bright autumn flowers were in bloom along the path. It was a place where bee and bird and butterfly came, were squirrels were at home.

A. B. H.

EMERSON ON BOSTON.

The Boston *Herald* of Sunday says: "Mr R. W. Emerson, who has in large measure withdrawn from the lecture field, consents each season to appear before his townspeople in Concord in their Lyceum course, and thus keep up his acquaintance and manifest his sympathy in their welfare and enjoyments. The lecture of the present season was delivered by him on Wednesday evening, when a considerable number of his admirers from Boston and other places were present. The subject of the discourse was 'Boston.' It was an interesting and picturesque lecture, and presented a rather familiar subject in the peculiar phraseology and originality of illustration to be expected from the author. The climate was spoken of and some of the positions, so humorously exaggerated by Mark Twain, rather mildly indorsed; but what was meant by 'celestial,' in contrast with tropical, was hardly perceived by the obtuse hearer. Allusion was made to the somewhat trite innuendo about persons born in Boston not needing 'to be born again,' which Brother Moody ignores, and her general character for intelligence, patriotism, charity, and intellectual cultivation was, upon the whole, modestly set forth. No Boston man would resent any omission in her behalf, nor were there grounds of complaint from other persons. The inference from the discourse would seem to be that the character of the city and the people was the resulting compound, chemically speaking, of Puritanism and climate. After bestowing upon the subject all commendation and admiration, the lecturer felt called upon to admit that, after all, the Puritans and their successors were a good deal like other people, and in some respects—such as persecuting the Quakers and hanging the witches—'rather more so.' The distinguished names of Boston were remembered, and the achievements in literature and the measures in behalf of general education duly spoken of. Toward the conclusion of the lecture, the first book ever printed, written by a native-born American, was casually referred to, but not mentioned. This book was printed in London in 1669, and is entitled, *The Mystery of Israel's Salvation, Explained and Applied; or, Discourse Concerning the General Conversion of the Israelitish Nation, Wherein is Showed, &c.* By Increase Mather, M. A., Teacher of a Church in Boston, New-England. We have seen one copy of the book, and there are probably other copies in the libraries of the city."

N.Y. Times, 2-20-77

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HIS LECTURE IN THE OLD SOUTH—A LARGE AND DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE.

4-16-77

Ralph Waldo Emerson met a large concourse of admirers in the Old South yesterday afternoon, when he delivered his lecture on Boston. The body of the church and the galleries were well filled with the best society of the city, and among those present were Hon. Henry L. Pierce, A. Bronson Alcott, Colonel Theodore Lyman, Dr. George B. Emerson, Hon. Richard Frothingham, Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, Rev. Charles G. Ames and Rev. Joseph Cook.

The lecture was not new, but not having been delivered in public since 1871, and never published, was fresh and interesting.

At a little after three o'clock, Colonel Henry Lee, accompanied by Mr. Emerson, came upon the speaker's stand, the desk being hung with the United States colors. Colonel Lee said, "I am charged, ladies and gentlemen, with the superfluous duty of introducing to a Boston audience Ralph Waldo Emerson", and the sage of Concord, who looked uncommonly well, was greeted with a hearty round of applause.

Commencing with a general reference to the independence of climate and air upon a people, and the belief that to certain spots special powers attach, he said that one who lives one year in Boston ranges through all the climate of the globe, and the influence of this upon the character of the people was to give them greater versatility. With its snows, its east winds and changing skies, it was not a luxurious climate. Wisdom was not found with those who dwell at their ease. New England, he said, was a sort of Scotland. Those who drink the waters of the Charles River get up earlier than those who drink from the Potomac. Boston was an exceptional city and an exceptional community, in the extraordinary and abundant means it furnished to enable every poor man to secure his child good culture and a finished edu-

cation by its libraries, its schools, and the sympathy of the community with every manifestation of talent. Citizenship in Boston he regarded as a sort of nobility, and it commands attention as the town appointed in the history of nations to lead the destiny of New England.

He then referred to the founding of the early colonies at Plymouth, Salem, Weymouth and Medford, and finally to the foundation of Boston, giving a beautiful description of its harbor and bay. The deep religious element which pervaded the early settlers was the basis of many of the most prominent traits of the New England character, and the foundation of the school and the village lyceum side by side with the church had tended to promote the culture of the intellect until New England supplied a large quota of ministers and teachers to the South and West. It had produced a refinement which makes the elegance of wealth look stupid. While its founders were united by personal affection, they stood in awe of each other as religious men, and for the first time an ideal social compact was realized.

Of the Old State House and the Old South he said, The old Town House, which is standing still at the head of State street, was the State House, the site of the Revolution, of the Revolutionary councils. There are the walls which knew, like this building, the voices of James, Otis, Cushing, Adams, Hancock and Hawley. Built in 1657 of wood, rebuilt of brick in 1711, burned out and then repaired in 1747 in its present form. I hope the rage for improvement will long spare not only this but that modest monument of our ancestors. [Applause.]

In speaking of the foundation of the State, he said that the phrase often heard among boys on the street, "I'm as good as you," was the essence of the Massachusetts bill of rights. There was nothing like a stirring town, instead of a talking town where nothing was doing. Boston had never been wanting in some theme of discussion to prick the sides of conservatism, from the days of the persecution of the Quakers to the time of Abner Kneeland and Garrison and Andrew. In all great parties it was the ceaseless agitators, the men that were never contented, who did the work, and not the men who wore the badges of office and spent the salaries.

Boston never wanted a good principle of rebellion in it. It always had a respectable minority, as in the times of the defenders of the slave against the politicians and the merchants. He referred to the early literary eminence of Boston, and noting that it produced no finished writer between 1750 and 1820 he said that it had well sustained its early reputation in this direction in these later days. Another peculiarity of Boston was that it had given good sons to good sires, like the younger Adams, Otis and Quincy; the high character of its State papers had been maintained by the character of its Executives from Winthrop to Andrew, and the decisions of its courts were respected as good law, both in America and England. If it had not produced a Milton or a Shakspeare it must be remembered that Nature was a frugal mother, who never gives without measure, and that in its early years Massachusetts wanted strong-hearted and strong-willed working men instead of epic poems and dramas. The distinctive features of this new Atlantis were its civil and religious freedom, education, social order and loyalty to law. Our little city among the rocks owed its existence and its virtue to the principles which were deeper than the rocks, and so long as it cleaves to these principles of liberty, education and truth, it would teach the teachers and rule the rulers of America; its geniuses could write the laws and its historians the fate of the nations.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S LECTURE AT THE OLD SOUTH.

A Large and Distinguished Audience Listen to His Eulogy of Boston in the Old Meeting House—Mr. Emerson's Lecture.

The Old South was crowded by an audience representing some of the best society of the Hub, yesterday afternoon, to listen to Ralph Waldo Emerson's lecture on "Boston." Many of the ladies and gentlemen who have taken prominent part in the movement to save the Old South were present, with a good delegation of the orator's Concord friends. At 3 o'clock Colonel Henry Lee, accompanied by Mr. Emerson, came upon the speaker's stand, the desk being hung with the United States colors. Colonel Lee, after making a few announcements, said: "I am charged, ladies and gentlemen, with the superfluous duty of introducing to a Boston audience Ralph Waldo Emerson;" and the Sage of Concord, who looked uncommonly well, was greeted with a hearty round of applause. He was dressed in black and read his lecture from a very large manuscript, of fully quarto size. He said: Whether there be in the air of Boston some hidden food of life, which keeps alive the watchfulness for liberty and democratic principles, it is certain that men have thought that the air of sea-shore and mountain is itself a potent disposition to rebellion. It has been remarked that

INSULARY PEOPLES HAVE BEEN FOND OF CHANGE,

both religious and secular. True, the air we breathe is an exaltation of all the solid matter of the globe. But all the chemical atoms which make up the aroma which the air diffuses all have their spiritual causes; and climate has its part in the progress of the world. There is the climate of the Sahara, where the sunbeams fall perpendicularly upon the earth with fiery fervency. There is the climate which is like a sponge; and such assimilating force does this second climate possess, that according to Sir Erskine Perry, all who go to the East Indies fall into the usages and manners of the natives, and all soon wear a common color. Noting the particular excellences which have flourished in certain localities, some have supposed this to result from an especial Divine blessing upon the land and clime; and many people have taken this superstition for their own glory. The Greeks thought none could die happy until they had at least seen the temple of the Olympian Jove. Something in the air of Rome seems to have made it a place where men in all ages have desired to live and die. It is a question whether in Boston, which ranges through all the climates of the globe in a single day, which touches at one extreme the splendor and heat of the tropics, and at the other a degree of cold approaching the temperature of the celestial spaces, there is an influence of the climate to ennoble men. Certainly it is no luxurious climate, but wisdom is not found in ignoble ease. Why it should so be in society we know not, any more than we know why New Bedford, no nearer the whale than New London, should savor of the oil cask; or why the water of the Merrimack should make different men from those who drink the water of the Savannah or the Alabama; and yet it were well for those who live by the Potomac that its acrid waters were tempered by the waters of the Merrimack, or even the Hudson. Like the Greek and Roman, the Genoese and Florentine, we have a pride in the native city; and

PURITANISM HAS NOT SUFFICIENTLY CHASTISED OUR PRIDE.

Boston was no accident; no windmill, no mere railway station, no cross-roads taverns, no army barrack, around which a city has grown up, but a seat of humanity, the birthplace of men of pure mind and noble sentiments and loyalty to their conviction, wherever it led them. Her annals are the grand historic lines of the country. I do not speak now with any fondness for the old town, but simply repeat cold, historic truth. Boston commands attention as the town appointed by destiny to be the natural leader of civilization in North America. This capital fact distinguishes the town, founded by the men who made it one of the conditions of the charter of the colony that they should have the right to govern themselves in their own way. That charter gave to them the land between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Massachusetts Bay region was pronounced the "Paradise of these parts;" but the first settlers, coming to the coast in winter, when the snow and the moonlight made all places alike, landed at Plymouth, and Salem and Weymouth and Medford were founded before a town was built on the shores of this deep and islanded bay, with the country of rich and undulating woodland back of all. The planters of Massachusetts Bay do not appear to have been barely men. They were well-to-do English landholders, wholly devised to their work here and often they exaggerated their troubles as well as their perils. Bears and wolves abounded, and in accordance with a general superstition lions were reputed to roam the woods, and Monadnock was burned over to destroy them. The chronicle says further that the shock of certain fish called the sting-ray "was terrible;" and the Rev. Peter Buckley, while journeying from Boston to Concord, is said to have tainted from the "powerful odor of the sweet-fern." Thorfinn and the other Norsemen found the wild grapes on this coast most intoxicating; but the wonderful grapes, with the lions and the "sting-ray," have never reappeared. But the colonists, with their inexperience and ignorance, brought over an earnest will and a unlawful purpose, and were held together in the bonds of a strict church covenant, which recognized all on one common basis of equality in religion. These men were cultured Englishmen; they were, indeed,

THE REPUBLICANS OF ENGLAND OF THEIR TIME,

and most religiously held to their convictions regarding education. In 1636 the colonists landed at Plymouth; in 1638 Harvard College was founded. In 1647 the General Court passed the famous ordinance providing for the education of the young. The system has brought forth many fruits; one, the village lyceum, now general throughout New England towns, where through the winter months lectures and debates are given, and the young are trained in useful knowledge. New England too, supplies large detachments of teachers to the whole country. Situated in cold and hot climates, where men are obliged to spend much of their time in lighted and heated rooms, the body has been shut out from many of Nature's influences. The person has not been made supple by exercise, the skin has been untouched by sun, and hence the New Englander lacks the beauty and grace which can only come from living out of doors. The needs of provision for the long winter make him anxious and frugal, and generate that spirit of detail which has in it nothing grand or enlarging, but which hardens the features and degrades the character. But the effects of this spirit of commerce and economy were counterbalanced by the deep religious spirit, always energizing the mind and prompting it to noble aims and strivings. The New Englander, awkward in bearing, with but little of the spirit of mere social knowledge, but still had often such noble aspirations that they bound him, by a natural affinity, to high souls all over the world, making him akin to Plato and Dante and Michael Angelo and Milton, and giving him a love for all that is pure and sublime in art. With a noble will and indomitable purpose themselves they came and built up a State which for the first time realized the purposes of a true social compact. They had a reverence for law, a loyalty to principle and a regard for each other, which lifted shoulder to shoulder. Their quarrels read like girl's quarrels, and all men were united in the pursuit of the great objects of their Commonwealth. The seeds of the Revolution were sown in the Town House—afterwards the Old State House. Its walls, like those of this building, knew the voice of Otis and Adams and Hancock and Hawley. Built in 1657, of wood, rebuilt in 1711, burned out and remodelled in 1747, substantially as it now stands,

MAY THE RAGE FOR IMPROVEMENT SPARE

not only this building in which we are assembled, but that other modest monument of our ancestors. With a sweet satisfaction at their freedom from the tyranny of bishop and king, these New Englanders used to delight in opposing their convictions, though they honored them; but that spirit has been lost. The words which one boy speaks to another on the street, "I'm as good as you are," embodies the principle of the Mass-

chusetts Bill of Rights, which lies at the bottom of Plymouth Rock and Boston stone. Moral values, under this system, became money values. The people had hearts and souls, and stood by their principles at all hazards; and, down to the time of Abner Kneeland, their descendants have maintained the father's characteristics. House-rents, in the early days, were higher in Boston than elsewhere; for people felt that there would be sure to be something going forward before the year was out. There was always a moving principle—a *primum mobile*, in Boston. And ever since there have been "odious novelties" in Boston, new sects, new forms of education and philosophy. Boston has always had "theorists" and "extremists," and her people have never been contented with what is. There is no strong performance without a little fanaticism in the performer, and many of her "doctrinaires" have made noble protest against cruelty to man, when flippant Senators called New Englanders the "mud-sills" of society; but the term became a glorious appellation, and New England was recognized as the rock, the bed, the foundation-sill of this country. With this purpose and earnestness has not been wanting culture. From the days of the "Magnolia" until now, New England has had her men worthy to rank with the worthies of the world. The work which she has done has not been literary, but to carry out a grand idea. Her "Hamlet," her "Mecanique Celeste," her "Wealth of Nations" is yet to come; but Boston, which has given to the country so many of her own descendants, may well rejoice in what her influence has done for the country. The city has struck her roots deep in the soil, and like the banyan tree, is sending out buds and offshoots everywhere. She is jealous only of her reputation—not of population nor of square miles of territory; and her sons, as they look at her glorious work, can offer no better prayer than that which adorns her seal: "God be with us as He was with our fathers."

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MUNROE of Concord, the founder of the new public library in that town, deserves mention among men of letters, for, though he was not a scholar nor a collector of books, he has done much for scholars and artists. His direct gift to the town of Concord in the new library building, and what went with it, must have been more than $60,000, and he leaves by his will another considerable sum to build an art gallery in connection with the library, to which his own pictures will probably go. He was born in Concord in 1806, his father being a pencil-maker there, as was the father of Henry Thoreau. Mr Munroe himself went into trade and amassed a moderate fortune thereby, with which he has done a great deal of good in many ways. He was never married, but leaves a brother and sister, nephews and nieces, who will share his property with the public. He died at his house in Concord, where he has been lying ill all winter—having been a confirmed invalid for several years. A marble bust of him by Gould stands in the Concord library, where also are busts of Emerson and Hawthorne, and where Thoreau's bust is to stand when made. The only large portrait of Thoreau will also go to this library.

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The funeral of the late William Munroe, who did so much to establish the public library at Concord, took place at the Unitarian Church, Concord, yesterday. The library building, one of the finest in the Commonwealth, and the gift of Mr. Monroe to the town, was draped in mourning and decorated with flowers. Rev. H. Grout offered prayer and read selections from scripture, and Rev. Wendell Reynolds alluded to the valuable public services of the deceased in an able address. After the address the quartette sang "Oh, spirit, freed from earth," and the services were closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Reynolds. After the friends had viewed the remains the body of the deceased was interred in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Hon. E. R. Hoar and Messrs. R. W. Emerson, Bronson Alcott, Samson Mason, George I. Brun and O. Curtis, of Boston, serving as pall bearers.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.

MEETINGS IN MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING—THE ANNUAL REPORT AND ADDRESSES.

The New England Woman Suffrage Association held their meetings in Tremont Temple building yesterday. The business meeting of the association was in the Meionaon in the morning, Mr. H. B. Blackwell calling the meeting to order. Mrs. Lucy Stone, after brief welcome remarks, read the annual report of the executive committee. It began with a statement of the duties of the committee, which were to provide ways and means, one of the resources of which was the festival, which had yielded so well pecuniarially that the association had gone through the year without debt. She gave several instances of what the work of the association had accomplished during the year, one of which was the passage of laws in Wisconsin and Minnesota allowing women to practise law there. There had also been great progress the in admission of women to the pulpit, which had been very steady and very gratifying. In the temperance cause the work of women has much increased, and the changed public feeling toward woman and her work has received the strongest evidence in the different tone of the press all over the country, and to a certain extent in other countries. In Nevada they have formed a law by which there is no difference in the salaries of male and female teachers. Mrs. Stone then proceed to give the annual report of the Massachusetts Female Suffrage Association, which was a resume of the labors of the year, and had much to say of what had been done in the politics of the State. She cited several instances where women during the last State campaign influenced largely the selection of members to the legislature. At Worcester, Charlestown, Chelsea, Melrose, Malden and other places women distributed ballots and did other useful political work, a proper account of which a few years hence would read like a romance. She spoke of the action of the legislature and pointed out many inconsistencies in its action.

The reports were accepted, after which the several committees on finance, business, resolutions, etc., were appointed by the chair, and, while they were making up their reports, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell explained briefly the position of the New England association and the various State organizations, and recommended that steps be taken to organize associations in States not possessing them at present. Reference was made to the work of Moody and Sankey, and the speaker regretted that they had failed to take up the woman suffrage question.

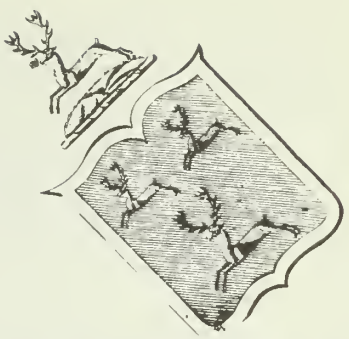
Remarks were also made by Mr. L. B. Fay of Southborough, the Rev. Mrs. Haynes, the Rev. Jesse H. Jones, Mrs. Stone and the Rev. Mr. Wiggin.

The afternoon session in the Meionaon at half-past two in the afternoon was fully attended, the audience being almost wholly composed of women. Mrs. Lucy Stone called the meeting to order and introduced Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill of Providence. She believed that the outposts of the cause are carried. Higher education for women is already possible, and women speakers are acceptable in churches. She thinks that the popular belief in the justice of woman suffrage is much deeper than commonly supposed. Ex-Governor Bullock's address at Mount Holyoke Seminary last summer was reviewed in some points, and exceptions taken to that point which asserts the impolicy of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace of Rhode Island also spoke to show the hostility or indifference of the churches to the woman suffrage people and cause.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell then introduced resolutions thanking the town of Arlington for its action in instructing the selectmen to petition the legislature to grant women municipal suffrage; recommending the suffragists to insert in town warrants articles asking what action the town will take to petition the next legislature to grant municipal suffrage; recommending the suffragists to secure the nomination of suffragists to the next legislature, and extending their sympathy to the suffragists of Colorado who will vote on the question next October.

The Rev. W. H. Channing was next introduced. He puts the suffrage demand on the ground of the peerage of women with men, and illustrated the possible good influence of women by incidents from the lives of Gladstone and Beaconsfield. The education of women is rapidly spreading in England, and it is a disgrace to New England to be so much behind.



Mrs. Stone presided at the evening meeting in Tremont Temple. At the opening Mr. Blackwell read the following nominations for the current year, which were adopted: President, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; vice-presidents, from Massachusetts, William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell, James Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Richard P. Hallowell, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the Hon. George F. Hoar, the Hon. George B. Loring, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, William I. Bowditch, Louisa Alcott, Samuel May, Mary F. Eastman; from Maine, Mrs. Ann T. Greeley, Mrs. Judge Dickerson; from New Hampshire, the Hon. Nathaniel White, Mrs. Gorton; from Vermont, James Hutchinson, Jr., the Hon. C. W. Willard; from Rhode Island, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson; from Connecticut, Frances Ellen Burr, Abby W. Smith; recording secretary, Miss Caroline Rich-

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adopted. Mr. S. C. Fay of Southborough then introduced a resolution calling upon the New England churches to live up to the spirit of the New Testament and aid the cause. Mr. Jones amended by adding that the churches allow women to vote in church affairs. A lively discussion followed whether women can vote in churches, and objection was made to meddling with the churches, after which the resolution as amended was adopted. A resolution was adopted to secure contributions to a campaign fund to help carry the election in Colorado.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott was then introduced. His belief is, that our political affairs have come to their present low condition because only one-half of the people are allowed to have a voice in public affairs. He believes in the equality of men and women, and sees true reform in the equal partnership of the sexes in political privileges.

Dr. Mercy B. Jackson and the Rev. S. W. Rush were the last speakers.

The resolutions were then taken up for discussion. Mrs. Stone, before she put the motion on the town of Abington, spoke of the importance of men petitioning the legislature to grant municipal suffrage to women. The resolution was then unanimously adopted. Mr. Blackwell, moving the adoption of the resolution concerning towns warrants, spoke of the success of the English experiment of granting municipal suffrage to women. Mr. Channing asserted its perfect success.

The Rev. Jesse Jones of Abington spoke of the practical course to be followed out in carrying the object of the resolution, especially urging the women to secure the cooperation of men in the town meeting, and advising them to ask suffrage for the town only, which involves a general law for all. Great tact and care were advised. The resolution was then adopted unanimously. The third resolution, that no candidates for executive or legislative office should be supported unless a suffragist, was unanimously adopted.

The resolution of sympathy with Colorado was

GARTH. A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, author of "Bressant." New-York. D. APPLETON & Co. 1877.

It cannot be other than a feeling of relief which comes to a reader of *Harper's Monthly*, when the new installment of the magazine is found to lack the presence of *Garth*, a novel. There was so little movement to the verbiage; people were talking and acting so much at cross purposes, all tending apparently toward unimportant results, that impatience got the better of many readers who found power in *Bressant*, and even spoke of *Idolatry* with a deprecating shrug. And yet the book has sufficient matter to warrant more respect-

Original Entertainment,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE OLD SOUTH FUND,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 1st.

PROGRAMME.

1 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ... "Old Ironsides."

2 RALPH WALDO EMERSON, ... "Concord Hymn."

3 MRS. FLORA E. BARRY, "The Legend of the Crossbill."—*Longfellow.*

On the Cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm;
Feels, but scarcely feels a trembling,
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's son release.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he now with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron,
A little bird is striving there.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness,
"Blest be thou of all the good;
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood, and holy rood."

And that bird is called the Crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends, strange to hear.

4 JAMES T. FIELDS, ... "Prophecy of Samuel Sewell."

5 DR. S. F. SMITH, ... "America."

6 EDWARD EVERETT HALE, . "Future of the Old South."

7 MRS. FLORA E. BARRY, ... "Vive L'Amerique."

8 JAMES T. FIELDS, ... Willis' "Belfry Pigeon."

9 RALPH WALDO EMERSON, ... "Boston Tea Party."

10 MRS. FLORA E. BARRY, . . . "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

11 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, "Dorothy Q," with Portrait Illustrations."

12 JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, . . "The Old South Speaks."

13 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ... "The Old South."

14 "AMERICA."

The audience will please join in singing the hymn.

ards; corresponding secretary, H. B. Blackwell; treasurer, the Hon. Samuel E. Sewall; executive committee—from Massachusetts, Lucy Stone, Thomas J. Lothrop, Mercy B. Jackson, Mrs. Harriet N. Robinson, Abby W. May, Mrs. Isaac Ames, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Stephen S. Foster, Kate T. Woods, Martha G. Ripley, Miss Julia Baxter, the Rev. Lorenzo Haynes, Charles H. Codman; from Maine—Mrs. J. N. Quimby, Ann T. Greeley; from New Hampshire—Mrs. Armenia S. White, John Scales; from Vermont—Mrs. Charles Reed, Albert Clarke; from Rhode Island—Ann C. Garlin, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill; from Connecticut—Mrs. Joseph Sheldon, Julia E. Smith.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was then introduced. Her subject was the general spirit of charity and helpfulness which is growing in the world and its extension to women, in the form of education and social advantages. She gave much detail of the work of women in education, science, medicine and law. Her observation in Wyoming proved the absolute success of woman suffrage. The gains of woman suffrage within thirty years have been enormous, but all advantages for the sex seem to come before the suffrage; that is the key to all the rest.

Wendell Phillips, beginning his address, invited any man, if he thought he could show man's logical superiority, after Mrs. Livermore's speech, to come upon the platform and do it. He then mentioned some prominent women, paying especial praise to Harriet Martineau as set forth in her autobiography. Woman suffrage has no dark days, he thinks, but is constantly gaining. No man has yet constructed an argument against it which is worth half an hour's notice. It is the one thing which will purify politics hereafter.

The meeting then adjourned.

ful consideration; it is tedious, wordy, and often wild in plot, but it has certain undeniable merits that reward a patient reading. There are passages and sentences here and there that make one feel respect for Mr. Hawthorne's talents, that cause one to surmise a good deal more profundity in him than the usual novel-writer. But close on such a passage will come something so glaringly unreal, so coarsely fanciful, if that expression be allowable, that admiration is much endangered by contempt.

Garth Urmson, like Bressant, is a study of an exceedingly animal man, an endeavor to show the coarse human male thoroughly filled with a powerful soul of great beauty. While Bressant has a good deal to do with sensuality, there is less of it in Garth. He is the beetle-browed, shaggy-headed, short, thick-set, muscular, and rather lowering hero in whom art and genius generally burn strongly. A born colorist, he conceals his passion for an artist's life until after he has graduated from Bowdoin College; in the midst of the novel he begins to prefer his art to the girl to whom he is betrothed, (Madge Danvers,) and finally he marries some one else the very opposite to Madge, who is an impulsive, but rather witty little beauty of French-Canadian descent. But Elinor Tenterden is the personification of music; she not only possesses a voice of wonderful quality, but is otherwise a marvelous musician. She is cold and clear-cut of feature, while Madge is somewhat of the refined soubrette type. Hence, Garth, as painting, marries Elinor, the representative of music.

Garth never seems to be in a great hurry to marry the girl to whom he is betrothed. At 15 he fights for her sake with a certain Sam Kineo, an Indian half-breed, who appears in the New-Hampshire village under the care of an Indian witch named Nokomis, but has a singular resemblance to Garth himself. As an aunt of Garth's disappeared in the beginning of the century, the reader at once expects to find in Sam Kineo a cousin of the hero, especially as a curse rests upon Urmhurst, the ancestral mansion of the Urmsons, for having been built, in the seventeenth century, on the grave of an Indian sachem. Nokomis and Sam are, as it were, the furies of that unexpiated crime, and of another crime, the killing of an Indian by the original Urmson and his burial under the door-step of Urmhurst.

But it must not be supposed that the revenge of the Indians through Nokomis and Sam Kineo forms the only plot. There are further awful things in the Urmson family history. The original Urmson shot his best friend, the lover of his bride, at his own marriage in England, and each Urmson in turn has killed his best friend with the same weapon. During the revolution an Urmson is bushwhacking in Virginia, and is secretly married to a Maud Golightley, a descendant of the original Golightley slain by the original Urmson at his wedding in England. The revolutionary Urmson shoots his bride's brother, and all parties separate, supposing each other killed by the British troops. Hence, when Brian Urmson and Maud, his wife, marry again, they consider themselves free; later on it appears that their children are illegal. Maud disappears from Virginia and comes to New-Hampshire, where Brian and she are remarried and have children. Now, her first child by Brian Golightley Urmson is the real heir, and discovers it through some papers in a garret. These he hides, and when in Europe later on in life, uses his knowledge to force his father and his step-brother Cuthbert Urmson to advance money to him, which he loses in speculations. In Europe he meets his Virginian half-sister, Mildred, (also really illegitimate,) and manages to absorb all her means. Finally he kills Cuthbert, by mistake, in order to carry out the ancestral curse, and does it with the same pistol that for two centuries has been destroying the best friends of successive Urmsons. Madge Danvers runs away and becomes a bold, bad woman in Europe. Sam Kineo commits crimes of State Prison magnitude and turns up as an accomplice with Golightley Urmson, his uncle, in a robbery. In fact every one being cousin, uncle, or aunt to every one else, and a good part of them being illegitimate for reasons no one could expect, the plot of the book is an intricate network.

The extraordinary unreality of plot is often carried out in particulars of no great bearing on the story. Garth, who has never been compelled to go to church, goes voluntarily at the age of 17, and is overwhelmed with mortification to find his maternal grandfather, the Parson, talking of sacred things, and actually praying in public! When he returns home from college in Sophomore year, his mother is dead, but his father does not tell him at once. He puts him off, and talks metaphysics with him for half an hour, till other persons entering reveal the fact that his mother is lying dead up stairs. His father, (a most gentle, cultivated, and tender man,) explains that he wished to show him how to bear up under affliction. Nokomis, the Indian witch, who trots about with a dozen or so of scalps, and otherwise deports herself in the heart of civilization as even an Indian brave would not be likely to do, accepts the invitation of Garth's father to become cook at Urmhurst. She has been a witch in a tent in the woods; she now sets up her wigwam in the old garret at Urmhurst, and here the coarse villain Sam Kineo and the refined, fated, Mephistophelian villain Uncle Golightley Urmson have wicked conferences together.

After this it may seem impossible that the book could be readable. Readable, in one sense, perhaps, it is not. But there are unquestionable bits of power in description, and occasionally a good round of dialogue. Garth's fight with Sam Kineo is an example, and, indeed, most of the descriptions of boy life are full of an admirable delight in out-of-doors life. Now and then, in the first part of the book, we get a charming picture, like that, for example, where Garth gets out his ancestor' helmet and armor, and bestrides an aged steed, in emulation of the Red Cross Knight in the *Faerie Queen*. Madge Danvers is good at first, but ends in nothing. Golightley Urmson has extraordinarily clever points about him, but he, too, perishes in unnatural melodrama—a weak attempt to describe a man with mind shattered by his crimes. Elinor begins by being a fearful prig, and only softens a little at the close. But for all that, the book may be recommended to those whose time is not precious. We should be glad to think that the present volume is only another field in which Mr. Hawthorne has sowed his literary wild-oats.

N.Y. Times, 6-10-77

MR. EMERSON AT HOME.

JUST outside the village of Concord, Mass., at the intersection of the old road to Boston with that to Lexington, is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It stands a little back from the road, and tall pines and firs before it give an air of retirement well fitting the home of a philosopher.

The original house was built fifty years ago, and as it now stands is a large, square building, painted white, and furnished with a generous supply of windows and chimneys. A few years since it was badly damaged by fire, but while the owner was in Europe it was carefully restored by his friends, and a few improvements added, the only irreparable loss being some boxes of old sermons stowed away in the garret, which, having done good service in the hands of Puritan divines, now perished from an excess of the element they lacked before. A roomy barn stands near the house, and behind lies a little farm of nearly a dozen acres. The whole external appearance of the place suggests old-fashioned comfort and hospitality.

Within the house the flavor of antiquity is still more noticeable. Old pictures look down from the walls; quaint blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Just at the right as you enter is Mr. Emerson's library, a large square room, plainly furnished, but made pleasant by pictures and sunshine. The homely shelves which line the walls are well filled with books. There is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, and each volume seems to have soberly grown old in constant service. Mr. Emerson's study is a quiet room upstairs, and there each day he is steadily at work, despite advancing years.

Although one hardly realizes it, Mr. Emerson is getting to be an old man. Born in 1803, and a graduate of Harvard in 1821, he has seen the fatal asterisk set to the names of one after another of his classmates, until now few are left besides himself. He speaks of himself as a man whose work is nearly ended, but the only sign of failing power noticeable in conversation with him is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word, especially a proper name.

His wife, a sister of Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of anæsthetics and a rival claimant with Morse of the electro-magnetic telegraph, is a stately lady with beautiful snowy hair, and a dignified but gracious bearing. She is proud, and justly so, of her husband's genius and fame. One daughter lives at home, and devotes herself to care for the comfort of the family.

In college Mr. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar. He indulged his fondness for literature at the expense of lessons. As a classmate remarks: "He was one of the few who made the discovery that Shakespeare was very entertaining reading." The Waverley Novels were then coming out, and Scott's magic enchanted him as it did everybody. Each new volume was quickly purchased, and he, with a group of college friends, all eager to enjoy it, would sit up far into the night, taking turns at reading aloud, so that all might hear at once.

Oddly enough, philosophy was a study which he disliked and never excelled in. Mathematics, too, were a great stumbling block. The story is told by the best of authorities that only a few years ago he unwittingly cheated a poor Irishman, when paying him for some work, by calculating that seven times seven were twenty-seven, and the error was not detected until Pat, who had his doubts about the matter, consulted a neighbor and came back for a re-settlement.

There were fifty-nine in Mr. Emerson's class, and commencement parts were given to twenty-seven of them. Emerson stood high enough to have a share in a conference — a part usually given to the duller men — and accordingly he and two others conferred "On the character of John Knox, William Penn and John Wesley." After graduation he taught school with an older brother in Boston for some time before he entered the ministry.

We are wont to say that at such or such a time Mr. Emerson left the ministry. But is he not in the ministry still?

Sept., 1877

(*For Baldwin's Monthly.*)

OUR POET-NATURALIST.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

There are few writers who have died and left more interesting books behind them than Henry Thoreau. What more delightful reading can there be than his *Life in the Woods*, his *Excursions in Field and Forest*, his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, his *Yankee in Canada*, and his adventures in the *Maine Woods* and on *Cape Cod*? These books never fail to bring their own enchantment with them, and I do not wonder at the eulogies bestowed upon them by such rare judges as Emerson, Curtis, Alcott, and Channing. In Summer and Winter, by the fireside or in the open air, they are sweet and invigorating companions, and they can be read over and over again with profit and pleasure. When you walk beside Thoreau you get nature at first hand, and no mere hearsay reports of shipwrecks, mountains, rivers, and animals. The birds knew him by heart, and all forest and meadow people were his intimates. You can *learn* from Thoreau many things you can be taught nowhere else; and so he is always a nutritious author, to young people especially.

Like Agassiz, he was a *teacher* in the best sense of that much-abused office. An hour's silent talk from him is a real boon, and the more you get out of him the richer you will become.

Originality is a patent quality with *him*. Many modern works on natural history are made as apothecaries make a new mixture, by pouring out of several vessels into a new bottle; but Thoreau went into the open laboratories of nature and gathered what he offers with his own hands. He was one of the sharpest observers who ever lived, and whenever he went abroad among the scenes he loved to study, his eyes were never absent from his face. He took nothing for granted, and what he could not see he would never report. "Accuracy or silence," was his motto. He had a hunger and thirst for the truth in matters of information, and rested only at the fountain-head when he was hunting for a fact, believing with Charles Kingsley, that it is better to *know* one thing than to know *about* a thousand things. He believed that God was always *educating* man, and he wished to avail himself of the situation.

Sept., 1877

When you go to Concord, in the State of Massachusetts, do not fail to visit the old-fashioned house where Thoreau was born, in the year 1817. Almost any one you meet on the road will tell you where to find the ancient dwelling, for he is a prophet with much honor in his own birthplace, and the inhabitants love to speak of him to this day. It would be a great piece of good fortune if you should chance on Mr. Emerson, or Mr. Alcott, or Mr. Channing, during your ramble, for either of them, having on hand always a certain amount of priceless leisure to bestow on a stranger in search of Thoreau-localities, will kindly lead you perhaps to the Old Virginia Road, as it is called, and show you the sunny meadows

and the old New England house you are looking for. If you evince a proper enthusiasm for the place, you will, no doubt, be taken out to Walden Pond, which will be a treat indeed, for you will get good talk all the way thither. You will see the path, along which barefooted Henry, when a boy, drove the cows to pasture, and pondered, no doubt, his juvenile lesson by the way. I remember he once described to me, on that very road, a favorite cow which he had the care of thirty years before, and if she had been his own grandmother he could not have employed tenderer phrases about her. In youth his eyes and ears were ever on the alert, seeing and hearing what was going on in that delightful region where his first years were passed. It was his great good luck to be born in the country, and to have his ideas nurtured in the pure air of such a rural life as the one he came up in.

When he was old enough he went to Harvard College, and graduated in the year 1837. Like many other students, he taught a school in his young manhood, but he soon relinquished that employment and went to work with his father at the trade of lead-pencil making. When he had achieved the art of producing as good pencils as could be made anywhere in the world, he made his bow to that calling, and declined to do any more service in a line where he had perfected himself. He had the wise art of living contentedly on very little, and so when he needed funds for a livelihood so simple as his, he made a pause in his wood-craft studies, stepped out and built a fence, or planted a garden, or grafted a tree, and so got a sufficient sum of money to float him along comfortably for another month or two. Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof, was, no doubt, his wise reply when he was urged to lay up for the future. His skill as a surveyor gave him plenty to do when he wanted employment of that kind, and his mathematical knowledge being known and appreciated, gave him currency as a measurer of land and timber. His senses were so acute, he utilized his special faculties as few men were able to do. It is said he could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another could measure them with the chain. His feet in the wood-paths at night were surer than other people's eyes. He was never daunted by the weather, and July and January were alike friendly to his pursuits. He had no expensive tastes, and if he wished to smoke he twisted up dry lily stems and puffed away over his task. He knew where grapes and chestnuts could be had for nothing, and so he browsed away without a thought of table luxuries. When he was hungry a ripe apple supplied him with something to eat, and he always carried a supply in his pocket when on a tramp into the forest. A man with so few wants could bivouac contentedly over his studies two years alone in a small farm-house on the borders of Walden Pond, and never be troubled about Champagne and oyster parties outside the green world he lived in. His necessities were an old volume to press plants in, a diary for observations on country things, a spy-glass for birds, a microscope, a jack-knife, and some twine. His dress must be simple and strong, and thus equipped, he was ready for all emergencies, and could sing in this wise:

"I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore."

He was a true bard of the woods and fields, and his sayings in prose are sometimes redolent of exquisite poetry, as when he says: "The blue-bird carries the sky on his back." He had lived so much under the open heavens that somehow he always seemed a part of out-doors. I used to think I could tell when he was in Boston by a kind of pine-tree and apple-tree odor that preceded him, and accordingly counted on a call that day from him. Sydney Smith said that a certain London cockney, when he visited the country, made all the region round about smell like Piccadilly. When Thoreau came to Boston from Concord he brought a rural fragrance with him from his native fields into our streets and lanes. Spicy odors of black birch, hickory buds, and pennyroyal lingered about his garments and made his presence welcome and sweet.

In his way, Thoreau was a wide reader, but his books were not those commonly chosen; the quotations in his published works show his quaint and careful excursions among authors. Dr. Donne, Samuel Daniel, Charles Cotton, Isaac Walton, Michael Drayton, were among his admired writers. Familiar with the classics, he made translations from Homer, Pindar, Pliny, and many other wise men of antiquity, but his teachers were the woods, the rivers, and the skies, and his communion with them was unceasing. His journals, if they are ever published, will give him a place among the keenest observers who have ever lived, and it is to be hoped some editor will be found competent to prepare them for the Press. He was the poet-naturalist of America, and our literature will never be complete without his truthful records of so many years of patient observations. The works he has printed and left for our perusal teach self-reliance, courage, and love of the country. He believed that only in nature can pure health be found, and endeavored all his life to prove the doctrine he taught. "I would keep," he says, "some book of natural history always by me as a sort of elixir, the reading of which should restore the tone of the system." And that is just what his own writings are eminently capable of doing. A fresh, invigorating breeze is always stirring through his pages, and the reader gets the benefit of it wherever he chances to turn the leaf.

Mr. Emerson, reflecting on Thoreau's death, which occurred on the 6th of May, 1862, says: "The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. * * * He had, in a short life, exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Boston Daily Transcript

11-26-77

RECENT DEATHS.

Mrs. Alcott, wife of the Concord philosopher, A. Bronson Alcott, and mother of Miss Alcott, the author of "Little Women," died in Concord on Sunday evening, Nov. 25, at the age of seventy-seven. She was the daughter of Colonel Joseph May of Boston and was born in this city Oct. 8, 1800. Her brother, Rev. Samuel J. May, born three years earlier, became an eminent minister of the Unitarian faith. Mrs. Alcott, while visiting at her brother's parsonage in Connecticut, in 1827, became acquainted with her future husband, who was then a schoolmaster at Cheshire, Conn. Soon after this Mr. Alcott came to Boston and opened a school, and here he married Miss May in 1830. During a married life of nearly half a

Martin Milmore, the sculptor, has received an order from Thomas G. Appleton for a marble bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson from the plaster cast now in the artist's studio.

RATHER PLAIN SPOKEN.—A story is told of an occasion twenty years ago when Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed a literary society during commencement at Middlebury, Vt. After he had ended the president called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. A Massachusetts minister stepped into the pulpit. Mr. Emerson had just left, and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which this was one sentence: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from overhearing any more such transcendental nonsenceas we have just listened to from this sacred desk." After the benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked: "He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man," and went on his peaceful way.

century, Mrs. Alcott was her husband's devoted companion, not only in domestic life, for which she was admirably fitted, but also in the intellectual and spiritual experiences through which he passed, and which at one time were so much discussed, for praise or blame. Like him, she was one of the foremost in the anti-slavery movement, and in that general upheaval of old opinions which was known by the vague name of "Transcendentalism." She gave much time and thought to the education of her daughters, who have since become so distinguished; but she was also interested in all that concerned the welfare of the poor, among whom, in this city, she labored much at one time. She removed with her family to Concord, from Boston, in 1840, but returned to Boston in 1848 for a few years. Since 1857 she has lived constantly in Concord. A few weeks since, being conscious that her last days were approaching, she went to spend them with her eldest daughter, Mrs. Pratt, who now occupies the Thoreau house in Concord. There Mrs. Alcott died, with cheerful serenity of spirit, after an illness in which she had suffered greatly, and with husband, children and grandchildren about her. Her funeral will be private and she will be buried in Concord.

THE DEATH OF MRS BRONSON ALCOTT, mother of Miss Louisa Alcott, the author of so many delightful books, took place in Concord on Sunday evening. This event had long been anticipated, for Mrs Alcott had passed the age of 77 years, and had suffered for many months from a malady sure to be fatal at last. She endured the suffering and fatigue of her illness with cheerful and even humorous fortitude, and died, as she had lived, full of good will and affection for the work in which she had so long borne her part, with diligence and a good conscience, and with the warmest love toward those in whose happiness she had so great a share. She was the daughter of Col Joseph May of Boston, and the sister of the beloved clergyman, Samuel J. May of Syracuse, N. Y. She was born in Boston, October 8, 1800, married Mr A. Bronson Alcott in May, 1830; removed to Concord with her family in 1840, and has lived in that town almost ever since, though with intervals of absence between 1848 and 1857. She died, not in her own picturesque old house on the Lexington road, close by Hawthorne's "Wayside," but in the Thoreau house, which her daughter, Mrs Pratt, had occupied for some months. She will be buried on Wednesday at Concord, and the funeral will be private. Mrs Alcott was a woman of the best New England stock, and of remarkable sweetness and energy of character. Her celebrated daughter, who much resembles her, has more than once drawn her mother's picture in her books. She was long connected with unpopular causes, and cherished the persecuted opinions of the abolitionists, the transcendentalists, the friends of woman suffrage, and of many other social reforms. But she was never wanting in her domestic duties, often severe and depressing. She endured poverty with spirit and patience, she shared the hearts of those dependent upon her, when her own was often sorely tried; and she supported her husband in the years when doubt and ridicule followed her advanced opinions, and the gentle philosophy which he was sent into the world to teach. Of late years Mrs Alcott could say with the English poet,—

"Now has descended a serener hour,
And, with inconstant fortune, friends return."

She has for a long time enjoyed the prosperity which she early deserved, but which only came to her after many vicissitudes and disappointments. But it came then in its most acceptable form, through her own children, whose success had been secured by the resources of her spirit and the devotion of her motherly heart. She enjoyed the triumphs of her daughters and the renown of her husband with more satisfaction than if they had been her own personal success; and she lived to see the bright side of the shield which had so long been darkened with adversity. Although she has survived most of her contemporaries, she leaves many friends of the younger generations to mourn her loss; for she was indeed a true and sympathizing friend to those, of all ages, who were fortunate enough to know her. Her surviving children are three daughters,—Mrs Pratt, the mother of the "Little 'Men," Miss Louisa Alcott, and Miss May Alcott, who is now pursuing her art in England.

Springfield Republican

ON Sunday evening last, Mrs. Alcott, the wife of A. Bronson Alcott, and the mother of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the authoress, died at the age of seventy-seven, in Concord, Mass., at the residence of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Pratt, in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Thoreau. She was a much-loved sister of the late Rev. Samuel J. May, and belonged, not only through the outward conditions of her life, but much more by the rare qualities of her spirit and character, to the richest inner circle of New England culture, as she united a lively interest in all the best movements and products of modern life with rare practical wisdom and utmost fidelity in domestic relations. The companion of her husband in his higher walks of thought, and in a career of exceptional activity and change, she was also the guide and inspirer of her children, who long ago rose up to call her blessed.

Christian Register

THE DEATH OF MRS. ALCOTT.

The announcement of Mrs. A. B. Alcott's death will recall to every one who has seen or known of her lovely memories of that noble woman. Mrs. Alcott was the daughter of Colonel Joseph May of Boston and Dorothy Sewall. Her grandmother was Elizabeth Quincy, and Mrs. John Hancock was her grand-aunt. All that was strong and gracious in this brave New England stock she inherited abundantly. Her life was essentially a domestic one, although years ago she wrote and published many articles upon philanthropic matters, in which she always took a warm and active interest.

In 1830 she was married to Mr. Alcott. Her brother, the Rev. Samuel J. May, gives an interesting account of their first meeting. Mr. May was at that time settled in Brooklyn, Conn., and through Dr. William A. Alcott he became greatly interested in A. Bronson Alcott, "the American "Pestalozzi," as he was sometimes called. He was then teaching, in his original way, a school in Cheshire. Mr. May wrote to him, and then, feeling sure that he was a man of genius, and one to be known intimately, invited him to Brooklyn for a visit. He says: "I have never but in one other "instance been so immediately taken possession "of by any man I have ever met in life. He "seemed to me like a born sage and saint—unique "in wisdom and purity." Miss May was a member of her brother's family at the time, and soon became engaged to Mr. Alcott.

After her marriage her life was in many ways peculiar. Mr. Alcott's theories and convictions led him to various experiments in higher modes of living,—communities and the like,—which entailed great hardships and labor upon his wife, who never obstructed his views, but helped him to the uttermost, whatever her private opinions may have been. Miss Louisa Alcott has written so freely of the early trials and the projected utopias of her father, and of the beautiful, loving, heroic, high-minded family life which no circumstances affected, that the readers of her books have grown to feel that they have had some share in that life, and so are justified in bringing their tributes of love and admiration to Mrs. Alcott's memory.

In her latter years Mrs. Alcott has had much physical suffering, and has borne it with the serene cheerfulness that belonged to her noble nature. She has always had a keen sense of humor, and full enjoyment of all innocent and merry fun. After years of modest and absolute victory over untoward outward circumstances, she reaped the reward of her toils in the worth and the work of her children, and her last years have been rich in comfort and peace, which she would not suffer her illness to mar. Mrs. Alcott was one of the rare women in whom, as in Mrs. Samuel Ripley, intellect, taste and all surroundings, pleasant or otherwise, were made subservient to character; and the lovely character which resulted became a blessing and a help far beyond the circle of her near and personal friends.

Boston Daily Advertiser

CONCORD.

The Funeral Services over Mrs. Bronson Alcott, at the house of Mr. Alcott, were simple and impressive, she having expressed a desire that they be without parade or formality. Rev H W. Foote of Kings Chapel—the church in which Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were wedded—read a few scriptural selections, and the burial service, and led in prayer. Rev. Dr. Bartol delivered a brief eulogy on the departed. The company present were composed of able and representative men and women. The deceased was buried in Sleepy Hollow, near the remains of Hawthorne and Thoreau. William Lloyd Garrison, indulging in a few reminiscences, recalled the incident that when he first went to Boston in 1830 to deliver a course of anti-slavery lectures, the only three persons in his first audience to welcome him by expressions of interest after the lecture, were Mr. Alcott, Mr. S. J. May and Samuel E. Sewell; adding the singular coincidence that three of the four young men who met that day for the first time were, after forty-seven years had passed, again gathered as mourners in the same room.

DR. BARTLETT OF CONCORD.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

When Dr. Johnson's old companion, Robert Levett, died—that "practicer in physic" in whose memory Dr. Johnson composed his best verses, he wrote to Bennet Langton: "Levett has been called to another state, a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor." This tribute is due to many physicians, but to none more, to few so much, as to Dr. Josiah Bartlett of Concord, who died in that town on Saturday at the age of 81 years. Dr. Bartlett had been longer in practice than almost any graduate of the Harvard medical school, Dr. William Perry of Exeter, N. H., and the late Dr. Martyn Paine of New York, having, perhaps, practised a few years more. He graduated at Harvard College in 1816, in the same class with the Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, afterward of Springfield, and took his doctor's degree in 1819, in the same class with the late Dr. John Jeffries. Instead of going abroad, as Dr. Jeffries did, Dr. Bartlett, then 23 years old, settled in Concord in 1819, and has remained there ever since, in the constant practice of his profession for fifty-eight years. He visited patients within a week of his death, and has been an active physician since he passed the age of four-score. His father, Dr. Josiah Bartlett of Charlestown, was in practice at the battle of Lexington, and amputated an arm on the 19th of April, 1775. A hundred years afterward the son was able, and, indeed, rather desirous, to perform the same operation, if it had been necessary in his circuit of patients. This is a remarkable incident, as showing how many years both the father and the son must have exercised their noble art.

In 1822 Dr. Bartlett married Miss Martha Bradford, the sister of his class-mate, Dr. Gamaliel Bradford, and of Mrs. Sarah Ripley of Concord, so celebrated for her learning. Mrs. Ripley used to say that she wished for only one reason to outlive Dr. Bartlett, that she might write his obituary and commemorate his virtues, which ought to give him fame. And she would have drawn, with a gentler and a more graceful touch, the same traits which the bold strokes of Johnson have immortalized in his faithful friend:—

> Well tried through every varying year,
> See LEVETT to the grave descend;
> Officious, innocent, sincere,
> Of every friendless name the friend.
>
> When fainting nature called for aid,
> And hovering death prepared the blow,
> His vigorous remedy displayed
> The power of art without the show.
>
> In misery's darkest caverns known,
> His ready help was ever nigh,
> Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
> And labor steals an hour to die.
>
> No summons mocked by chill delay,
> No petty gains disdained by pride;
> The modest wants of every day
> The toil of every day supplied.
>
> The busy day, the peaceful night,
> Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
> His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
> Till now his eightieth year was nigh.
>
> His virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor made a pause nor left a void,
> And sure the eternal Master found
> His single talent well employed.

This praise, so often applied to men of his profession, was singularly just when bestowed upon the good old physician of Concord. Every doctor worthy of his degree and true to his professional oath must be a philanthropist; but Dr. Bartlett was signally and in many ways the friend of the poor. He postponed to their necessities the urgent claims of the prosperous; he cared for them in their most dreaded diseases, taking charge of cases which other physicians avoided; he contended for more than half a century, at his own cost and risk, against that worst enemy of the poor man, drunkenness; and he joined himself very early to the friends of the slave, and to the supporters of every philanthropic cause. In behalf of the poor and suffering he exposed himself not only to the customary hardships of a country doctor's daily and nightly life, but to some special hazards, by which he suffered much. He endured all his burdens and performed his tasks, even in old age, with a spirit and patience the more marked because somewhat at variance with his sensitive nature, which was neither shielded by indifference, nor cheered by buoyant hopes. His talent was not "single," like Levett's, for he was a man of much reading, and of a turn for history and antiquities, which, in a life less busy than his, might have made him known among writers; he also had much social talent, and was a genial companion, full of anecdote and conversation. He used to tell with great effect the story of what happened to him one day when, many years ago, he was attacked with small-pox while attending his patients in that disease, and retired for isolation to the town hospital on an unfrequented road, leading to the Walden woods. One day, as he was convalescing, he saw a man drive up toward the house, as if in quest of something. Dr. Bartlett went to the door or window to hear his errand, which was to inquire the road to the next town, Stow. "I didn't like to go down through the middle of the town," said the man, "for I heered say they'd got the small-pox in the village." "That is the road to Stow," said the doctor, pointing back to "Seven Star lane,"—"and this is the small-pox hospital—*and I've got it!*" The seeker after knowledge jumped into his wagon, wheeled about and was last seen whipping his horse, and imitating Coleridge's wayfarer,

> Who having once looked round, goes on,
> And turns no more his head,
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

With such gossip, with reminiscences of the four generations he had known, or with graver talk, did Dr. Bartlett beguile the tedium of the sick-room, or perform the duties of hospitality, in which no man was more generous,—the wine-cup alone excepted, for that he would never offer to his guests, nor accept from his host, nor mingle with the prescriptions for his patients. He was a doctor of the old school, little versed in the specialties and appliances of modern times, but strong in experience and distrustful of doses, as old physicians are apt to be. For two years during the war he was president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, an honor which he much valued, and which he deserved by his genuine professional eminence in character and in activity, if not in reputation. He was, indeed, the true type of the New England country physician, capable of encountering all varieties of disease, of driving over rough roads all day, and sitting up with critical cases all night, if need be. He rarely left his circuit, except for consultations, for hospital cases, and for commencement day at Cambridge, an occasion that he seldom missed. Two or three times in the course of the war he went to the camps in Virginia or about Washington to see some of his patients or to bring home a wounded soldier; and he admired the glimpses he thus got of the great world from which his home duties for the most part shut him out. When he had to deal with critical emergencies or with men in high station, he did so with vigor and simple good sense; at other times disposed to underrate his powers, and not to match himself with others except for practical work. He was affectionate and religious, observant of the traditional usages, loyal and steadfast in friendship, public-spirited, a good citizen, a man of warm and kindly nature.

His children and grandchildren are numerous, one of his sons being Mr. George Bartlett, well known in western Massachusetts, and, indeed, all over the country for his talent in private theatricals and parlor amusements, about which he has written in the magazines; he has also published humorous and graceful verses. Dr. Bartlett will be buried from the First Parish church in Concord at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, lamented by the whole town and by thousands elsewhere who knew him. [Sanborn] F. R. S.

January, 1878

PHILLIPS AND EMERSON.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

BOSTON, Feb. 26.—Massachusetts has two men, now three score and ten in years, but with intellect as clear and strong as ever, whom Boston from different points of view always delights to honor. One is Wendell Phillips; the other is Ralph Waldo Emerson. Each has his own set of followers, but each always has a crowd whenever he speaks. They are characteristic New England men, and, whatever may be their national reputation, they never seem more at home than when speaking to a characteristic Boston audience. It has just happened that they have spoken within twenty-four hours of one another, on essentially the same subject, in this city, and the coincidence gives such an excellent opportunity for comparing the two in points of sharply-marked difference, that I cannot but think that such a comparison will interest your readers.

MR. PHILLIPS LECTURED on Sunday afternoon before the Free Religious Association. Here he was at home. His audience welcomed the freest statement of his opinions whether in politics or religion. To me

the interest of the occasion was the man himself. It is not often that you can hear him now, and the arch enemy may soon take him hence. He is almost as much of a monument of other days as his intimate friend and co-worker, William Lloyd Garrison, who is now a hale and brisk old gentleman, living on borrowed time and feeling that he has done good work for his generation. But his eye is not yet dim, nor has that peculiar power which he learned forty years ago while stumping New England in the slavery agitation departed from him. With waistcoat buttoned, a man of more than the average size, his presence commanding though not imposing, he stood for an hour before a thousand people, holding their closest attention, never for a moment hesitating for a word, never taking his eye off the people, seldom rising in his speech beyond the colloquial freedom of good conversation.

HE SPOKE SLOWLY,

suggesting reserve strength, and confined his gestures mainly to his right hand, and very freely to the use of the extended forefinger, but there was such dignity, just that remove from the audience which taught that, while he was one of them, he was yet their teacher, in his speech and in its method, that his discourse seemed like the utterance of a master spirit, and the charm of his manner was not more marked than the choice and simple English which he used, or the vigor and clearness of his ideas. Once or twice he got hisses, as when he turned bitterly on New England for disloyalty to the great American idea, but it was Sunday, and he withheld himself from a characteristic reply.

MR. EMERSON TO-DAY,

was almost the opposite of Mr. Phillips yesterday. Not in any sense an orator, a tall, slender figure,—now a little bent with years, his gray hair straggling over a crown partially bald, his features more sharply-cut than ever, his manner as coy and bashful as that of a maiden entering society for the first time, his eyes as sharp on his audience as ever and hardly dimmed, he stood to-day in the Old South Church before an audience of from 1,000 to 1,500 persons, in singular harmony with the Revolutionary relics around him. The feeling that it might be Ralph Waldo Emerson's last public appearance had no doubt quickened many to come, but it is no slight tribute to the respect and affection which Boston feels for perhaps her greatest genius that so large a number of people gathered out of her busy streets to hear what the Concord philosopher had to say on "The Future of the Republic." Mr. Emerson is no orator, and, apart from the delight which all educated people have in the welcome surprises of his discourse, there is now but little charm in his delivery. Once his very bashfulness and hesitation, giving you the feeling that he revered his own thought and felt himself to be nothing, was

THE SPELL WHICH HELD HIS AUDIENCE,

but now his voice is so broken that he cannot be heard by more than 200 people with distinctness, and only those who are nearest him can feel the old-time magic of his winged words. Yet something held his large audience to-day, if they could not hear him, so spell-bound that you could almost hear a pin drop,—it may have been the satisfaction of looking at the man himself, or the hushed feeling of awe which we all have in the presence of genius. The audience itself was characteristic. Literary and professional men were numerous. Mr. Bronson Alcott, Mr. Emerson's friend and neighbor in Concord,—a man only less distinguished than the author of "English Traits," a white-haired old gentleman of 70 years,—was present.

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK

and his wife were listening to catch every word. The daughter of Hawthorne, the wife of the young poet and novelist, George Parsons Lathrop, was just below him, looking for all the world like one of her father's heroines, and space fails me to mention the prominent women of Boston and vicinity, well known in the best social circles, who made up his illustrious audience. It was thrilling to hear Mr. Emerson's own daughter, sitting by Mr. Alcott's side, occasionally prompt her father to speak louder, and to feel the sympathy of the audience with her effort. The occasion was one of rare interest, and was all the more prized from the fear lest the cheerful face of the man in Massachusetts who has preserved his individuality with greatest care might not be seen in public again. Only those who know his many infirmities can understand how much it cost him (and his friends) to appear in public at all; but it is a source of gratification that his lecture, which was apparently freshly written, shows no diminution of his crisp and vigorous thought.

IN COMPARING PHILLIPS AND EMERSON,

you compare the Aristotelian with the Platonist. Both lectured on the future of the country, and both urged that the people made the country; but Mr. Phillips rapped New England right and left, because he felt that its press and statesmen had shown distrust in universal suffrage, while Mr. Emerson pleaded for the rights of the individual as the surest way to give the whole country its proper personality. The one went directly into the causes of distrust in the free vote of every man, because of its abuse in the cities, and charged their corruption where it belongs, with a severity which showed distrust and hate; the other held the same views, alluded to the same things, felt the abuse just as keenly, but spoke in terms which indicated hope and good cheer and the belief that this country is "the great charity of God for the human race."

THE ONE GOT HISSED; THE OTHER WAS ALWAYS APPLAUDED.

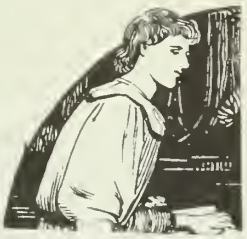
Mr. Emerson made you feel that, though America was provincial, "an immense Halifax," too much under the dominion of European influence, we had the resources for the future and should be able to show that each man has a reason for being in the world. Mr. Phillips pleaded for the same ideas, but with such constant thrusts at what he did not approve of, and such sharp words on current political issues, that the ideal glow was lost in the practical discussion of facts. In short, there was just the difference which exists between the idealist who speaks for to-day and to-morrow, and the practical man of affairs who plans wisely for to-day. With all his immense strength, and with his true and real sympathy for the masses, Mr. Phillips loses immensely by his despondent view of the present situation and by his indulgence in

SARCASM AND PERSONALITIES.

On the other hand, Mr. Emerson never more truly descended out of the clouds than he did to-day. He spoke words which, when they are circulated broadcast, will reverberate through the nation, which will set men a-thinking, and which will turn hearts in gratitude to the one who spoke them. Both men are citizens whom no State should fail to be proud of, but the greatest orator takes the second place when the poet-philosopher gives his ripest words on the points which are to shape the destiny of America. Mr. Emerson keeps wonderfully near to facts for a man who has all his life looked into the mysteries beyond the clouds, and showed to-day that the intuitions of common sense and a clear judgment in practical affairs were united with the higher gifts which make him the most original mind which America has produced.

J. H. W.

Poem on Thoreau by Louisa May Alcott, published in April, 1878.



IN MEMORIAM.

Silence and sunshine haunt the room,
  And the sweet peace of death,—
  Unmarred by human breath,
Or human tears, and sorrow's gloom.

He seems to lie alone, asleep;
  Now far beyond the reach
  Of tender touch or speech,
Never again to smile or weep.

But sprites from forest, field and dell,
  Too fine for eye or ear
  To look on or to hear,
Gather to toll their lover's knell.

Undaunted by chill April skies,
  Fragile and pale and fair,
  Weeping in soft despair,
The spirits of the wild-flowers rise.

'Tis fit they chant his requiem
  Who to their solitudes
  Brought his most genial moods,
Nor ever rudely broke a stem.

"Wait, wait, oh gentle friend of ours!
  Till we, with service sweet,
  Strew for thy weary feet
The homeward path with grateful flowers.

"From all our ~~homes~~ haunts thou wilt be missed,
  For never wast thou late,
  Nor made thy darlings wait
To keep with thee their yearly tryst.

"Vainly Arbutus dreams of bliss,
  Like sleeping beauty hid
  'Neath her green coverlid;
Thou canst not wake her with a kiss.

"In the lone marsh where few feet tread,
  Rhodora's cheek will pale
  When the lamenting gale
Whispers, 'Thy worshiper is dead.'

"Impatient from the breezy hill,
  Like elfin bugle fine,
  Calleth gay Columbine;
The voice that answered her is still.

"Along the paths thy hand did store
  Watcheth meek Violet,
  With blue eyes dim and wet,
For one who cometh nevermore.

"Alas, our wood-god is asleep!
  No chiming flower-bell
  Can break the solemn spell
Of slumber so serene and deep.

"Rest, rest, unvexed by mortal strife;
  No bitter frost can chill,
  No blighting storm can kill,
The blossom of a lovely life.

"Thy memory shall be our trust;
  And herbs of grace will bloom
  About the quiet tomb,
Where lies the gentle and the just."

Concord, March 29, 1878. L. M. A.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THERE is a rule of perfection in chemistry, as well as in mechanics. Ever since Newton explained to Parliament that the way to improve navigation was to get good watches—to attain which they must offer public rewards for a better chronometer than any then in use—the perfection of time-keeping has advanced, until now we have chronometers that do not lose two or three seconds in a year. Manufacturers rely on chemical and hydraulic perfection, carpet-makers on borders and dyes which exhaust the skill of the chemist, and calico printers on the designs of genius. Wedgewood, the eminent potter, gravely took counsel with Flaxman, the sculptor, and he said: "Send to Italy, and search the museums for vases, urns and sacrificial vessels of all kinds." They built great works and called their manufacturing village Etruria. Flaxman, with his great genius, combined the loveliest forms executed in English clay, and sent boxes of these as gifts to every Count in Europe, and formed the taste of the world. It was the Renaissance of the china of the breakfast table. Jewellers' imitated these models in silver and gold, and the other branches of artisanship endeavored to make a perfect ensemble of them. Every marine insurance office has its mathematical counsellor to settle its averages. The wine merchant has his analyst and taster—the more exquisite the better. He owes, I think, in some cases, his taste to the chemist as well as the vineyard. Our modern needs stand on a few staples. In our war one of these was exaggerated in its importance—cotton. And what is cotton? One plant out of some 200,000 plants known to botanists, vastly the largest part of which are reckoned weeds. And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered. Yet every one of the 200,000 plants, probably, is yet to be of utility in the arts. As Bacchus of the vine, Ceres of the wheat, as Arkwright and Whitney were the demi-gods of cotton, so in time there will yet be an inventory to every plant. There is not a property in nature but a mind is born to seek and find it. There is not a plant in the whole magazine of material nature that cannot be made a power in the hands of thinking men. Every new application is equivalent to a new material. Our sleepy civilization, when Roger Bacon and Monk Schwartz had invented gunpowder, built its whole art of war, all fortifications by land and sea, all drill and military education on that point. War is the extension of a gun-barrel, and is very scornful about bows and arrows, and reckons Greeks and Romans as little better than the men of bow and arrow times. As though the earth's gases, the lightning and caloric, had not millions of energies, the discovery of any one of which would change the art of war again, and put an end to war by their exterminating force. If it is true in the fine arts, that direction must be drawn from a superior source, or there would be no good work, does it hold less in our social and civil life? In our popular politics we may know that each aspirant who rises above the crowd, after serving his obedient apprenticeship to party policies, finds that it is by no means by obeying the vulgar weathercock of his party's fears and whims that real power is gained; that the only title to their permanent respect and to a larger following is to see for himself what is the real public interest, and to stand for that. That is the principle, and all the jeering and hissing of the crowd must by and by accommodate itself to that. Prince Metternich said: "Revolutions begin in the best heads, and run steadily down to the populace."

It is doubtful whether Paris, whether London, can answer the great question which the human mind is at this moment ready to ask, whether the humanity of all nations is now in the American Union? England, France, Russia are historic names. At every moment some one country more than any other represents this sentiment of the future of mankind. At the present time none will doubt that America occupies this place in the opinion of all nations. But it is the illustration of the theories of political economists; it is the topic to which all foreign journalists return as soon as they have dealt with their local politics. Napoleon Bonaparte affirmed in 1816 that in twenty-five years the United States would dictate the policy of Europe. That prophecy was a little premature, but it is just being confirmed. It is proved by the fact of the vast immigration into this country from all the nations of Western and Central Europe, and when they have planted themselves here and looked about, they send back their money to bring their friends. Meantime they find this country just passing through a great crisis in its history, as necessary as lactation, dentition, or puberty to the human individual. We are this day settling for ourselves and our decendants questions which, as they shall be determined in one way or another, will make the peace and prosperity or the calamity of the next age. The subjects of education, society, labor, the direction of talents and character, the nature and habits of the American people may well occupy our attention. The new conditions of existence in America are favorable to progress—to the removal of old restrictions and fine qualities. The mind is always better the more it is used, and here it is kept in practice. The humblest citizen is daily challenged to give his opinion on practical questions. Where so much civil and social freedom exists cant is useful to provoke common sense. Lodging the power in the people as in a republic, has the effect of moulding things closer to common sense, for a court or an aristocracy which must always be a small minority can more easily run into follies than a republic which has too many observers, each with a vote in his hand, to allow its head to be throttled by any kind of nonsense. One hundred years ago the American people attempted to carry out the bill of political rights to its most ideal perfection. They have made great strides in that direction since. They are now proceeding, instructed by their successes and by their many failures, to carry out under the bill of rights the bill of human duties. And look at what a revolution that attempt involves. Hitherto the Government has been that of a single person and an aristocracy, and in this country an attempt to resist these elements must throw us into a Government, not quite of mobs, but, in practice, of an inferior class of politicians, who by means of newspapers and caucuses really thrust themselves into place. Hence liberal Congresses and Legislatures would ordain, to the surprise of the people, equivocal, interested and vicious measures. The members of these bodies are suspected and charged with robbing the Government. No measure is adopted for itself, but the opinion of the people is courted in the first place, and the measures are perfunctorily carried through under a secondary consideration.

We do not choose our own candidates, no, nor no other man's first choice, but an "available candidate." Instead of character there is a studious exclusion of character in the selection. The people are feared and flattered. They are not reprimanded. The Government is governed in bar-rooms and in the minds of bar-rooms. Each rival for power vies with his rival which can

step the lowest and depart the widest from the right. This is a sad spectacle, when the great party of property and of education drivel and huckster away every principle of humanity and the dearest hope of mankind—the trustees of power only energetic when mischief can be done; imbecile when evil is to be prevented, faltering and compromising when the gravest issues arise, so we cannot depend on them to save us. Parties take new names, but exhibit a surprising alacrity in creeping out of one snakeskin into another, and the grasshopper on the turret of Faneuil Hall is a proper hint of the men below. The American looks on, and says he does not endanger anything. He believes that what he has enacted he can repeal if he does not like it, and does not anticipate being seriously caught in the meshes of legislation. But one may run the risk once too often. The people are right-minded enough on ethical questions, but must pay their debts, and must have means of living well and not pinch themselves. So it is useless to rely on them to go and vote if any check from the "must-have-the-money" side arises. If any party looks at a newspaper which condemns their member of Congress, and becomes aggrieved, they take another newspaper and vote for another man. The occurrence of an election every now and then alarms the people by the almost unanimous choice of a rogue and a burglar. How was it done? This was done by the mildest, best-natured people. The only ground is that they have been scared into identifying the candidate with their trade and property. Our politics are covered with shame. The spirit of our political economy is low and degraded. The individual man exists for his own sake, and not to add to the welfare of the State. Parties sacrifice men to the measure. The partisan on moral questions, even on religious sects, or on temperance, will choose a perfect rogue who can answer the test questions in preference to an honest, affectionate, noble gentleman. The partisan ceases to be a man that he may be a sectarian. The faults that appear in the workings of our system, however, suggest their own remedies. If any great mistake is made, out of which disaster grows, the people wait and correct it with energy. The gracious lesson taught by science to this country is that the history of nature, from first to last, is amelioration, incessant advance, from less to more, from rude to finer organization, thus inspiring the principle of undying hope in man. Our institutions, of which the town is the unit, are all educational.

The town meeting is, after the High School, a higher school. The Legislature, to which every good farmer goes once on trial, is an academy. Ours is a country of poor men. Here is practical democracy; here is the human race poured out over the continent to do itself justice; here is all mankind in its shirt-sleeves, not going under false colors like poor rich men in cities who pretend to be rich, but ready and willing for hard work, when labor is sure to be paid. The bulk of the population is poor. In Maine nearly every man is a lumberer, in Massachusetts every twelfth man is a shoemaker, and, for the rest, they are millers, sailors and so fourth. The result is that instead of the doleful experience of the European economists who say: "in almost all countries the great body of the people are in a poor and miserable condition;" here that great body has arrived at sudden plenty. Ham, corn-cake, a light roof and room enough have been obtained. Man is awkward and restless in these new conditions, but honest and kind, understanding his own rights and always ready to maintain them, and disposed to give his children a better education than he received. The steady improvement of the public schools in the cities and in the country, enables the farmer or laborer to secure better educational facilities than formerly. It is rare to find a born American who cannot read and write. There are great facilities for the formation of clubs by young men for the discussion of social and political questions. The people take an intelligent interest in Government. Congress is a standing insurrection, and escapes the violence of accumulated grievances. Just as the globe keeps its identity by perpetual change, so our civil system by perpetual appeal to the people preserves its life. The people all over the country shriek their exclamations against the shortcomings of the Government. And this fact that we are a nation of individuals, that we have a highly intellectual organization, that we can see and feel moral distinctions, and have such organizations that moral laws and forces must be heard and felt, all these things are our hope. But our people act for the moment and on external impulse. They follow success, and not skill. Therefore, as soon as the success stops, and an admirable man blunders, already they remember that long ago they suspected his judgment, and transfer their confidence to the next prosperous person who has not yet blundered. Men of thirty years, and earlier, lose all vivacity, and, failing in their first enterprise, throw up the game.

Our young men lack idealism. A man to be a success must not be a pure idealist, but he must have ideas. He does not want to be sun-dazzled or sun-blind, but he must have glimmer enough to keep him from knocking his head against the wall. We want men of originality, with ideas wider than their nationality, and taking in the interests of their race and of civilization. We need men of moral and elastic minds who can live in the moment and take a step forward. Columbus was not a backward-feeling crab, nor was Martin Luther, nor Patrick Henry, nor Thomas Jefferson. The genius and the destiny of America is not sluggard, but is an incessant advance, like the hands on the dials' face and the heavenly body by which it is moved. The flower of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of accomplishment, of social power—a gentleman. It is certain that our civilization is yet incomplete. It is not a question of whether there shall be a multitude of people here; that is settled; but shall we be the new nation, the guide and law-giver of all nations, as having clearly chosen and firmly held the simplest and best rule of society. To buy and import much from England and Europe does not make us better men. Every town has its cottages, its fashions, its church from England. America is provincial. It is an immense Halifax. Our politics threaten England, and her manners threaten us. Our tendency is to make men all alike and extinguish the individual. The builders of London give you your houses, and the Bishop of London your faith. Thus we find that often the passion for Europe casts out the passion for America. Those who have maintained in London and Paris their own houses can well be spared to return to those cities. I can not only see room for more genius than we have here, but for more than we have in the world. The new times need the new men,—the complemental man, whom plainly this country must bring forth. Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime will not pay; a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man. I hope America will come to have its pride in being a nation of servants, not a nation of served; where every man can say, "I serve. I apply my faculty to the whole extent of my power to the service of mankind in my especial place." He thereby shows a reason for being in the world, and that he is not a mere incumbrance. But the helm is given to a better guidance than our own, and seeing how that guidance has rested on this Union thus far I have good confidence for the future. I feel that in all directions the light is breaking; that trade and Government will not lose by the overthrow of the enemies of mankind; that the useful and the elegant arts will be exercised within us as a nation; that the reason, the noblest affections and the purest religion will find their abiding home in our institutions.

Though the days when transcendentalism was something new under the sun have passed long since, carrying with them something of the fame and renown which once came to the great leader of that school of philosophic thought, Ralph Waldo Emerson's name is still potent to call together, whenever he chooses to speak in public, an audience the like of which is seldom accorded to a lecturer to-day. Not strange was it, therefore, that yesterday afternoon the Old South should have been crowded with those who were eager to hear the sage of Concord discourse on "The Future of America."

Directly in front of the lecturer sat his daughter, by her side were A. Bronson Alcott and a little company of friends, and a little in the rear of these sat Joseph Cook, a most attentive listener.—*Boston Globe, Feb.* 26.

BRONSON ALCOTT.

HIS SYMPOSIA WITH THE BOSTON MINISTERS.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

BOSTON, March 12.—Mr. Bronson Alcott tells me that he is nearer 80 than 70 years of age, but he has all the joy of a woman in being reckoned younger than he is. On the street he is a marked man, and in the famous "Old Corner" bookstore, occupied so many years by Ticknor & Fields, he may be seen almost any Monday at the counter where the newest books are to be found, skipping through the latest work on philosophy, or receiving the homage of younger men whom his books or sayings have instructed. His face is notably fresh for his years; his step is quick, his form erect, and his whole bearing indicates vigorous life; his silvery hair is worn long, and falls gracefully upon his shoulders, and his conversation, when you can catch him for a moment, always makes you think how Plato and Socrates must have talked as they passed up and down the streets of Athens. Mr. Alcott, like his friend Mr. Emerson, is a person of great individuality, and has been the father of more notions and theories, more cloud-land philosophy and transcendentalism, than any American of his time. Mr. Emerson may be the "Concord Sage," but Mr. Alcott is its philosopher. He is now printing in the Boston *Book-Bulletin* some delightful notes upon the *Dial*, which was the literary organ of the well-known Brook Farm Community, and, since the death of Mrs. Alcott, has given considerable time to holding conversations in different parts of the country, but principally in different parts of New England, and nothing delights him more than to do as Socrates used to,—gather a few people around himself and have a talk. It is true that Mr. Alcott does most of the talking, and, when you ask him questions, it is the joy of his life to answer them; but the talking is matchless for its kind. In fact, for many years he has done nothing else. The remarkable success of his daughter Louisa as an author has been nobly utilized, so that Mr. Alcott is placed beyond any care for his necessities, and his peripatetic life seems exactly suited to his genius. He was in early life an ardent Episcopalian, and the influence of that Church upon his own teachings is still manifest. In talking, there is a certain wholesome breadth, not liberality, not doctrinal statement, but the best parts of both, in his discourse, and yet it is Mr. Alcott still. His utterances at times are both Orphic and Delphic. Altogether he is a wonderful man, and stands next to Mr. Emerson as a representative American.

He is a great admirer of the Rev. Joseph Cook, and Mr. Cook takes very kindly to the aged philosopher. He is frequently upon Mr. Cook's platform at Tremont Temple, and is greatly delighted with the latter's strong and admirable pleading for the intuitional as opposed to the experimental philosophy. Thus it has come about, since Mr. Cook's marriage, that Mr. Alcott has been invited to meet at Mr. Cook's rooms in Hotel Bellevue, just opposite the Boston Atheneum, his own and Mr. Cook's friends, and have once a month one of his characteristic talks. He began several meetings with an account of the Art of Conversing. His next topic was Temperaments; his next, Immortality; his subject last evening was Heredity, and his subject a month hence will be "The Relation of New-England Literature to Theology and Philosophy." Through Mr. Alcott's kindness I have been one of the rather select company—some forty or fifty—who have met at this semi-private reception, and the occasions have been very enjoyable and delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Cook have managed this symposium of cultivated and intellectual people—men and women of the most divergent religious beliefs—with much tact and skill. It was not an easy thing to control—a party of radicals and orthodox—so that the best results should be obtained; but it is only truth to say that these monthly symposia have been, to those who have attended them, some of the most agreeable gatherings of the season.

Mr. Alcott sits behind a table at the end of the room, and the guests seat themselves so that each one can see the venerable leader. Mr. Alcott announces his theme with a slight movement of his body in his chair, as if hitching forward, and then goes on in his interesting way. He said last evening that he should put the naturalist's part of heredity to one side, and take what was complemental to the usual discussions. Then he went on to give the transcendental side of the subject—our descent from God, or spiritual heredity. A man was born when he could say *I*, and every one had some capacity to say that. Then he marked off our relations to the brutes. They could not say *I*. Spiritual heredity was evident in the conscience and in the moral nature. Holy people imparted their quality to their children. You might skip for a generation or so; the ugly grandfather might crop out; but our ancestors were continually reappearing in ourselves for good. It was a difficult thing for Mr. Alcott to lead up to the personality which always precedes life and keep steadfast to the idea of continual incarnations of divinity in men, and not say something which conflicted with the theological views of those present; but still he succeeded in this purpose. He had little to say about the practical questions which are raised by heredity. When he had finished, Dean Gray, of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, acted as director, and called up different gentlemen, among others the Rev. Prof. Gould, of the Newton Theological Institute, the Rev. Drs. Cushing, Tarbox, Langworthy, Tucker, Zabriskie, and Means, of the Congregational body, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, of the Unitarian body, and the Rev. Dr. Dudley, who is Theodore Parker's successor. One of the ladies volunteered some sensible remarks. There was great amusement and not a little instruction in the free discussion which followed Mr. Alcott's conversation. Each gentleman had something to say which was pertinent to the occasion, and, while there was great divergence in opinion, there was also substantial agreement. The keenest of the theologians piled Mr. Alcott with questions which involved the tender points of their individual theological opinions, but he somehow slid out of every difficulty. Mr. Cook happily summed up the discussion by saying that they had presented during the evening three separate views of heredity,—the transcendental, the German, and the Orthodox. One had stood for the over-soul, one for the separation of soul and spirit, one for the imposition of the Divine life through the Holy Spirit; but there had not been a word of pantheism, and every one had distinctly asserted the fact of the divine immanence in life. Next to Mr. Alcott, Dr. Bartol, who is, if anything, even more venerable in appearance, was, perhaps, most interesting. He always speaks like a seer, a poet, and a man of humor, and his talks at such times are like paragraphs of his sermons. He is at once a great rationalist and a great believer, if the paradox can be believed, and has a mind of wonderful acuteness and force. One could listen for hours to his conversation and not grow weary. He is the pastor of the West End Unitarian Church, and one of the few men best worth knowing in Boston. The company broke up at 10 o'clock, and, after the interchange of pleasant words, each one departed, in a pouring rain, to their several homes.

THE ALCOTT CONVERSATIONS.

[Correspondence of The Sentinel.]

36 WORCESTER SQUARE, BOSTON, March 14.—Did I hint, in a previous letter something of Mr. Alcott at the parlors of Rev. Joseph Cook? Among the *habitues* at these "Conversations," is Dr. Bartol, who belongs to every body and is, notwithstanding, a man most thoroughly and nobly and beautifully himself. Just here a little incident, not before given to the public concerning this saintly and vigorous character, may not be *mal-appropos*. A certain clergyman of Boston taught his little child that "God is everywhere"; that when she looked at a flower or any other beautiful thing she beheld a part of God. One day Dr. Bartol called at this clergyman's home and saw first the little child, who was so impressed that she ran to her father's study calling, "Papa, papa, come down quickly: the whole of God has come now!" Perhaps the deepest significance of this incident lies in the fact that the father had always studiously kept from the child all ideas of a personal Deity, but the very word, part of God in everything, inevitably suggested to her unbiased mind the whole that must be somewhere; which whole she instinctively personified.

AT THE CONVERSATIONS.

To return—Robert Laird Collier, after his several years sojourn in England, is settled in Boston, and is often seen at the "Conversations". The writer has not been made acquainted with the presence there of any ladies whose names have traveled beyond the home, and among the many gentlemen, reverends and professors and theological editors, probably there are none others who really belong to the columns of a "worldly" newspaper. Mr. Cook himself, though a somewhat unquiet orator, is the personification of dignity and unobtrusiveness in his own parlor. He welcomes his guests cordially, then when the hour for formality arrives, he invites some friend to preside over the ceremonies of the occasion. Mr. Alcott takes his seat behind a tasteful flower garlanded table and Mr. Cook retires to the shadow of his study doorway, and though often called upon, declines all part in the talking of the evening, save perhaps, a single question thrown in toward the close; he is a gentleman, conversant with, and at ease in society and able to be master of ceremonies while himself unseen. The Literary World of this city, published three articles, written at its own request, criticising Mr. Cook's "Transcendentalism". One of these articles was by a standard "Old School" clergyman, and was not at all complimentary to Mr. Cook's ideas or literary style, "handling him without gloves", as the phrase goes. Another, by a

Unitarian minister, was particularly and offensively rabid in its denunciations. The third, gentlemanly and dignified in tone, still gave the poor victim of criticism little chance to feel that he had found a friend. The editor of The World, in a prefatory note, called the three articles a "Theologic Symposium". Behold on the evening of the next "Conversation," the three critics—all invited guests—enter Mr. Cook's parlor. As the last one pays his respects to the host, he is quietly and cordially led along to where the other two are chatting together. Placing his arms warmly over the shoulders of two, Mr. Cook introduces the third saying: "Now, here is the "Symposium." Good humor reigned.

MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

Mrs. Cook is a delicate, refined lady and—this latter word in its true sense, means a great deal. Although much that is called progress in latter days, urges that womanhood is of more importance than ladyhood, it still occurs to others, that for the woman part of it, Nature alone is responsible, as for the man: but the lady or the gentle-woman, is the result of culture added to sex: just as the gentle-man is an improvement upon the crude man. Mrs. Cook gathers about her books of the best sentiment, and what is better still, reads them. Though her name may never be enrolled among the brave women who are storming the walls of the modern Jericho, still she is no bigot, for she goes to listen to Frothingham as also, perhaps, to Moody; and is not she who can tastefully adorn her parlor and gracefully walk through it, harmonize somewhat antagonistic elements, a civilizing and elevating power?

HEREDITY.

At the last "Conversation", which occurred on Monday evening, the 11th inst, the subject discussed was "Heredity". Mr. Alcott began with the spiritual side of the subject, deriving man's best qualities from the "Divine Person", and from this led down to physical heredity and its great influence upon the race. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Alcott is a Mystic; that his use of common theological terms, is always in a mystical or spiritual sense. This diction is so natural and so habitual to him, that of course he sometimes misleads superficial minds who are accustomed to the use of these terms in a wholly theological sense. Thus he can talk to an audience, of "Orthodox" theologians, emphasizing upon the "trinity", the "Savior" and the "personality" of God, sincerely believing every one of those ideas in his own mystical way, and even consciously explaining his meaning, and still they are not displeased, because they catch the dear, familiar phrases, for which they and their fathers have persecuted and been persecuted and his explanations, which really overthrow the whole system, as they conceive it, are forgotten, or not heard, and all goes well. Ever and anon some keen arrow from the full quiver of his subtle wit or marvelous intuition, goes hurtling out among them, to mortally wound some darling belief, yet so graciously, so urbanely shot, that no blood flows, save in cheeks, mantling as much with delight at the archery as with regret for the dead conviction. Individuality, with Mr. Alcott, is that which divides humanity. Look at the root of the word and it will be found to be *dividere*, to divide, and, though an individual, is that which can not be divided, individuals are separated from one another: Personality with him is ~~one that~~ unites: personality is universal. An animal is not a person; it has no moral sentiment; no sense of duty; the young child is an animal: personality awakes in it when it begins to feel the power of duty; the moral sentiment; the ought; then it is a person, then it can say "I". In this sense ~~Duty~~ is personal; but this reduces, or elevates, deity to the moral sentiment—a higher and more worthy God of course, than the Jewish Jehovah, but it is not exactly what is taught in the theological seminaries. Mr. Alcott believes in the "trinity of the Godhead" and he explains it thus: "The Savior is the external aid man receives in this world: the Holy Ghost ~~is~~ the spirit within man, prompting him to holiness, righteousness: the Father is the Divine Person—person being explained as above—universal moral sentiment." No "Radical" objects to this, and "Orthodox" is not offended.

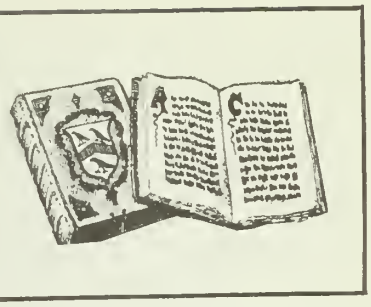
ABOUT THE ALCOTTS.

You will pardon the theologic tone of this letter. It is impossible to give any idea of these meetings without touching somewhat upon what is said there: This venerable sage begins to win a respect from the people of New England, which in justice should have been accorded him long since, and the West is giving him a recognition which does it honor. Gen. Bintliff, of your State, has written during the past year, a long account of his life and theories, which was published in The Janesville Gazette before that gentleman, to the great regret of his friends, laid down the pen editorial. If we believe at all in heredity, we can not fail to do honor to the father and mother of Louisa Alcott. The mother, a woman of great intellectual vigor, keen humor and sterling character, passed from life last November—went away as heroically and beautifully as she had lived. Being carried to her chamber a few weeks before her departure, she said smilingly to those who bore her, "Thus I begin my ascension." Her humor, never sharp enough to hurt like wit, rendered her brilliant and entertaining in conversation and her high sentiment, united with her great practical force, made her unique among even the nobility. When her life was gone, the household alone laid her tenderly away in the historic "Sleepy Hollow," under the great pines, near Hawthorne and Thoreau; then they invited the friends to the parlor, and amid the incense of floral tributes, one after another of the saintly characters who had known her in life, arose and paid homage to her name. "Everything spectral put away," said the husband speaking of it afterwards, "we made a poem of the occasion, to her memory." Emerson, Bartol and Channing were there, moving to its high rhythm, one daughter over the sea, painting her name into honor; two more in Concord, one rearing her "Little Men" at home: the other training the "Little Men" and "Little Women" of the whole land and also of the lands beyond the ocean, with her books of inspiration.

THE TWO CLUBS.

It was Father Taylor, who when his eloquence had carried him far beyond his theme, suddenly exclaimed: "Brethren I've lost my nominative case but am on the way to glory!" but the letter-writer, missing the original topic, must "about face", retreat and bring it forward, or no "glory" awaits her. A word of comparison between the two "Clubs" which have formed the topics of these letters may not be amiss. The "Chestnut-street Club" is already famous: these "Conversations", though for years connected with the fame of their author, are new in these parlors and new in the character of those who compose them. It is significant that Mr. Alcott gains a hearing from Boston orthodoxy. At Mrs. Sargent's the faces are marked by individuality and high intellect. You feel that the people there are independent thinkers: knowing their own ideas and also why they think as they do; they are also people of cultivated bearing and polished speech; chiseled sentences fall from many of the lips there, in ordinary conversation. The faces at Mr. Cook's are more benignant, more kindly in expression; less stimulating to the student of faces, less vigorous in their lines. They are genial, gentle people in manner, courteous and refined, conscientious, reverent, full of faith. They seem like minds that have learned their lesson in years gone by, folded it away in cloth of gold, laid it in the dim cloisters of memory and ever since have been worshiping and reverencing at the sacred portal which shuts it away from their gaze. They are a people of the heart; those at Mrs. Sargent's are a people of the head. When some sublime marriage shall unite the qualities of both, the ideal type will appear.

MARION V. DUDLEY.



ALCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE CONCORD TRANSCENDENTALISTS.

A FAMILIAR TALK IN JOSEPH COOK'S PARLORS—BRONSON ALCOTT'S EVENING.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, April 21.—The Rev. Joseph Cook's parlors at the Hotel Bellevue, in this city, have been opened during the Winter for a monthly conversation or symposium, conducted by the venerable Bronson Alcott, the Concord transcendentalist. Mr. Alcott and Mr. Cook have aimed to invite representative men, theological professors, doctors of divinity, literary men and leading laymen, to participate in the discussions, and have brought together persons as diverse in their views

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as Dr. Bartol and President Warren, or as Samuel Johnson and young Professor Borden P. Bowne. The gatherings have certainly been unique, delightful and instructive.

Two weeks ago the parlors were crowded to hear Mr. Alcott discourse, in his familiar, conversational style, on his Concord friends, living and deceased, who have been known as leaders in the transcendental movement, and none who were present will soon forget the utterances of that occasion. Mr. Alcott himself is nearly eighty years old, a tall, well-proportioned, sunny old gentleman, with long, silvery hair, a merry twinkle in his eye, and some remembrance of boyhood still lighting up his countenance. He has always been a great talker. In fact, it is said that he has done but little else all his life. The success of his daughter, Louisa Alcott, as the writer of "Little Women" and kindred books, has placed him in comfortable circumstances, and he now spends a good part of his time as a New-England Socrates, in asking and answering questions which are put to him in public and private circles. He is a wise man and has much dry wit for the seasoning of his speech. As many strange things are said of him as of Emerson or Thoreau, but with all his vagaries or transcendental theories he has always combined such an amount of good sense and such a genial spirit that friends spring up in his path wherever he goes. His task a fortnight since was one which demanded great delicacy and tact, because he touched upon the marked peculiarities of living persons, but I heard nothing which offended good taste or which trenched upon the obligations of friendship; and he said so much which is of interest to a wider circle than the fifty persons who could listen to him in Mr. Cook's parlors, that I send you a pretty full report of his informal address. His audience was select if not large, and included many men who have made or are making their mark. He aimed to give only outlines, not full portraits, and began his address with the remark that American literature which had anything original in it was not yet over fifty years old. The substance of what he said follows:

EMERSON.

"Emerson is our first truly American or New-England writer. Abroad he is regarded as our chief representative author, and has had a wider influence than any of his contemporaries upon our younger writers. If he is less read than other authors, he always controls his readers. It is always Emerson himself who is speaking. He is not a wide reader, and yet nothing has escaped him. He is an absorbing reader. This is always a characteristic of genius. While it borrows, it hides its borrowings." Mr. Alcott then traced the genesis of one of Emerson's essays. "He is a man of the country and is familiar with nature. He loves solitude and knows what to do with it. He does nothing or thinks nothing which he does not put down in his journal or note-book. So in an interview with a friend or in reading a book, the best thing said or read goes into the diary. It doesn't take him long to read a book. It is a good rule to read the last sentence of most books and skim the rest. All scholars know what this means. The point is to get the outcome of a person in the quickest way. He knows how to get the honey out of books, nature and experience. He has the eye of a New-Englander, and his observations go into his common-place books. What is to be done with them? When an idea seizes him he turns to these note-books to see what he has upon it. This paragraph, he says, is good for a beginning. That one is best to close with. Once I went into his study and found him lying on the floor with the sheets of his common-place book spread out in every direction, while he was trying to gather up from them what he wanted for the essay in hand. When he has culled what he wants and shuffled his materials into some form, he goes out to read his lecture, and tries it on people to see how it fits, and when he is satisfied by actual experience that there is something in it, he sends it to press. He does not read criticisms on his writings, and while he always listens with courtesy to the advice of others, is seldom known to follow it. He writes almost as well as bright and cultivated women converse. They always speak the best English. Emerson has been before the public forty years, and may be fairly said to have made the American lecture. No course of first-class lectures for many years has been thought to be complete without one from him. When he first began to lecture in Boston the people were hardly up to him, and used to say, 'He belongs to a family of insane people.' The late Jeremiah Mason, noted for his strong common sense, was persuaded by his daughters to attend one of Emerson's lectures in those early days. He consented, and when asked his opinion, said, turning to his daughters, 'I don't understand it, but the girls can tell you all about it. Emerson is the typical gentleman of this country for modesty, for grace of manner, for magnanimity, for hospitality, for friendship."

HAWTHORNE.

Mr. Alcott then passed on to Hawthorne. "There is a myth," he said, "about the great romancer that he was so shy that he was never seen in Salem by daylight. He was as coy as a maiden, and had to be courted in much the same manner. He could never be induced to go before the public. When in London he went to the Lord Mayor's dinner on the pledge that he should not be asked to make a speech. He was called on, however, and, to his own and the surprise of everybody else, made one good speech in England. He was my nearest neighbor. Our estates were side by side, but Hawthorne never entered his friend's gate but twice in four years. His visits then were to my daughters. The first time he soon excused himself because the stove was too hot, the next time because the clock ticked too loud. His habit was to hide himself, after dinner, in the remotest corner of the room, and enjoy the conversation without taking any part in it. His method of writing was much like Emerson's, out of common-place books. He was a man of dark type (alluding to his features and temperament), and there is a certain darkness running through all his writings. He is very great on sin. He can track a sinner through all his purlieus better than any man I have known. This makes his writings most interesting to young people. They like intensity. There is a fine humor, wit, or rather irony, running through his romances and stories. All his books make for virtue. They are not always wholesome, and yet they are moral. They intimate rather than speak the religious type of thought."

MARGARET FULLER.

Mr. Alcott then turned to Margaret Fuller. "Wherever there is a noble man, there is a noble woman not far off. Margaret Fuller is the representative American woman. Her book, 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' is what most men and women accept as truth. But she is not in her books. She was great in conversation. This is the special grace of women, and she had it." Mr. Alcott here referred to the Transcendental Club, where the members were all persons who have since made a name in the world, and said that, though wit and brightness were there in abundance, Margaret Fuller always carried off the palm by her speeches and conversation. "She was not only scholarly, but eminently womanly. Man is man because intellect leads his affections, and woman is woman because her affections lead the intellect. Genius makes men and women alike in this respect. It has the best in each sex. Margaret Fuller had the best gifts of man added to those of a woman. When she spent any time in the house of a friend every one sought her, and even the servants consulted her as to their private wishes."

THOREAU AND CHANNING.

Though Mr. Alcott's touches were rapid, the company listened with the closest attention and the keenest enjoyment to what he said. He passed on to Henry D. Thoreau. "There are strange myths about him. Perpetual truthfulness was his chief attribute. If he seemed cynical at times, it was only his way of looking at society. There have been various attempts to plant Paradise in New-England, and Thoreau's has been the most successful of all! He began with himself." Mr. Alcott said that there was great truth in the remark of Socrates that "he who has the fewest wants is most a man." Thoreau's Walden Pond experiment was then described at length. "It was Emerson's land that Thoreau adventured upon. He borrowed an axe, dug his cellar and potato hole himself, bargained with a wild Irishman for a shanty in the neighborhood, which furnished boards and nails at the expense of a dollar and a half, paid for the shanty with some work at surveying for a Concord farmer, put up his own shanty with the assistance of Emerson, Alcott and others who attended the raising, provided himself with a Homer and New Testament or Bible as a library, and began his eighteen months' experiment of getting acquainted with himself and with what was in Concord. He believed that he dwelt in the centre of the universe, and had serious thoughts of annexing the rest of the planet to Concord. He had a pair of eyes in that head of his. The fable is told of him that a certain flower near Walden Pond always delayed its blossom until Thoreau came to give it his recognition and blessing. He knew nature better than any man before him. Not even Gilbert White, of Selborne, knew it better. He was

a good visitor. He knew what to say, and when to leave, and did not come too often. Eight volumes of his writings have been published, and there are as many more to be collected out of his note-books by the competent editor. This man was not destitute of affection. He knew what the tender passion was. He was known to be a little tender once to a wild Irish girl who walked with him in the country."

The next portrait which Mr. Alcott painted was that of William Ellery Channing, the nephew of *the* Channing. "There are three Channings living whose names begin with William—William F., William Ellery, and William Henry. William Ellery is a poet. He writes fine passages, but not whole poems. He is the shyest of men. I have only called on him three times in many years. He comes and goes when he pleases. If he calls on Friday, he will call the next Friday, and will be sure to bring racy, fresh talk with him; but if you allude to himself or to his uncle, he doesn't know whom you are talking about. His modesty is equal to his rhymes. He doesn't know that the man Channing lives anywhere, and has never seen him."

LOUISA ALCOTT.

Mr. Alcott had been requested by Mr. Cook and others to say some things about his gifted daughter, Miss Louisa Alcott, and rather reluctantly he consented to do so. He began with the remark that she peeped over her moral sense once, and got the benefit of it. "She began to keep a diary or note-book when only five years old, and has done so ever since. She got her culture at home and through her experience. She began authorship by writing letters. Then she ventured stories; then followed the reading of them to her parents and sisters; then the acting of them as dramas; then a model theatre in the attic. She had her grandmother's brocade silk dress, which had been off duty well nigh a century, as a costume, and the grandfather's military suit, also faithfully preserved, did duty for the hero of the occasion. The old people were studiously kept down stairs, and what went on could only be judged by the peals of laughter which came from the Concord boys and girls who were fortunate enough to be invited to the performance in the attic. The next step was to transfer the theatre to the barn, where the private theatricals soon made considerable noise in the town. This gave her stories notoriety. Then other stories were written. It was noised abroad that they existed. An editor heard of them, and got one for his journal. His papers disappeared so fast that he wanted another. In this way the first fruit of authorship, a five-dollar note, came to hand, and caused a flutter of joy in the young girl's life. When the late war came, Mr. Alcott had no boys to do the fighting, and Louisa felt that she must represent the family in the Union Army, and went to Georgetown as nurse. Here she was taken dangerously ill, and here, upon her recovery, she wrote the letters home which were published as 'Hospital Sketches.' These made her known. Then she wrote a two-volume novel, which a publisher compelled her to cut down into one volume, because he didn't believe anybody would read a novel in two volumes, and the result was that the book was spoilt. Miss Alcott now determined to take authorship into her own hands and please herself. 'Little Women' was the first result of this decision, and the rest of Louisa's career is familiar to the public." Mr. Alcott said that he had now become known as the grandfather of these little women, and he was not ashamed of the compliment. In response to a question, he added, as he closed his address: "I regard it as the finest stroke of fortune I have known to have had the friendship of Emerson. It is a friendship which dates back forty years."

TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF.

It was the original plan that when Mr. Alcott finished his address Professor Bowne should act as master of ceremonies and call up others, but so much interest had been awakened that after one or two had briefly spoken and confessed their indebtedness to Emerson, volunteer questions were asked—could no longer be kept back—and the venerable transcendentalist was called up from his chair to tell the company more things about himself, and what his methods of reading and writing were. He said that he was brought up in a small Connecticut town (Wolcott), where he had few books and few opportunities for culture. He was educated on the "Pilgrim's Progress." He borrowed the book of a neighbor, and after keeping it six months returned it and then borrowed it again. This he did every six months, until the book was given to him. He could not properly call himself a writer. He had published a few works, but didn't know that anybody had ever read them. He was an unpublished author. He had always kept a note-book. He had put everything into it; interviews with men, visits to friends, extracts, his own thoughts, whatever came to him. He had seventy volumes of these diaries, some of them containing over a thousand pages. His printed books were chiefly made up of selections from them. His gift was not in writing, but he should have enjoyed it very much if some friend had reported his conversations and allowed him to edit them. As it was, he was an author in quantity, if not in quality. But he had a special difficulty. His diaries had no index, and he couldn't tell where his best things were. He had put into them everything that interested him, and wished he could have a friend to make an index for him. He began his diary seventy-~~two~~ years ago, when he was about ten years old. Questions were now put to him as rapidly as he could answer them. One was whether Shakespeare kept a note-book. Mr. Alcott thought that he got the best things for his plays at the club. Then the point was made by one of the company that Hawthorne rather shunned literary society, and was more at home with the Salem sea captains and with other rough, hearty men, than in cultivated society. This brought out a new story from Mr. Alcott. Hawthorne's house in Concord was very near the forest, where he could easily hide himself, but this was not enough. He seemed at times morbidly anxious to get away from mankind. To do this he had a tower built on the top of ~~the hill near~~ his house. Its stairs were so narrow that you could only go up or down by holding on to both rails, and it used to be said that Hawthorne had a trap-door at the top, and that when he wanted to be absolutely alone he used to ascend the tower and sit down on the trap-door. Mr. Alcott said he never saw the trap-door, but the rest of the story was true.

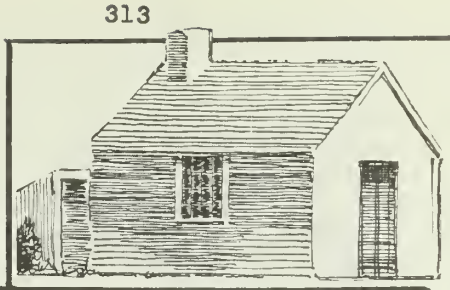
EMERSON'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Great interest was felt in Emerson, and Mr. Alcott was rather closely pressed to tell what his friend's religious views were. This was very delicate ground, and it was not easy to answer direct questions without going beyond the limits of friendship, but Mr. Alcott gave his usual wise answer: "Mr. Emerson is an ethical writer. In him the Puritan type ripened, but did not take the Puritan form. His modesty did not allow him to put his thought into the usual forms, and so he was silent. He frequently attends the Unitarian Church, and his daughter is one of its most devoted members. Emerson is absolutely sincere in these respects. Except in one sentence in his essay on Immortality he accepts that doctrine. He is a Christian theist; an individual that belongs to the church of one member. His creed is unwritten. He is better than his creed. He is a man to be taken by the hand among all Christians as a brother. I have never fully sympathized with him in his religious opinions. There is a type of mind which does not express its inmost convictions, and Emerson has it. He is greatly beloved by the Concord people, and is universally regarded as their foremost citizen in every good work. You can always tell when Emerson is appealing to the common sense of the people. His favorite gesture, when he has anything homely and terse to say, is an angular forward thrust of his fist. He is a thinker, but his writings appeal very strongly to all men by their vigorous common sense."

Mr. Alcott had a further word about Thoreau. "He was the first man to call John Brown a hero. Early in the ~~his~~ war wrote out his views and read them to Emerson, who dissented from them. Thoreau was determined that the world should listen to them, and began with Concord. The selectmen were timid, and refused him the Town Hall. Thoreau then took the matter into his own hands. He rang the bell himself, and the citizens, hastily gathering as for a fire, had the privilege of listening to Thoreau's lecture, which had fire indeed. Later on Emerson adopted Thoreau's view, and wrote his famous lecture on John Brown. Thoreau once had difficulty with the town authorities. He would not pay his tax of $1 50, and was put in the jail. Here he tried to convert his fellow-convicts, ~~and did not succeed. He also~~ wrote a lecture on the world in general, and on Concord in particular, from the prison point of view, and made the Concord people listen to it, when a friend paid his tax and secured his release. Thoreau was ~~twenty-four~~ years of age when he was at Walden Pond and got acquainted with himself. He was really interested in but few people. He knew who could tell him what he wanted to know, and he sought them. There were only two persons out of Concord who thoroughly commanded his respect. One was John Brown, and the other was Walt Whitman. His essay on Friendship was written as an epithalamium on the marriage of one of his dearest friends, and was one of his best productions."

Much conversation followed from one and another, but Mr. Alcott was really obliged to talk nearly all the evening. The session was so interesting that it was pro-

longed inevitably to a late hour, and there can hardly have been any gathering in Boston this season where more was crowded into three hours, which were all too short to satisfy the more than curious interest of bright men and women in the famous Concord transcendentalist, or where more was said which the world at large is anxious to know about the personality of men and women whose fame is perennial. These notes, however, are all that can properly be given of what was a most fascinating and memorable conversation.



MISS ELIZABETH HOAR.

This lady, who died on Sunday last, at the age of 64, after a long and painful illness, was the eldest child of the late Samuel Hoar of Concord, and a granddaughter of Roger Sherman of Connecticut, one of the framers, as well as signers, of the Declaration of Independence. Mr Hoar, who was also the father of Judge Hoar and of Senator G. F. Hoar, was a native of Lincoln, near Concord, and was the first citizen of that town for many years before his death in 1856. In 1844, soon after serving a term in Congress, "Squire Hoar," as he was commonly called, was sent by the state of Massachusetts as a special commissioner to South Carolina to protect the interests of our colored seamen, then liable to imprisonment and slavery if they landed in Charleston, or other ports of that slave-holding state. On this journey, which proved to be one of some danger, Miss Hoar accompanied her father, and with him endured the indignity of being expelled from the city of Charleston and the state of South Carolina, which was then too haughty to treat equitably with Massachusetts concerning the rights of colored men. Mr Hoar refused to go until the show of force was made, as he had previously refused to withdraw from public notice in Charleston, through fear of a mob. He continued to take his daily walk about the city until he was banished, saying "that he was old, 'and his life was not worth much, but he had 'rather the boys should troll his old head like a 'foot-ball in their streets than that he should 'hide it." During the after-life of her father and mother, Miss Hoar lived with them at Concord, and has since occupied the family residence, at which her funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon. Her last illness occurred at her sister's in Cambridge, and she died there.

Miss Hoar resembled her father in many of his traits, but these were softened and graced by quick sensibilities, a lively fancy and the deepest sympathy with others. "The strength and 'the beauty of the man," said one of his townsmen, "lay in the natural goodness and justice of 'his mind,—the strength of a chief united to the 'modesty of a child." To this he added a generosity of nature which was also very conspicuous in his daughter, and which, combining with the tenderest conscience and with warm affections, under the restraint of an inherited reserve, made her life a continued sacrifice to the claims of others. Some early passages in her own experience gave this direction to her gifts, and the habit of self-devotion, once formed, became, like less unselfish habits, invincible. She thus postponed, to the wishes or the occasions of others, the active exercise of high intellectual powers, to which an original and liberal education had given breadth of range and facility in use. She wrote better than most persons of her own time and country, and her letters would be the treasure of an editor; yet her only book was a short sketch, published in 1877, of her old friend, Mrs Ripley, who for years was the companion of her studies. Miss Hoar was one of the first New England women (after Mrs Ripley) to gain a thorough acquaintance with the Greek authors, and with German literature; she was the friend of Margaret Fuller, also, and had studied more systematically than that sibylline person. She knew and valued the chief promoters of the "transcendental" revival of literature and thought in New England, forty years ago, and had lived in special intimacy with several of them. The opening of that revival had coincided with the spring-time of her life; when (as it fails not to happen with sweet and generous spirits) her personal hopes were blended with aspirations for a better age of the world. Her own share in this happiness was soon taken away by the death of one most dear to her; but she lived to witness the fulfilment, in some degree, of those public hopes, which found their greatest triumph in the result of the civil war.

Whatever limits to the sphere of woman's influence restless custom may fix or unsettle, it is through personal character and private affection that this influence must always be most strongly exerted. The friendships of women are the best indication of their genius, which in its last analysis is simply the capacity for loving and enduring. Among women, therefore, those are remarkable whose friendship is at once easily won and firmly held: neither given from self-will, nor dimmed by time or coldness, nor lost in a crowd of later impressions. This susceptibility and this constancy were united in Miss Hoar, who never lost a friend more willingly than the soldier loses his flag or his guns. Few persons in so retired a life had so wide and varied a circle of friends, and she will be lamented unanimously by many who are agreed in little else than their affection for her.

[By Sanborn. In the April ? Springfield Republican.]

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURE.

TEMPERANCE IN LANGUAGE—POSITIVES AND SUPERLATIVES—CONCISENESS OF WESTERN AND RICHNESS OF EASTERN THOUGHT. [April]

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson lectured in the Old South last evening upon "Temperance," as he chose to name his subject. But his use of the word was so wide that it included all the forms of moderation in which a wise man possesses himself, and the line of thought followed by the lecturer related especially to self-control in the use of language. He was an advocate of the positive degree, a decided opponent of the superlative. Conforming to the request made at the opening of the lecture, a formal report is withheld. The lecture began soon after eight o'clock, and continued for three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Emerson was accorded the closest attention, and his manner of delivery was an excellent illustration of his teaching. It was the living presentation of his doctrine, sentence by sentence.

At the outset of the lecture he stated the wide application of the word "temperance" to the conservation of all the energies of body, mind and soul. Moderation in meats and drinks is a narrow meaning. People of extremes came next in order for notice, and those who go through life tearing, exclaiming, swearing and convulsed were made to appear pitifully ridiculous in their littleness. No doubt every one present—for no children were there, and the good die young—felt more or less guilty under Mr. Emerson's analysis of the common human weakness of exaggeration. Certainly the characters are not infrequent who cry persecution when their opinions are controverted, and reckon themselves with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two. Nor is it to be supposed that all of Mr. Emerson's admirers are free from the use of the superlative in grammar which, in its several degrees of odiousness, met his unqualified censure last evening. An expression worth remembering is that "superlatives are diminutives and weaken. The positive is the sinew of speech; the superlative the fat."

The common tendency of people to exaggerate whatever is terrible and shocking was next favored with Mr. Emerson's attention. He thinks there cannot anything happen so tragical that we will not continue to make the story worse by our exaggerations as we repeat it. Such untruths, too, as "The best I ever saw," "I never heard anything like it," Mr. Emerson would like to see gazetted. The current expressions for fear, suffering and horror, also, such as "My hair stood on end," "My knees smote together," are untrue and excessive. Thousands live and die who never had a single experience of hunger, who were never thirsty and never terrified. This rhetorical terror comes only in dreams or nightmare. The sufficient objection to this unmeasured speech is that it is a lie. Mr. Emerson then passed on to an analysis of the mental characteristics of those people who tell such remarkable lies and fail so utterly in self-control. We are, he said (no personalities are intended here), garrulous and demonstrative,—a kind of creatures who cannot live without expression for all our sense and nonsense. The lecturer passed naturally from this point to notice the power of expression, and the interesting opinion was given that though the man with greatest power of expression—Shakespeare—has by common consent been awarded the highest place in renown, if the opinion of the poets were asked their verdict would probably be different. If the

power be given to display, there is all the less left for use and creation. Starting on a new line by the striking illustration that a face enlarged by a concave mirror loses its expression, Mr. Emerson set forth the loss of power which comes from exaggerating facts, which would be strong and expressive if restrained within the limits of exact truth. Nature's uniformity and lack of excess were made to furnish other good illustrations of the same truth. No one ever saw a winged dragon, a flying man or a talking fish. Nature is always serious. She never jests with us. Life cannot be carried on except by fidelity and sober earnestness.

A just comparison was made next in the lecture between the Oriental and Occidental minds. The western is mathematical and values exactness. It likes literal statements. It does not love the superlative, but the positive degree. But the eastern mind is just the reverse; it delights in sweeping assertions and bold extravagance of language. These two characteristics have exerted an important and healthful influence upon each other. In the latter part of his lecture the worth of plain statements and the habits of the common people to reduce their expressions to the simplest form were presented with a clearness which was itself a proof of the superior power of the moderate use of words. The office of the eastern and western habits of thought to serve as correctives of each other, and the beauty and strength each may give to the other, again took Mr. Emerson's attention, and with that theme the lecture closed.

It was an entertaining paper, and in its full form will doubtless receive the attention its sound sense deserves.

April

A GOOD SKETCH OF THOREAU.

[From the Easy Chair in Harper's]

His figure was familiar in the village. He was a man of ordinary hight, always very plainly dressed, but without any oddity of costume. His habitual gait was rapid; and whether or not his known fondness for Indians affected the observer, his movement seemed not unlike that of an Indian. His features were large, the nose very prominent, and his complexion fair. He was not shy, and was always ready to talk; but he was serious, although wholly without melancholy, and had no small-talk or twaddle. The personal impression that he made was that of entire composure and self-possession, with a frosty grave cheerfulness, earnest, without affection of devotion—a man with a serene perpetual consciousness of the richness and beauty of life and nature. He seemed to need no relaxation of mind or body, sat upright in his chair, and although with entire appreciation of humor, he made no jokes. It was the impression of this inflexibility, a rigidity without intention, which was inevitably but unconsciously a rebuke of frivolity, this constant but natural tension at concert-pitch, which made Hawthorne half impatiently call him "that cast-iron man." He was not indignant with conventional forms, he was merely unconscious of any force in them, yet he never offended good-breeding. He evidently thought that civilization had so loaded life with artificial embarrassments that its freshness and vigor and enjoyment were lost, and the simplicity of the Indian and the easy satisfaction of his few wants seemed to him to offer to the educated man the opportunity of the real knowledge and pleasure that elaborate civilization made impracticable.

Yet there was not a touch of cynicism in his nature. He could not be disappointed or embittered. Swift would have been as strange to him as Rochester. The disembarrassment or the attempted disembarrassment of his life from the usages of society was instinctive. He made no fuss about it. He did not self-consciously and ostentatiously protest. To pay taxes was to support an unnecessary and cumbrous machinery, which among other absurb and unjust things, undertook to return innocent persons to slavery. To get money to contribute to this unworthy purpose, time and labor must be spent that might be devoted to some useful end, to the acquisition of knowledge, to peaceful contemplation, and he therefore declined to do anything so ridiculous. The officers naturally enforced the law, and he went cheerfully to jail, and stay there until a neighbor produced his release. If he had been asked how society could hold together if nobody should pay taxes, he would certainly have answered that he did not know, and still less did he know that it was desirable society should hold together for the purpose of doing injustice. But there would be no heat, no personal feeling of any kind, in the discussion, and he would unquestionably have mounted the scaffold with the same composure and good humor that he went to jail.

Thoreau's true life was in the observation and the suggestion of nature, and of these his books are the record. His distinction among observers is that while he had the eye of the naturalist, he had the mind of the poet. He had a healthy and refreshing delight in every detail of the spectacle of nature, and no less an exquisite perception of its infinite symbolism and correspondence. His eye and his mind are simultaneously busy. There is no such comprehensive observation as his recorded in literature, united with a style so racy, so incisive and so pictorial.

May

HAS MR. EMERSON CHANGED HIS BASE?

This question was pressed very closely upon his friend and townsman, Mr. Alcott, a few evenings since, when the latter was speaking of the characteristics of the Concord authors. Mr. Alcott waived the close inquiries of the Orthodox ministers, but went as far as friendship permitted in saying that Mr. Emerson was a Christian theist,—a man to be taken by the hand by all Christians as a brother, an individual thinker who belongs to the church of one member. Except in one sentence of his essay on Immortality he accepts that doctrine. He has never written out his belief, but those who know him best speak in the strongest terms of his absolutely sincere religious life. We have nothing to do with his religious opinions except in so far as he has published them in his essays, but the latest contribution from his pen, "The Sovereignty of Ethics," in the current North American Review, is so marked in its ethical tone as to attract especial attention; and seems to indicate a very definite departure from the pantheism which is quite abundant in his earlier productions. It may certainly be said, and our readers can easily test it to their personal satisfaction, that our foremost ethical writer has come out most distinctly for the truths of natural religion which lead distinctly to theism.

There are touches now and then of the old leaven, but the mellowed richness of this latest essay is due not more to the geniality of old age than it is to the restfulness of a larger religious belief which permeates his always pregnant sentences. We never expect so sincere a writer as Mr. Emerson to use the stock phrases of religious writers, but his identification of religion with morals, his reference to the religion of the universal unsleeping Providence which lurks in trifles, in still, small voices, in the secrets of our hearts, our closest thoughts, as efficiently as in our proclamations and successes, his kind words for the emphatic and positive religion of a century ago as compared with the pale negations prevalent today, the increased attention which he now pays in his published essays to the realities of spiritual truth, show that, if our distinguished fellow-citizen has not formally changed his base as an ethical teacher, he has certainly done the next thing to it. The evidence is sufficiently marked to give profound satisfaction to many of his admirers, that one who has roamed so widely through the universe in quest of truth has found the final philosophy in the kindred instincts of heaven and home.

There is certainly a tenderness in the cultivated part of this community toward Mr. Emerson which exists in hardly a more marked degree toward any other moral and literary teacher, and the fact that Mr. Emerson now insists that "the progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals," and that he enunciates not the vague doubts of our detached moralists, but the prime convictions of believers in natural religion, those which border closely upon revealed truth, will increase this tenderness among all who have been helped and instructed by his teachings. He has written few paragraphs which contain more sterling coin than this: "The "man of this age must be matriculated in "the university of sciences and tendencies "flowing from all past periods. He must not "be one who can be surprised and shipwrecked by every bold or subtle word which "malignant and acute men may utter in his "hearing, but should be taught all scepticisms and unbeliefs, and made the destroyer "of all card-houses and paper walls, and the "sifter of all opinions, by being put face to "face from his infancy with reality. A man "who has accustomed himself to look at all "his circumstances as very mutable, to carry "his possessions, his relation to persons, and "even his opinions, in his hand, and in all "these to pierce to the principle and moral "law, and everywhere to find that,—has put "himself out of the reach of all sophistism," And this is substantially the point which Mr. Emerson has now reached.

Boston Daily Advertiser

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Anniversary Exercises of the School of Oratory—The List of Graduates.

The fifth anniversary of the school of oratory, Boston University, was publicly observed in Pilgrim hall, Congregational building, yesterday morning, in the presence of a large audience, among whom were Governor Rice, Ralph Waldo Emerson and daughters, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, B. P. Shillaber, the Rev. Dr. Warren, president of the University, Professor Raymond, Professor Hudson, Professor Brown of Tufts College, Mr. Bronson Alcott of Concord, Mr. Ladd of the Chauncy Hall school, Miss Lucy Stone, Miss Nora Perry and others. The graduating class numbered twenty ladies and gentlemen, and the exercises were conducted by Professor Lewis B. Munroe, dean of the school. The programme was opened with reading of the Scriptures by Miss Jeanette Howell of Lowell, after which vocal and gymnastic exercises were given. Miss Lizzie Mudge Ballou of Princeton, Ill., read a select poem by Carlisle, and this was followed by essays, prose readings and poems, recitations, exercises illustrating Bell's system of visible speech, etc., all of which were exceedingly well given. At the close of the exercises of the graduating class the diplomas were presented by Governor Rice. The following is a list of the graduates:—

Frederick Hovey Allen, Boston; Lizzie Mudge Ballou, Princeton, Ill.; James Whitford Bashford, A. M., Boston; Myra Louisa Bates, Boston; Florence Estelle Burgess, Boston; Georgia Eva Cayvan, Boston; Samuel Silas Carry, A. B. D. D., Boston; Cletheral Dean, Boston; Caspar Payson Drury, Boston; Austin Barclay Fletcher, A. B., Franklin; Jennie Amanda Morrison, Whitestone; L. I.; Katherine Minnie Osman, Boston; Francis Maria Parker, Newtonville; Laura DeLisle Richards, Derby, Vt.; Fanny Richardson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Francis Maria Francis Stone, Belmont; Mary Frank Stuart, Boston; Edward Barrett Warren, Cleveland, Ohio; Carrie Frances Worthen, Amesbury.

[May]

A DAY IN CONCORD.

May

There is no town in America which has so many purely literary associations as Concord. It was always noted as the home of bright and characteristic New England people, but, until years ago, it was better known as the first battle-ground of the Revolution than for the culture of its inhabitants. Now it is the Mecca for those who are most interested in literature, and the men who have dwelt and are still living in the town have done more than perhaps any others to give American letters a distinctive character. My turn to visit Concord came only the other day. Mr. Bronson Alcott had kindly invited me to spend a day with him, but I had stipulated that I should have sunshine and green fields when I came, and that Mr. Emerson might be at home; for Concord, as Mr. Alcott truthfully says, is Emerson, and no one can say that he has seen Concord unless he has crossed Mr. Emerson's threshold. Years ago, when I was first starting out from the narrow limitations of boyhood, Emerson's "Representative Men" had been the first book to let me into the throbbing life of this century, and ever since I have regarded Mr. Emerson as not only our greatest master of a pure English style but our most subtle and suggestive religious and social teacher. I had accidentally come to know him when he was musing in the Athenæum library and had been touched, as all are, by

HIS SUPERIOR MODESTY.

His lecture on the future of America had made me feel that our greatest original writer could not long remain with us, and the one thing I most desired was that I might visit Concord under congenial skies, and when Mr. Alcott and Mr. Emerson might be seen and known in their everyday life.

The fortunate day came in the month of May. Mr. Alcott wrote, "Come when the apple blossoms remind us of friendship and of Emerson," and the blossoms were hardly over when I went. It was next to the earliest train from Boston in the morning which took me to Concord. The day was hardly promising. It was cloudy and uncertain, but an engagement should always be positive, and I ventured. One is in Concord before he knows it. The rolling country around the quiet village, the well-kept farms, the general appearance of thriftiness, remind one of the English towns, and you can hardly imagine that this is the home of men and women who have ranked as our freshest and most creative writers. It is but a few steps from the station to

MR. ALCOTT'S HOME.

He lives in the house which was occupied by Thoreau in his last days, and the dining-room is the place where Thoreau died. He met me at the door in his dressing-gown, with the kindly smile which is his habitual expression, and I found myself in a few moments seated at one side of his study table, where he had been making entries in his omnivorous journal. The table stood in one corner of the room, and was covered on two sides with bound copies of his journal, which he has kept continuously for many years. Three large bookcases occupied three sides of the room, and contained the most carefully selected library of mystic writers to be found, probably, in this country or in England. It belonged in part to an English gentleman, who shared with Alcott the attempt to create paradise at Fruitlands, in Harvard, Mass., some 25 years ago, and was donated to Mr. Alcott, when that effort to create a model community out of orthodox sinners unfortunately failed, as the one man among us who could use such works to advantage, and would be most likely to keep them together. The whole morning was spent in this study. Mr. Alcott sat at one side of the table and I at the other. It was a confidential position. One after another the volumes of the diary were taken down, and I was permitted to look them over, and read here and there a wise extract or a bright original remark.

HIS BOOKS

have been chiefly made up from these journals and from the strange and antiquated authors whose volumes stand upon his shelves. One felt as if the old mystics haunted the spot where their truest selves were so much beloved and appreciated. Mr. Alcott could tell the history of every volume, and, dear as his daughters are to him now that Mrs. Alcott has been called home, these books are hardly less dear as children of spiritual insight. You might search the country over for another copy of Jacob Behmen or Plotinus or Henry More or Norris of Bemerton and not find any of them. Mr. Emerson may have copies of some, or it may be that, as Mr. Alcott's most intimate friend, he has derived his fine flavor of mystic teaching from these very books. They all bore the marks of much reading, and yet had evidently been handled with reverent care. Another feature of this library was the bound volumes of letters written by Mrs. Alcott, as well as himself. She was the sister of the late Samuel J. May. Mr. Alcott first met her when he went, a Connecticut schoolmaster, from Cheshire to Brooklyn in that State, to meet Mr. May, who preached in the latter place. Mr. May was absent, and the young lady entertained him so well while he was waiting for her brother's return, that the hope at once sprang up that he might by and by claim her as his wife, and no person could have been found better fitted for the emergencies of such a remarkable and unique life as Mr. Alcott has led. If her life should ever be written, it will be found that she was endowed hardly less than Margaret Fuller, with

THE QUALITIES WHICH BLESS AND MAGNIFY

a woman's position. She died only a few months ago, and in her last days greatly enjoyed the freedom from anxiety and care which came through the unexpected success of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" and other volumes. She had both tact and heroism, and, as Mr. Alcott told me the story of their married life and went into its tragic and sacred relations, I could not help the feeling that the sister of Samuel J. May was a very remarkable woman. If the story of her work can ever be truthfully told, if some of her letters, which were often written with the heart's best blood, can be published, it will result in placing before our young women an example of what unconscious greatness a true woman sometimes attains to without engaging in unwomanly deeds. The morning was spent in discussing points in mystic philosophy, and in these reminiscences of his earlier and married life. Among other incidents which he related was the story of his now famous school in Boston, out of which grew his "Conversations on the Gospels," a work of singular interest, which was instrumental in breaking up his work in Boston, and in changing his whole career. It was Mr. Emerson who generously and nobly befriended him in those years of great trial. But I may not enter into details.

Mr. Alcott has only lived in the Thoreau house since Mrs. Alcott's death. The family consists of himself, his widowed daughter, with her two bright boys, and Miss Louisa Alcott, who is now suffering from overwork, and seldom sees persons who are outside of the household. It was very delightful to be received, almost as a stranger, into the confidence of this family, and to enjoy

THEIR GENEROUS HOSPITALITY.

But the absence of Miss May Alcott, the artist, who went abroad to pursue her chosen vocation, and has recently become Mme. Nieriker, was much regretted. Her portrait, which hung over the mantle in the parlor, indicates the presence of genius, and is an excellent and truthful picture.

While we were enjoying the morning within doors in these confidential autobiographical details, and in pursuing some points connected with the Transcendental movement, the clouds had rolled away, and, when dinner was over, the pony and carriage were at the door to take us to different points in the town.

The first point visited was Walden Pond, Mr. Emerson's property, where Thoreau lived for eighteen months in a hut and attempted to get acquainted with himself. It is over a mile from the village, and you approach it by the Thoreau road. At a town meeting there was a discussion about the name of the new street which led to the pond, and many suggestions were made. Finally, Mr. Alcott rose and said that all the streets were Emerson's—they would be only country roads without him—but not one had been given to Thoreau. This determined the choice of name, and it is certainly very fitting that Walden Pond should be approached by a street named after the man who has given the locality such unique fame in American literature. We drove down near to the edge of the pond before we left the carriage, and in a moment were standing on

THE SPOT WHERE THOREAU BUILT HIS HUT.

The site is marked by a cairn which was begun some years ago by Mrs. Adams, a Western lady, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Thoreau, and came all the way across the continent that she might breathe the air he once breathed, and enter fully into the romance of the situation. Devout pilgrims have added to the pile until now it has grown to a very respectable size; and this is much to say when you consider that stones are hardly found at all in the light, loamy soil which borders upon the pond. The sunbeams were glinting through the new forest leaves as we stood where Thoreau used to launch his boat, and looked over the hill to the left where he had his potato patch. The water is completely shut in by trees, save where a shed has lately been erected for picnics, and is what the ladies would call "a perfect gem" of a place. It was all still life as we stood there, my friend calling up memories of days when Emerson, Thoreau and himself used to come here to swim, while I was trying to think what sort of a life a man could live in this romantic but lonely spot. It was our privilege to hunt up stones to add to the cairn as we turned away, and this we did with genuine reverence for the most original literary genius which America has produced.

Mr. Alcott was fortunate enough to have so good a horse that he did not need a whip, which my friend is conscientiously opposed to using, and we went leisurely but rapidly

FROM POINT TO POINT.

He took me to the charming home which he made when he gave up the Paradise of Fruitlands, and told me his generous intentions as

to its use when he is gone from us. It is now unoccupied, but the shrubbery was in full leaf and the place is equally worthy to be the home of a philosopher or a poet. Very much of its beauty is the fruit of Mr. Alcott's own hands. Here the Alcott sisters grew up to womanhood. But before he resided here he lived in the adjoining house, which Hawthorne occupied for some years, and to which the romancer added the famous tower where he used go when he wanted to escape from mankind. It is a characteristic part of the house. The barn is the place where Louisa Alcott, when a child, used to hold her amateur theatricals, and every knoll and ravine has its Alcott Hawthorne or Thoreau legend. As we turned to go to another part of the town, I stopped to drink from an old oaken bucket which stood by the roadside, when Mr. Alcott remarked that the forked stick which held the well-sweep came from his bit of woodland. The conversation turned upon the public schools, when Mr. Alcott told me his experience as director of the Concord schools at $100 a year, with Mr. Emerson and other literary characters as members of the town committee; the schools became remarkable for the progress of the pupils in intelligence and virtue, and Paradise was coming to Concord through public school education when the husbands of the washerwomen became infected with the desire for rotation in office, and Mr. Alcott had to give up the post to some other favorite of the people.

The afternoon was rapidly wearing away when we drove up to a plain two-story dwelling, with farm buildings attached, partially inclosed by pines, horse-chestnuts and other trees. It was

THE HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It was welcome news that Mr. Emerson was at home. He received us in the parlor, behind his study, which is one of the front rooms on the first floor, with much cordiality, and conversed very freely, with the characteristic accent which all remember who have heard him lecture, on numerous subjects, both literary and social. Persons who visit Mr. Emerson simply to get a glimpse of the man in his house, with no proper introduction, are usually disappointed. There is no basis for genial conversation in such an interview. But those who come properly introduced are always charmed by the simplicity, sincerity and rightness of his conversation. To me the interview had great interest. The conversation could hardly be reported, but I sat so that I could look first into Mr. Emerson's and then into Mr. Alcott's face, at such an angle that something more than the strongly marked profile of each was disclosed. Mr. Emerson has just turned his 75th year, and Mr. Alcott is some five years his senior. They have been intimate personal friends and companions for nearly half a century, and no man has stood by Mr. Alcott so faithfully as Mr. Emerson. The conversation was bright and lively during the half hour of our call, but the best thing about it was the seeing of these two renowned men together. Mr. Emerson's spare features, sharply outlined, the thin, gray hair straggling over his head, his clear eye twinkling with every amusing utterance, his air the furthest removed from anything like self-assertion,

THE WHOLE BEARING OF THE MAN

being that of a simple learner, a student, an inquirer, contrasted strongly with the attitude of Mr. Alcott, whose almost ruddy face is relieved by his long silvery hair, almost reaching his shoulders, whose features are always lit up with an expression of kindliness and good-will, and whose conversation, if less reserved than Mr. Emerson's, is hardly less inspiring. One could not help thinking outside of the subjects we were talking about. It was an historic picture that came up before me. Here sat the two men, face to face, whose words and deeds have given most notoriety to the Transcendental movement. They had lived through it and beyond it. They were past threescore and ten. They were already historical personages. Mr. Emerson remarked that he had written nothing for some years. His work was done. Mr. Alcott has also done his writing, but as a talker, as a walking Socrates, his work is going on today with more vigor than ever, and nothing more delights him than to find a man who lends a willing ear to his exposition of the mystic philosophy. These two men had the concocting of "The Dial," Mr. Emerson being its first editor. Mr. Alcott had first been made aware of the ripeness and strength of his thought by finding the members of the Transcendental Club listening to him as if he were entitled to teach them. The two differ greatly in their gifts, yet in friendship, in range of ideas, in sympathy with authors, in the interpretation of nature, they are essentially one. I have never known a man who had a more discriminating appreciation for another than Alcott has for Emerson. He gave me the best account of the life, character, belief and spirit of the Concord sage which I have ever heard, and yet said nothing which did not increase your respect for his friend. What Schiller was to Goethe, Alcott has been to Emerson. These thoughts came rapidly to me as I turned from one face to the other. What most touched me in this interview was the

FRANK CORDIALITY OF MR. EMERSON.

He listened to you as if you were teaching him, not he you, and you forgot that you were in the presence of our first American author, and talked out your thought as if to your own brother. It was due to Mr. Alcott that I saw his friend so favorably, and it seemed as if life were richer in sacred experiences than it was before when I recrossed the threshold of Emerson's home.

We next drove by the old manse, where Emerson spent his early manhood and wrote "Nature," his brothers blaming him because he did nothing but write, as if he lacked thrift—where Hawthorne also lived for a season. It is perhaps the most old-fashioned house in Concord and is well preserved. Hard by is the "rude bridge that crossed the flood," the place where "the embattled farmers stood" on the 19th of April, 1875, and "fired the shot heard 'round the world." We crossed that bridge and spent some moments in reverie. It is an interesting spot, and nature had made it as lovely as possible on that sunshining spring afternoon. Even Mr. Alcott was inspired by it, but our high-flown talk need not be repeated.

There was one place most sacred, to which Mr. Alcott led me as if he were going to what was dearest and best to himself, the home of the dead. We wound round and round in the beautiful cemetery, until we came to a knoll shaded by tall pines, where, leaving the carriage, I found myself by the grave of Hawthorne. Instinctively I uncovered my head. Turning around, I found myself facing the grave of Thoreau. If I remember rightly the grave of Horace Mann was in the same enclosure with Hawthorne's. Close by Mrs. Alcott is buried, and Mr. Alcott, with uncovered head, his figure tall and erect like the pine beside him, was standing beside the grave of his beloved wife as I turned away from the resting place of Hawthorne and Thoreau. Neither of us could speak. The cows were quietly feeding in the adjoining meadow. The sunshine glinted through the trees. The air was still. You could hear your heart beat. It was a time for silent thought. We turned slowly away, and neither of us could talk much until we were well out of the cemetery.

But still other good things were in store for me. It had been my intention to return to Boston on the last train, but Mr. Alcott had arranged that I should go to Mr. Emerson's in the evening to hear Mr. William Leighton, the author of "The Sons of Godwin," read a new poem. Human nature could not resist such an invitation, and I stayed as his guest for the night. The rest of the afternoon was spent in visiting

THE MUNROE LIBRARY,

as perfect an institution of the kind as ever was organized, in passing by the hermit-like home of William Ellery Channing, the Transcendental poet and recluse, and in quiet, pleasant talk on theology and philosophy in Mr. Alcott's home. The library has an alcove of Concord authors, in which Miss Alcott, Mr. Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne take up a shelf apiece, and among its curiosities is the private diary of John Brown during the period of his border warfare, presented by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and the MSS. of Concord authors, including Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Lowell, presented by Mr. James T. Fields.

In the evening we walked over to Mr. Emerson's house, where the literary people of Concord were already assembled, a bright and honest company, to hear Mr. Leighton's poem. Mr. Leighton is a Concord man by birth, I believe, but now lives in Wheeling, W. Va., where, in the intervals of business, he amuses himself by writing poetry. His poem was an extended work on "Change," from which he read selections here and there. He is a stout, tall man, his hair tinged with gray, and has a fine presence. His poem was well received. It was pleasant to meet Mr. and Mrs. Emerson as host and hostess in their own home, and to see the the cordial greetings given to them by their friends and neighbors. I lingered with Mr. Alcott till the guests had nearly all gone, and after exchanging a few parting words with Mr. Emerson we withdrew, and walked arm in arm to Mr. Alcott's home. One could not easily sleep after such a delightful day and after so much personal kindness from Mr. Alcott and his friends, and when I went to my room and found a crayon portrait of Mrs. Alcott before me on the wall, and could look into the face of one whose true and inward life had been revealed to me during the day, I could not help feeling that Mr. Alcott's life had been singularly blessed in such a companion. And thus ended my day at Concord.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS

Second and Last Day's Session of the Convention—The Resolutions Discussed and Adopted—The Speaking of the Day—Officers for the New Year. [May]

The second day's sessions of the New England Woman Suffrage Association were opened at Horticultural hall at 10:30 A.M. yesterday. The first speaker was Miss Anna C. Garlin of Rhode Island, who detailed the progress of suffrage in that State. She agreed with Mrs. Molloy, who spoke yesterday, that there is more opposition to suffrage among women than among men.

Addresses were also made by the Hon. F. W. Bird, Dr. W. M. Cornell, Mrs. Blackwell and others, and the committee on resolutions presented the following:—

Resolved, That the proper sphere for all human beings is the highest to which they are able to attain; that to ascertain what this is, complete liberty of choice is necessary; that, therefore, woman ought to choose for herself as man chooses for himself, what sphere she will find, what education she will seek, and what employment she will follow; and that the ballot has always been to its possessors, and will be to her, an aid in accomplishing this purpose.

Resolved, That our faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence remains unshaken; that we still hold with Jefferson that all just government rests upon the consent of the governed; that we know of no more dangerous infidelity to the republic than that which would restrict the application of democratic principles; and we claim that it will be time enough to doubt the success of republican government when by the extension of suffrage to woman it has been fairly tried.

And whereas, under democratic institutions, the direct method of carrying reforms is by the education of public opinion, and since we have evidence that in many districts this education has not even begun, therefore,

Resolved, That the vital work to which we should now bend all our energies is the sending of lecturers into all parts of New England, and the formation, wherever possible, of political and social suffrage clubs.

Resolved, That in the near approach of their enfranchisement, we call upon all women to come forward and help us,—we need the poor woman with her courage and determination, we need the cultivated woman with her pen and influence, we need the rich woman with her money to furnish us with the sinews of war, and we call upon them all to help us in carrying the gospel of freedom into all parts of New England.

Resolved, That the growing interest of women in combined and organized effort in behalf of the temperance and other moral and religious subjects is an encouraging omen, and shows her all the more the need of the ballot, to advance these great humanitarian interests.

Resolved, That we rejoice at the continuance of the woman suffrage campaign in Colorado; we recognize the persistent pluck evinced in the formation of county societies throughout the Centennial State, and bid them God speed. Let New England lead her and to make a free State for women on the heights of the Rocky Mountains.

At the afternoon session Mr. F. A. Hinckley opened the discussion of the resolutions with an hour's essay. He began by declaring himself a Jeffersonian democrat and pleading for the Jeffersonian idea of a government for the people and not for men alone. He then presented concisely and with much force of expression the main arguments for woman suffrage, which are too familiar to need repetition here.

Mary Safford Blake, M.D., spoke of the good influences of the more general participation of women in the administration of charities, and, like Mr. Hinckley, argued that woman suffrage would be an effective, indeed a necessary, ele-

ment in social and political reform.

A. Bronson Alcott, the next speaker, opened his address with a quotation from Plato, who, he said, was one of the oldest of woman suffragists: "Either sex without the other is but half of itself." He said he did not mean to say one sex was superior to the other. Each was hemispherical. Speaking of women's intuitive perceptions of results, he said that to reach conclusions without following the steps leading to them was the highest civilization. Woman suffrage meant temperance, and temperance meant purity of heart and life. But temperance was essential to pure society and to pure legislation, for how could an impure man make pure laws.

The first resolution having been read, Mr. Daniel Whitney said a few words, ridiculing the legislature of this State for its action on the woman suffrage question, and declaring that the presence of the women was needed there.

The Hon. James N. Buffum of Lynn said it was asserted that women could not comprehend the profound questions which men discussed in the legislature and in Congress. One of these subjects was finance, and yet men who had been in Congress for years confessed their utter ignorance of it. For his own part, so far as he had been able to investigate the subject, he thought that Harriet Martineau had written a better treatise on finance than any man, and that when our congressmen confessed themselves ignorant on the subject the people had better send some women to Washington to teach them.

Miss Mary F. Eastman suggested that the narrow limits in which women's minds were confined had at least one advantage. Men knew so many things that they got muddled. She wondered why men could not see the cause of hard times, when we were recovering from a terrible war, and when we were spending so many millions every year for liquor and tobacco. Why should not men apply to public affairs the same direct reasoning which they used in private matters. If they saw the wife of a man of small means dressing richly they said at once that ruin would result. She made an effective point in describing the appearance of the great crowd of destitute and unemployed men who called on the mayor for work last winter, nearly every one of them having a pipe or cigar in his mouth. What, she asked, would be thought of a procession of destitute women demanding relief, every one of them eating candy?

William Lloyd Garrison said that either the theory of the government is false and so the government ought to be overthrown, or else women are entitled to suffrage in common with men. He offered an extended series of declarations of principles for the consideration of the association.

The first resolution reported by the committee was then adopted, and the others, excepting the last, were passed without extended discussion. Mrs. Blackwell briefly urged the importance of the third. Mr. Fay of Southborough spoke in favor of the fifth, and a few words were said by Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames and others.

Adjourned until 7:30.

The final resolution was taken up at the evening session, and another address was made by Mrs. Campbell, who gave further accounts of her work in Colorado. Miss Garlin spoke next. She said that the movement needed a comprehensive platform; that it was not suffrage alone, but what suffrage stands for which made it important. Woman was first a human being and next a woman, and if she was a human being she had the same rights as every other human being. The Colorado resolution was adopted.

The committee on nominations reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, and the report was adopted:—

President—Lucy Stone.

Vice-presidents—For Massachusetts, William Lloyd Garrison, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Sarah S. Russell, James Freeman Clarke, Lydia Maria Child, the Hon. F. W. Bird, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the Hon. George F. Hoar, Edwin D. Cheney, the Hon. George B. Loring, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, William I. Bowditch, Louisa Alcott, Samuel May, Mary F. Eastman; for Maine, the Hon. Joshua Nye, Mrs. Judge Nickerson; for New Hampshire, the Hon. Nathaniel White, Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson; for Vermont, James Hutchinson, jr. the Hon. C. W. Willard; for Rhode Island, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, Colonel T. W. Higginson; for Connecticut, Francis Ellen Burr, Abby W. Smith.

Recording secretary—Miss Caroline Richards.

Corresponding secretary, Henry B. Blackwell.

Treasurer, the Hon. Samuel E. Sewall.

Executive committee—For Massachusetts, F. A. Hinckley, Mrs. Fenno Tudor, Thomas J. Lothrop, Mrs. H. H. Robinson, Mrs. M. W. Campbell, Abby W. May, Mrs. Isaac Ames, Stephen S. Foster, Mrs. Martha G. Ripley, Miss Julia Baxter, the Rev. Lorenzo Haynes, Charles H. Codman, Mrs. C. P. Nickles, Richard P. Hallowell, Mrs. E. H. Church, Mrs. L. E. Brooks; for Maine, Mrs. J. M. Quincy, Ann F. Greeley; for New Hampshire, Mrs. Armenia S. White, John Scales; for Vermont, Mrs. Charles Reed, Albert Clark; for Rhode Island, Anna C. Garlin, Elizabeth K. Churchill, Mrs. Anna E. Aldrich; for Connecticut, Mrs. Abby B. Sheldon, Julia E. Smith.

The association was then addressed by Mr. George T. Stearns of New Bedford and Miss Jenny Collins. The latter criticised the reason assigned by Judge Hilton for abandoning his working-women's hotel experiment, declaring her belief that instead of being the lack of male society, the true reason why women would not live in the hotel was because they could not have with them their aged mothers or fathers who were dependent on them. This was succeeded by a collection, during which Miss Eastman made an address, chiefly on the unjust discrimination against women in the matter of wages.

Adjourned *sine die*.

It is remarkable how many of the original and life-long Abolitionists—men and women—and those early interested in the anti-slavery movement are still alive, not a few of them having passed the oft-quoted threescore and ten usually accepted as the limit of human existence. Among those prominent in the anti-slavery cause are WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, rightly called the Father of American Abolitionism, aged 73; WENDELL PHILLIPS, 66; RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 75; WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 83; LYDIA MARIA CHILD, 76, (she wrote an *Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans*, one of the first distinctively anti-slavery books published in the country;) GEORGE B. CHEEVER, 71; ABAD GILBERT, 76; LUCRETIA MOTT, 85; SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, 62; HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, 71; HENRY WARD BEECHER, 65; A. BRONSON ALCOTT, 79; OLIVER JOHNSON, 69; JOHN G. WHITTIER, 70; HENRY W. BELLOWS, 64; FREDERICK DOUGLASS, 61; ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, 62; GEORGE RIPLEY, 76; CASSIUS M. CLAY, 68; HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 66; WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 76; CALVIN E. STOWE, 76; JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 68; JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 59; EDWARD EVERETT HALE, 62; PARKE GODWIN, 62, and dozens of others who might be mentioned, between the ages of 60 and 85. One reason, no doubt, of the longevity of the early Abolitionists is that they have entertained moral ideas, and these spring from moral conduct, which includes temperance in living and general conformation to hygienic laws. Very few of the noted pro slavery leaders and advocates, on the other hand, are living to-day. The most conspicuous of those alive are JEFFERSON DAVIS and ROBERT TOOMBS. WILLIAM L. YANCEY and J. D. B. DE BOW, one the great political apostle of secession, and the other the indefatigable advocate of the kingship of cotton, have passed away; so have PRESTON S. BROOKS, Senator WIGFALL, FRANCIS W. PICKENS, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, HENRY A. WISE, ROBERT E. LEE, LAURENCE M. KEITH, DUFF GREEN, BARNWELL RHETT, JOHN M. DANIEL, EDWARD A. POLLARD, CLEMENT C. VALLANDIGHAM, GEORGE E. PUGH, JESSE D. BRIGHT, GARRETT DAVIS, W. R. TABER, Jr., and most of the men influential in bringing on and keeping up the civil war by their counsel, sympathy, and material and moral aid. For every living man who advocated slavery, we venture to say that half a dozen living men opposed to slavery could be shown, if all the facts and figures were obtainable.

[June, 1878]

PLATONISM.

Dr. Jones, the Philosopher of Jacksonville, Illinois.

His Recent Visit to Concord, Mass., and His "Conversations" There.

[Correspondence Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

CONCORD, MASS., July 26.—It is permitted to certain forms of human thought not only to enjoy a perpetual existence somewhere upon earth, dissolved and disseminated in that atmosphere which we call civilization, but also to take root in certain places here and there, from these atmospheric seeds, and there to form a vegetation and growth of their own. Thus, from the original olive groves of the Cephissus, where Plato taught philosophy after the death of his master, Socrates, Platonism revived in Egypt, under the palm trees where Plotinus and Porphyry dreamed and talked; in Italy, among the scholars of Florence, in the days of Michael Angelo and Ficino; in English Cambridge, when Henry More and Ralph Cudworth blended it with divinity; in Germany, under Schleiermacher; in France, with Cousin; and in New England with Emerson and the Transcendentalists. So completely was the Platonic idealism reproduced in New England Transcendentalism, and so thoroughly did the latter become identified with Concord, that this country-village has been regarded for more than forty years as the

HOME OF A NEW PLATONISM,

of which Alcott and Emerson were the leaders. It is true that Prof. Harris, of late years, has discovered in Mr. Alcott more of Aristotle than of Plato. Yet it must be remembered that Aristotle was himself Plato's disciple. Thirty years ago, in his lectures on Plato, Mr. Emerson went so far as to declare: "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato—at once the glory and the shame of mankind—since neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categories." If this be so, how worthy of study and interpretation he must be!

So thought a doctor of medicine in Illinois twenty years ago or more; and, so thinking, Dr. Jones and a few of his friends established at Jacksonville, in that State, a "Plato Club," which for nearly eighteen years has been meeting weekly on Saturday evenings, and devoting an hour or two to the reading of Plato, and the illustration of his ideal philosophy by other authors of the first rank—Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe.

more particularly. Thus more than 700 of these club meetings have taken place, in course of which the whole writings of Plato have been read and considered—many of them with great minuteness and with copious discussion. Dr. Jones has been the leader and principal talker, but each member has been expected to take part actively, and all have contributed something to the elucidation of the authors read. A few notes of these weekly conversations in Jacksonville have been printed during the past four or five years in the St. Louis *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. From one of these fragments the following passages will serve to show both the

UNMIXED PLATONISM OF DR. JONES,

and some of the peculiarities of his dialect:

"The Universe consists of two worlds—the Mental and the Material, the Intelligible and the Sensible; the one Eternal, the other Temporal; the one existing always according to the Same, the other always according to the Different; the one is the Substance, the other the Image of it. The Intelligible world is the essential world that perpetually maintains the Apparent. From the standpoint of the Intelligible, we realize, on one hand, the *outlook* to the Sensible, the Material; on the other, the insight toward the Ineffable, the Supreme, the One. Every subsisting nature is self-subsisting in this, that it makes a return to the fountain from which it proceedeth. This return in the Universe is what we call Nature. *Uni-verse* is the turn or circuit of the One. Every proceeding Spiritual Form, in its return to its fountain, becomes sensibly visible. That which has its hyparxis (substance) in a mutable source is itself a perishable, mutable form; that which has its hyparxis in the Immutable and Eternal is itself an Eternal Form."

This is sufficiently abstract, and lacks that wealth of illustration in which the poetic philosophy of Plato delighted; but the substance of his doctrine is there. From this beginning Dr. Jones proceeds to bring all the phenomena of the visible world, all the realities of the mind, all the institutions of mankind, into existence and under notice; developing all things, not by evolution from protoplasm, through polyps, fishes and monkeys, up to man—but by the manifestation upon earth of the invisible, heavenly power and wisdom from whom we are descended, and who still inspires and continues our existence. In this, perhaps, he is

MORE PLATONIC THAN PLATO HIMSELF,

who, in the later dialogues—the "Parmenides," the "Philebus," the "Sophist," and the "Laws"—falls away considerably from the enthusiastic idealism of earlier books. Dr. Jones meets this backsliding of his master by a flat denial that Plato wrote the "Laws" at all—a theory in which many scholars concur, though the best authorities ascribe it to Plato.

Dr. Jones is a physician of large practice and much repute in Jacksonville, where he has lived for so many years as to be now one of its elder citizens. For a time, some twenty years ago, he was at the head of the State Asylum for the Insane in that city, but declined a permanent appointment and returned to general practice. By birth he is a Virginian, but removed in early life to Missouri, whence he went as a young man to Illinois. His collegiate education was at the West, where he has always lived, with infrequent visits to the East, where he has been known by reputation now for some years. This summer, at the invitation of Mr. Alcott, he has spent a fortnight in Concord, his first visit terminating to-day. He had derived his his first inspiration in idealism from the Concord poet, Emerson, nearly forty years ago, but had never before found his way to the "fountains" of New England Platonism. He was very cordially welcomed here, and soon became known for what he is—the

MOST ACCOMPLISHED PLATONIST OF AMERICA.

He has carried much farther than Mr. Emerson that minute and patient study of Plato which is necessary to comprehend him; and, though he lacks the rapid sure insight of our Concord scholar, he makes up for it by a method as positive and searching as that of the old philosophers. He applies this method to all the great authors, and makes Homer and Shakspeare Platonize out of the melodious upper air in which the high poets as well as the high gods dwell. It is possible to criticise Dr. Jones' method as being a little too formal or didactic for the fresh life of poetry and divine philosophy; but none who follow it can fail to see how thoughtful, earnest and comprehensive it is. He gives weight and dignity to whatever subject he takes up, by showing their ethical and spiritual relations, which, in the superficial attention these subjects generally receive, have too often escaped notice. His mode of communication, like Mr. Alcott's, is by conversation or monologue rather than by writing; and the two friends have carried on in Concord, for the last two weeks, with the aid of a circle of their acquaintance, partly Eastern and partly Western, a series of remarkable conversations, which closed last night.

The topics taken up—or some of them—were Faith and Reverence, Clubs, Plato's Timæus, Goethe, Evolution, Shakspeare, Faust, Primeval Man, and the Oracles of Mankind. In the last-named were included, besides the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, the books of Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, and other great men,

WHOM DR. JONES STYLES "ANGELS,"

and who have a message to all men concerning truth and the conduct of life. This was a favorite topic with him, and he gave interpretations of these oracles which were profoundly interesting to his hearers—among whom on several occasions were Mr. Emerson and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, while Mr. Alcott was always present. Miss Peabody had watched by the cradle of New England Transcendentalism, in Dr. Channing's Boston study, more than half a century ago, and had since witnessed the rising and setting of many of its stars; and she took a peculiar pleasure in observing this new mysticism which has established itself among the prairies, and now turns back toward the East from whence its light first came. For Dr. Jones' oracles always had a mythic interpretation; there was a spiritual sense quite outshining the literal, obvious meaning; and this in Shakspeare no less than in Goethe and Plato. Thus, he considers that the "Tempest" is not placed by accident first among the collected plays of the English dramatists—it is the introduction, argument, or programme of the whole.

"The unifying idea and key to the play is Life, in the world of time and sense. 'Tempest' does not mean storm, but is from *tempus*, signifying life, and the two ways of life under the Divine Providence—the way of the providential and the fated experiences. Shakspeare is not writing history or story, nor exhibiting mere gambols of the imagination. He is portraying that which is eternal in the human soul. He is divinely illuminated; he has a dialect of his own; he is drawing out and presenting that which is in our own souls. He portrays the mysteries within us, for the soul is a microcosm; he makes pictures that we may see and understand ourselves."

This "sage and serious doctrine" is, of course, capable of exciting a smile, and it is possible to push symbolism too far. It is not well to seek an interior sense in everything that an imaginative poet may say, but the world is coming more and more to recognize in Shakspeare this lurking philosophy which Dr. Jones finds there. As to Evolution and the coarser forms of Darwinism, he

SETS THEM ASIDE AT ONCE—

physician though he is,—and boldly declares that the origin of man is from above, not from below; that we derive our knowledge not from experience, but from intuition and reasoning. "Those who have had the most experience commonly know the least." The savage is a degenerate man, not the rudimentary stage of human wisdom and virtue. Science has its place in the natural world, but it can teach us nothing of the supernatural, for the knowledge of which we have other guides. The greatness of Plato consisted in his breadth; as his name implies, he was "the *broad man*," and had a comprehension of both the natural and of the spiritual world. These hints may serve to show what Dr. Jones' turn of mind and method of philosophy are; but I do not attempt to report even a single conversation. He talks, by preference, in the forenoon, and does not believe in evening meetings for philosophical study. He has disciples in the West, and there is a second Plato Club, at Quincy, Ill., of which Mr. S. H. Emery is the leader. Dr. Jones does not put himself forward as a teacher, but as a learner; and urges his hearers to adopt for themselves the habit of patient, long-continued study which he has found useful. His example will be followed here and there, no doubt, and his name will become more widely known than now, as it deserves.

Written by Sanborn for the Springfield Republican. July.

THE BROOK FARM COTERIE.

N.Y. Star — 3 Nov. 1878

A PECULIAR EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES A. DANA.

Mr. Emerson's Recollections of the Editorial Disciple of Fourier—Arbitrary, Tyrannical and Treacherous in Character.

BOSTON, Oct. 29.—It was a beautiful October afternoon, just as the sun had dropped well down toward the high lands and wooded hilltops of old Middlesex, that THE STAR representative stepped from the platform of a railway car in the quaint old town of Concord, Mass., fragrant with historic memories, and bent his steps toward the home of the philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. A walk of half a mile, or such a matter, brings one to a good-sized, two-story white house, set well back from the street, with a generous L, and protected from the wind on one side by a row of tall and and rather somber-looking pines. A knock at the door brings a trim servant-maid, who ushers you into a neat parlor, into which, to greet you, walks in a moment or two, Mr. Emerson. He received THE STAR representative with a characteristic courtesy that made him immediately at home.

"I have called," said the newspaper man, "to get from you, Mr. Emerson, your recollections of the Brook Farm enterprise."

"Well," said Mr. Emerson, in his peculiar deliberate manner, "I remember there were Ripley, Dana, a few others and myself. Dana was very active in the enterprise. He appeared to be an assistant of Mr. Ripley, who was at the head of the project. I was only an occasional visitor there, in the same way that many others were. I never was connected with the enterprise, though Mr. Ripley desired me and my wife to go there and enter into the plans. I thought it over, however, and decided that it was not the proper place for me or my work at that time. I never saw Dana before that time, nor have I since."

With this your correspondent withdrew, Mr. Emerson bidding him a cordial "good-bye." This morning I called upon Mr. J. S. Dwight, at his office in Pemberton square. Ben Butler has his headquarters in the two low stories of

Continued over.

the building; and, after pushing through the crowd of loafers and hangers-on which clogged the steps, and the stairs, and hallways, I found the object of my search in a room in the upper portion of the building. After stating the object of his call, your correspondent was about to dive into his pocket for his note-book when the gentleman said:

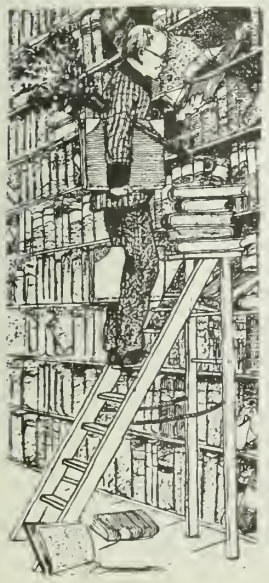
"Oh! you are an interviewer, sir, are you? Well, I do not wish to be interviewed."

"Why, sir!" replied the undaunted scribe, "I shall ask you only a brief question or two regarding some matters which transpired many years ago, and I think you will find no impropriety in furnishing me the information I wish;" and THE SUN man dropped into a convenient chair and proceeded to ply the gentleman with questions. After a moment's taciturnity the latter fell very naturally into conversation, and throughout the interview treated his caller most courteously. His statements regarding the Brook Farm Coterie were, in substance, as follows:

"I myself became connected with Brook Farm at the end of the first season—in '41 or '42, I think it was, and Mr. Dana had been, I think, one of the originators of the scheme, and was one of the three Directors. He was at that time apparently a very close friend and co-laborer of Mr. George Ripley, and his duties and position were, all through the continuance of the society, those of direction and great influence.

He also gave much of his time in teaching horticulture and arboriculture. He was of a very sanguine and confident temperament, and being in a leading position, was rather apt to take things into his own hands and go ahead according to his own ideas without consulting anybody else. His autocratic and rather domineering disposition was constantly cropping out, though I hardly recollect now any particular instance of its manifestation. He had also a very genial side, and was a man of very firm and ardent friendships.

"He had a strong will, however, and was always a little inclined to be arbitrary. He took hold of Fourierism more strongly than any of us. We all thought some of Fourier's ideas were very good, but Mr. Dana went further than any of us, and became a strict follower of those doctrines, for the time at least. Mr. Ripley, however, agreed with him substantially in this, and I think also Mr. Parke Godwin of New York. The crisis at Brook Farm I do not think was ascribable to Fourierism, but chiefly to the fact that funds were lacking, and to a conflagration, which burned a large building. Dana was the last man whom I should have thought would have taken the position he now occupies—I mean in going over to the Democratic side. He is, and I think always was, an ambitious man, and has developed, since Brook Farm days, a great love of money. The general explanation of his present attitude is his failure to get from Grant the appointment to the New York Collectorship. You remember that he quarreled with Greeley on the *Tribune*, owing to his overbearing spirit, and his next mill at Grant served, combined with a desire to keep the large subscription-list of the *Sun* intact by catering editorially pretty strongly to his readers' tastes, to help him on gradually, until he assumed his present attitude. He was always a scholar, and in Brook Farm days could converse fluently in German, French, and I don't know but other languages. Some of it he had picked up by contact with natives of those countries while in a store of some kind at Buffalo. His political course of late years has served to completely alienate from him almost all of his old friends and associates, among them George Ripley. Somehow we never thought he could be sincere in his professed change of sentiment, and his new front has been something of a puzzle and mystery to us all. What opinions he now holds upon Socialism I do not know. The change in him in other respects, at least, has been very great."



[Fragment of an article by J. F. Dutton. Nov., 1878.]

the P[illegible] one breaks on abruptly in the dist[illegible] How many colors can you co[illegible] many tints of red, of yellow and [illegible]rown? There stands the sturdy pin[illegible], which, itself ever living ever green, seems to mourn to the Autumn winds the departure of its kinsmen; there is the maple, whose thick foliage is just turning, an[illegible] the oak and the elm to which as the precursor of their long winter captivity, the doting Father has already bestowed the "coat of many colors." surely there is a language in nature if we have an eye to read, and a spirit to comprehend; a language which will not be degraded to any form of human speech, even though Homer and Shakespere should do their best; a language whose very eloquence is in its silence, and which, the more it is listened to, the more beautiful it becomes.

The country about Concord, like the country about Melrose, is well calculated to be the home of the poet, the artist and the philosopher; and, adapting a little the words of Scott we may well say:

> O! lovely Concord! Stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires; what mortal hand
> Can ever untie the filial band,
> That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Or perhaps in the language of one of her own sages, a language, as every true lover of nature can testify, by no means exaggerated.

"In the woods, is perpetual youth.—Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perenial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed in the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, all mean egotism vanishes. * * * The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental; to be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and disturbance. I am the lover of unconditioned and immortal beauty. In the wilderness I find something more dear and connate than in streets and villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature."

Two hours walk (for we were in no hurry) brought us to Concord. So delightful had been the latter portion of the journey that we had almost forgotten time and space, and ere we were aware we were at our journey's end, the afternoon being already somewhat advanced. Here stopping an hour at the hotel for refreshment and rest, we set out to complete, as best we could, the balance of the day.

III.

Passing beyond the village a half mile we came to the first battle ground of the Revolution. For, although the first blood was shed at Lexington, it will be remembered that the first real conflict took place at Concord.

Passing along the first thing of interest that meets us is the wing of an old house, pierced by a bullet, and the mark left thereby is preserved with almost superstitious care. It was made by the British, one of whom, as they withdrew from the battle-ground, out of pure malice fired into the house. A few feet further on, and to the left, several rods back from the road, stands a quaint old New England house, three stories high, formerly the home of the Rev. Mr. Emerson—grand-father of Ralph Waldo—and since made memorable in the "Mosses from an old Manse."

A small river runs through the battle-ground; a rustic bridge lies across it; on the south side were the British, on the north the Americans. Both spots are marked by a monument, upon the former, one erected in 1836, commemorating where the first British fell; on the latter, one erected at the centennial of the conflict. The latter one is especially remarkable. The base is granite, upon it a marble block surmounted by a bronze statue of a sturdy pioneer, with one hand upon his plow, the other upon his gun. Below is an inscription which, relying as it does somewhat upon the reader, both for sentiment and for knowledge, shows certainly a long advance, as compared with some previously quoted inscription, in the science of making epitaphs. It is a simple verse from Emerson:

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard 'round the world.

On the reverse side stand these words:

> 1775
> Nineteenth
> of
> April,
> 1875.

Well, what now? Shall we dare to visit the Concord Sage? We hesitate. What excuse can we make for calling? No good one. Are we quite certain he will receive us? Very probably he has played this game of "Peek-a-boo" with dilettanti and pedants quite long enough. Would it be right to so impose upon his time? At last we conclude if we can afford to walk all the way from Cambridge to see him, he can afford to spare a few moments at least, in letting himself be seen, and if he won't there is an honor in being refused even by some men; and so with genuine hero worship, we start for his home.

Mr. Emerson's home is a white house of quite ample dimensions, situated about half a mile from the business street of Concord, where the Lexington road forked with another leading off in a diagonal direction. A servant announced us, and after waiting some five minutes or more, during which time we had opportunity to scan the clasical pictures and busts about the room. Mr. Emerson came in. He gave us a cordial greeting and inquired if he had seen us before and seemed very ready to enter into conversation, but avoided carefully all reference to himself or his works. He wished to know all about our affairs, whence we came, and what were our present aims.

One witnesses with regret the decline of Mr. Emerson's powers. He is now 75 years old, his memory is nearly gone; he seldom now prepares any new work for the press, but is principally employed in revising his former writings.

As an example of his loss of memory, I will here relate one little incident: the conversation fell upon an old friend of his, whom he first met in Italy, and with whom he has corresponded more or less for several years. This was Professor Grimm, a son of one of the brothers Grimm, the founders, so to speak, of comparative Philology. I remarked that I had met Mr. Grimm in Berlin, and that he had inquired particularly about him. "Oh, did you," said Emerson, "and what can you tell me about him; has he much of a family yet; is he successful as a professor, etc." I answered to the best of my knowledge. "Give me his name once more," said Mr. Emerson. "I wish to ask something of my daughter about him." I gave it; he started for the door, but before reaching it was compelled to return and inquire again.

And yet this loss of certain mental faculties, the almost inevitable result of old age, seems more than compensated for by the calmness with which he receives it. A sweet smile constantly plays over his countenance, even in moments of greatest embarrassment. True to his philosophy, he permits no natural sequence to disturb him. In his presence, as with his writings, one feels instinctively becalmed and reconciled to the inevitable evils of existence. "It is but one step in the development of being." Said the aged Wm. VonHumboldt, in a slight allusion made in a private letter, to his approaching death. Nothing is more beautiful than the ripened fruit, which having resisted all efforts at corruption from within or without, now hangs trembling upon its stem, fully matured and ready to fall; and that, too, whether that fruit be an apple, a pear, or a human spirit.

The old New England carriage was awaiting him at the door, and bidding us good-bye, he went rolling away into the country

Mr. Emerson does not overpower one by the stateliness or majesty of his presence. He is rather of a retiring, submissive nature. Our first feeling upon meeting him is one of disappointment. He seems so very ordinary, when we had promised ourselves so very much. But he rules us even though we are unconscious of his dominion. It is his mildness, his calmness, his cheerful earnestness, the penetrating sunshine, [which warms and illumines while it penetrates] the unseen, unheard magnetism of his nature, which draws and binds all hearts, and when we are once bound we never get free, for we remember him only to grow to him more firmly in respect and love.

IV

"Don't neglect to call on Mr. Alcott," said Mr. Emerson, as we left his house, "he is always glad to meet young men." But on our way thither we came to a very artistic brick building which attracted, at once, our notice, and made us curious to know what it might be. It was the Concord library. A small country village had here erected a building which could not have cost less than twenty thousand dollars, and filled it with choicest literature, and could still afford to employ a now librarian (and all librarians should be ladies) and an assistant to keep it open day and evening for citizens and strangers.

We found our librarian a most excellent lady, and as soon as she discovered our object, most anxious to render our stay as pleasant and profitable as possible.

A special alcove contained the books written either by Concord authors and authoresses or about them; *i. e.* the works of Emerson, of Hawthorne, of Thoreau, of Miss Alcott, and others.

But what interested us most was the manuscripts of various authors which we found in the library. These are valuable, not simply as mementos of the men, but especially as showing how they thought and how they worked. Some are as clean almost as the printed page, while others are full of erasures, insertions and corrections infinite. It is a truly interesting study, perhaps not an altogether unprofitable exercise for the literary judgment, to con the manuscripts of these literary masters, and ask ourselves why such and such corrections were made. This is not always easy to determine, and perhaps a volume of Emerson's condemned paragraphs would be as valuable a contribution to our literature as many of the pretentious works which now blaze before the public.

Mr. Alcott recieved us with the greatest kindness. He was far more communicative than Mr. Emerson. He would not hear to a short visit. We must remain an hour or more, at least, and then he was so different from Mr. Emerson; for a while the latter carefully avoided all reference to himself; Mr. Alcott told us many of his deepest personal experiences almost at first. How he had once been connected with the Boston schools; how he had gathered the children together and attempted to learn what they felt or knew religiously, aside from all that had been forced or indoctrinated into their minds, to draw religion, as it were, from their own souls: how he had published two volumes entitled "What children Know," and how the book had been crucified, and he had been driven from his post because of heresy. And then how he came to Concord and lived in extreme poverty for many years, and how he attempted to test the literal inspiration of the Bible, by attempting to live it literally, by turning the other cheek, by giving his cloak, and how he was reduced to almost absolute starvation &c. &c.

The appearance of "Little Women" and other works from the pen of his daughter has secured for Mr. Alcott a comfortable home and comparative rest in his old age. But still he clings to his mysticism, his Platonism, his simple habits of life and action.

It seems strange that two such natures as Emerson's and Alcott's should so closely coalesce. It can only be explained upon the theory of opposites. Emerson is reserved, Alcott seems bursting to communicate. Emerson writes, Alcott talks. Emerson rather avoids familiarity: with Alcott you can never become familiar enough. But they are alike in this, they both think deeply and speak clearly though the one with the tongue the other with the pen. They are both free from hypocrisy and cant. With both, the one great object is the truth, and whatever truth is binding upon them must have a place in their hearts, their understandings and their lives. Like Goethe and Schiller they seem to be inseparably united, but unlike Goethe and Schiller, only one will be known as a writer. In one respect we might call them the Socrates and Plato of America. Socrates, the man of discourse, and Plato, the man of letters.

But we must bring these articles to a close. It was already dark ere we left Concord. I had now a good 15 miles before me. Foot-sore and weary I reached Cambridge having passed, I think, the most pleasant, instructive and inspiring day of my life. J. F. DUTTON

Jan. 1879

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MEMORIAL MEETING IN TREMONT TEMPLE — A POEM FROM MR. LONGFELLOW — LETTERS FROM DISTINGUISHED MEN.

A memorial meeting to do honor to the memory of Bayard Taylor was held last evening in Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Young Men's Congress. The hall was filled, if not crowded, and many persons stood throughout the exercises. Among those upon the platform were Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Richard Frothingham, J. Boyle O'Reilly and Hon. J. B. D. Cogswell. The exercises were opened by the singing of Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" by Miss S. C. Fisher and the Mendelssohn Choral Union. Russell H. Conwell, president of the congress, then made an address in which he sketched briefly the early life of the man in memory of whom the audience had assembled. Professor Lowell Mason recited Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," a letter from George William Curtis was read, after which, in the absence of the German consul, who had been relied upon for a speech at this point in the programme, the chorus sang. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was then presented by Mr. Conwell, with an apology for Mr. Longfellow's absence and the remark that the audience would probably never again see so rare a combination as a poem by Henry W. Longfellow read by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes was received with applause. He prefaced the reading of the poem by a few eloquent words of his own.

REMARKS OF DR. HOLMES.

I can hardly ask your attention to the lines which Mr. Longfellow has written, and done me the honor of asking me to read, without a few words of introduction. The poem should have flowed from his own lips in those winning accents too rarely heard in any assembly, and never forgotten by those who have listened to him. But its tenderness and sweetness are such that no imperfection of utterance can quite spoil its harmonies. There are tones in the contralto of our beloved poet's melodious song that were born with it, and must die with it when its music is silenced. A tribute from such a singer would honor the obsequies of the proudest sovereign, would add freshness to the laurels of the mightiest conqueror. But he who this evening has this

tribute laid upon his bearse wore no crown save that which the sisterhood of the Muses wove for him. His victories were all peaceful ones, and there has been no heartache after any of them. His life was a journey through many lands of men, through many realms of knowledge. He left his humble door in* boyhood, poor, untrained, unknown, unheralded, unattended. He found himself, once at least, as I well remember his telling me, hungry and weliligh penniless in the streets of a European city, feasting his eyes at a baker's window, and tightening his girdle in the place of a repast. Once more he left his native land, now in the strength of manhood, known and honored throughout the world of letters, the sovereignty of the nation investing him with its mantle of dignity, the laws of civilization surrounding him with the halo of their inviolable sanctity—the boy who went forth to view the world afoot, now on equal footing with the potentates and princes who, by right of birth or by the might of intellect, swayed the destinies of great empires. He returns to us no more as we remember him, but his career, his example, the truly American story of a grand, cheerful, active, self-developing, self-sustaining life remains as an enduring inheritance for all coming generations.

LONGFELLOW'S POEM.

Bayard Taylor.

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues *in the gloom,
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone who was its guest.

Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet tonight?

Poet! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower, at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And today they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books;
The peace of God in all thy looks.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

* In the Kofkirche at Innsbruck.

A letter from T. B. Aldrich was then read by Mr. Conwell, who first, however, expressed the wish that if Senator Blaine or Governor Talbot or Lieutenant Governor Long were in the hall they would take seats upon the platform. Mr. Conwell, with a truthful explanation that, in order to secure a spontaneous expression, he had given him no opportunity for preparation, called upon J. Boyle O'Reilly for a speech. Under the circumstances Mr. O'Reilly was as brief as he was spontaneous, enforcing the remark with which he began, that "spontaneity may be pleasant to the meeting, but by no means so to the speaker." He acquitted himself creditably, however, in a short speech, the central thought in which was that the gathering was distinctively American, having for its object a tribute to the memory of a man who came from the people, who remained with the people, and who, in his glorious death as a representative of the people, received such a popular ovation as a king might envy.

A letter from James T. Fields was next read, and Alexander Wilkie entertained the audience with a solo. Letters from Whittier and Whitelaw Reid were read, and Hon. J. B. D. Cogswell, president of the Senate, spoke with accustomed eloquence and fluency of Taylor's literary career, holding the closest attention of the audience.

Letters from Howells and Whipple were read, and Curtis Guild spoke briefly. Letters from Louise Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, B. F. Butler, W. A. Simmons, John Weiss, President Hayes and F. W. Bird followed.

There were now loud calls for Mr. Emerson, and great and prolonged applause at the mention of his name. The renowned philosopher, whose modesty and reluctance to appear in public are proverbial, seemed very much confused. He shook his head in reply to the encouraging glances of Mr. Conwell, and resisted for a while the persuasive words and nudges of his friend, Dr. Holmes, who sat beside him, but finally yielded and rose, at which movement the applause of the audience was redoubled. He bowed his acknowledgments only, however. There were then loud calls for "Alcott," but without avail, but he subsequently relented and spoke a few words. Hon. Richard Frothingham and Dr. Cornell spoke for about two minutes each, and at ten o'clock the meeting was dismissed, after joining with the chorus in singing Bayard Taylor's favorite hymn, "America."

THE LETTERS.

Some of the letters mentioned above are as follows:

BOSTON, 148 CHARLES STREET, Jan. 8, 1879.

Gentlemen of the Committee of the Taylor Memorial—An imperative duty calls me to a distant county of the State on the evening set apart for the meeting at Tremont Temple. But even if I were not obliged to be absent from our city on that night, I doubt if I should have the courage to be present and trust my voice with any words fitting to such an occasion. The departure of my dear Bayard Taylor is so recent, his loss so unexpected, that my lips could only falter out a few broken expressions of individual sorrow, and I should be wholly incapable of any adequate public tribute to his memory. So many years of exceptional and near relationship with him—a brotherly intercourse, unclouded from early manhood onward through his life—would incapacitate me from taking part before an audience assembled to honor his genius and his virtues, and I should probably be able only to stammer through tears an apology for my inability to speak his praises. These tender words by Halleck better convey my meaning:

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free.
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1879.

Dear Sir—I am very sorry that my engagements compel me to decline your invitation to attend the meeting in memory of Bayard Taylor. But no one will say any word of praise of his manly and generous character, or of gratitude for his noble example of faithful industry, to which my heart will not respond. I knew him well for nearly thirty years, and when I said good-by to him last May as he departed, amid universal applause and satisfaction, upon a mission to Germany, he was as frank and simple and earnest as the youth whom I remember long ago. He died in the fullness of his activity and hope, but the death of a man so true and upright leaves us a sorrow wholly unmixed with the wish that his life might have been different, or with regret that it was only a promise. Like the knight at arms, whose name he bore, he was a gentle knight of letters, without fear and without reproach, and by those of us who personally knew him well he will be long and tenderly remembered.

Truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

To E. S. Stront, Esq., and other gentlemen of the committee.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1879.

Dear Sir—Nothing but an imperative engagement elsewhere could keep me from uniting with those friends of my friend, Bayard Taylor, who propose next Friday in Boston to commemorate his life and virtues. From our professional association I could not but know him intimately, and he was one of the few men of distinction with whom every added year of intimacy continued to brighten, not merely your affection, but also your respect. The essential characteristic alike of his life and his work was his inherent honesty. He described what he saw; he wrote what he thought; he meant friendship if he gave you his hand. I never knew him to shrink from expressing an opinion merely because it was unpopular; and I am sure he never sought a man merely because the man was powerful. He had an honest pride in what he had done—a pride that made him eager to share his good fame and fortune with his earliest and humblest friends. He had the genius of hard work. He did many things; he came to do most of them extremely well, and not a few of them easily; but he never undertook any task, however familiar or however humble, without doing his best. Those who did not know him have sometimes described him as more German than American; but, if these be German qualities, we may well be eager to see them naturalized.

Quick to the praise of his old Quaker friends, nothing touched him more than the praise of Boston; and to those who prize his memory nothing now can be more grateful than the sympathetic appreciation of your meeting.

I am, very respectfully,
WHITELAW REID.

Whitman

achievements and the noble and manly life of Bayard Taylor. More than thirty years have interveened between my first meeting him in the fresh bloom of his youth and hope and honorable ambition, and my last parting with him under the elms of Boston Common after our visit to Richard H. Dana, on the occasion of the ninetieth anniversary of that honored father of American poetry, still living to lament the death of his younger disciple and friend. How much he has accomplished in these years! The most industrious of men, slowly, patiently, under many disadvantages, he built up his splendid reputation Traveller, editor, novelist, translator, diplomatist, and, though all and above all, poet, what he was he owed wholly to himself. His native honesty was satisfied with no half tasks. He finished as he went, and always said and did his best.

It is perhaps too early to assign him his place in American literature. His picturesque books of travel, his Oriental lyrics, his Pennsylvanian idyls, his Centennial ode, the pastoral beauty and

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1879.

Dear Sir—I am directed by the President to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your favor of the 2d instant, in behalf of the Young Men's Congress of Boston, and to say in reply that imperative engagements will prevent his attendance and participation in the tribute to the memory of Bayard Taylor, to be held in Boston on the 10th instant.

He sincerely regrets, therefore, that he is compelled to decline your kind invitation.

Very truly yours,
W. K. ROGERS,
Private Secretary.

Hi. R. H. Conwell, Boston, Mass.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 1st mo. 7, 1879.

R. H. Conwell: Dear Friend—I am not able to attend the memorial meeting in Tremont Temple on the 10th inst., but my heart responds to any testimonial appreciative of the intellectual

Christian sweetness of Lars, and the high arguments and rhythmic marvel of Deukalion, are sureties of the permanence of his reputation. But at this moment my thoughts dwell rather upon the man than the author. The calamity of his death felt in both hemispheres is to me and to all who intimately knew and loved him a heavy personal loss. Under the shadow of this bereavement, in the inner circle of mourning, we sorrow most of all that we shall see his face no more, and long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BAYARD TAYLOR. [Jan.]

If God still keeps in thee thy power from waste,
Great master Goethe,—in whose master-song,
Wealth, if not peace, men seeking will find long,—
Grave this new grave in Germany, in haste,
With glowing roses, as the angels graced
The tomb of thine own Faust, nor ever cease
To thank the man who gave thy fame new lease
Of a whole hemisphere of cultured taste.
Come hither faileringly, poor Marguerite,
Bring gratefully thy deathless daisy-flower,—
And place it gently on this dead man's bier;
For through the song he learned to sing so sweet,
We, listening on the cold Atlantic shore,
Have pitied thee and dropped for thee a tear.

W.

THE BAYARD TAYLOR MEMORIAL.

This affair, Friday evening week, at Tremont Temple, came as near a failure, and yet be a success, as was possible. The memorial was engineered by Col. Russell H. Conwell, who, it would seem, did not make sure of his speakers, though he invited people right and left, and by a free admission secured a splendid audience. It was to Col. Conwell's credit that he ran down to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and had an interview with the parents and neighbors of Mr. Taylor, so that he had something fresh to offer. Mr. Longfellow's poem, and Mr. Holmes' felicitous introductory remarks on the reading of it, were happy hits. So was the presence of Mr. Emerson, and the few words from Mr. Alcott. Boyle O'Reilly and President Cogswell spoke briefly and well. But otherwise, save the music and reading, was great expectations. The chairman called for anticipated attendants of high degree, but there was no response, save in an unusual quantity of letters of apology for absence. It is understood Col. Conwell is to write a life of Taylor, and this gathering may somehow be the christening of the bantling.

[Jan.]

Death of Theo. Brown.

The death of Mr. Theo. Brown, which occurred suddenly Saturday morning, removes another of the men who have been prominently identified with the business interests of Worcester for the last half a century. Mr. Brown came to this city from Providence in 1828, when but sixteen years of age. After working as an apprentice with his brothers Albert and William, at that time and for many years after the leading custom clothiers of central Massachusetts, he was admitted to the firm, which was known as W. & A. Brown & Co., the other member being Albert, who died in 1854, and William, who died in 1872. Since that time he has retained his interest in the business, which is now conducted under the firm name of W. & T. Brown, and is the oldest clothing house in the city. In his business relations Mr. Brown's dealings were always marked by the strictest integrity, and his business associates will ever remember his career among them as an example worthy of imitation and perpetuation. Socially, he was one of the most agreeable of men. With a refined literary taste, which was most carefully cultivated, a retentive memory and pleasing manner, his society was much sought, and among his large circle of acquaintances he was ever a welcome guest, his ready and brilliant but refined wit, his keen appreciation of the humorous, and his superior conversational powers making him a most agreeable companion. He had the happy faculty of always looking upon the brightest side of life, was ever cheerful and cordial in his greeting, and never refused his aid in furthering a reform, social or moral, giving freely of his time to any movement in either direction, and materially forwarding the work by his close and earnest application. Liberal in his treatment of all questions he respected and attentively listened to the opinions expressed by others, his way of presenting his broad and generous views winning for him the respect of his most radical opponents upon matters under consideration. Whether discussing a serious or humorous question, his conversational powers were such that he was enabled to command attention and disarm criticism by his frankness, sincerity and never failing geniality. Although sixty-seven years of age he was young in heart and manner. He was alert and youthful in his carriage to the last, and he kept his boyish heart although he was nearly at the door of the allotted three score years and ten, and was never regarded otherwise than youthful in years by the younger generation, who were always glad to have him with them. So much was he interested in the things of today that those who enjoyed his society hardly realized that he had seen so many years of active life. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was about as usual on Thursday, was somewhat indisposed on Friday and kept to the house. Early Saturday morning he complained of an oppressed feeling about the chest, turned upon his side and died quietly and almost instantly. The immediate cause of his death was shown by a post mortem examination to have been fatty degeneration of the heart. Mr. Brown was a veteran walker. No one knew so well as he the best attractions of the woods and fields of Worcester and the surrounding towns. He was their constant friend and visitor, and knew the names and habits of the various birds and where to find the wild flowers which are the most curious and rare. In this he strongly resembled Henry D. Thoreau, his friend, while living, and whom he has now gone to join. His friendly relationship to other men of letters is well known. The fact that he was himself an occasional contributor to the columns of the periodicals of the day is not so well understood. Harper's Magazine, in its collection of wit and humor, has had articles of which he was the author. In another vein is the following, which he sent to the Index, and which we cut from that journal:

AN ENIGMA.

More subtle than sunlight am I,
The life of all action and thought;
Without me your best projects die,
With me your worst may be fraught.

Men invent many ways me to bind,
And exclusively make me their own,
And, when feeling most sure me to find,
They're surprised to find I have flown.

The Shekinahs I build and forsake—
Contented in few long to stay;
Strange new ones 'tis my business to make,—
At this game forever I play.

My realm is all nature and art,
In high and low places I dwell;
Of heaven I am the best part;
And also the worst part of hell.

Thoreau

A NEW ENGRAVING OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. The well-known engraver, S. A. Schoff, has recently issued his beautiful portrait of Emerson, after Rowse's head. It is undoubtedly one of the finest achievements in line engraving which this country has yet to boast, reproducing the light and subtle touch and handling of the original with absolute fidelity. The lights and half-tints are of rare purity, and the darks softly rich and delicate in gradation, conveying the texture and "solidity" of the drawing in perfection. As a likeness, not less than as a work of art, the engraving commands the admiration of connoisseurs. It is Emerson as those associated with him in his prime love to remember him, with his kindly and dreamy yet penetrating glance and smile, and the expression of half-amused contemplation of some recondite but shrewdly-traced chain of reflection. It is rare that so much of subtly characterizing expression is preserved in an engraved portrait, or so much of the peculiar artistic flavor of the work copied. Doll & Richards are the agents for the sale of the print.

[March]

PERSONAL.

The residents of Concord, Mass., had the pleasure last evening of listening to their friend and neighbor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who delivered the closing lecture in the lyceum course in that town. It has been his custom for years to speak in this course, giving his services free for its benefit; and when his extreme reluctance to address public audiences—which has of late grown upon him to such an extent that he has now retired almost absolutely from the platform—is considered, the value of the gift, judged thus by the sacrifice the giver made, was inestimable. Mr. Emerson seemed to speak with more vigor than the last few times he has given public utterance, and showed no signs of the weakness of age. He was loudly applauded, both before and after the lecture, but while he was speaking the most intense silence prevailed. In respect to his expressed wish no report of the lecture is published.

["Memory," 3-7-79]

Emerson at Amherst.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has for over 40 years taught the American people from the lecture platform with a voice of inspiration, has again after long absence spoken in this region,—we trust not for the last time, yet it was a memorable occasion,—his appearance before the Amherst students Wednesday evening,—and a memorable discourse. His address for this year of grace 1879 is entitled "The Superlative, or, 'Mental Temperance"—a title only enigmatic to the superficial, and embodying the key-note of the music of his thought. Without the long line and evolution of argument, but with cumulation of wise and powerful aphorisms, the sage exhibited the beauty and charm and value, the danger and weakness of the superlative, of exaggeration in action, religion and language; and the higher reach of that control which he termed mental temperance. With this and from this contrast he joined and presaged the destiny of this country. It was thus a further phase of the great outlook of his "Fortune of the Republic," the word of a seer, to whom our future appears the highest when duller eyes are full of the immediate debasements, and incredulous of destiny. Emerson lifts us into higher air and shows us wider horizons. He has been greatly stigmatized in his generation with that now unmeaning word "infidel"; but when we climb painfully for a moment to his hights, he seems to us the only believer, and all the common world infidel, no matter how ceremonial in their attendance on the stated means of grace.

For the divine purposes have never been doubtful to him, and the significance of the republic is so sure that the political and religious bugbears of the day cannot cloud his vision of its future. The star of empire, in spiritual beyond material expectation, shines for us, though our present paths be sordid and blind. His "word of the Lord" is:—

"Lo! I uncover the land
  Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
  When he has wrought the best."

"When the church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect state is come,
The republican at home."

The superlative, he declares, is as good as the the positive, if it be alive. It is alive in the Oriental nature, which has molded the religions and the purposes of the world. In the western nations it is tedious and weak. In the thought of the Hindoos there are but two days in a man's history—the day of his lot and the day of judgment. We have every day and all days. The diamond and the pearl are only accidental to us; they are proper to the eastern world, which fills extremes; the diver goes beneath the wave a pauper, and rises with the wealth of monarchs in his hand. The eastern people excel in fine and rich work in silk and wool, in gold and precious stones; the western excel in iron. It is a proverb of the East that there are no good roads where gold is found; and there are no schools on the shores from whose waters pearls are brought. The East is imaginative, the West practical; the East superlative, the West positive. Will not the dominion of the positive degree proceed farther? Among us there is yet too much inflation, unreality, echo of the old ways of Europe. European civilization is the age of wine; the age of water may be far stronger. It is the age of temperance,—of drinkers of water, eaters of bread, of simple and sincere speakers,—the age of the positive degree, which it is ours to begin and fulfil.

Mr Emerson nears his 76th birthday anniversary, and it is much for him to leave the harbor of his home and discharge the duty he perceived in the freshness of youth, and has performed with such faith and simplicity. He was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision" in earlier or later years, and it is because he has seen it with such clearness that Lowell's satiric hit is but a fortunate expression of the truth, since he indeed

"Makes mysteries matters of mere every-day."

This habit of crowding daily life with perpetual meaning, of touching the great and the little, the gross and the detail, with even strength, of ganging the deepest miracles of life with common sense, results from his consciousness of the unity of all things in the eternal purposes; as he himself has so often written, and nowhere better than in his challenge to the worshiper:—

"Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine."

[Mar. Springfield Republican]

Mr. Dan French, sculptor of the Minute Man, is modelling a bust of Mr. Emerson which his friends believe will be superior to any previous attempt of others in fidelity to the lineaments and contour of the original. Mr. French, we are glad to learn has commenced the construction of a studio upon the home place at Hubbardville, which would seem to be an indication that this one of the divine arts will find quite a permanent home in classic Concord.

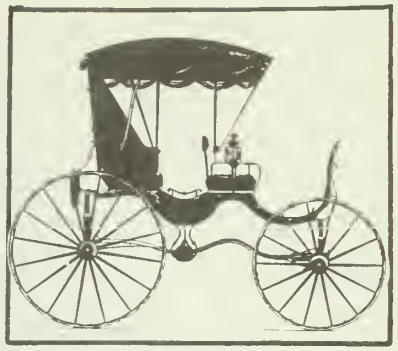
[March]

THREE BOSTON BOYS.

An "Old High School Boy" writes as follows to the Saturday Evening Gazette:

When I have heard Robert C. Winthrop deliver his polished, dignified and instructive lectures and orations, I have felt a comic desire to ask him if he remembered the days when, as a Latin School boy, he used to lend his boots, when fatigued with football-kicking on Boston Common, to George Goldthwaite to kick with, George wearing pumps. It was a common thing for old-time football kickers to stuff their boots with grass to fend off the kicks. The Goldthwaite above mentioned has just died. He became afterwards a senator in Congress from Alabama. When at the Latin School he was famous for his pluck and strength, but quiet and retiring in demeanor; yet once, when repeatedly taunted by a noted bully, he accepted the challenge, and in a severe fight overcame the young ruffian, on the old Latin School playground, which was then on the site of the present court house. I remember another early incident in the life of Winthrop, in connection with the late George S. Hillard and Charles C. Emerson, brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I mention the circumstances from no unworthy prejudice regarding either of the parties, but because, interesting when they occurred, they have acquired vastly greater interest at this late day, when at least two of the parties have won standard reputation in literature and national politics, two are in the grave, and the only survivor has attained that length of shadow in the days of life which indicates that its sun is soon to set for him.

The old Latin School was then in School street, and the three persons I have mentioned were classmates there, and deemed the three best pupils. In those times a gold medal, worth about $50, was every year awarded to the best Latin scholar, from a fund left for the purpose, by a Boston gentleman. After examination, the committee awarded this medal to Winthrop, though it had been deemed as likely to be won by Hillard or Emerson; and the master admitted that there was but little difference between the proficiency of Winthrop and Hillard. Some of those who knew the respective attainments of these two youths declared that the sole reason why the golden prize was not given to Hillard was that his father was not so opulent and influential as Winthrop's father. This suggestion of venal favoritism was not at all relished by Hillard's father, who persuaded the authorities to order a second trial. The new examination took place, and was in mathematics, Latin, Greek, etc. It demanded accuracy in many books, including Homer, Virgil, Horace and Sallust, and as the event demonstrated Hillard's precedence, he received the coveted prize. Winthrop, however, as a "balm to his hurt mind," received from the master a valuable set of books.



Hillard, Winthrop and Emerson entered Harvard in 1824, and graduated in 1828, and again they were each other's only rivals. Emerson was said to feel certain of being selected for the highest honor, and Winthrop naturally had equal hopes; but it did not so happen, for Hillard was chosen to deliver the first oration, Emerson the second, and Winthrop the third. Emerson died when on the eve of marriage to a beautiful girl, native of this city, and his loss was justly mourned as a loss to American literature, which he did fair to adorn as signally as his extraordinary brother, Ralph Waldo, has done so oft and lastingly.

[Cont'd over.]

The death of George S. Hillard occurred so recently, and his genius and amiable character have received so many true, feeling and eloquent tributes from gentlemen of the law and of literature, that I forbear the intrusion of my homage to his worth at this time and place; but it will be pardonable for me to add my tears to theirs, and a sigh when I reflect that so rare a mind and so gentle and sympathetic a nature as that of George S. Hillard should have been bowed down so long by painful infirmity of health; and that he who was always so ready to appreciate, honor and aid merit in others, should have been deprived of the full measure of this world's honors while he lived—the large measure of public distinctions which he deserved, and which should have soothed and graced his regretted exit from our mortal life.

Among those who were unable to be present at the farewell reception to Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and who sent letters of regret, were Oliver Wendell Homes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. Charles G. Ames and William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Emerson said, "I grieve not to obey your kind invitation. I am not in condition to make visits, or take any part in conversation. Old age has rushed on me in the last year, and tied my tongue, and bid my memory, and thus made it a duty to stay at home. I regret it the more that Mr. Frothingham has strong claims on me, not only on his own, but on his father's side, who was a noble friend to my youth. I rejoice that after so long and faithful labors in the Church, he has this well-earned rest and enjoyment before him."

[April reception in N.Y.]

Mr Frothingham's abandonment of his church enterprise has not unnaturally been taken as a virtual admission that "Free Religion" in New York is a failure. This inference receives confirmation from Mr Frothingham's own expressions in his farewell sermon of last Sunday, in which, after announcing that his church has stood on the ground of transcendentalism, believing with Emerson and Parker "that truth comes to the individual heart," he conceded that "the era of individualism is near its close, and an era of organization, of construction upon a new basis, is at hand." What the new basis is to be, Mr Frothingham confessed himself unable to say. We commend him to 1 Corinthians, iii: 11.—[Christian Union.

[April]

SONNET.

—R. W. E.

As pale-blue mountain that I see from far,
  Its classic beauty marked against the sky;
Or diamond splendor of some midnight star,
  That first in sparkling grandeur awes my eye;
Look I on him, who, parted from his age
  By measure like none other of our day,
Stands, like some Teneriffe alone, while rage
  Vain storms, and cast about his feet their spray.
For those same laws that placed the peak sublime,
  And move each planet in majestic curve,
This man have guided in such noble rhyme
  That from their limit would he never swerve.
Who lives on manna fallen from the skies
Must soon or late all other men surprise.

[—Frank Preston Stearns]

Mr. Emerson gave what we fear must be called a farewell lecture before the students of the Cambridge Divinity School on Monday, May 5; and many were the reminders of the famous epoch-making "Address" of 1838. His present word was marked with his own beauty of thought and vigor of expression. The heat of the chapel oppressed him, but there was a pathetic eloquence in the pauses by which he seemed to recover himself. In some passages the old sweet tone overcame the huskiness, and the sentences came out sparkling like gems. He was obliged to omit a large portion of what will prove when printed a notable statement of the relation of his own life-work to the spiritual progress of the world. For centuries to come men will repeat the saying of this wise man, "Unlovely is the life without God."

[May]

Mr Emerson's lecture on "Memory" at the women's club ~~last Friday~~ calls forth such notices from the press here as show that he, even more than Mr Garrison, is now known and valued in Boston, which was once so cold to him, though never—or hardly ever—hostile. If one wanted to make comparisons, such as have lately been made, between the Boston of to-day and that of 40 years since, its newspaper treatment of Mr Emerson, then and now, would be a good test of its civilization. Men like Emerson fix the position of their own times with respect to thought and moral purpose,—unvarying themselves like the sun and the stars, we take the latitude from them. What neither the Advertiser nor the Post could or would say in recognition of Emerson in 1839, the Herald—the newspaper of the multitude now says of him. The fact is a striking one—for Emerson has withdrawn farther, if anything, from popular applause of late years, than in the early transcendental time, when he fellowshipped the come-outers and lectured on labor and trade to workingmen and merchants. To-morrow is his birthday, and then he enters his 77th year, for he was born May 25, 1803, in what was then the little town of Boston. Will the great city which he has so long instructed, remember and keep the anniversary to-morrow? Some will, no doubt, and perhaps some of your readers will like to be reminded of it. Mr C. D. B. Mills of Syracuse, N. Y., who is to speak to Theodore Parker's society to-morrow on "The Mission of Free Thought in Religion," has been of late years cultivating that field of Oriental poetry and theology which Mr Emerson was so much at home in 30 or 40 years ago, and has been reading some of his findings therein to audiences in this vicinity, at one of which on Friday evening Mr Emerson and Mr Alcott were present. Mr Alcott and Mr Mills will attend some of the anniversaries next week, but Mr Emerson, who never went to such meetings except for a purpose, or to fulfill a duty, is now scarcely ever seen thereat. The list of meetings is a long one, and some of them will be interesting to the public.

As perhaps a partial compensation for old age, Mr. Emerson has rapidly advanced in general estimation during the last few years. People belonging to every school of thought are ready to do him honor. He is one of the few men whom Bostonians are proud of, and Boston is the city which evidently holds the highest place in his regard, as the scene of his greatest literary and personal triumphs. [New York Times.

[May]

Lovely. Memory is made up of older wonders and life's a sometching exists older than the older wonders.

Mr. Emerson's Lecture.

Ralph Waldo Emerson read his essay on "Memory" at the Woman's Club rooms, No. 4 Park street, ~~yesterday afternoon~~, for the benefit of the Old South. The audience, which filled the spacious parlors to their utmost capacity, was composed mostly of ladies. He read his lecture at a small desk, in a sitting posture, his faithful daughter guiding and prompting him whenever he lost his place, with his audience, of some two hundred persons, so thoroughly touched with emotion by his infirmities that they did not mind what they lost, provided, only, they could look into his serene face and watch its varying expression. Memory, said he, is the prime faculty of the mind, without which the others cannot work. It gives solidity to knowledge. All facts in the chart of memory are property at interest. The past will not sleep. Memory is actually and creatively alive. It does not lie, cannot be corrupted. Memory, in the sense of conscience, is the police of the universe. It is not a pocket diary, but a living instructor. It is a scripture, written day by day from the birth of man. It is provided with perfect apparatus for its work. No book is like it or could be more perfect. It is called by the schoolmen of the middle ages the evening, as distinguished from the morning knowledge. People are often reproached for living in the memory. It plays a great part in setting the intellectual rank of men. Sometimes it has a personality of its own. It has the bull-dog bite; you have to cut off the head to loosen the teeth. Defective memory is not always due to want of genius. It is often due to excellence of genius. Some men can think one moment as well as another. If they don't remember the word, they can invent one. Sir Isaac Newton could not remember about his own discoveries, but, if questioned, could give the reasons for them on the spot. We live later in life by memory. The minds of most men are nothing but a pocket diary, but some minds hold science, others thought, others the history of the world. When I talk with the genealogist I seem to sit with a corpse. The memory of what has turned out badly is always strong, as Johnson says, I never forget the man that kicked me last. Mr. Emerson quoted numerous instances of men who had marvellous memories for names and details of things. In the higher life each man's memory is in the line of his action. We like longevity, and we like a great memory, but what we wish to keep we must once thoroughly possess. We forget rapidly what should be forgotten. The best security of memory is to understand the subject of

SEVEN ETHICAL LAWS OF RATIONALISM.

Rationalism is recognition of the natural SOVEREIGNTY OF REASON in all matters of belief and practice. It is equally opposed to the *Sovereignty of the Individual* (Individualism, moral irresponsibility, anarchy) and to the *Sovereignty of Society* (Communism, moral tyranny, absolutism of Church or State); but it recognizes at the same time the *Sovereignty of the Individual in his Individual Concerns* and the *Sovereignty of Society in its Social Concerns*, reconciled and united in the UNIVERSAL SOVEREIGNTY OF REASON. This is the indissoluble synthesis of liberty and law, the necessary condition of progress and order. Rationalism has seven fundamental ethical laws—three of Individuality, three of Society, and one of Ultimate Jurisdiction.

I. Law of Individual Rational Existence.

Every mature rational being has the right and duty to govern himself by his own reason in all his individual concerns. This is the principle of personal self-government, "private judgment," or individual reason.

II. Law of Individual Self-Defence.

Every rational being has the right to defend himself against all encroachments upon his individual self-government. This is the right of resistance to aggression.

III. Law of Individual Non-Aggression.

Every rational being has the duty to refrain from encroaching upon the individual self-government of others, either by force or fraud. This is the principle limiting "private judgment."

IV. Law of Social Rational Existence.

Society (or the community of all rational beings) has the right and duty to govern itself by its common reason in all its common concerns. This is the principle of republican self-government, or social reason.

V. Law of Social Self-Defence.

Society has the right to defend itself against all encroachments upon its social self-government. This is the right of revolution as against tyrants and of self-protection as against criminals—the right of holding aggressors responsible to social reason.

VI. Law of Social Non-Aggression.

Society has the duty to maintain the three laws of individuality in full vigor, and to refrain from violating them. This is the principle limiting social reason.

VII. Law of Ultimate Jurisdiction.

1. The "private judgment" of the individual is the final appeal in all his individual concerns.

2. The "social reason" of society is the final appeal in all its general concerns, and also in cases of ultimate disagreement between individuals.

3. The "social reason" of society is represented in each particular case by the Consensus of the Competent in that class of cases: *i.e.*, by the concurrent verdict of all who are fitted by general capacity and special knowledge to understand it best. If the competent are divided, the question remains open; if they are unanimous, it is decided.

[May, 1879]

THE FUTURE OF RATIONALISM.

The liberal movement in America has evidently reached a stage of progress in which it is coming to consciousness of a radical revolution in its philosophy—a revolution of ideas more profound, and ultimately more fruitful, than was the original Protestant abandonment of ecclesiastical authority for private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. The Protestant principle has reached its logical ultimatum in Individualism, which now asserts the final and supreme authority of "private judgment," not only in "faith," but equally in "morals." This is to assert the responsibility of the individual to himself alone for his belief and conduct—his absolute irresponsibility to any and every intellectual or moral standard that it may not suit his sovereign pleasure to set up; and this is to deny the existence of all universal laws of truth and morality. Beyond this the principle of private judgment is logically incapable of development or extension. The "Catholic" or universal Church, shattered by centuries of successive schisms and split up into innumerable sects, has at last shrunk to the "Church of one member," as Mr. Alcott has not inaptly described the individual; and civil society has shrunk to what might be similarly described as the "State of one citizen." There is no further progress possible in the direction of social disintegration. The single principle of "private judgment," if unbalanced by the principle of universal reason, leads irresistibly, both in thought and in history, to pure Individualism; and Individualism, in the sight of the whole world, is betraying its true nature to-day as the philosophy of unreason, licentiousness, and moral irresponsibility. Is that to be the goal of free thought? If not, what shall be its goal? The story of the past may throw some light upon this question.

1. In 1815, the long-suppressed controversy in the New England church broke into open separation, and Unitarianism was born out of the irrepressible demand for "free inquiry." In 1819, Dr. Channing preached his famous sermon at the ordination of Jared Sparks, defining the new liberalism. In this he said: "Whatever doctrines seem to us to be already taught in the Scriptures, we receive without reserve or exception. . . . Jesus Christ is the only Master of Christians, and whatever he taught, either during his personal ministry or by his inspired Apostles, we regard as of Divine authority, and profess to make the rule of our lives. . . . We reason about the Bible precisely as civilians do about the Constitution under which we live; who, you know, are accustomed to limit one provision of that venerable instrument by others, and to fix the precise import of its parts by inquiring into its general spirit, into the intentions of its authors, and into the prevalent feelings, impressions, and circumstances of the time when it was framed. Without these principles of interpretation, we frankly acknowledge that we cannot defend the Divine authority of the Scriptures."

This position only expressed one side of the elder Unitarianism, even as held by its acknowledged chief representative. It concedes to Orthodoxy the supernatural revelation, and differs mainly in denying the authority of Orthodox interpretations of this revelation. In his letter on "Creeds," Dr. Channing exclaims to the "creed-makers": "Is it possible that you are unaided men like myself, having no more right to interpret the New Testament than myself, and that you yet exalt your interpretations as infallible standards of truth, and the necessary conditions of salvation? Stand out of my path. *I wish to go to the Master.*"

But there was another side of the elder Unitarianism which Dr. Channing himself expressed thus in his discourse on "Spiritual Freedom": "I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, *which calls no man master*, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede but to quicken and exalt its own energies. . . . I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion. . . . I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over it-

self as nobler than the empire of the world."

Thus in its very origin Unitarianism acknowledged Jesus as its "Master," yet vigorously professed to "call no man master." It protested against arbitrary interference with reason, arbitrary restriction of "free inquiry," arbitrary limitation of private judgment by the authority of human creeds; yet it submitted without protest to the creed articulated by the "Master," whom it believed to be more than a man. It carried its rationalism to his feet, and there laid it in the dust. Out of this original contradiction within itself sprang an internal conflict of tendencies.

The elder Unitarianism remained steadfastly faithful to the traditional side of Channing, and clung to his "Master"; the younger Unitarianism was equally faithful to his individualistic side, and pushed "free inquiry" to criticism and even rejection of this "Master."

2. Transcendentalism seized, emphasized, and developed the noble jealousy for individual independence which is so clearly apparent in the above extracts. It pressed the primitive Unitarian principle of "free inquiry" far beyond the limits which Dr. Channing had originally set for it, carried out with enthusiasm his magnificent faith in the "dignity of human nature," and at last influenced even Dr. Channing himself to declare: "The truth is, and it ought not to be denied, that our ultimate reliance is and must be on our own reason. I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is an expression of his will." The speculations of Kant, Schelling, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, Cousin, Coleridge, Carlyle, and other European thinkers, came to quicken, though not to initiate, the Transcendental movement in New England, exalting the estimate of the individual soul, and making its personal "intuition" the basis of the new faith.

In 1838, Ralph Waldo Emerson made his famous "Address" at the Harvard Divinity School, proclaiming that the remedy for the decrepit religion of the Church was—"first, Soul, and second, Soul, and evermore, Soul." He frankly declared, when called upon to sustain his views by arguments: "I could not possibly give you one of the arguments you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands. For I do not know what arguments mean in reference to the expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but, if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortals." Thought was its own evidence; individual "intuition" was itself proof; there was no need of experience or demonstration. More systematically developed and expounded by Theodore Parker, Transcendentalism planted itself on the individual's immediate vision of God, Immortality, and Duty, and denied the right of the critical, argumentative understanding to question these primal affirmations of the intuitive reason.

The elder Unitarianism had wrested from Orthodoxy the right of "free inquiry," but had never dreamed of disputing the necessity of conducting its inquiries according to the laws of logic and the logical faculty; the Transcendental school found these laws an embarrassment, and, turning a well-known distinction of Kant's to purposes directly opposed to his, boldly undertook to abolish them by subordinating the logical understanding itself to a superior and special faculty of knowledge which it called the "higher reason" or "intuition." Hence Transcendentalism claimed for the individual, not only the right to inquire freely into matters which Orthodoxy had reserved exclusively for "faith," but also exemption from all obligation to conduct his inquiries and govern his results by the well-established laws of evidence. There was no cause to wonder, therefore, at the swarm of eccentricities, vagaries, and even absurdities which followed in the wake of such a claim, and which drew no little ridicule upon the whole Transcendental movement in its early days.

But this great exaggeration of the individualizing tendency, running into ludicrous excesses as it did in some cases, was nevertheless held in check at the beginning by the profound veneration for the moral idea which characterized the leading spirits of the movement. In the writings of Mr. Emerson himself, the doctrines of the universality of Mind and the sovereignty of the Moral Sentiment stand out sublimely on almost every page; they are the great, permanent landmarks of his thought, always visible, never obscured; they tower like ever-present mountain peaks, impossible to be lost sight of and touched at their summits with the glory of the heavens themselves. It is needless to quote; every reader of his knows how fathomless and boundless is that ocean of reverence for the moral law over which the ship of his worshipping thought ploughs its way in stately solitude. In such hands as his, Transcendentalism is inexpressibly grand and vivifying through the constant recognition of the truth that reason is not merely individual, but universal. This truth saved Transcendentalism from lapsing into the theory of individual irresponsibility to universal standards. But Transcendentalism itself contained the seed of this very theory in its subordination of the "understanding" to the personal "intuition." It despised logic, proof, demonstration, evidence, and all the processes of dialectical reasoning; it exalted personal "vision" at its expense, as a quasi-divine faculty far surpassing or transcending experience as a guide to the highest truth. Without intending it, the early giants of Transcendentalism thus prepared the way for the pigmy fanatics of Individualism, who, losing sight completely of the essential universality of reason, belittle and degrade reason into the mere "private judgment" of the individual, and fancy they have thereby founded an impregnable fortress for theories which are logically as defenceless and idiotic as they are morally disgusting. The Individualistic tendencies which lurked in the Transcendental elevation of "intuition" to supreme rank, as the great discoverer of truth, have only revealed themselves historically in the crop of moral excesses and extravagances which now seek to shield themselves from execration under the plea of "private judgment." Transcendentalism and Individualism are by no means the same thing, and cannot be used as synonymous terms without gross confusion and injustice; yet it remains true that the latter has seized and exaggerated certain tendencies inherent in the former, and thus in a certain sense revealed philosophical weaknesses in it which are making evident the necessity of a further advance in thought.

3. Science offers the nucleus of the moral and religious philosophy of the future in her own well-developed and well-tried method. This method is simply pure Rationalism—the use of Reason according to its own natural laws. The universality of these laws, their inviolability, their supremacy over mere "private judgment," furnish the sufficient corrective of all the defiant childishness of Individualism. The method of Science appeals to no individual as such, but to the common intelligence of the race, with which the individual must reconcile himself on his own peril; it appeals to the necessary relations and laws of thought, and takes no account whatever of individual ignorance or caprice. Without owing its origin in any sense to religion, but coming forward as the eldest child and heir of the human intellect, Rationalism now claims supreme jurisdiction over the entire domain of human thinking, and proclaims the method of truth-discovery which she has matured under the name of "science" to be universally valid and supreme. Frank and unreserved

adoption of this method is the next great step to be taken by moral and religious philosophy. It cannot be long evaded. The "Master" of Unitarianism, the "intuition" of Transcendentalism, the "private judgment" of Individualism, as ultimate authorities, will inevitably yield and disappear before the Scientific Method as the test of truth in whatsoever sphere. The future of Science is, in other words, the future of Rationalism.

MELROSE.

The Roundabout Club's Field Day.

The Roundabout Club celebrated the 17th of June yesterday by a field day at Concord, Mass., and like the visit to Plymouth a year ago, it was a red-letter day in the annals of this renowned institution. The weather was perfect, and consequently about eighty-five of the members of the club and invited guests took the train for Boston in the morning and then repaired to the Lowell station, where the Superintendent had a special car assigned, which was rapidly filled and every one felt jolly. Half-way to Concord the train waited on a siding for a down train, and a prominent resident from Wyoming espied a farmer mowing in a field, he jumped the fence, threw off his coat, seized the scythe and made the grass fall before his vigorous stroke so swiftly that the astonished farmer had all he could do to keep his legs from being frightfully gashed. Applause from the spectators in the cars rewarded the effort. At Concord, five large barges conveyed the party to the Middlesex House, where mine host, the genial James W. Jacobs, gave them a cordial and hearty welcome, throwing open his house for the accommodation of the club, who found everything ready to make them comfortable.

Here, too, they were welcomed by the venerable A. Bronson Alcott, whose warm-hearted welcome and assiduous attention to the company will never be forgotten. The Rev. Grindal Reynolds also greeted the party and gave them every attention in his power. The barges soon loaded up again and visits were made to the old Manse so rich with memories of the delightsome Hawthorne, to the battle-ground where the old monument and the new statue of the minute-men, by French, were viewed and admired, not forgetting the humble resting place of the two brave Britishers, recently enclose by a neat fence through the generosity of Herbert Ratcliffe, Esq.

Then up to the summit of Ponkatasset Hill, where a splendid view of the surrounding country was obtained, returning by the residence of the late Hon. Simon Brown, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. The next visit was to the beautiful resting place of the dead, named "Sleepy Hollow," where Hawthorne's grave, simplicity itself, was viewed, also that of Thoreau, near by. The tomb of the Hon. Samuel Hoar was also pointed out, inscribed with a quaint epitaph from the Pilgrim's Progress; then came a long drive down the Boston road, passing historic houses and the home of Emerson, the "Wayside," where Hawthorne once lived, and the recent house of Mr. Alcott, to Merriam's Corner, where on the memorable 19th of April the fight was hottest.

One of the visitors who always insists that a woman is at the bottom of all trouble asked "Why did Merriam's corner?" About this time the party began to smell the savory dinner which Jacobs was preparing at his tooth-tickling tavern, and a race began to see which barge load should get there first; there was fun in this and the ladies enjoyed it hugely. It proved to be a dinner worth racing for, the menu comprised just what such a party wanted, everything was cooked to a nicety, and Mr. Jacobs, assisted by his daughter, made that dinner a success. Divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Henry A. Metcalf, rector of Trinity Church, Melrose. After dinner Mr. Royal P. Barry, president of the club, made a few salutatory remarks and then introduced Mr. Alcott, who responded in a brief and happy manner, alluding to the beneficial influences of clubs like the Roundabout. Mr. G. P. Lathrop, editor of the Boston Sunday Courier, spoke of the 17th June, a day that Concord did not celebrate, as they felt that the 19th April settled the matter sufficiently. He was glad to have it marked on this occasion by the visit of the Roundabout.

Colonel Samuel Adams Drake very kindly rehearsed the story of the Concord fight, bringing to mind very vividly the details of that eventful day. He said the British came that day to destroy the stores; the Roundabout Club had come with the same purpose, as Mr. Jacobs could testify. In alluding to the 500 lbs. lead bullets which were seized and thrown into a pond, thus poisoning the water, the selectmen filled up the pond, a remedy he would suggest to the Spot Pond Water Commissioners; when the miller was visited by the regulars and found his mill piled full of flour, he said it was all his own, when it had been sent there for storage, thus proving that that miller was no more fit to superintend a Sunday school than some newspaper reporters. [Applause, in which Mr. G. H. Dearborn feebly joined.] He thought that as Mrs. General Gage was a staunch American a great many secrets leaked out that way to inform the rebels. A delay of three hours at Lechmere's Point, to supply the soldiers with provisions they did not need and which many of them threw away, without doubt threw the fortunes of the day into the hands of the patriots.

More speeches would have followed but time pressed, and a large full of those who desired to visit that museum of misery, the new State Prison, started off and found good attention at the hands of Genl. Chamberlin. Another portion of the club visited the Public Library, that charming monument to the generosity of William Munroe, who presented it complete to the town, and also a fund to make additions. The library now contains 16,000 volumes and many rare manuscripts. A handsome reading room also is included. The next charming spot was Mr. Alcott's house, his new residence near the library, where his books and diaries were shown, and several paintings by his daughter, May Alcott, including two copies from Turner. The party then visited the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and this was a treat indeed. The distinguished writer welcomed them to his library and made the call a most delightful one, his pleasant face assuring every one that the visit was not amiss. Mr. Emerson's library has a most home-like and readable look, and the books had evidently been read and re-read. The day was now done and preparations were made for departure.

The Rev. Mr. Reynolds had been obliged to leave the party to which he had been such a good chaperone in order to make everlastingly happy a couple who chose to celebrate the Bunker Hill battle by getting married. It is hoped that their union will be preserved. The thanks of the club were voted to Mr. Alcott and Mr. Reynolds for their kindness through the day, and, with the pleasantest memories possible, the party took their return train, feeling that a splendid day had passed and not one had been

"Like gran'ther's gun
Brought back from Concord busted."

held, and other names added. But it seemed right that that of Miss Alcott should lead all the rest.—*Woman's Journal.*

[Boston Commonwealth, 9-6-79]

Andover Theological Seminary opens this year with between ninety and one hundred students. A. Bronson Alcott and Joseph Cook conducted a conversational meeting on the 31st of September in the Chapel church, which was crowded. Questions anonymously presented by the audience were discussed freely. Mr. Alcott said that the philosophy taught last summer at the Concord school was Christian theism, adding

[Sept., 1879]

The women have only a few days longer to register in for the school suffrage, and should lose no time in coming forward to assume the privilege. In many portions of the state, as Cambridge, Worcester and Boston, the leading women have signified their intention to vote. The privilege is valuable as a beginning, the entering wedge, and should not be neglected, in view of the great need of woman's service in these great and expensive departments of government which have to do with charity, pauperism and crime and social evil in various forms. The number of women who pay taxes on their own property and those who think it worth while to begin voting at the cost of a poll-tax ought to be considerable. Some women who would otherwise register and vote, express reluctance to visit the same polling place as men. This is owing to a traditional detraction of the morals and manners of our elections which very rarely has any foundation in fact. The conduct of elections at our polling places in Springfield has no features more obnoxious to modesty or more offensive to ladies than such as they encounter daily on the streets and in the depots and post-offices. A stream of men of all classes and conditions, coming and going in their everyday clothes, but in an orderly and sober manner, with gentlemanly officials and police to see that everything is conducted decently, is all that characterizes the polling in Massachusetts cities and towns. Louisa M. Alcott, by the way, was the first woman to register at Concord. [Sept.]—

Miss Alcott meant to register early. She said to the authority, "I want to have my name put on the register that I may vote for school committee." "Very well," said the selectman, "have you brought your receipt for your last year's tax?" "No," said Miss Alcott, "I did not know it was necessary." "You will have to bring it." "Won't this year's tax-receipt do just as well?" "Oh, yes; but you have not paid it." Miss Alcott runs over with mirth. A little comical look came on her face, as she said, "I never did hanker to pay my taxes, but now I am in a hurry to pay them." The selectman, as much amused as Miss Alcott, got the tax bill made out by the assessor, and then and there Miss Alcott paid it. When they put her name on the register, it was found that Miss Alcott had been the first woman to register in the old town of Concord. Since that time several meetings have been

MISS ALCOTT BEFORE THE REGISTRAR.

An eye witness reports the appearance of Louisa M. Alcott before the selectmen of Concord to secure registration for herself. It was several weeks ago.

that any philosophy which does not accept prayer as its basis he should say must be false. He believed Mr. Emerson to be a Christian theist.

Announcement was made a few days ago that Mr. A. Bronson Alcott and Mr. Joseph Cook would be at the Theological Chapel at Andover, Mass., last Monday evening, to answer questions which might be given in writing by any one in the audience. The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity, Professor Gulliver presiding. The following are some of the questions with Mr. Alcott's replies:

Q. "What were Mr. Emerson's methods of writing in his most literary days?" A. "His characteristic writings were and are the result of notes which he has gathered in and from his daily observations. From these notes he selects those on the subject upon which he wishes to write, and getting them arranged in proper order, his essay is written. This is the secret of the beauty and entirety of his paragraphs."

Q. "Does the philosophical theism of Concord consider prayer necessary?" A. "Yes."

Q. "What is the future of Unitarianism?" A. "In my opinion Unitarianism will be shortlived and will be absorbed partly by Orthodoxy, and the remaining portion will descend to something worse than itself."

Q. "Does Mr. Emerson expect personal existence after death?" A. "He believes there must be such to complete the formation of what is in this world but just begun."

The wife of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is described by a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who has been visiting in Concord, Mass., as "tall and slender, with a thoughtful, refined face and silver hair. Her dress was a black silk, severely simple, and elegant, in harmony with her seventy years, and heightened the fairness of her very fair complexion. She reminds one of a stately lady abbess, and fascinates the eye of a stranger until the gaze seems almost rude in its persistence. She is full of kindness and courtesy, and responsive to the sympathies of those about her. During a recent supper a western lady, sitting between her and a distinguished visitor, remarked that she had never before been so delightfully sandwiched, to which Mrs. Emerson replied, 'The best part of a sandwich is always in the middle.'"

Dec.

A. Bronson Alcott's Trinity.

BY MARION V. DUDLEY.

It is becoming quite common for the Trinitarian clergy to claim Mr. Bronson Alcott as a recent convert to their theological ideas; and quite as common for Unitarians to speak of him as having gone over to Orthodoxy. It was my privilege to attend Mr. Alcott's "conversations" at Joseph Cook's parlors in Boston, during the past two winters, and from attentive listening there, as well as from private conversations with him upon the disputed theological points which go to make up all the religious warfare of the day, I conclude that neither party is right concerning the attitude of the venerable philosopher. Mr. Alcott seems to me not to have changed his views or position at all. He always was a Trinitarian; and he always believed in a personal God. Never, however, did he accept these ideas in the theological sense; hence, never, until the days of Joseph Cook, did he receive the slightest Orthodox recognition, though he held himself at all times open to such fraternization, as he has repeatedly stated. With Unitarians his sympathies ran parallel in all matters of philanthropy, and from them he received such fellowship as he has had; on purely humanitarian grounds, however. Unitarians never could claim him theologically—in fact, they never seemed to care to claim him.

In his "Table-talk," published before Mr. Cook appeared prominently on the stage, Mr. Alcott says: "Every dogma embodies some shade of truth to give it seeming currency. Take the theological Trinity as an instance, which has vexed the literal church from its foundation and still perplexes its learned doctors. Analyze the attributes of your personality—that which you name yourself—and you find herein the threefold attributes of instinct, intelligence, will, incarnate in your own person—the root, plainly, of the Trinitarian dogma." And again, in the same volume he says: "An impersonal God were an absurdity;" "*Personalism*, the dependence of the many on the One, conducts by logical sequence to theism, idealism, and the positive faiths of the Orthodox sects;" "Jesus affirmed himself to be one with the Father—that man's personality was derivative and filial, partaking of his divinity in his individual humanity." These quotations prove, meagerly, what Mr. Alcott's faith was in days before his name had become identified with theology, and any one who follows him closely to-day will discern that he has not changed. He is a mystic, and his use of common theological terms is always in a mystical or spiritual sense. This diction is so natural and so habitual with him that of course he is liable to mislead superficial minds accustomed to use terms solely in their theological significance. He talks to an Orthodox audience, emphasizing the "Trinity," the "Saviour" and a "Personal God," sincerely believing every one of those ideas in his own mystical way, and conscientiously explaining his meaning, and still gives no offence and is welcomed by those who once disowned him.

At Mr. Cook's, one evening, Mr. Alcott claimed to believe in the "Trinity of the Godhead," explaining himself thus: "The Saviour is the external aid man receives in this world; the Holy Ghost is the spirit within man prompting him to holiness; the Father is the Divine Person"—and person was previously declared to be "universal moral sentiment, or that which unites humanity." It is in this "universal moral sentiment" sense that he makes Deity personal; a higher sense surely than that of the Jewish Jehovah, but hardly the personality of theological schools.

By reading his books any one may satisfy himself whether my altogether inadequate interpretation of Mr. Alcott is correct or not; and if it is claimed that he has "changed his views" since his books were published, there can be no surer method of ascertaining this than by direct appeal to himself. So far as I have been able to observe, Mr. Cook's influence over him has extended no further than to identify his name with evangelical religion without changing his ideas—a fact which proves how greatly evangelical religion has changed its base in the memory of man. A still more significant fact in the minds of close observers is that Mr. Alcott has more influence over Mr. Cook's own views than is generally supposed. The "bellowing" rostrum of the latter often shakes to the very center under some Platonic whirlwind which was brooded in Concord shades in days when Alcott's was a name for scarcely more than Orthodox derision.

However, it is matter for rejoicing that humanity grows. Unitarian or Trinitarian is of less consequence than truth; and if Mr. Alcott, with a trinal God—"instinct, intelligence and will"—can teach a lesson of toleration, so can good Dr. Bartol, adding "conscience and love" to this trinity, making it five-fold, or even still more, "hope, faith and charity," giving thus an eight-fold Deity, then reverently saying, "but they are all one at the base, and we have a God of unity, however so many his attributes."

It was your article on "Bronson Alcott at Andover," Mr. Editor, which prompted me to write, and I have only to add concerning your quotation therein—"It was reserved for the Son of God to descend and complete the revelations"—that if Mr. Alcott will say by "Son of God" he refers solely to Jesus of Nazareth, in the theological sense, as will be understood from his present association, then I shall submit that he has "changed his views" within the past six months.—*Janesville, Wis., Journal.*

[N.Y. Times, 5-28-79]

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson repeated his lecture on "Memory" in Boston on Friday afternoon, and it is stated that in its delivery he would frequently lose his place in the manuscript, and it was a pretty sight to see his daughter, who sat close by him for the purpose, direct him back to the point at which he had dropped the thread of his thought.

EMERSON AND HAWTHORNE

HONORED BY THE ART-WORK OF FRENCH AND DARLEY.

ETCHINGS OF "THE SCARLET LETTER"—THE VIVID CONCEPTIONS OF THE ARTIST—THE SPIRIT OF EMERSON'S FACE CAUGHT BY THE SCULPTOR—SATISFACTION GIVEN BY THE BUST.

BOSTON, Nov. 27.—It is a singular coincidence that two Concord men, the two chief names to-day in American literature, should at the same time be the recipients of honor at the hands of two artists, each of whom is among the foremost in his special line of art. The two names are Emerson and Hawthorne; the two artists are French and Darley. The one is a sculptor, now residing in Concord; the other is an etcher, who won an enviable fame about 10 years ago by his outline drawings of Judd's "Margaret," a unique tale of "The Real and the Ideal" in New-England life. He has done little since, so far as I know; certainly nothing that has made any noise; but in a few days Houghton, Osgood & Co. will publish a companion volume to the outlines of Judd's "Margaret," in the shape of etchings of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which will greatly enhance Mr. Darley's reputation. Those who have seen "The Scarlet Letter" acted, will remember how vividly the scenery and acting aided the conception of the romance.

Hardly less vivid are these drawings. They are 12 in number, but one does not need to read the story if he has these drawings before him. They represent live people and scenery that is real. There is no color, only the simple black lines, but the faces, the figures, the grouping, the attitudes, aided by the bit of text beneath and the artist's designation of each picture above, indicate what Hawthorne told not less graphically with his own pen. In "Margaret" Mr. Darley went over the same field of New-England life, but he had partly its grotesque and comical, not, as in "The Scarlet Letter," its severe and tragic side alone to deal with. The sketches of "Margaret" are so vivid that no one who has ever studied them can fail to carry them with him forever. The artist and the author seem to have been possessed by the same idea. Something of the same spirit is seen in "The Scarlet Letter" sketches. The more one studies them the more one finds in them. They are instinct with life; they reproduce the thoughts and feelings of the period; they bring out each character as if Mr. Darley had himself created them *Hester, Pearl*, the minister, the physician are real personages, and when one has once looked into these faces they will haunt the imagination forever. Mr. Darley has caught Hawthorne's intensity, his penetration, his subtle insight into character. For this reason the outlines will help Hawthorne's reputation, at the same time that they greatly increase Mr. Darley's. Here is an instance where an artist has worked for his art, for his ideal, not for any conventional purpose. The titles of the outlines are "The Market place," "The Interview," "Pearl Among the Little Puritans," "The Elf Child and the Minister," "The Leech and his Patient," "Hester and the Physician," "Hester and Pearl" by the sea side, "The Pastor and His Parishioner," "The Child at the Brook," "The Procession" to the pillory, "The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter." The last two pictures representing the ascent to the pillory, the death of the minister in Hester's arms, the old hag of a physician in attendance, and little Pearl looking on in wonder, while the crowd of neighbors and townspeople gaze with various feelings upon the scene, are specially powerful. Every face is a study, every attitude, even every finger, means something. If Hawthorne were living, he could not but feel that, in Mr. Darley, he had found a kindred spirit, a genius that had companionship with his own. It is fame to have "The Scarlet Letter" illustrated by Mr. Darley.

It has been a notably difficult thing to get a characteristic picture of Mr. Emerson. The photographers have given the outer man, but not the man himself. The statues in the sculptors' rooms have idealized Mr. Emerson until his friends could not distinguish his bust from that of Socrates or Plato. Even Rouse's portrait, which the Concord sage is reported to have specially liked, does not seem to me in any sense a desirable portrait. It is not the author of "Letters and Social Aims," but some one who looks like him. It has been reserved for one of his own fellow townsmen to catch the Emerson of to day and imprison him forever in the plastic clay. Daniel Chester French has made the only bust of him that is natural or desirable, the only one that has just his look, the only one that is true to life and yet not the literal but slightly ideal expression of the man. Everybody looks at the bust in the art store of Doll & Richards, or in the bookstore of A. Williams & Co., and says, "That is Emerson." It is proposed to have it cut in marble and have it placed in the Harvard Memorial Hall, at Cambridge, if $600 can be raised to purchase it, and the artist is rapidly receiving orders to duplicate it in plaster. He limits the production to 50 casts. The bust is spare, but the subject himself is spare; its strength is in the Emersonian smile, in the look and glance, which combine the practical with the ideal man, and hint at genius. It is said that Mr. Emerson and his family are delighted with it.

Mr. French was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1850, and is still a student in his art, but before he was 25 he had produced "The Minute Man," a figure in bronze, unveiled on the battle-ground at Concord, and had obtained recognition as an artist of singular originality and power. "The Minute Man" was intended to embody the spirit of Emerson's well-known poem, the first stanza of which is one of the most graphic sketches of the Revolution that has ever been penned.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
There once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

That stanza is the idea expressed in Mr. French's "Minute Man," and now he has done for Emerson what he had for the typical hero of the Revolution. His professional life has been chiefly passed in Concord, Washington, and Florence. In the latter place he was a pupil of Thomas Ball. He also spent some time in the studio of J. Q. A. Ward, in New-York. There is the same genius in his "Minute Man" and "Emerson" that Mr. Darley displays in "Margaret" and "The Scarlet Letter." It is the power to seize upon what is central and significant, and to subordinate details to it. Boston is truly honored in the first sight of these two works of art. The Hunt Memorial Exhibition is proving to be vastly more of a success than his friends dared to expect; artists and art-pupils are coming to the city from all parts of the country to study the paintings as a whole, and master the secret of Hunt's facility in handling the brush. The second number of the new *Art Review* will contain a paper on Hunt, by Mr. Vinton, which will do much to enhance his fame, and gratify the public interest in the man himself. Miss Helen M. Knowlton, one of his lady pupils, has nearly ready another series of Hunt's "Talks on Art," which will probably bear the imprint of Houghton, Osgood & Co. before Spring. J. H. W.

CARLYLE AND SYME.—In the Autumn of 1868, Carlyle, then Lord Rector of our university, and in the seventy-third year of his age, was persuaded, on account of some little ailment of his, to come to Edinburgh and put himself under the care of Prof. Syme for surgical treatment. Syme, proud of such a patient, and resolved that he should have his best skill, would hear of no other arrangement than that Carlyle should be his guest for the necessary time. For a fortnight or more, accordingly, Carlyle resided with Syme in his beautiful house at Millbank, in the southern suburb of our city. Pains were taken to prevent the fact from becoming known, that Carlyle might not be troubled with visitors. But one day, when Carlyle was convalescent, there was a quiet little dinner party at Millbank to meet him. Besides Syme and Carlyle and one or two of the members of Syme's family, there were present only Dr. John Carlyle, Dr. John Brown, and myself. It was very pleasant at the dinner table to observe the attention paid by the manly, energetic, and generally peremptory and pugnacious little surgeon to his important guest, his satisfaction in having him there, and his half-amused, half-wondering glances at him as a being of another genus than his own, but whom he had found as lovable in private as he was publicly tremendous. There was no "tossing and goring of several persons" by Carlyle in that dining-room, at all events, but only genial and cheerful talk about this and that. After dinner we five went up stairs to a smaller room, where the talk was continued still more miscellaneously, Syme and Carlyle having most of it. That very day there had been sent to Carlyle, by his old friend David Laing, a copy of the new edition which Laing had just privately printed of the rare "Gude and Godly Ballates" by the brothers Wedderburn, originally published in 1578; and Carlyle, taking up the volume from the table, would dip into it here and there, and read some passages aloud, for his own amusement and ours. One piece of 14 stanzas he read entire, with much gusto, and with excellent chaunt and pronunciation of the old Scotch. Here are three of the stanzas:

"Thocht thow be Pap or Cardinall,
Sa heich in thy Pontificall,
Resist thow God that creat all,
Than dowas thou sall cum, downe.

"Thocht thow be Archebischoo or Deane,
Chaniour, Chaneler, or Chaplane,
Resist thow God, thy dinir is gane,
And dowse thow sall cum, downe.

"Thocht thow flow in Philosophie,
Or graduate in Theologie,
Yit, and thow fyla the veritie,
Than dowas thow sall cum, downe."

Most pleasant of all it was when, later in the evening, we moved to the low trellised veranda on the south side of the house, opening on the beautiful garden of flowers and evergreens in which Syme took such delight. It was a fine, still evening; and, as the talk went on in the open air, with the garden stretching in front of us and the views of the hills beyond, only with the accompaniment now of wreaths of tobacco-smoke, Syme, who disliked tobacco, was smilingly tolerant even of that accompaniment in honor of the chief smoker.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

N.Y. Times, 11-29-79

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1880

HIS ONE HUNDREDTH LECTURE BEFORE THE CONCORD LYCEUM.

From The Boston Journal, Feb. 5.

Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered his one hundredth lecture before the Concord Lyceum at the Town Hall in that town last evening. The hall, of course, was full, and when Mr. Emerson entered the room the entire audience arose, and remained standing until he was seated. Mr. Emerson's lecture was entitled "Historic Notes of Life and Literature in Massachusetts," and in it he gave brief sketches of the history of the men which have characterized and given life to the literature of this State during the past three-quarters of a century. All great reforms show themselves first in sporadic efforts, which are apt to run to too great an extreme. The advance in civilization even, after showing itself in luxurious tastes and furnishings, changes and indulges in the simplicity and hardiness of the antique style, with its bare floors and old-fashioned furnishings. The people at first obey the instinct of the advance by outbreaks or otherwise, until finally what they obeyed as a blind instinct becomes recognized as a law. By revolts and revolutions the idea that the Government belongs to the people and is for their benefit was developed until it became in this country especially, the leading idea. In this country the development of the literary life began about 1820, and was continued by the leading minds in the development of the ideas of such men as Everett, Channing and Frothingham. Mr. Emerson described the history of the development of thought, especially among the literary men of Boston and of Massachusetts, saying that a large portion of modern thought owed its life to modern science, which began with Copernicus when he discovered that the world was not the centre of the solar system, but an insignificant world circling around an insignificant star. This proves that the writings of the Christian religion were all written under a mistaken idea of the world, but it was also found that all that was written in them about morals, truth, justice, charity and a perfect and good life, was just as good as it was before.

The new life which came into thought near the beginning of this century was that which seemed to put a kind of fire into the brain of the young men and make them look into everything and question everything; it changed everything, divided Calvinism into old and new, Quakerism in the same way, and brought into prominence the writings of the French and German reformers, and infused an active inquiring spirit which deposed tradition in place of the faith in what had gone before which had characterized the previous life; appearing first in the outbreaks and revolutions of the years before the same spirit grew more regular, and appeared simultaneously in widely different forms. In the changes in the current of religious thought, and even in such widely divergent men as Fourier and Swedenborg, in the writings of both of whom the idea of the use of the individual to the community, by doing what he could best do, the taking of a large number of men to make up a perfect man, and the division of mankind into communities, according to their tastes and abilities, are found. Swedenborg Mr. Emerson described as "a brilliant intellect, a little tinged with insanity, but wonderfully attractive to a certain class of religious minds." The development of this idea of the development of the individual, as he was the most useful to the community at large, is developed to a great extent in modern life, as, for instance, in large cities and towns, where they are carried out of necessity, for each man does that for which he is best fitted, and as the world advances this is becoming more and more the case. The value of co-operation, as the inventor with the practical business man, to push his inventions and in such ways as that, is becoming more and more recognized, and exists in the ideal, if not really in the formation of every business partnership.

The development of the intellectual life, taking this turn toward the development of new ideas, the breaking up of traditions and the outcropping of the fundamental idea of the happiness and use of the individual existing in his use to the community which surrounded him, in which he took his position in accord with his abilities and tastes, Mr. Emerson traced through its varied developments in the intellectual life of Boston, and related some anecdotes of the attempts to get a

society of cultivated people, which should be worthy of the name of society, which should result in the culture to which the name of "Transcendentalists" had been given, was formed, which culture, it is said, was not a set of people anxious to convert the world, but a collection of people driven together by a desire for intellectual companionship, but including widely diverse types. This ideal finally developed into the "Brook Farm" experiment, which was described at length, the speaker saying that though it was apparently a failure, yet it was in reality a success, for it gave a valuable experience to those who were in it, and while it lasted furnished what all men try to get, a pleasant home and pleasant companionship, to which Hawthorne did not do full justice in his recollections of the place. The people who formed the life and centre of this community were described, and also the causes which led to its abandonment, and the speaker closed by reviewing the way in which the grand idea which has lured the revolutions, and the more orderly growths, and the extremes to which all ideals are liable to be carried, saying that it was teaching to be no longer eccentric in its strength, but was beginning to show traces of a continuous and steady growth toward its ideal.

MAY ALCOTT, ARTIST.

Madame May Alcott Nieriker, who died in Paris on the 30th ult., was the youngest child of Mr Alcott of Concord, and the sister of Miss Alcott, the author. She is better known in America by her maiden name, having married in London since leaving home two years ago for a course of serious art study and work in European studios. She had previously visited Europe in 1869-70, and in London during the latter year made those copies of Turner's paintings and sketches which were the first good ones seen in Boston, and gave the young artist distinction as having succeeded in a very difficult branch of her art education. Many of these copies were sold in America and others are still retained by her family in Concord. She was not satisfied with these essays in art, but, finding in herself a capacity for original work, she set forth in September, 1877, on another European journey, and soon determined to establish herself in Paris as a student, though she had already studied, sketched and painted for years in America. She devoted herself with characteristic energy to painting and drawing—particularly the latter, in which she was faulty, while she excelled in the effects of color, as her Turner copies had shown. She rapidly improved her drawing, and executed several works which were exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1878-9, and other paintings of various kinds which were readily sold in Paris and London, and a few of which have been seen in this country. She had great industry and only lacked the advantages of an early development of her native talent to have won much distinction among painters. The few paintings from her brush that she regarded as well done are highly valued, and her death gives them an added charm. They are sincere, simple and graceful expressions of her aspirations in art, while at the same time they show how faithfully she labored to give practical effect to the flighty purpose, which, as the poet says:—

"never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it."

As Margaret Fuller, though married to an Italian husband, is best known by her familiar New England name, so Mme Nieriker will still be remembered as May Alcott. She was the youngest of those four "little women" who have become so famous in the pages of her sister's books, and was the only one of them born in Concord. In early childhood she left that town for the "Paradise Lost" of Mr Alcott at Fruitlands in Harvard, but returned again and again to Concord, beginning her art education there and in Boston. At times the care of the household depended on her, and she gave up the pencil and the studio for the tasks of domestic life which so often hold women back from a more conspicuous career. In 1878 she married Ernest Nieriker, a Swiss man of business whom she met in London. After their marriage they lived at Meudon, near Paris, and lately in Paris itself, where her child (a daughter named for Miss Alcott) was born on the 8th of November. Mme Nieriker never regained her strength after this event, and in the severe weather of early December at Paris took a cold that soon led to a violent attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis, in which she lingered during the Christmas holidays, dying just before the New-year, and while her friends in Concord were sending her the good wishes of the season. Her home in Paris was a happy one, and she received from her husband's family all the care and affection that her situation demanded. She had given up painting last summer, but declared her purpose to renew it, and not to let her married state thwart the main purpose of her life before. In this purpose her husband agreed, and many years of activity seemed to await her, when this malady came to terminate her energetic career, and to sadden all who knew her.

Like the other members of the remarkable family to which she belonged, May Alcott was by nature formed for an ideal life. The weight of circumstances repressed but could not overcome this tendency, which in her case took a direction toward art and social freedom, rather than toward philosophy or literature. She wrote easily and with spirit, but her special gift was not that. She desired a sphere and renown of her own, connected but not too closely involved with those of her father and her sister. Hence her devotion to painting, which took the place of earlier hopes and the narrow round of duties to which she sometimes found herself restricted. To these duties, in their most absorbing form, she did, however, return, and found in them her sweetest pleasure. In the generosity of her nature which had longed for the great world and shining deeds, she recognized the felicity of fortune that makes the little world so full of satisfactions and adapts, with gentle wisdom, each heart and hand to its assigned task.

Whither went the lovely maiden?
Disappeared in blessed wife,
Servant to a wooden cradle,
Living in a baby's life.

But it was not so ordered that this felicity should continue, and now death has drawn his curtain over the last picture her fond imagination painted. She will probably be buried in the Swiss town of Baden, the home of her husband's family. [By F. B. Sanborn]

Springfield Republican, Jan.

TRIBUTE.

MADAME MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

[*Died in Paris, Dec. 30, 1879.*]

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

[Jan.]

TIDINGS came across the sea
Melting all my heart in me;
Tidings of a presence fled,
Of a sweet life vanished:
Came that word across the sea,
Melting all my heart in me.

Yet I never saw her face;
Only, from my narrower place,
I had gazed with reverent eyes
On her daring soul's emprise:
Seen her mount from height to height,
Like a strong bird in its flight,
Till at length, when love came nigh,
Dropped she with a tender cry,
With a gladness grave and sweet,
Into home's serene retreat;
Linking with her larger life
Name of mother, name of wife.

Ah, we looked to see her rise,
Sweep once more her native skies
And—with love's rejoicing sway
Blending art's divine essay—
Yield to our unsated sight
New creations of delight.
How our dearest fancies err!
God had other thought for her;
And in life's deep mysteries
Ours the grief, the knowledge his.
If we knew, should we rejoice
He, not we, had had the choice?

Doubtless: yet our hearts are sore,
Thinking she will come no more;
Thinking of an old man's dole
For the darling of his soul;
Finding balm in this alone:
God forsaketh not his own.

Stricken husband, sisters, sire,
Passing through the trial-fire!
Little child, as yet untaught
What the hand of death has wrought!
ONE walks with you in the flame,
Lord-Jehovah is his name.

For the Home Journal.

MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

[Jan.]

A MEMORIAL SONNET.

No sadder word of all sad words to-day,
Throbbed thro' the ocean waves,—*May Alcott, dead!*
—Those rare, deft fingers, stilled; that busy head,
At rest; that mind, so tireless, buoyant, gay,
Where every high ambition held full sway,
Nor would, nor could be idly quieted,
With life's large, unfilled canvas waiting spread,—
Out of its world of purpose, caught away!

Roll back the easel now; put by each tool;
Seal up the colors; wipe the palette clean;
Yet comfort ye your hearts who loved her well:
She has but entered the Great Master's school,
Where splendors passing more than Art can tell
A thousandth part of, her glad eyes have seen!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lexington, Virginia.

GRIMM'S GOETHE.

The following letter from Herman Grimm, the author of the "Life and Times of Goethe," to Miss Sarah Holland Adams, in reference to her translation of that work, will be read with interest:—

Dear Miss Adams:—I return to you herewith the manuscript of your translation of my book, which you have entrusted to me. I have compared it carefully and find it excellent. It will be a pleasure to me if your work is printed in your fatherland.

I am very much indebted to America. I can indeed say that no author, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted, has had such an influence upon me as Emerson. The manner of writing of this man, whom I hold to be the greatest of all living authors, has revealed to me a new way of expressing thought. Although I grew up in the study of Goethe, and had had much intercourse with those who have known him personally, I am indebted to Emerson for the historical view of Goethe, which taught me to regard him as the great phenomenon in the universal development of mankind. In this sense I have sought to represent him in these lectures.

Should you give this letter a place in the introduction to your translation, permit me to add a few words which are addressed to my countrymen in America.

I have been told that many Germans in America undervalue their own language and read only English books. Without doubt it is right and necessary to speak the language in which the fortunes of the country are decided, where one lives and which one calls his fatherland. But how much would he lose who would thereby forget his own language! Should my book, as an English translation, enter the household of such a German, it may be that he and his family will learn what a man Goethe was, and what an inestimable benefit it is to be able to read his works in his own language.

May this book help to draw still nearer together the two nations of the earth, who have before them the most glorious future.

HERMAN GRIMM.

Berlin, May, 1880.

LOVE'S MORROW.

I.

It was but yesterday
That all was bright and fair;
Came over the sea,
So merrily,
News from my darling there,—
Now over the sea
Comes hither to me
Knell of despair,—
"No more, no longer there."

II.

Ah, gentle May!
Could'st thou not stay?
Why hurriest thou so swift away?
No—— not the same,—
Nor can it be—
That lovely name—
Ever again what once it was to me;
It cannot, cannot be
That lovely name to me.

III.

I cannot think her dead,
So lately, sweetly wed;
She who had tasted bliss,
A mother's virgin kiss,
Rich gifts conferred to bless
With costliest happiness.

IV.

Broken the golden band,
Severed the silken strand,—
Ye Sisters four!
Still to me two remain
And two have gone before.
Our loss, her gain,—
And He who gave can all restore.
And yet, O why,
My heart doth cry,
Why take her thus away?

V.

I wake in tears and sorrow;
Wearily I say
"Come, come, fair morrow,
And chase my grief away."
Night-long I say,
"Haste, haste, fair morrow,
And bear my grief away."
All night long,
My sad, sad song.

VI.

"Comes not the welcome morrow,"
My boding heart doth say;
Still grief from grief doth borrow.
"My child is far away."
Still as I pray
The deeper swells my sorrow.
Break, break!—the risen day
Takes not my grief away.

VII.

Full well I know
Joy's spring is fathomless,—
Its fountains overflow
To cheer and bless,
And, underneath, our grief
Wells forth and gives relief.
Transported May!
Thou couldst not stay;
Who gave, took thee away.
Come, child, and whisper peace to me;
Say, must I wait, or come to thee?
I list to hear
Thy message clear.

VIII.

"Cease, cease new grief to borrow!"
Last night I heard her say;
For sorrow hath no morrow,
'Tis born of yesterday.
Translated thou shalt be,
My cloudless daylight see,
And bathe, as I, in fairest morrows endlessly."

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Concord, January 4, 1880.

The tributes to the memory of Mrs. May Alcott Nieriker by her sister, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, and her father, A. Bronson Alcott, are among the most touching of memorial verses.

OUR MADONNA.

BY L. M. A.

A child, her wayward pencil drew
On margins of her book
Garlands of flowers, dancing elves,
Bird, butterfly and brook.
Lessons undone, and play forgot,
Seeking with hand and heart
The teacher whom she learned to love
Before she knew 'twas Art.

A maiden, full of lofty dreams,
Slender and fair and tall
As were the goddesses she traced
Upon her chamber wall.
Still laboring with brush and tool,
Still seeking everywhere
Ideal beauty, grace and strength
In the "divine despair."

A woman, sailing forth alone,
Ambitious, brave, elate,
To mould life with a dauntless will,
To seek and conquer fate
Rich colors on her palette glowed,
Patience bloomed into power;
Endeavor earned its just reward,
Art had its happy hour.

A wife, low sitting at his feet
To paint with tender skill
The hero of her early dreams,
Artist, but woman still.
Glad now to shut the world away,
Forgetting even Rome;
Content to be the household saint
Shrined in a peaceful home.

A mother, folding in her arms
The sweet, supreme success;
Giving a life to win a life,
Dying that she might bless.
Grateful for joy unspeakable,
In the brief, blissful past;
The picture of a baby face
Her loveliest and last.

Death the stern sculptor, with a touch
No earthly power can stay,
Changes to marble in an hour
The beautiful, pale clay.
But Love the mighty master comes,
Mixing his tints with tears,
Paints an immortal form to shine
Undimmed by coming years.

A fair Madonna, golden-haired,
Whose soft eyes seem to brood
Upon the child whose little hand
Crowns her with motherhood.
Sainted by death yet bound to earth
By its most tender ties,
For life has yielded up to her
Its sacred mysteries.

So live, dear soul! serene and safe,
Throned as in Raphael's skies,
Type of the love, the faith, the grief
Whose pathos never dies.
Divine or human still the same
To touch and lift the heart;
Earth's sacrifice is Heaven's fame,
And Nature truest Art.

Jan. 4, 1880.

Professor F. Zarncke of Leipsic has discovered a statuette of Goethe by no less a man than C. F. Rauch. The work was mentioned in Rauch's papers, but could not be found. It was then supposed to have perished in the fire of the royal foundry at Berlin, March 18, 1848. The form indeed was destroyed, but the work itself had passed into the hands of the Bavarian king, Maximilian II. The latter bequeathed it to his friend and fellow-student Daxenberger, from whom it passed into the possession of Dr. Daxenberger, now living at Munich. The statuette does not bear Rauch's name, but has been verified by Professor Zarncke. It is 50.5 centimetres in height, without the pedestal, and is pronounced extremely beautiful. The poet wears a Roman toga, but so closely as to display his figure and give the latter a graceful appearance. The right hand rests on an altar, while the left holds a laurel wreath. The head is slightly inclined. The profile is praised as extraordinarily fine. The interesting work has been recognized as a genuine Rauch from the dedication of Maximilian engraved upon the pedestal.

A Notable Lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture last evening in the regular course of the Concord lyceum. The event was a notable one in many respects, and peculiarly so in that the lecture was the one hundredth that during his long literary career Mr. Emerson has read before this lyceum of his own town. The spacious town hall was quite full, though there was no uncomfortable crowding. The Boston trains, especially that of the Lowell road, brought up a very considerable number. Mr. Emerson announced his subject to be "Historical Notes of Life and Literature in Massachusetts." He said that there are always two parties—the party of the past and that of the future, or that of the establishment and that of movement. It is not easy to date the eras of activity which from time to time are manifest with anything like precision, but the period beginning about the year 1820, and ending twenty years later, is to be regarded as such an one. It may be characterized as a war between institutions and nature, and which caused a split in every church, as of Calvinists into old and new schools, and Quakers into old and new schools, and new divisions upon questions of politics, temperance and slavery. The general mind had become aware of itself. Men grew conscious and intellectual. The swart earth spirit which had made the strength of past ages was all gone, and another hour had struck. In literature there appeared a decided tendency to criticism, and young men seemed to have been born with knives in their brains. The popular religion of our fathers received many shocks during this time, but much is to be attributed to the slow but extraordinary influence of Swedenborg, a man of prodigious mind, tainted, as I think, with a certain suspicion of insanity, but exerting a powerful effect upon an influential class. As among the more immediate causes of this intellectual and reformatory activity to which he had referred the lecturer named the impression made upon the young men gathered at Cambridge by Edward Everett, who had just returned from Europe after a five years' residence there, and who presented with natural grace and splendid rhetoric some of the phases of contemporary German philosophy and literature. Dr. Frothingham and Professor Norton also contributed in making familiar the latest results of German thought. But more potent than any of these influences, as a paramount source of the religious revolution of the period, was modern science, especially the science of astronomy. It came to be apprehended that, as the earth is not the centre of the universe, so it is not the special scene or stage on which the drama of divine justice is played before the assembled angels of heaven, the planet being but a speck in the created universe, too minute to be seen at the distance of many of the fixed stars which are plainly visible to us. These new perceptions required of men an extension and uplifting of their views as to the dealings of the Creator, and they received a confirmation in the then new science of geology. The writings of Dr. Channing, especially his papers on Milton and Napoleon, the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which had given power to the Edinburgh Review, were among the sources of this new intellectual activity. Channing, said the lecturer, was regarded as the star of the American Church while he lived, and we thought then, if we do not think now, that he had no peer. His sermons and addresses are printed, but the eye and the voice could not be printed; his discourses lose their best in losing him. Reference was made to the beginnings of coöperation among the new order of thinkers, and it was stated that nobody knew who gave or when was first applied to these the name of "Transcendentalists." The organ of this new order of thinkers, the Dial, was mentioned, and quite a full statement was made respecting the Brook Farm experiment, with incidental comment on the theories of Owen, Fourier and other socialistic reformers. Much of this comment was evidently designed to be amusing, and called forth the laughter of the audience. Two specimens must here suffice. The married women, he said, uniformly disliked the Brook Farm way of life. It had too much of the hotel about it. A common school might do very well, but a common nursery was not to be tolerated. It might be admitted that the incubator has its advantages, but the hen on her own account must prefer the old way. Amid these scenes of "attractive labor," he said, the country members were astonished to see that one man of the association ploughed all day, and that one looked out of the window all day, and perhaps drew the first man's picture as he appeared when ploughing; but both got the same wages at the end of the day. He thought that Brook Farm had not proved wholly a failure, but that many practical lessons had come from the experiment, and that America of today is no longer eccentric or rude in its strength, but begins to show traces of a continuous and steady growth whose proportions shall fill the spaces of the

. . . .

An Anecdote of Emerson.

A pleasant anecdote of Ralph Waldo Emerson was related by a lady in Meadville, Penn., the other day. When Mr. Emerson was travelling in Egypt with his daughter, they met an Englishman, who did all in his power to make it pleasant for them, and when the time came for their separation, said: "You may wonder, sir, at my having overstepped my usual reserve so far as to become so intimate with you, but it is for the sake of a countryman of yours, one bearing the same name—Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has done me much good, and I hope some time to cross the ocean to meet him." And Mr. Emerson never told him it was he himself whom he sought.

EMERSON'S THEISM.

It has been widely proclaimed that your lecturer has asserted in the West that Mr. Emerson has joined an Orthodox Church. Various amplifications of this absurd rumor have so annoyed a son of the great philosopher and poet, that the former has written a denial of what needed no contradiction. I beg leave to say that I have never made the assertions which he denies, nor any remotely resembling them. All that I have said concerning Mr. Emerson, East or West, North or South, in public or in private, has been, that I regard him now as a theist, although not exactly a Christian theist, and that I think his earlier writings were pantheistic. Mr. Alcott has said much more, or at least has authorized the public assertion that Mr. Emerson is not only a theist, but a Christian theist, in the full sense of the words. It is very possible that the enlargement of Mr. Alcott's statements and the mixing of them with mine, have caused the utterly false report that I passed through the West in a flamboyant manner, asserting what I dared not affirm in the East. Several anonymous and irresponsible, and apparently unscrupulous, writers for the press have taken pains to trumpet the assertion that your lecturer has overstepped all bounds of decency in claiming that Mr. Emerson is his convert. If you knew how loathsome to me is any public statement that I am a teacher of teachers, you would acquit me of all suspicion that I ever made any claim of converting Mr. Emerson or anybody else. As one of the humblest of American students of religious truths, I have come to this platform for five years as your outlook committee. It is true that ministers and scholars have been present here in extraordinary numbers; but I have always said that if they came into this assembly they must take their chances as to losing their time. I do not pretend to teach them. If laymen can pick up in the discussions here, some truth or illustration that may be of service to them in their hurried life, I shall be sufficiently rewarded.

As to Mr. Emerson's views, I make myself responsible for these two propositions:

1. In 1868 the revered pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Manning, delivered a course of lectures in Andover Theological Seminary on "Modern Infidelity," and in that series of discussions, now summarized in the keen and timely volume entitled "Half Truths and the Truth," he proved, as I think satisfactorily, that Mr. Emerson's earlier writings were pantheistic in tone and substance.

No thorough-going pantheist believes in the personality of God, or in the conscious immortality of the soul.

2. I assert that no such course of lectures could now be delivered in Andover Theological Seminary and command the general assent of scholars, as the first course did. The reasons why it would not now command that assent are that Mr. Emerson's last two essays are pronouncedly theistic, and that Mr. Alcott has repeatedly of late called Mr. Emerson a Christian theist, and claimed that he has Mr. Emerson's authority for doing so.

The two essays to which I refer are "The Sovereignty of Ethics," published in the *North American Review*, in 1878; and "The Preacher" in the *Unitarian Review* for January, 1880. Whoever examines these essays, will find almost nothing of the haughty pantheistic tone which runs through Mr. Emerson's earlier writings. Notice that I do not say that Mr. Emer-

son has changed his views. My two positions are, that Dr. Manning at Andover, twelve years ago, called Mr. Emerson pantheistic, and had the assent of scholars; and that Mr. Alcott at Andover, in 1879, called Mr. Emerson theistic, and had the assent of scholars. Mr. Alcott's testimony has great public interest, for he was the founder of the Concord School of Transcendentalism, a portion of which was pantheistic.

Was Mr. Alcott himself ever a pantheist? Channing wrote, in 1841: "I am happy to say that in my conversation with Transcendental ministers I have seen no Pantheism. Indeed, Mr. Alcott is the only man from whom I heard it." (Channing's "Memoirs," Vol. II. p. 449.) Mr. Alcott is now undoubtedly not only a theist but a Christian theist. He has founded at Concord a Summer School of Philosophy which is thoroughly theistic. The new note in the tone of Concord has come largely from Mr. Alcott, and whereas he once was a pantheist, he now delights to be called a Christian theist. He is to-day a most serious opponent of the Individualism, or Egotheism into which Transcendentalism sometimes degenerated, with grotesque and poisonous results. The change is significant, and I should be unfaithful to my charge as an observer of the signs of the times along the horizons of culture if I were not to tell the public what everybody in Boston knows, that we no longer hear pantheism from Concord.

The revered founder of the Concord School of Philosophy has held many of his celebrated conversations before gatherings in my rooms. In the very last *symposium* which he led, and when he knew that reporters were present, I asked him privately if he would tell the company what he had previously told the public elsewhere, and what has been already reported again and again, as to Mr. Emerson's theism. He said that he should be happy to perform that excellent service to religious truth. I said: "Correspondents of the press are here, and if you cannot revise what they write, you may be subjected to the annoyance of an incorrect report." "I will trust the facts," was his reply, "to take care of themselves." Mr. Alcott spoke to the company for half an hour with extraordinary impressiveness on "Immortality." He then read to us, in a tone like the sighing of the wind through the pine trees, that sweet and noble poem with which he has lately enriched our literature, and entitled "Love's Morrow." A great bereavement through which the Concord Plato has passed lately, and to which I have no right to refer more definitely, found partial utterance in that poem. I was reminded of Emerson's "Threnody," a production of his earlier period, and in which there is not a glimpse of a hope of immortality. When the reading was finished, Mr. Alcott was asked, "How do you justify your assertion that Emerson is a Christian theist?" Mr. Alcott replied, "Prof. Gulliver published in the New York *Independent* an account of my recent address at Andover. In that article the Andover professor correctly asserted that I called Mr. Emerson a theist, and a Christian theist. Before I went West, on my recent lecturing tour, I took that article to Mr. Emerson and read it to him, and asked him if I had misrepresented him. The reply was: 'I do not care to classify myself with any painstaking accuracy with this sect or with that, but if I am to have any appellation at all of a religious kind, I prefer to be called a Christian theist. You have not misrepresented me.'" [Applause.] "On returning from the West," continued Mr. Alcott, "I found that I had been assailed by some rationalistic, anonymous correspondents of an irresponsible press. I went again to my friend and put again to him the same question, and he replied substantially as follows: 'My ancestry is made up of ministers. In my family the Bible is seen oftener than any other book in the hands of my wife and daughter. I think those facts tell my story. If you wish to call me a Christian theist, you have my authority to do so; and you must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything.'" [Loud Applause.]

[Apr.-May]

[Sanborn in the Springfield Republican.]

THE BIRTHDAY OF EMERSON.

The friends of Ralph Waldo Emerson have been contributing each in his own way to a memorial number of the Boston Literary World, commemorating his career, and celebrating his 77th birthday anniversary, which occurred Tuesday. The thought was a happy one—although, of all literary men, Mr Emerson has the smallest liking for tributes of this kind. He does not willingly think or speak of himself directly, in connection with what he has done in literature,—and in an age when almost all men and women, from Miss Penthesilea with her little poem to Mr Gladstone with his broad-ax, seek to advertise themselves somehow,—Mr Emerson has resolutely kept himself in the background and gone about his work without flourish of trumpets. This "Emerson number" of the Boston newspaper will be as great a surprise to him as to anybody,—whether he reads it all or not.

It may not seem to a modest man like Mr Emerson worth while to read all that Mr Abbott has brought together concerning him in the Literary World, but the general reader will find much that is new and suggestive, as well as something familiar in this collection of articles and copious bibliography of the subject. Pains have not been spared to collect the material for a fair judgment of the New England seer, and we find here separate papers—all brief—concerning "Emerson as a Man," (by Dr Bartol): "Emerson as a Philosopher and Poet;" "Emerson as the Founder of Literature;" "Emerson's Books"—with a fairly complete list of all that he has printed and notices of many reviews of his books during the past forty years; "Emerson's Literary Methods;" "Emerson's College Days;" "Emerson and His Friends;" "Emerson's Concord Home;" and several other topics. Among the authors of these papers will be found some of the men who have the best right to speak of Emerson and his position in literature,—while others, like Mr Alcott and Ellery Channing, who were invited to write, have for various reasons declined. In the absence of Mr Channing's contribution let us draw a strophe and antistrophe from his ode of 1846 to his friend, then but little known compared with his present fame:—

"In city's street how often shall we hear
It is a period
Deprived of every God,—

Emerson.

MAY 25, 1880.

Nor was this the earliest recognition of Emerson. In 1843-6, when Edgar Quinet, in company with his elder friend, Michelet, was "fighting the battle for the soul's freedom in France against the Jesuits," as was then said, he delivered and published a volume of lectures on "Christianity and the French Revolution." In one of these lectures, on "America and the Reformation," Quinet thus spoke of Emerson, then known only as a transcendentalist lecturer, and scarcely heard of in Europe at all:—

"In this North America, which is pictured to us as so materialistic, I find the most ideal writer of our times. Contrast the formulas of German philosophy (too often copied from Alexandria) with the inspiration, the initiative, the moral *élan* of Emerson! A new philosophy might be expected to come forth from those virgin forests, sooner or later; and already it begins to raise its head. The author I have just named (Emerson) is proof enough that bold pioneers are at work, in America, pursuing the quest of truth in the moral world. What we announce in Europe, from the summit of a ruined past, he also announces in the germinating solitude of a world absolutely new. What mean these voices, these spiritual presences, which meet us, by surprise, across the ocean? Although we have abandoned the past, neither here nor there have we lost ourselves in the labyrinth of a desert

A time of indecision—and doom's near!
When foolish alteration
Threatens to break the nation;
All men turned talkers and much good forgot,—
With scores of curious troubles we know not.

"We never heard thee babble in this wise,
Thou age-creator
And clear debater
Of that which this good Present underlies:
Thy course is better kept
Than where the dreamers slept;
Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run."

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just the perfect shape.
—MILTON: *Paradise Regained.*

island. On the virgin sand of the new world behold the footsteps of a man,—and a man who is moving toward the future by the same road that we are going."

In quoting this passage to his correspondent, Mrs Ripley of Concord, Dr Francis wrote in 1846: "So you see Quinet adopts Emerson into 'the family of the world's true seers, the goodly 'fellowship of the prophets. It is delightful to 'see truth and greatness which seem to us so 'domestic to ourselves (because we know the 'man,) reaching across the ocean, and awakening 'such a response from one of the most upward 'and earnest spirits of the old world." Hardly had these words been written when Quinet, on account of these very lectures, was suspended from his professorship in Paris,—but he was restored in 1848, under the government of his friend, Lamartine. In 1852, after the coup d'état, he was banished by Louis Napoleon, and remained an exile till 1870, when the new republic restored him to France, and he became a radical deputy in the national Assembly, of which he was still a member at his death in 1875. He was three months older than Emerson, and began authorship about the same time—from 1833 to 1838. But to Quinet was assigned a stormy existence in the fluctuations of French politics, while Emerson, his contemporary, has spent a serene life, overlooking the results of revolution and civil war in America. Long may that life continue, and may his increasing years bring no loss of peace, while adding to his well-earned fame!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE MOUNT OF VISION.

A SONNET

For the 77th Birthday of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Oh, Prophet, standing on thy Nebo height,
Wrapped in thy rare, unworldly atmosphere,
With senses purged, with aspect large and clear,
Thy long-sought life's Ideal looms in sight:
Here, Jordan at thy feet,—there, Hermon white,
And all between, the realm of promised cheer,—
Wine, olives, milk and honey—now appear
Stretched vast before thee in the evening light.

What seeth the Seer, as from the Mount of God
He gazes o'er the desert-travel back,
Or sweeps the horizon's far infinity?
A cloud-led, vatic pathway bravely trod,—
A Bethlehem brightness o'er the forward track,
That gleams, glows, broadens to the 'Hinder Seal"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lexington, Va.

R. W. E.

There is a tall grey cliff before mine eyes,
The haughty trees, wide-swept, bow down to it;
Its crest is with the coming day-time lit,
But at its foot the nestling wild-flower lies;
All forest breaths below like incense rise,
And the shy birds around it sing and flit,
So standeth he 'mid men, supremely wise,
Strong and uplifted, yet aware of all
That Nature hides from common mortal eyes:
The chariest bloom, the moss most fair and small,
The sun-born insect that with night must fall,
The majesty of days that set and rise,
And that deep thought that in the human breast
Holds him for life-long friend who knows and brings it rest.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Concord Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

An old man with large eyes, prominent nose, and awkward carriage, may often be seen shyly stealing into the School of Philosophy, just after the beginning of the lecture. Passing through the aisle on tiptoe, he seats himself in a huge ear-lap chair at the left of the platform. The lips of the Sphinx are sealed, and their peaceful expression and the far-away look in the eyes would seem to indicate that the discussion going on has not sufficient interest to draw him from the calm joy of reverie. But the way in which he leans forward now and then to catch the tones of an indistinct speaker, and the promptitude with which certain little red spots appear on his cheeks whenever a personal allusion or quotation is made, show that, after all, he is listening with respectful attention.

Emerson has a noble propensity to overrate the works of his contemporaries. He has such a sublime faith that the coming man will eventually arrive, that he is always on the lookout for him, and finds his John the Baptists in eccentric Thoreau and uncouth Whitman, in whom so many see only insanity. And especially does his unaffected humility place an exaggerated estimate upon the works and words of his personal friends. Thoreau was an original genius, and his mother used to say: "Why, how much Mr. Emerson talks like Henry!" Some people are unkind enough to say that the boot was squarely on the other foot, and that Thoreau was only a parody of his great friend. While such statements are grossly unjust, it remains true that the fame of the poet naturalist owes much to the friendship of Emerson, who not only gave him warm encouragement and unstinted praise, but made himself pecuniarily responsible in order that "Walden" and "The Week" might be given to the world by a hesitating publisher.

Emerson's house was thrown open last Sunday evening, and parlor and study and hall were filled with friends from the town and the School of Philosophy. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson (whose quaint, sweet face and simple, old-fashioned attire suggested to one lady that "She might have just stepped off the Mayflower") bustled around, shaking hands and arranging chairs for the guests. Then Mr. Emerson rapped upon a door-jamb and said: "Some of our friends have something to say to us, and we shall be glad to have them begin." Mr. Channing, Mr. Alcott, Miss Peabody and Professor Harris did most of the talking. Mrs. Emerson made a single remark, but the host took no part whatever.

The seventy-seventh birthday of Mr. Emerson occurred recently. He feels the weight of years, and, though he walks about briskly, his memory is failing, and he is often thrown into pathetic confusion by his treacherous faculty. It seems very difficult for him to grasp a new name. Joseph Cook called upon him just after Moody and Sankey had been in Boston, and he inquired of his visitor if he had been attending the "Mosely and Sukey meetings!" He never appears in public without his faithful maiden daughter Ellen, who has the face of a saint and the garb of a Quakeress. She has charge of his manuscripts, and when asked, a few days ago, what lecture her father proposed to read before the school, replied that "she had not decided." She intimated, furthermore, that she might put a veto on his lecturing at all.

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Of all who in these latter days the stage
Of life have trod, O loved and honored, none
A purer, fairer fame than thine have won,
In "singing robes" or in the stole of sage!
With thought's keen sword, too, thou, from youth to age,
Conscious of strength, the unwavering champion
Hast been of Truth eternal, Emerson,
Smiling at Error when she threw the gage.
Long as shall bloom the "fresh Rhodora;" long
As men shall love "a prophet of the soul;"
Long as shall hum the "burly bumble-bee,"
And long as right be right and wrong be wrong,
Freedom be prized, and Concord's waters roll,
The world will owe a debt of thanks to thee.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

EMERSON.

"I do esteeme him a deepe, sincere soule; one that seemeth ever traveling after the Infinite!"—SIR THOS. BROWNE.

Ah! what to Him *our* trivial praise, or blame,
Who through long years hath raised half-mournful eyes
Yearning to mark some heaven-descended flame
Light his soul's Altar, rife with sacrifice?—

The offering of far thoughts, profound as prayer,
And starry dreams, still rhythmical of youth,
With travail of Brain that pants for loftier air,
To the veiled mystery of immaculate Truth:

No Orient Seer,—with woodland 'round him furled,—
Building his Shrine 'mid virginal vales apart,
E'er watched and waited in the antique world,
For Fire Divine, with more ethereal heart!

Can life's supreme oblations still remain
All undiscerned?—or hath some marvellous leaven
Hallowed his gift, and down his rifted pain
Flashed the white splendor of God's grace from Heaven?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

HIS HEIRS.

"I give and I bequeath"—so runs
The record wherewith men devise;
The rich leave mainly to the rich,
The wise leave only to the wise.

Or rich, or wise, or weak and poor,
Our poet makes us all his heirs;
The thrifty income of his realm
The proudest needs, the humblest shares.

HIRAM RICH.

R. W. E.

Doors hast thou opened for us, thinker, seer,
Bars let down into pastures measureless;
The air we breathe to-day, through thee, is freer
Than, buoyant with its freshness, we can guess.

Thy footsteps toward the unrisen morning set,—
Nature and life-faced with their own calm gaze,—
No human thought inhospitably met,—
Thou beckonest onward, as in earlier days:—

A voice that wandered toward us, like a breeze,
From great expanses beyond time and space,
With hints of unexplored eternities
Stirring the sluggish souls new paths to trace:—

A word that gave us lightness, as of wings;
Home, welcome, freedom in the Everywhere!
The mention of thy name, like Nature's, brings
A sense of widening worlds and ampler air.

LUCY LARCOM.

TO R. W. EMERSON.

Poet of the truth unseen!
Player on those strings unknown!
Thou hast caught of God the gleam,
Of his music heard the tone.

High Priest of the thoughts of heaven,
Voice and echo, word and seer
Through the cycles seventy-seven,
Thou hast worshipped without fear.

While we named Him, thou wast still.
Thou hast seen the crash of creeds.
Hearest yet the heavenly will?
From His hand how fares the seeds

Of the future. Which shall bloom?
Tell us, cycles seventy-seven!
Sing our life-song, near your tomb,
Near the gates of highest heaven.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

MR. EMERSON is described as looking full of a sweet serenity, a beautiful calm; he does not look broken, though his tall figure is slightly bent.

extravagant, will keep its orbit and return from far.

Nor can that decorum which is the idol of the Englishman, and in attaining which the Englishman exceeds all nations, win from him any obeisance. He is eaten up with indignation against such as desire to make a fair show in the flesh.

Combined with this warfare on respectabilities, and, indeed, pointing all his satire, is the severity of his moral sentiment. In proportion to the peals of laughter amid which he strips the plumes of a pretender and shows the lean hypocrisy to every vantage of ridicule, does he worship whatever enthusiasm, fortitude, love, or other sign of a good nature is in a man.

There is nothing deeper in his constitution than his humor, than the considerate, condescending

[1881]

EMERSON ON CARLYLE IN 1848.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER READ BY MR. EMERSON BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY LAST FEBRUARY AND MADE UP FROM LETTERS SENT HOME BY HIM IN 1848.

From Scribner's Magazine for May.

Mere intellectual partisanship wearies him; he detects in an instant if a man stands for any cause to which he is not born and organically committed. A natural defender of anything, a lover who will live and die for that which he speaks for, and who does not care for him, or for anything but his own business,—he respects: and the nobler this object, of course, the better. He hates a literary triller, and if, after Guizot had been a tool of Louis Philippe for years, he is now to come and write essays on the character of Washington, on "The Beautiful," and on "Philosophy of History," he thinks that nothing.

Great is his reverence for realities,—for all such traits as spring from the intrinsic nature of the actor. He humors this into the idolatry of strength. A strong nature has a charm for him, previous, it would seem, to all inquiry whether the force be divine or diabolic. He preaches, as by cannonade, the doctrine that every noble nature was made by God, and contains, if savage passions, also fit checks and grand impulses, and, however

good-nature with which he looks at every object in existence, as a man might look at a mouse. He feels that the perfection of health is sportiveness, and will not look grave even at dulness or tragedy.

His guiding genius is his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice; but that is a truth of character, not of catechisms.

He says. "There is properly no religion in England. These idle nobles at Tattersall's—there is no work or word of serious purpose in them; they have this great lying church; and life is a humbug." He prefers Cambridge to Oxford, but he thinks Oxford and Cambridge education indurates the young men, as the Styx hardened Achilles, so that when they come forth of them they say, "Now we are proof: we have gone through all the degrees, and are case-hardened against the veracities of the Universe: nor man nor God can penetrate us."

Wellington he respects as real and honest, and as having made up his mind, once for all, that he will not have to do with any kind of a lie.

Edwin Chadwick is one of his heroes,—who proposes to provide every house in London with pure water, sixty gallons to every head, at a penny a week; and in the decay and downfall of all religions, Carlyle thinks that the only religious act which a man nowadays can securely perform is to wash himself well.

Of course the new French Revolution of 1848 was the best thing he had seen, and the teaching this great swindler, Louis Philippe, that there is a God's justice in the Universe, after all, was a great satisfaction. Czar Nicholas was his hero: for, in the ignominy of Europe, when all thrones fell like card-houses, and no man was found with conscience enough to fire a gun for his crown, but everyone ran away in a *coucou*, with his head shaved, through the Barriere de Passy, one man remained who believed he was put there by God Almighty to govern his empire, and, by the help of God, had resolved to stand there.

He was very serious about the bad times; he had seen this evil coming, but thought it would not come in his time. But now 'tis coming, and the only good he sees in it is the visible appearance of the gods. He thinks it the only question for wise men, instead of art, and fine fancies, and poetry, and such things,—to address themselves to the problem of society. This confusion is the inevitable end of such falsehood and nonsense as they have been embroiled with.

Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. He has stood for scholars, asking no scholar what he should say. Holding an honored place in the best society, he has stood for the people, for the Chartists, for the pauper, intrepidly and scornfully teaching the nobles their peremptory duties.

His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with this merit, in my judgment. This *aplomb* cannot be mimicked; it is the speaking to the heart of the thing. And in England, where the morgue of aristocracy has very slowly admitted scholars into society,—a very few houses only in the high circles being ever opened to them,—he has carried himself erect, made himself a power confessed by all men, and taught scholars their lofty duty. He never feared the face of man.

EMERSON.

Probably no people of modern times excel our own in reverence and affection for their best men of letters; and the venerable life just extinguished at Concord was honored in its decline with unmistakable marks of the popular regard. It is not many years since the obscurities of the Emersonian philosophy were a favorite topic of cheap wits; but so great has been the change in the temper of American readers, so rapid the growth of respect for serious thought even among those who are not serious thinkers, that the time when it was fashionable to ridicule the transcendentalists seems now like a remote and barbarous era. It is not the least of the services of Emerson and his school that they did so much to hasten the advance of that general esteem for the intellectual life which is one of the surest signs of national culture. "The white light of the pure and elevated master of the Concord group," as Stedman has observed, "has been a steadfast beacon for his companions." The remark is an apt one. It expresses with precision the charm of that illustrious character which has given Concord an exceptional celebrity, and the nature of that far-reaching influence which has made Emerson one of the most important figures in American literature.

It is rash to predict how a future generation will regard anybody's philosphy, but there is no reason to believe that Emerson's philosophical ideas—he cannot be said to have had a philosophical system—are ever to be more widely accepted than they are now; the present tendencies of thought indeed are in a direction quite different from that which he followed. Neither is it likely that he will ever be looked upon as the founder of a school of poetry, or as an example for essayists. His style has had many feeble and transitory imitators; but style and method were in his case tob intimately connected with a rare personal character to be successfully copied, or even to affect very deeply the literary manners of his disciples. It was by stimulating the original powers of other scholars, fostering the habit of thought, and raising ambition, that the pure and elevated master made an indelible mark upon his time. The idealism of Emerson seems, at first blush, absolutely hostile to the popular principles of modern science; but Professor Tyndall declared, "If anyone can be said to have given "the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson; what-"ever I have done the world owes to him"; and a similar acknowledgement might be made by hundreds of others, on both sides of the ocean, who owe to our American thinker not ideas so much as the stimulus to thought. He began to write poetry at a time when our best singers occupied themselves chiefly with the physical aspects of nature, and he added to our verse, not beauty of form, for that he never learned, but

the one quality in which it was most deficient, of deep spirituality. His influence upon poets and scholars—incomparably more powerful than his direct effect upon the public—is the true measure of his service to the intellectual development of his generation.

But in the hour of death it is the beauty of a calm and noble character that one loves to dwell upon rather than the gifts of genius or the achievements of study. The quiet and retiring philosopher exercised for half a century an extraordinary fascination over those who met him. The wise and the famous of both hemispheres spoke of him with equal ardor. It has been said that he had a genius for friendships. It would perhaps define more accurately the secret of his personal charm if we said that in his refined face and gentle manner shone the sweetness of an exalted soul as well as the light of an acute intellect.

OUR PLATO.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D. D.

It is an unwarrantable exaggeration of the fact to aver that Emerson is dead. The man whom we have read with such avidity that we may be said to have almost devoured him still lives, a potent influence in mind and heart. New and costly editions of his writings will come from the teeming press, and the event which is alleged to have happened in Concord last week will only serve to emphasize our confession that he has done honest work in the development of our characters. The really great retain their seat on the throne long after the insignificant episode of death has passed. Indeed, the shock of their passage from one world to another becomes transmuted into an impulse to reprint their words in Italics. To say, then, that the Emerson whom we have known and loved, with whom we have walked in sweet companionship, is dead is to fall far short of the truth. On the other hand, it may be safely asserted that since the grave in the village cemetery was opened he enjoys immortality plus immortality. The two immortal lives run parallel, one through the loving generations of men and the other through the welcoming hosts of Heaven.

But the nation's heart grows sad, after all, because our gods are dropping one by one from their pedestals. Of what a group of earthly divinities we have been proud. Longfellow, and Motley, and Bancroft, and Emerson, and Whittier, and Holmes. There were giants in those days, the future will say, when it looks back. No wonder that the heavens are envious of our rich possessions. They have already persuaded the first four to go "over to the majority," and the months and years have an imperative order to loosen the golden chain between us and the other two. Time glides along in velvet slippers, and the day is not far distant, alas! when we shall have six monuments and six precious memories. "Who reads an American book?" said Sidney Smith, with more impertinence than wit. We proudly point to these immortals, and answer the question by asking: "Who does not?"

Like many another, I loved Emerson with the love of a devotee. He was so gentle, so willing to give advice, so kindly in his reproof. His eyes were full of truth, his words were showers of gold. When a foolish seminary boy went to him, one day, and complainingly asserted that he had no time for certain studies, our quaint Plato simply replied: "You ought not to complain, for you have all the time there is." When I was in the Cambridge Theological School, Emerson was the unsalaried, unseen, and unacknowledged professor who won the hearts of all the students. His books were read when text-books were neglected. He was glad to receive us in his library, welcomed us to his table, and conversed in such serious and sober vein touching the exact point around which our doubts clustered that, when we left him, the Heavens seemed to be cleared of clouds. If you ask why we, who were callow theologues, almost worshiped him, I can answer for all my classmates by saying that it was, first, because he was so evidently a crystal man. There was no deception in his nature. He was so constituted that it was inevitable that he should love the things which God loves and hate the things which God hates. It was no virtue in him to be virtuous. He did not believe in total depravity because he was himself born apparently without the taint of inherited sin. His moral and spiritual attractions and repulsions were as much a law of his being as are the attractions and repulsions of the electro-magnet. He never jostled a neighbor, to get at the prize. He never feared a rival or even knew that he had one. Such qualities as these ticed than ours; but that, after a little added experience, we should acquire the same cunning and skill. He was an elder brother, with our blood in his veins, and we somehow got the impression that his greatness was the common peculiarity of the family, as we should gladly discover if we kept on with our thinking and study. How could we help being proud of him, when he appeared to be so proud of us? I remember that a fellow-student used to knock at my door at eleven o'clock every night for a game of chess before going to bed. Sometimes he brought an essay of Emerson's with him, and then chess, even chess, was forgotten, and we shot at each other with the pithy sentences of our mutual friend, until sleep would no longer be refused.

Although in the orthodox sense an unbeliever, the whole current of his influence flowed in the direction of reverent obedience to law. He could not preach an orthodox sermon on Sunday; but he led a perfectly orthodox life every day in the awaken the love of the young. In the second place, we loved him because he taught us to be very reverent in our dealings with our own souls. He found God everywhere and as easily as Thoreau would stoop and pick up a flower which no one else could see. He made us very hopeful about ourselves and our future, a matter which is greatly neglected in the education of the young. He seemed to be telling us all the while that his hand was more prac-

week. We (the students) read Baur and Strauss until we were so entangled intellectually that we hardly knew what we were in a theological seminary for, and some of our number became so hopelessly enmeshed that they lost heart, left the school, and engaged in secular pursuits. Emerson, curiously enough, was an antidote to this poison and saved us from what appeared to be inevitable agnosticism. Of course, we bettered the instruction of Strauss and lost faith in everything, as is the habit of young or half-thinkers; but Emerson had such an intense faith in something, though he might have found it difficult to tell us what it was exactly, that our doubts grew silent and lost half their power. We stood still, uttered our "cry in the dark," and by and by the answer came.

Emerson was a loyal hater of gossip and the small talk of society was something incomprehensible to him. He would converse on any subject except the failings of his fellows, and then he was dumb as the Sphinx or opened his lips only to reprove. So sensitive was he that, when a servant of his household was truthfully called "a Vandal," he begged the speakers (for they were unanimous in their opinion) to desist. It was urged that she was out of the room and could not hear our opinion of her; but it made no difference with the philosopher. Such a flimsy disguise for our innate love of scandal was not tolerated. The Vandal's absence or presence did not alter the fact that a discussion of people's shortcomings is never profitable.

I spent the first two years of my ministerial life in Nantucket, among the real, the semi, and the demi-semi Quakers, an intelligent, hospitable, and delightful folk. Mr. Emerson came down to deliver a lecture, and I was rash enough to invite him to my house, and he was good enough to accept the invitation. I was just out of my teens, a tremulous boy, and had begun to learn the sad fact that I did not know how to preach. The thought of Mr. Emerson's presence under my roof and of myself as the host of the great man (for I was then unmarried) made my cheeks blanch with terror. When, on previous occasions, I had seen him, I was one of an awkward squad of juniors or seniors and felt no particular personal responsibility. To have him all to myself was simply awful. How would a poor Athenian, who lived on a side street in the marble city, have felt if Olympian Jove had knocked at his door, and said: "You invited me to come, and I am here"? You may not be able to conceive how a man would feel under such circumstances; but I can. When he had removed his overcoat and hat....

The Independent, 5-11-82.

Sanborn's "Thoreau."

Sanborn's life of Thoreau savors too much of little Peddlington. His pen runs on in an endless stream of petty narrative with that curious absence of perspective which appears so easily in small communities, in which a Channing seems a Milton or a Dante, and Thoreau a Virgil. The truth is that Thoreau was far enough from deserving a memorial so elaborate and so unscrupulously eulogistic. He was a small man who was made prominent by the time in which he lived. He really did love nature, and devoted himself to it, and it was a time of nature worship: a time when small men seemed gigantic if they only adopted a little of the seer, and so Thoreau's mother thought Emerson imitated him, and Mr. Sanborn suggests that another seven volumes from his pen may yet see the light. Yet Mr. Emerson was quite right when he advised Thoreau to destroy his poetry. He cannot even be entirely trusted in his description of nature. His account in the "Week on the Concord and Merrimac" of seeing whole fields of white water lily blossoms flashing open as the first flakes of sunlight fall on the water, is very pretty but not in the least like the very deliberate action of that coy flower. Even his hermit life in the woods loses its reality when we remember that he was but a short walk from home, where he went every day. It is a great mistake to talk about him as Mr. Sanborn does, as if he were a man of original genius. He was one of a group of enthusiastic and plastic men whom Emerson's overflowing genius moulded in a shape that seemed fine when one forgot the original. One might say of Emerson as he said of Shakespeare,—

"The men who lived with him became
Poets, for the air was flame."

MOURNING FOR MR. EMERSON.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL ON SUNDAY—A SIMPLE SERVICE TO BE HELD WITHOUT ANY DISPLAY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

CONCORD, Mass., April 28.—The town of Concord is in mourning for the loss of her illustrious citizen, Mr. Emerson, whose name and works have added so much to her fame. Although the church bells, following the old-time custom, were tolled on the night of his death, comparatively few persons heard the sad news until this morning. To-day there are evidences of mourning on every hand. The funeral will occur on Sunday afternoon, and a special train will carry people from Boston and way stations who wish to attend the services. The Concord Unitarian Church has no settled pastor at present, and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, will pronounce the eulogy. Mr. Furness was a schoolmate of Mr. Emerson at the Boston Latin School, and has been on terms of intimacy with him during his later years. The Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brookline, a Unitarian clergyman who has supplied the Concord pulpit a few times during the past year, will, it is expected, also be present. Mr. Emerson attended the Concord Unitarian Church more regularly last year than previously. Mr. Emerson, it is stated, gave no explicit directions about his funeral. No display will be made in the line of the funeral procession, and it is the intention of the mourners to walk from the house to the church, and then to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where the remains

will be interred in the family lot beside the bodies of Mr. Emerson's first wife, his son and brother. Owing to the feeble health of Mrs. Emerson, it is thought that she may ride to the cemetery, which is about one-quarter of a mile from the church. The pall-bearers will probably be selected from among the near relatives.

The Summer School of Philosophy at Concord will devote a day of its session in the present season, probably July 22, to a discussion of the character of Mr. Emerson. The Social Circle, the oldest club in Concord, which recently celebrated its centennial anniversary, and of which Mr. Emerson was the oldest member, having belonged to it for over forty years, will undoubtedly take appropriate action on his death at its next meeting. The remains have been partially embalmed. The countenance looked very natural to-day, retaining that same peaceful and calm appearance which it had at the time of his death. Among the callers at the house to-day were A. Bronson Alcott and the Rev. Dr. Bartol.

EMERSON.

There is often a fine flavor to the personality of a man really great that lingers in the memory of people who may have never sympathized with nor examined his work. Few who have been privileged to know RALPH WALDO EMERSON can forget the impression made by the personality of the man. Whence did it come—from the tall, slightly bent figure, the lean, somewhat pointed features, the genial expression, or the plain yet sufficiently imposing manners? In later years he has been likened, not inaptly, to a benevolent old American eagle. Not inaptly, because of his long, pointed nose, his homely, shrewd expression, his look of reserve power under a restrained playfulness. EMERSON was never the handsome poet that LONGFELLOW was both in youth and old age. He had none of the superabundant robustness of WHITMAN. He was not even a typical Saxon like LOWELL. Manliness and a homespun scholasticism were his external characteristics at first view. But what was greatest of all was the benevolence of his face. His presence was a benediction. Was it because in him flowed the blood of many generations of New-England pastors, whose office it had been to wield a rule of mingled shrewdness, kindliness, and authority? Partly, perhaps. But it came also from the fact that he was at peace with his own mind, and more than all that, like the eagle he was, he had soared higher and with steadier flight over the pettinesses of human life and human thought than any other man of letters of his epoch.

Young people who take to poetry have a very early Longfellow age. From this they emerge into the age of Tennyson. The third move is into the Emerson stage. When in this, the scoffer at their elbow is apt to insinuate that EMERSON pleases them by just so much as he is incomprehensible; that it is the fogginess of their favorite which makes them imagine him wise and themselves by implication cleverer than their neighbors. It is true enough that EMERSON's poetry is very obscure, differing therein from his essays and lectures. The reason for it is not far to seek. Although a Yankee of Yankees, an American of Americans, he differed from ordinary American writers more than all in his methods of work. Very slow to print, what he printed was elaborated with the greatest care. "Boil down" is the legend that always floated in the air above his study desk. He would tear up thirty pages, having concentrated the thought of all thirty into one. Sometimes nothing was left of the work of a night. Yet, with all this fastidiousness and care, he has left piles of unpublished manuscript that may or may not see the light according as his family shall elect. Now, it is plain throughout his prose writings that he set the poet on a pinnacle above the rest of mankind; that he valued poetry above everything else. This may be news to many who hardly know of him as other than a lecturer or essayist. But in his poetry the ordinary boiling process was carried so far that it is safe to say nobody now living can explain all his lines. It will be necessary to have read all that EMERSON read and saturate one's self besides with the Emersonian view of nature to furnish a convincing commentary to some of his poems. It is not surprising, therefore, that the busy, inattentive, impatient world should make little of him and his Orphic utterances.

Slow to write, slower to print, reputation beyond a small circle came to EMERSON quite as slowly as might be expected. And then it was as an essayist, not a poet. Not only was he obscure in verse, but courageous to a degree seldom known in the use of words and constructions. He used English like a tool instead of worshiping it like a fetich. Therefore he could not be forgiven. His rhythms cannot be defended for a moment. His rhymes fly in the face of all precedent. He drops particles and uses allusions the most far-fetched. The musical element is often quite lacking. But then, again, there occurs an outburst of song, as if, like the fable of the wren who boasted that she would fly higher than the eagle, this rough and strong-winged sounder of the empyrean had a warbler concealed somewhere about him after all. Short phrases and unusual words, or such as had once been in use in England and are only locally used by plain, well-educated people in parts of America, daunted and incensed the literary tribe. So little was he appreciated in his own country that, in 1857, when Dr. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Bowdoin, published the third edition of the biographical sketches of Americans, his name was not included, although many of his relatives figured there on the score of very slender literary deserts! In direct contrast to LONGFELLOW, his writings had to work their way in the face of the greatest indifference and hostility.

EMERSON doubtless believed with CARLYLE in the divine right of a man to be free mentally and morally. But he did not find in America the social barriers that inflamed the wrath of CARLYLE, and which, aided by bodily discomfort, made him degenerate from an extravagant genius into a termagant and scold. It deprived EMERSON of some of the fire in which CARLYLE abounded, but it gave scope to his magnificent generalizations and encouraged his wide optimism. Condensed beyond ordinary assimilative

powers, sometimes bald, sometimes affected in antithesis, EMERSON's writing remains probably the healthiest literary food the century has produced in English. Its concentration does not cloy. Its truthfulness of spirit, if not always of letter, is most nourishing and invigorating. He himself fed in preference on Montaigne, the delicious old gossip and grubber in the history of Rome, or on Plutarch, another gossip and recounter of Greek stories. The old French and English chronicles were favorites also. Goethe was lately a fashion in Cambridge, set by EMERSON more than any other person. And his influence on American writers has been profound. Where does one find a more striking opposite to EMERSON than in WHITMAN? EMERSON is the tall peak; WHITMAN the luxuriant swamp. Yet WHITMAN is full of Emerson, as the iron ore of the mountain washes into and makes strong and valuable the bog. EMERSON's writing is too supramundane, too much given up to generalizations, to make his readers feel the warm personal affection for him that many lesser men inspire. But there can be no question that not only America's greatest essayist is dead with him, but one of the greatest poets of the English language. His thought outweighed and weighed down form. But if ever a man wrote for posterity it was EMERSON, and though he be always a poet little read by the multitude, he will always remain a storehouse and a spring of suggestion and inspiration for poets to come.

N.Y. Times, 4-28-82

The "Saturday Review" on Emerson.

There would be nothing more difficult, as there is happily nothing more needless, than to specify with what kind of authors Emerson ought to be ranked. He was neither the follower nor the founder of any school. He learned from many and owed allegiance to none, and he taught without making disciples. Even in his lightest work he was always many-sided and unexpected, not for the sake of being unexpected, but because the natural working of his mind led him in paths that were not as other men's. If he criticised, it was with a certain ardor of practical application and looking to things to be done in life. If he exhorted, it was with a tempered edge of criticism barely concealed. He was discursive with dominant ideas, and spread out oracular axioms into a train of epigrams. He philosophized like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher; wherefore specialists in both kinds are disappointed with him. Yet for this very reason his work has a higher strain and a subtler charm than faultless verse or rigorous dialectic often attains. As for those who go seeking after delicate precepts, Emerson is their despair. All he has to say to them, if perchance they would hear it, is that they are not even beginning to seek rightly, and will have to begin over again. He is a more deadly enemy to formulas than Carlyle, because a profounder one. The resemblance between their thoughts (as between their styles, in so far as there is any) lies only on the surface. Carlyle taught men to mock at formulas, Emerson to rise above them. Carlyle's prophesyings and testimonies became at last a string of opposition formulas after their own kind, and just as easy, when a man had learned them, to make intellectual counters of as the old ones. We greatly doubt if any one ever succeeded in extracting a formula from Emerson. This fluent quality of his thought makes him first repulsive, and then fascinating. There is nothing proposed, no argument; you cannot see what the man is driving at. No more can one see what the wind and the cloud-fleeces in a sunny sky are driving at. But the sun and air chase cobwebs out of the brain, and leave the senses in better harmony with the world; and Emerson leaves one with a serener belief in the nature of things and the hopefulness of man's estate, combined with a modest, but not abject, resignation to the imperfection of all individual achievement.

IN MEMORIAM: RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From The London Academy.

He sleeps here the untroubled sleep
Who could not bear the noise and moil
Of public life, but far from toil
A happy reticence did keep.

With Nature only open, free:
Close by there rests the magic mind
Of him who took life's threads to wind
And weave some poor soul's mystery

Of spirit-life, and make it live
A type and wonder for all days;
No sweeter soul e'er trod earth's ways
Than he who here at last did give

His body back to earth again.
And now at length beside them lies
One great and true and nobly wise,—
A King of Thought, whose spotless reign

The overwhelming years that come
And drown the trash and dross and slime
Shall keep a record of till Time
Shall cease, and voice of man be dumb.

At last he rests, whose high clear hope
Was wont on lofty wings to scan
The future destinies of Man—
Who saw the Race through darkness grope,

Through mists and error, till at last
The looked-for light, the longed-for age
Should dawn for peasant, prince, and sage,
And centuries of night be past.

Thy rest is won. O loyal, brave,
Wise soul, thy spirit is not dead—
Thy wing'd words far and wide have fled,
Undying, they shall find no grave.

WILLIAM SHARP.

*In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne, and near them have just been laid the remains of Emerson.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

II.

BY BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

BENEATH the surface of society, trade politics, and education, and, to a great extent, independent of all modern religious combinations, a great movement has been going on within the last two generations of momentous interest to reflective and studious minds. It is really a continuation of the ancient struggle between the world of spirit and the world of matter. The conflicts of Platonist and Aristotelian, Oriental and Roman, Realist and Nominalist, Mystic and Experimentalist are only side issues in this long contention. The immediate descendants of the Massachusetts colonists and Harvard College were not much concerned about this immense problem. They were planting and building—planting practical institutions and building a free commonwealth. In religion they were, for the most part, satisfied with a Genevan doctrine and discipline. This is not the place for us to say what, in our judgment, they had forgotten or forsaken, to their own loss or that of their children. We speak now of a spiritual philosophy, not of an ecclesiastical economy.

Till about the time of Emerson's graduation the College at Cambridge followed, as its masters in psychology and ethics, Locke and Priestley and Paley, rather than Cudworth and More and their Continental companions. The systems of expediency, empiricism, and common sense, so-called, ruled without much question. There were always exceptions, and even those who held to those systems failed to see by whatease steps their disciples might be led into sheer materialism and the worship of the senses. So far as that danger was avoided it was largely by an escape from philosophic thought into the regions of an intense dogmatical or emotional evangelical piety. More than any other one man, Mr. Emerson, in his thinking, writing, and lecturing, faced this downward, sensuous tendency, exposed its hollowness and barrenness, and resisted it. Asserting the value of man's moral and spiritual intuitions, drawing largely upon Kant's "*Critique*," looking steadily into his own clear soul, and by no means disinheriting himself of the ancestral devotion which had burned in the hearts of eight generations of godly ministers in his own family, he reported what he saw and spoke what he believed. To the end of his earthly days he delivered unceasingly and eloquently his message of anti-materialism. Through all his utterances, on all platforms, as the speaker at numberless anniversaries and celebrations there runs this fine vein of serene spirituality. It required no special courage. Nobody disputed or hindered him. His fidelity to his convictions cost him few sacrifices. Of course, there were those who suspected or feared him, on grounds which we shall presently notice; but, on the whole, his path was open, he was greeted with words of cheer, and his journey was prosperous. His audience was always made up from the brightest and best class of listeners. Aspiring young men from seats of learning and the scholarly professions were constantly resorting to his house, and he was always awake to the stirring of any intellectual life in persons or communities. His fame reached out more and more on both sides of the sea. His classical features were in fine keeping with the high tone of his discourse, and his epigrammatic, paradoxical, illogical style, with flashes and fragments of truth tossed out with careless lavishness, had the effect of a perpetual surprise, a propounding and answering of riddles. His home was happy. If he was not in the strict sense popular, his audience was sufficient to give him the means of comfortable living.

These were the fair and honorable aspects of his literary life through half a century. What now were the principal limitations? Indiscriminate eulogy is here out of place. It certainly would be out of keeping with his own impartial, unprejudiced, unexaggerating mind. An intellectual nature, so royally endowed as his, could well afford to be weighed in the scales of truth. It is well understood that not a blemish was ever supposed to disfigure the beauty of his moral life; that he was free from the jealousies, meannesses, and petty competitions of authors; that he was kind to the poor, just to those from whom he differed, patient toward his critics, almost passionless in his purity, and temperate in all things. Considering the coolness of his natural temperament, the reserve of manners by which he half removed himself from those to whom he spoke, and the fact that he lacked all that sympathetic or magnetic power which belongs to those who give an impression of having suffered, it is remarkable how many about him regarded him not only with confidence and admiration, but with affection. It was so not only with his village neighbors, but with persons of all classes whom he met casually and infrequently, though he rarely inspired personal enthusiasm and was without those qualities which make men leaders of their fellows. All this being gratefully granted, it must, in judicial fairness, be said that there was nothing in Mr. Emerson's everyday character to distinguish him above a thousand unnoticed Christians in every Christian community. Not a few of his virtues were those of a Greek Stoic. As his ethical teaching was cosmopolitan and ethnic and not avowedly due to Christianity, so his temper and conduct were molded upon principles belonging to universal morality, and not distinctively to the Gospel or Kingdom of Christ. It seems to us a grievous defect in the generosity of his spirit that he did not with emphasis acknowledge his own indebtedness and that of the world to the supreme and sole moral perfection of Jesus, Son of God and Son of Man.

A grave fault in Mr. Emerson's moral teachings was found in his superficial theory of sin. As he appeared before the world, vice of all sorts was alien to his nature. Perhaps it was for that very reason that he had an inadequate conception of its wickedness. His optimism ran to that extent that it would not be difficult to collect from his writings a formidable array of passages which look very much as if he regarded transgressions of the moral law as small matters, accidents of an unfortunate constitution, inconvenient idiosyncrasies, or awkward though necessary stages in the onward progress of the race. Some sentences of that sort might be quoted which would shock the conscience of an upright and chaste heathen. It is not imagined that they were meant to bear any such construction; but they are very dangerous combustibles for a severe moralist to throw about promiscuously in the open magazine of youthful appetites or among all sorts of temptations. Very likely this loose conception of moral opposites was one of the bad fruits of Mr. Emerson's weak hold, at least, through a large part of his public career, of the truth of the Personality of God. Unless we see, what the Bible shows us, the willfully sinning soul in direct and rebellious hostility to a Personal God its Father, from which it is rescued only through the grace of a Personal Saviour, we shall have a feeble appreciation either of iniquity itself or of its penalties. Whether the Pantheism so commonly charged upon Mr. Emerson sometimes lurked in his mind or not, he evidently en-

tertained at intervals a theory of a universal Soul, which, though far from Materialism, was equally far from the Christian Theism of the Bible.

To a degree, Mr. Emerson's aberrations in religious thought were due to his inaptitude for thinking consecutively and logically on any abstract subject. Seers are not expected to be reasoners, and very commonly are not capable of being such. This particular Seer's mental activities were not in a process or chain, but in leaps and separate strokes. It has been observed that the order of his sentences is immaterial. The signs of this incapacity run all through what he did and wrote. He flouted consistency as mental servility, refusing to give any account of his self-contradictions. It was forces, facts, and men that interested him; not organizations. Everywhere acknowledged as a peer among scholars, he was not learned in any science, language, period of history, or department of letters. The scientific method was alien to his habits. His genius had no sympathy with the historic spirit. Statesmanship, institutions, systems of philosophy were objects of poetic observation to him and formed the subject-matter of witty aphorisms; but it would be absurd to class him under the name of any system-builder and his quotations were chiefly from poets, proverbialists, conversations, and biographies. We do not recollect anything like an argument in all his volumes. Nothing could be more natural than that he should fail to connect himself with any kind of institutional usefulness, or to appreciate the majestic sweep of organic power, or a historic and successive life in the corporate constitution of the Church. The individualism of democratic societies found in him a very persuasive and celebrated mouthpiece. He might be caught now and then at a popular meeting; but he stuck to no platform, signed no articles, swore to no compact, joined no church. He was never weary of the assertion of his independent personality; and, if there was any affectation in his style, it arose from his persistent determination to be unlike anybody else. Whoever thus isolates and distinguishes himself may, by the virtue of genius, become famous; he may stimulate, arouse, dazzle, or expand innumerable minds, especially the minds of the young, as Mr. Emerson did; but to those grand forms and consolidated agencies of thought and life which accumulate and transmit the treasures of ages he can make only an insignificant contribution. How, then, did this original man's influence stand related to what the world has for several centuries agreed to call Christianity? If that word means a voluntary aggregation of people agreed in promoting love to God and love to man, he, undoubtedly, belonged to the company and was a great voice in its behalf. If it means a visible society, drawing all its vitality from the person of Jesus Christ, adored as the only Son of God and Saviour of mankind, forever rooted and centered in Him, a Spiritual Kingdom, having a constitution, laws, and officers of administration, held together by definable principles or a creed, then the case appears to be otherwise. It is rather childish for any set of men to cry or scold because their favorite is refused a title which signifies a believing discipleship and loyal obedience toward a Personage avowing himself to be in a special sense the Son of God and Redeemer of Men; but who, by that favorite, is supposed to have been ignorant of his own nature and position and to have put forth preposterous, if not blasphemous claims to homage. It is easy enough to make the term *Christianity* synonymous with general goodness, and then to affirm that every good man is a Christian believer, and to whimper or groan if everybody does not assent to this confusion of ideas and abuse of language. It will be quite safe for Mr. Emerson's admirers, and we rank ourselves among them, to challenge in his behalf what he challenged for himself, applying to him such terms of distinction as he clearly most valued. His ponderous blows at the hollow fabrics of expediency, utilitarianism, and materialism would have fallen with far greater weight if his spirituality had been that of St. John the divine or if his doctrine of the two worlds had been that of evangelists and apostles. His sharp thrusts at vulgar wealth and a corrupt civilization would have told with double effect if his supersensuous scheme had been the revealed supernaturalism of the New Testament. His ingenious and fine-drawn treatise on

.... [The Independent, N.Y., 5-25-82. The first instalment appeared 5-18-82.]

Mr. Emerson's death was serene and gentle. There was a slight effort to breathe, a little tremor, and all was over. The fine strong face was finer and stronger than ever in its repose.

By Emerson's Grave.

We stand by Emerson's new-made grave without sadness —indeed a solemn joy and faith, almost hauteur—our soul-benison no mere

'Warrior rest, thy task is done,'

for one beyond the warriors of the world lies surely symbolled here. A just man, poised on himself, all-loving, all-enclosing, and sane and clear as the sun. Nor does it seem so much Emerson himself we are here to honor—it is conscience, simplicity, culture, humanity's attributes at their best, yet applicable if need be to average affairs, and eligible to all.

So used are we to suppose a heroic death can only come from out of battle or storm, or mighty personal contest, or amid dramatic incidents or danger, (have we not been taught so for ages by all the plays and poems?) that few even of those who most sympathizingly mourn Emerson's departure

The Critic, N.Y., 5-6-82, pp. 123-124.

will fully appreciate the ripened grandeur of that event, with its play of calm and fitness, like evening light on the sea.

How I shall henceforth dwell on the blessed hours when, not long since, I saw that benignant face, the clear eyes, the silently smiling mouth, the form yet upright in its great age—to the very last, with so much spring and cheeriness, and such an absence of decrepitude, that even the term *venerable* hardly seemed fitting.

Perhaps the life now rounded and completed in its mortal development, and which nothing can change or harm more, has its most illustrious halo, not in its splendid intellectual or esthetic products, but as forming in its entirety one out of the few, (alas! how few!) perfect and flawless excuses for being, of the entire literary class.

We can say, as Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, It is not we who come to consecrate the dead—we reverently come to receive, if so it may be, some consecration to ourselves and daily work from him. WALT WHITMAN.

Emerson's Burial Day.

WITH Emerson dead, it almost seems folly to live. Such is the power of great men to rule us even in death. Whatever fate befalls them seems the felicity most to be desired. The frivolous and mercenary times, the shallow noise of politics, and the hurly-burly of the great world—how vain and empty it all seems compared with the bright and star-like genius and the serene and reassuring presence of him who is buried in Concord this day. What a blank there in New England! Emerson furnished something like the ozone of her moral and intellectual atmosphere, the breath of the serene and cloudless mountain tops; and though that is there still and will remain, yet when the source of it is gone, one cannot but feel as if the very land and climate were impoverished. It was undoutedly Emerson's time to die; the gods were impatient of his long tarrying among us; his mind, like some rare essence that would no longer brook restraint, had cracked the phial in which it was held, and had begun to escape. And now his work is done. The spell called living is broken. And does the real living now begin? We know not and can never know. We only know that the form of him who was so little of earth is placed away beyond our ken in the bosom of the great mother on this April day. The door that opens and shuts but once to mortal man closes behind him and we shall see him no more. What lies beyond that door is not given to human eyes to behold, or human intelligence to surmise.

It is a rare privilege to have lived upon the earth at the same time with such a man as Emerson—to have seen the perfect flowering of the New England race and culture, after a century or more of preparation. As one of his younger contemporaries my life has been most fortunate, and I owe him a debt that no words of mine can adequately measure. His like or his peer we shall not see again. He seems to exhaust the possibilities and to crown and complete the series in that direction. He carried the typical New England traits and qualities—its shrewdness, its common-sense, its thrift, its curiosity, its penetration, its conscience, its implacable good-nature—into heights where they were never carried before, and probably will never be carried again. He scaled the empyrean in the guise of a quick and canny New England farmer. Not a flowing, opulent, luxurious soul; but a pure, penetrating, far-reaching one, the quality of his genius æolian, or like the sound of a horn amid the hills, single, far-heard, bewitching, and burdened with beauty and mystery. What a call and what an incitement was in him to all noble thinking and noble living. Amid the decay of the old faiths, or rising out of them like Phœnix from the ashes, he showed and was a higher and purer faith, than our Puritan fathers had ever dreamed of.

What sweet, nutty, meaty, compact books he has bequeathed us: germinal, brain repairing, full of phosphorus: the very pith and marrow of thought without any of the husks and shells. How his poetry, how his prose is winnowed!

> 'I hung my verses in the wind,
> Time and tide their faults may find.
> All were winnowed through and through,
> Five lines lasted sound and true.'

He abridges and concentrates like the alchemy of nature. Novalis called one of his books the 'Pollen of Flowers,' a title that might be appropriately applied to all of Emerson's, his thought is so subtle, so fertilizing, and the result of such perfect spiritual bloom.

Who that ever saw that wise, benignant, unimpeachable look of his, can ever forget it? A look at once genial and austere; a look so winning and considerate, and yet demanding your best. The subtle, half-defined smile was the unconscious reflection of his serene, benignant soul. It was not a propitiatory smile, a peace offering; it made no bid for your acquiescence; it was more like the cheery and reassuring smile of the doctor when he takes out his lancet; it was the sheath of that trenchant blade of his. Behind it lurked some terrible test question, or searching saying. It was the foil of his frank unwounding wit, as Carlyle's laugh took the poison out of the sting of his speech. It was an alert, arch, half-playful look; the expression of a soul that did not wish to wound you and yet must speak the truth. And it is doubtful if his frank sayings ever did wound. Most people felt flattered that they had been the occasion of such a wise and apt saying.

It was fit that he should pass in April, the month of Shakspeare's birth and death, the month that opens the door of the more genial season. To what extent and for how many of us has he opened the door of a brighter and more genial clime! He was an April man, an awakener, full of light, full of prophecy, full of a vernal freshness and curiosity—hardy, tender, coy, genial, frank, elusive, simple, joyous, and with the fibre and the quality of the primal man. Peace to his great soul!

SUNDAY, April 30, 1882. JOHN BURROUGHS.

Reminiscences of Emerson.

FROM boyhood I had heard of Emerson, and began to read him in fragments when sixteen or seventeen years old; but had never seen him, nor formed a very clear idea of what he was, either as poet or philosopher. At the age of nineteen, while visiting a schoolmate in Sudbury, the next village to Concord on the south, I walked over to Concord Bridge one April morning, saw the battle-monument, the Old Manse, and Emerson's house—the door of which stood invitingly open—but did not see him nor venture to call. I noticed, in passing, the pine-trees which he had planted about his house, and saw a girl, perhaps his daughter, then twelve years old, briskly stepping down the stairs. This was in 1851. Two years later, in July, 1853, in walking from Cambridge, where I was then in college, to Sudbury, I came to Emerson's door again, and this time I entered and sought acquaintance with the poet. I found him sitting in the study where I have so often seen him since—negligently clad in the rusty garb of a scholar who had been perhaps working in his garden; and being then as attentive to costume as young men in college and in love are wont to be, I noticed that his shoes were well-worn and unbrushed, and I thought of the carelessness in dress which was characteristic of another great American—Thomas Jefferson. I had no letter of introduction, and only a slight claim on his attention from the kind offices of some friend or other, who had perhaps mentioned my name to him, or shown him juvenile verses of mine; but he received me with the courtesy he gave to all young men, and questioned me keenly about what I found in Harvard College. 'Were there any mystics in Cambridge? The best service the college could render would be to produce a crop of mystics.' What I said was trifling enough, no doubt, but may have given him the impression that my set at Cambridge were of his church and school, as indeed was the fact, though we were few in numbers and weak in power. I remember that he sat and looked off as he talked, not fastening his eyes on his visitor, except by glances, and talking in the same cool, profound, impersonal way in which he wrote. I did not overstay the prescribed ten minutes on this first call, but quickly went on my way, and for months I saw him no more.

Returning to college in the autumn and talking over with my companions there—the late Charles Russell Lowell, who died so gallantly in Sheridan's fight at Winchester; Frank Barlow, who came out of the war a distinguished general; Edwin Morton, and other classmates or friends—we resolved that we would not only read and listen to Emerson, whenever he published a book or gave a lecture, but would visit him in Concord, if he would permit us, and consult the oracle within its own grove. Upon inquiry, Mr. Emerson consented to see us, did indeed invite four of us to his house in April, 1854—Charles Lowell, Horace Furness, John

Bancroft, and myself. We went, spending the afternoon there in conversation with Emerson and his family, to which for the occasion were added a young lady or two, who could make vernacular responses if the oracular utterances languished, as sometimes happened in these meetings of young disciples. The company was cheerful, even gay, as I remember, especially at the tea-table, where were more jests than oracles; but the serious conversation and the inspiring influence of Emerson gave Lowell and me matter enough for talk all the way as we walked back through Lexington and West Cambridge to our college rooms, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning, the distance being a dozen or fifteen miles.

A larger party of students went to Emerson's house a month or six weeks later—May 20th, 1854—Barlow, Morton, B. S. Lyman, James Hosmer and four or five more being of the company. This time four of us walked up from Cambridge to Concord, reaching the neighborhood of Emerson's house after one o'clock. By that time our young stomachs began to hint of dinner, but we had not been thoughtful enough to take rations with us, and there were no taverns on the Concord Turnpike, so there was nothing for it but to ask for food at the farm-houses. Three times we were refused, but at last at an Irishman's cottage within sight of Emerson's chimneys, we got a frugal meal of bread and butter, washed down with milk, which, as it proved, was from Mr. Emerson's cows. The good woman, who was busy painting her kitchen, lamented that she had no better food to offer. 'I'm shure, boys, its dreadful I'm so all in a mess wid paintin', and you been walkin' so far,' said she, with the kindest of smiles; and when we told her we were going to Mr. Emerson's, a neighbor of hers, she cried, 'Ah, yes! and the best neighbor I have, he is, too;' going on to praise him with her warm Irish heart. When we offered to pay her she refused, and so did her little boy to whom we tendered money, and when we left it on the table he said to his mother with an offended air, 'The gentleman has left some money on our table; I don't know what it's for.' So catching was the hospitality of the neighborhood.

Arriving at Emerson's we found our companions who came by railroad already there, and Mr. Alcott also present. The conversation began at once, on literature and the choice of a profession by young men in college. Mr. Emerson said it had formerly been the feeling that literature by itself did not pay, in America, but now this omnivorous passion of our countrymen for lectures, newspapers, etc., made it easier every year for a man to be a scholar and nothing else. All men of originality and power nowadays made their own special profession, as Alcott, Theodore Parker, Charles Brace, Albert Brisbane, and the like. 'Brisbane,' said Emerson, 'was a Fourierite, who told me that he once silenced Carlyle, a great thing if it were true; but Carlyle may have been only bored. Brisbane is a sad button-holder, so that the railroad train is the place to talk with him, where time is at your own disposal.' Then we talked of the Cambridge system of instruction (in 1854), of Longfellow's success in literature, of our other professors (for we then were having the good fortune to have Longfellow for a professor), and finally of Shakspeare. Speaking of the doubt concerning Shakspeare's religion—whether he were Catholic or Protestant—'You would hardly guess,' I said, 'from reading his plays, that he lived among Christians.' Emerson replied that Shakspeare was a pagan in the best sense of that word; and then quoted Jones Very, the Salem poet and mystic, 'who thought if he could move Shakspeare he could move the world'; and said to Mr. Emerson, 'I begin to see him shake already.' Mr. Alcott, who had sat silent all this time, was now called out by our host, and said: 'Is not the reason why we see no religion in Shakspeare because he was the only religious man the Anglo-Saxon race has yet blossomed into? Others have engrafted the Hebrew religion upon themselves; Jewry leads them and us by the nose. But Shakspeare's religion is that of the blood, and will be so understood by those who are fine enough to appreciate him.' Said Emerson: 'When we get what every man nowadays is seeking—a Bible which shall unite the faiths of all men—Shakspeare's sayings will have a large place in it; for his ethics are vast and rich.' Mr. Alcott further expounded his idea that to each nation there is given a religion of its own, modified by the temperament of each, but the same at bottom. We in America are waiting for our religion. Speaking of American preachers, Emerson said: 'In England, when I was there, they had no preachers like our Channing, who was the king of preachers. I did not hear Chalmers, but did hear Edward Irving, and disliked him.' He added that he did not admire Charles Kingsley, but had not read his books much. Then we talked of the English metaphysicians, of Carlyle, whose daguerreotype, at the age of fifty, Emerson showed us; of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of many other topics which my minutes do not record. In the garden, to which we went after tea, Mr. Emerson complimented verses written by one of our party which he had seen, and hoped he should see more.

These interviews and conversations were such as Emerson has taken part in without number for half a century, chiefly in his own house at Concord, but oftentimes at other houses there or in Boston. They gave him the power of feeling the pulse of his time and country, which no man could do better; and they also furnished one of the means of that subtle and potent influence he has exerted on American thought. To the last he engaged in such conversations, for which Concord is noted; though of late his part consisted wholly in listening and smiling at what was well said. He was present for the last time on such an occasion on the 15th of April—three or four days only before he contracted the disease which terminated his life; and, as it happened, the subject presented (by Professor Harris) was Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.'

F. B. SANBORN.

Emerson.

THE most sincerely honest man in America has gone from us, following, by a few days only, perhaps the most sincerely honest man in Europe—each being of so guileless a nature, so high-hearted and pure-minded, that none more than they could afford to be plainly honest in speech. Darwin in Europe, Emerson in America—the one interpreting the world of poetry under the grandest form of law and fact, the other translating that new world of fact into the most subtle and beautiful order of poetry. Each was a leader—*the* leader in fact—of one phase of the new epoch; each wise enough to know the meaning of the movement which he led, and the value of his own leadership, yet modest enough to forget himself in the greatness of the work. The unalloyed self-abnegation of both these men is the most hopeful thing of this century. While the world of science and of religious speculation was undergoing a marvellous and beautiful change—and no more powerful agents in the change than these two men—yet each pursued the even tenor of his way, doing the humblest duties, living the simplest life, sweetening the atmosphere at home and purifying it for the world.

The picture of Emerson's life, in youth, in college, in the ministry, in Concord—both while he lived unappreciated and since his fame grew to be the pride of a continent—is the picture of a plain citizen, dear to his family, useful to his neighbors, bound up in the home affairs of a retired village, worthy of the republican simplicity which De Tocqueville described so many years ago. He was a faithful, honest-hearted townsman, while he was the most finished product of the schools, the most perfect absorbent of those master-thoughts which lie behind the learning of the ages. His whole soul was republican by instinct. Plato could instruct him; so could his neighbor, the wood-chopper; and each was valuable according to the amount of native, home-bred sense which he brought to bear on the problems of life and of time. He could question each shrewdly, and was no more elated by the privilege of association with the imperial mind of the philosopher than he was delighted by the frank, trusting, hospitable sense of the farmer. His neighborly, unassuming courtesy, which was not put on for a purpose, but was native to the very soul of the man, made him America's most representative citizen. There were little men about him seemingly greater than he, who had no other beauty than the reflected sunshine of his genius; and yet he was too great to scorn even these little orbs that only flung back his rays. It is quite probable that the sun has not yet discovered what a volume of glory it radiates into space, and that it looks with admiration all night long on its chaste, proud sister, the moon. That was certainly Emerson's attitude toward the men about him. It made his literary citizenship productive to a thousand others.

The critics have spoken of his philosophy. If he had any, it was essentially this: to confront human assumptions honestly, to look them squarely in the eye while he questioned them, and to tell them what new beauty, as yet unappropriated by them, he could discover in the world. To him the world was yet full of new possibilities. Its present was greater than its past; its future grand beyond conception. The past may have led back to the divine beginning of things; but that was elementary. The

future looked to the glorious consummations. It had in it the more solid growth, the flower, the fruit. The soil of human nature was still rich; the roots of life were strong; the mighty and well-proportioned trunk needed no propping.

But we care more to think of Emerson as a gracious influence in our national life. He was a thinker, an observer, but more essentially a poet—the most fearless poet of the century, and yet the most reverential. He had no occasion to question vice. It never approached him. The many generations of Puritan divines who handed down to him the spirit of the colonies had effectually exorcised the devil, and there was no admission for any part of that personage—tail, horns, or hoof—within the range of his vision. But he questioned virtue and beauty, order and law, and got from them more sacred and divine moments than usually fall to the lot of philosopher or poet. When we read Emerson we are in the atmosphere of the Graces. Zenophon says of Cyrus that he was educated at the court of the Great King where it was possible to observe much wise behavior, but not possible to hear or see any baseness. It was so with the fortunate ones whose privilege it was to listen to the conversation of Emerson. He gave no audience to the meaner thoughts, none to our baser passions. These slunk away and were not heard; but every sweet-faced hope and winning aspiration caught a glow from his countenance. And what a poet he was! What pictures he made both of the real and the ideal! How permeated he was with that

'Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.'

It was this clean, pure atmosphere in which he lived, and the poetic power, the high imagination, that helped him to marry mind to the loveliest forms of matter, which so charmed young and old, and made him the most elevating and purifying moral power, not alone in New England, but among the English races of to-day. We have lost him, but not until he had said what he had to say, and sung the best that was in him to sing. It will be a pity if the world whirls away from him before the echo of his song and the beauty of his speech have reached many more ears and hearts than our brief generation could compass.

Utica Daily Press, 5-2-82:

EMERSON'S HOME.

An Abode of Refined Simplicity Made Famous by its Associations, Literary and Social.

Of the quiet home of the man who has been so generally denominated the "Sage of Concord," a brief description is now peculiarly appropriate. It is a plain, square, wooden house, set back in an old-fashioned yard, and liberally surrounded with chestnut and pines. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses, and also in season has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old time annuals and shrubs. The sunflower, it may be stated, does not flourish here. From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flag-stones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door. A long hall divides the center of the house, with two large square rooms on each side. A plain, solid table stands at the right of the entry. The first door on the right leads to the study—a plain, square room, lined on one side with wooden shelves filled with choice books. A large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing pad lies the pen which has had so great an influence for a quarter of a century on the thoughts of two continents.

A large fireplace, with a low grate, occupies the lower end over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates." On the mantle shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls and the pine trees shade the windows. The large parlor which fills the southern quarter of the house is hung with curtains of crimson and carpeted with a warm color. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle, like the sound of the famous shot, seems to reach round the world, for almost every person of note who has visited this country has enjoyed its genial hospitality and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house—well called the most modest and most gifted writer and deepest thinker of the age. Years ago the chatty little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk old lady as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of the Dial met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood Notes" might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found there. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met, a plain, poorly-dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion, or chance remark, would fire his soul and light up his rugged features.—Boston Herald.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to have begun his essays in the middle and to have worked both ways without knowing when he got to either end.